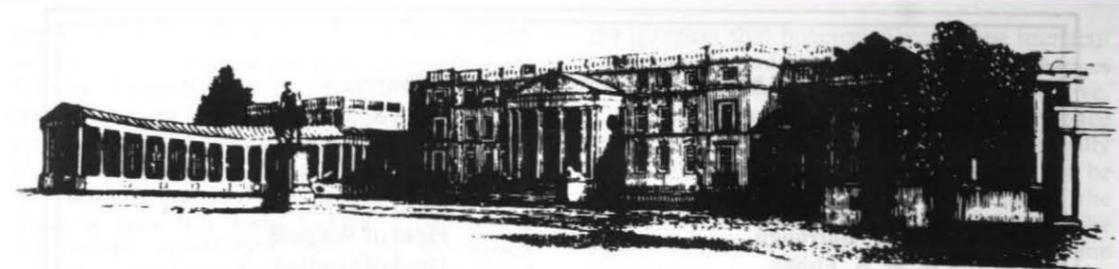


# THE STOIC



*May 1990*

*Number one hundred and eighty-five*



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## THE STOIC

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inside Front Cover,  
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by E. A. G. Shillington*

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### EDITORIAL

RAGING storms ushered in the new decade with fallen trees at Stowe and falling Communist regimes in Eastern Europe. Stowe is not an island, of course, and Stoics have found themselves in contact with the changes blowing across the globe. The annual Himalayan expedition was caught up in the pro-democracy demonstrations in Kathmandu, and we publish articles on Romania and the U.S.S.R., which emerge from their writers' direct experiences.

During the last vacation, an art group visited Paris and Versailles, while the 1st XI took part in the Easter Hockey Festival in Amsterdam. The Stowe party, which included for the first time girls who played in their own tournament, were the guests of F.I.T. Hockey Club, and once again, international competition was mixed with cosmopolitan pleasure.

Spring was a Term of joint involvement. Staff and pupils combined to make **Damn Yankees**, directed by Mr. Kreeger, a spectacular triumph. The Drama Festival maintained the tradition of success that we have come to expect, Stanhope's version of **Shakers** being the most contemporary and adventurous of choices. The Staff riposted with the hugely entertaining **Pajama Game**, energetically directed by Mr. Weston.

On the music front too, we saw collaborative ventures. **Elijah** in the Chapel was a memorable occasion, while **La Bohème**, staged in the Roxburgh Hall, was a splendid performance by a blend of Staff, Stoics and the Oxford Symphony Orchestra. Similarly, an infusion of masters and pupils played together to make the Jazz and Blues Evening a thrilling event for the responsive audience, which included parents and Old Stoics.

Among individual achievements, we must record here the participation of Stoics in the National Firemen's Ten Kilometre Cross-Country race, as well as J. M. de la Pena's registration with Gloucester County Cricket Club.

It has been observed that the mysterious, disappearing 'golden' gravel, abandoned on the Main Drive over Easter, may soon become a collector's item. We heartily wish the same fate on the proposal to extract gravel from Chackmore, and deplore this threat to the environment around the Estate.

We welcome to the History department Mr. Richardson, in the place of Mr. Rudolf who is on one Term's sabbatical. And we say a preliminary farewell to Mr. Pedder; Mr. Marcuse; Mr. Woolley; Mr. Cawthorne; and Mr. Gowen, who will be leaving at the end of the Summer. Appreciations of their services to Stowe will be appearing in the next issue.

We offer, finally, our warm congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Cawthorne on the birth of their daughter, Sarah, and to Dr. and Mrs. Collins on the birth of their son, Oliver.

The Editors.

The Prefectorial body consists currently of the following:—

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## DRAMA

### Congreve Club's Musical

#### DAMN YANKEES

The Musical, despite the recent influx of million-dollar technology, Andrew Lloyd-Webber and even the RSC and Trevor Nunn, is essentially yesterday's show: its main potencies of simple, heart-warming popular emotions and unthreatening youthful exuberance belong to another era of conventional, uncomplicated optimism and 'mom's-apple-pie' morality. **Damn Yankees** was, then a potentially hazardous choice of play for today's apparently more cynical and sophisticated age, fraught with dangers of unconconscious parody and sneer, or else of simple imitative vacuousness. The Congreve's solution to these difficulties lay in the production's meticulous commitment to period and its uncompromising professionalism of performance, so that ultimately we witnessed a genuine revival which dragged us back 'body and soul' to the 1950s — and its triumph in solving these difficulties lay in the production's unequivocal demonstration of how many of a 1980s audience and cast, simple old softies at heart really, are willing, pleased, delighted to submit themselves to this kind of daring nostalgic kidnap.

Of course it's not actually the 1950s to which we go back, but the way we remember the 1950s:

a little more colourful, a little brighter. The set of Meg and Joe's living room announced this at first curtain, with its carefully arranged, distinctively period-shaped furniture and its bright, post-Terence Conran, primary colours patterned in a kind of rainfall motif of short, diagonal strokes that spilled from the wallpaper to adorn the homely (and otherwise rather drab) suite, the box television set — everything. It was a very clever set — even by the high standards we automatically expect of Guy Scott and Ken Melber — not only because all the stabs of colour appeared parallel despite being on surfaces to which the audience was presented at different angles, but also because it summed up in an effective and eye-catching way the whole web of those intricacies in which this musical was caught: period with gloss on it, appearances that become more real than the reality.

But let's not get too pretentious. For instance, it is tempting to say that the plot is loosely based on **Dr. Faustus**, and to go on to pontificate about the ironies generated by the fact that JoJo Steel, who played Mephistopheles in Marlowe's play last Spring, was cast as the soul-seller rather than the purchaser for **Damn Yankees**, but I won't — memories of the drama critics Birdboot and Moon, who also appeared in last year's Drama Festival, prevent me: the play is not based on **Dr. Faustus**, and there were no ironies. Instead, the idea of a middle-aged all-American boy selling his

soul to the devil in return for all he wants on earth — in this case, he thinks, to lead the Washington Senators baseball team to victory, though in the end it turns out that all he wanted on earth was precisely what he already had — is used not as a plot, exactly, but as a device to string together a series of stirring numbers and set-piece scenes. Thus it was not long before "Joe" — a wonderfully comfortable portrayal by Simon Collins — and Lucie Potter's "Meg" were joined in their sitting-room not only by the sound of a full orchestra, but also by an energetic chorus of 'baseball widow' wives and the object of their complaint — a gang of baseball season telly addicts marching musically and exaggeratedly on and into an appropriate box-watching arrangement — for the first big number of the show "Six Months Out of Every Year," admirably and vivaciously scowled by Meg and her sisterhood. Organised riot of colour, choreography, energy and music over, enter a change of pace — suitably announced with pyrotechnics and dramatic music — in the form of Tim Arlon, alias "Mr. Applegate" (eh?), alias Mephistopheles, relishing the slowness of his sinuous prow and tantalising, entrapping lines. Here was a performance, then. Suitably captivated, and looking sufficiently bemused to make the reason for the choice of pseudonym ('Hardy,' as in 'Laurel and . . .') fairly obvious, Simon Collins's Joe Boyd 'mortgaged' his soul to become JoJo Steel's younger, more athletic Joe Hardy, thus acquiring the physique of a baseball star. The endearingly and indecisively wistful "Goodbye Ol' Girl" bridged the transformation, sung by both actors in such a way as to suggest quite powerfully the single identity they supposedly share and, equally crucially, the depth of only half-recognised and appreciated emotion felt for Meg: important to establish this, after all, if we are to believe in Joe's later invoking his 'escape clause' to give up everything the devil has given him and return to what he had.

Much else was established by this first scene. The whole enterprise was clearly well-suited to Jonathan Kreeger's talents, and immediately striking were the 'musical' virtues of attack, energy, commitment, enthusiasm and extremely hard work — hallmarks all, I think, of this particular director. And then how many directors could get away with putting the critic in the gallery — where I heard every word? A lot of old-fashioned, painstaking dedication to enunciation and elocution behind that: here was a 1950s to which Brando/Newman/Dean "scratch and mumble" school of acting never happened — and, for this, quite right too: reality with gloss on. But it's one thing to put on a brilliant first scene — establish your characters, rehearse everything black and blue, use every variation of pace and colour, throw in a few firecrackers, knock 'em dead — but quite another to have anything left to give thereafter, and "can they keep it up?" was

the question that hovered. Twenty-one immaculately smooth and completely silent scene-changes later, the answer was a resounding affirmative. The performances were flawless, the pace unflagging and the inventiveness continually fluent. Mind you, this is slightly more than can be said for the play itself which, by the end of the first half, is looking pretty punch-drunk: the Hotel Ballroom scene was saved by some magnificent performances and the drafting in of Orlando Seale and Jessica Blakemore as the dancing "I love, Joe" Fan Club, but it was a rescue job: the scene itself is the overly contrived attempt at a big-finish-for-the-first-half of a tired or impoverished imagination. However, the second half offers chances for maintaining freshness which this production pounced upon — particularly three new sets (a nice joke all in red for Mr. Applegate's apartment, some highly atmospheric shadows for a Park at Dusk and a stunning night-club scene) and some fine cameo rôles such as Lionel Weston's "Hazard County" Postmaster, Luke Wates' scurrilous trench-coat hack and Mike Smith's guard. The choreography resisted the temptation to line up the players symmetrically and avoided the obvious lines, maintaining excitement that way. Meanwhile David Gatehouse's band in the orchestra pit provided tight but appropriately unobtrusive support, sympathetically coaxing soloists through some of the awkward little rhythms to which musicals resort, and filling out without threatening to drown the voices in the rousing chorus numbers.

All reviewers mutter darkly about the invidiousness of singling out particular performances, but the cliché must be particularly apt for this show. Naturally, the devil has all the best lines — so literally so here that he even enters some scenes specifically to deliver the punchline and exit — and Tim Arlon made the most of what is obviously the show-stealing rôle, displaying the same mesmerising confidence and stage presence as did Chloe Walker as his side-kick, the temptress "Lola," she of the manic eyes, knock-out punch of a song delivery (except, perhaps, on the lowest notes which no-one this side of professional opera can ever hit really vitally) and soft heart. But the superb execution of these rôles could not be missed by anyone, and their music hall success must not be allowed to detract from the more subtle performances: JoJo Steel was every inch the simple "okay guy" that had to maintain despite the stardom, the adulation and his own strong singing voice; Lucie Potter as counterpart "Meg" personified "okay values" and the apparently unexciting love that "alters not when it alteration finds" — and that's a whole lotta alteration in her case; Annabel Soutar's unscrupulous "Gloria Thorpe" was well pitched to complement and reflect the suggestiveness and deviousness of the diabolic rôles; Lorna Struthers looked made to wear 'fifties frocks' and delighted with her empty-

headed, squeaky-voiced, fluttery characterisation of "Sister Miller," while Lizzie Larcombe dealt heroically and skilfully with the impossibly unrewarding part of Sister's shadow, Doris . . . and so it goes on: one cannot possibly do justice to all the support — a staggering fifty-one actors took part, and not a duff 'un among 'em. A word, though, about the team — a beautifully drawn bunch of individuals gelling happily into the kind of group that teams always are: the simultaneous despair and pride of Ben Ridley's coach responding passionately to their "You've Gotta Have Heart" motto, they danced and sung their way through their introductory number, getting all the moves right, avoiding tangible mistakes, but never losing the look of a team unlikely to win any of its matches . . . . And then along came Joe . . . and, gradually, the team began to look like winners . . . and as the perfectly set tableau of the "Two Lost Souls" Night Club set dissolved into action and song, the dry-ice smoke wafted away to reveal who but the team (and a guest appearance from Gene Kelly's shoulders) among the dancers, an unconscious chorus to the action, shrugging off gloom and despondency throughout until the final, heart-warming scene in which we wriggle with glee to see the devil confounded before being hit with innumerable reprises of "You've Gotta Have Heart," leaving it singing in your ears as you leave . . .

What a slick (in the best sense), professional, belting production! I heard a visitor from Buckingham comment; "That's perked me up for the whole weekend . . ."—can't argue with that.

S.G.A.H.

## THE 1990 DRAMA FESTIVAL

All eleven houses having participated last year, it needed pointing out this time that participation is, of course, purely voluntary. There is, in the case of the festival, no more truth in the rumour that "the show must go on" than there is in the idea that "it'll be all right on the night" . . . .

There again, it was all right on the night for the eight houses that did make it all the way to performance this year, offering between them a nicely varied programme: two comedy plays-about-plays on the larger than life Roxburgh stage; a Noel Coward comedy done in the round; a farce, two 'dramas' and two murder mysteries in small, tightly-packed venues. Each play was seen by at least two of our commentators, who discussed performances with the cast each evening and presented a critical round-up on Sunday morning. This year's commentators included friends old and new: Fraser and Rosalind Wilson; Julian Armitstead and Peter Sampson have visited us before; and we welcomed opera-singer

Richard Lloyd-Morgan and director Jenny Tipper for the first time. They together embodied a tremendous width and depth of experience of school, amateur and professional theatre, and their comments were well pitched, helpful, and only very occasionally conflicting! We are grateful for their enthusiasm and time, as we are to Anna Furse who, courtesy of the National Theatre, gave a workshop for the directors to help get them started at the end of the Autumn Term. We were also very pleased to see the work of some of our commentators in one of our own venues just a month before they were due to see ours: a production of Tennessee Williams's *The Glass Menagerie*, directed by Jenny Tipper and featuring Julian Armitstead, was performed by The Last House Theatre Company in the Temple Room at the beginning of February.

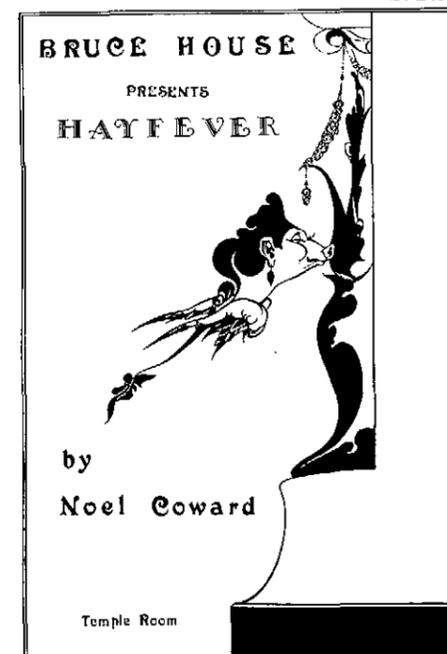
We changed the ground rules a little this year, imposing a one-hour limit on the performances and having two distinct 'slots' in the evening: 7.45—8.45 and 9.15—10.15. This meant that players could get away and see other plays; and that really dedicated play-goers could see six plays in the three nights. But this one-hour limit tidied up not only the festival's overall programme, but much of the drama itself: a one-hour play or excerpt can be rehearsed and ready in the six weeks available — any longer and the flabby, under-rehearsed, under-learned bits begin to appear . . . . and that's where the 'corpsing' starts, which is where performances become aggravating if actors think their incompetence is funny, or embarrassing if they realise that it isn't . . . . It is particularly pleasing to report that this year's festival was refreshingly free of all that, not only because of the one-hour limit, but, far more importantly, because of a general sense of commitment detectable quite early on in every house's rehearsals. This year everyone wanted to do it properly, and even those sorely tempted on the night to change their minds, to make light of a missed cue and gain some sympathetic, supportive laughter from their audience, resisted that temptation and recovered — because they wanted to do it the way they had planned it. Nothing else matters half so much as that commitment.

But, you may ask, if all are trying to do it right, and talent is spread more or less evenly over the houses — as it is, one or two real 'sparklers' apart — whence does the difference come? What makes a particularly successful house play? Cutting has already been mentioned, and it is certainly true that the smoothest passage was had by those who started rehearsing with exactly enough material for one hour (maybe one hour, ten minutes) . . . . Those with more were not only over-stretched, but had the disheartening experience of cutting scenes at the last moment. The really important decision, however, was made even earlier — which play to

do, which kind of play to do — and this year's festival demonstrated clearly one or two pointers.

Murder Mysteries and Conventional Comedies attract audiences but present problems: they come as full-length plays, from which it is very difficult to excerpt an hour's worth that seems complete; they often require 'realistic' sets, which means massive worry and work with props and sets, all of which goes unappreciated — "Set? well it was just an ordinary room . . ."; they require discipline, polish, restraint, timing — things easily missed if absent and taken for granted when present. Farce is a little easier and more fun, especially if fast and energetic. All these plays seek to amuse and entertain, and are popular but, even at their best, they ultimately leave their audiences a little cold. Rarely does such a play seek to *move* its audience, to make it feel, to make it think again, which is what a 'drama' like *Shakers* or *Twelve Angry Men* does so well, and which is the common link between the mixture of laughter and pathos of one and the unrelieved tension of the other. Stanhope and Chandos believed in their plays, got involved in them, and did them as honestly and powerfully as they knew how. They concentrated on the acting, and had comparatively little else to worry about. They both enjoyed tremendous success and appreciation from Stoics, teachers, parents and commentators alike. A house such as Bruce, who were more ambitious in some ways and at least as successful, may rightly feel a trace of injustice in the extra warmth of enthusiastic praise showered on Stanhope, with whom they shared a venue. But then Bruce 'only' gave us a brilliantly done Noel Coward: Stanhope and Chandos gave us a piece of the very stuff of life.

S.G.A.H.



## Bruce House Play

### HAY FEVER

By Noël Coward

Noël Coward's sophisticated plays tread a tight-rope that stretches from the pomp and circumstance of Edwardian social farce to drawing room comedy *l'entre deux guerres*. If the wit is sub-Wilde, and the drama over-wrought, the humour still slaps the nervous sins of English society with bitter-sweet malice, relying less on the epigram than a staccato accuracy. The equivocal caprices of *Hay Fever* are rarely fervid, except in the second-hand theatricals of the Haymarket. The spectator is like a voyeur staring at a *beau monde* of poseurs ('artificial to the point of lunacy,' in the play's words) whose postures are recognised as something out of an over-familiar dream. The play's endless inconsequentialities serve continually to amuse through impudent glitter and clipped clichés of characterisation, which are more a necessity than a virtue.

*Hay Fever* is a comedy about thespians, having its incestuous heart on the bad plays it parodies (plausibly called 'The Bold Deceiver' or 'Love's Whirlwind'), and whose histrionics suggest that it is such fun to be shallow and nearly mindless.

The Bliss family troupe consists of the siblings, Sorel and Simon, their names attesting to their personalities (is not 'Sorrel' an acid-leafed herb?), and the father, David, a writer trying to live up to the liaisons of his awful, improbable novels (viz. 'Broken Reeds' or 'The Sinful Woman'). At the centre of this vortex of romance is the mother, Judith, a faded actress, still feeding off her decaying glamour. Hopeful of a late-flowering grand passion, she seeks to prove that 'vigorous *ingénues* of nineteen' do not have a 'monopoly of any amorous adventures there may be about . . .' The setting for their 'nice little intrigues' is the country house, to which each one, at cross-purposes with the others, has invited an admirer or putative lover for the weekend. The result is melodrama of cynicism on a 'feather-bed of false emotions.' Theirs is a winsome milieu, all stutter and whimsical hypocrisy, beached on the ebb tide of a remote, period bohemia.

What, however, is more yawn-inducing than yesterday's *frisson*? Comedy is a serious matter, and the Bruce production was successful in all important areas precisely for revealing the wistful vitality under the play's flippant, astringent surface. It did well to replicate visually of the 'gay painted butterflies' of the varnished and vanished age of the Twenties. Musk, brilliantine, Prince Valiant haircuts, 'flapper' gowns, silk cravats, cigarette holders and gin vermouths were external details of a realisation with an eye on particulars.

Elizabeth Larcombe's Judith was an excellent, self-conscious harpy, at once foolish and acerbic, acute and obtuse, possessing a fatal sense of the

theatre. Hers was a bravura performance, preserving well in broad gestures the rôle's subtleties. (Mr. Lacombe has luckily ignored Coward's admonition about putting daughters on the stage).

James Snyder's portrayal of David captured competently his various tones of laconic pussy-footing blandishment.

Kirsty Stewart and Toby Chester-Jones were highly effective in their caricatures, respectively, of Sorel and Simon, mixing their cocktails of chit-chat and passionless ardour. Their depiction of life as trivia writ small proved repeatedly that ignorance was Bliss. All their attitudes, whether coy or coquettish, were struck with control and polish.

Elizabeth Foster played the darkly vampish Amy, who is semi-detached from the family's modish follies, with convincing pitch and intonation. Duncan Atherton (as the infatuated diplomatist Richard) and Alexander Saary (as Sandy) represented the other guests, effete and adrift from Saturday noon till Monday morning, while Alexander Michael deserves especial praise for his spirited impersonation of the 'bright young thing,' Jackie Coryton. They all gave assured definition of what is engagement for its own sake, and no less commendably so for eschewing any ghastly pretension.

So slight is the text of a Coward drama that stagecraft of style and sharp timing is needed to flesh it into life. Its brittle precision will often fragment in amateur hands. **Hay Fever** at the Roxburgh succeeded in conception and execution; and, in keeping with the Stowe tradition of comedy of manners, it was presented so well as to seem unforced and effortless. Critics and directors know better, of course; each joke or ironic put-down is the product of skill, endeavour and hours of rehearsal. *'Ars est celare artem.'*

On the night in question, there were occasional problems: a fluffed speech and, to my ear, a few awkward transitions in dialogue (owing possibly to the edited script). A specific difficulty in Act I lay in the blurred dramatic distinction between the excerpts from the fictive 'Love's Whirlwind' and the play itself. The lines, 'So many illusions shattered, so many dreams trodden in the dust,' required in their delivery even more vacuous affectation. And the cast followed too readily Lady Bracknell's advice that smoking gives a person an occupation of some kind.

But these would be captious complaints. The Bruce production can only be congratulated for reviving Coward's flicker-piece, the player's talents making up for the play's flaws. Much credit is due to Fletcher Morgan's technically sound and energetic direction for this Festival triumph.

**Hay Fever** is merely an exchange of polite

pollen rather than intelligent conversation, a tight-lipped fairy-tale without a moral. Yet we fall victim to its charming atmosphere, suspecting all along that it is, like love, 'a game that must be played to the finish.'

T.A.O.

### Temple House Play

#### A CHORUS OF DISAPPROVAL

By Alan Ayckbourn

On the last night of the Drama Festival, the Roxburgh Hall audience were treated to an energetic version of **A Chorus of Disapproval** by Alan Ayckbourn, suitably cut by its director, Edward Shillington, to fit the allotted time-span of sixty minutes. This was no mean feat, and it must be said from the outset that the actors were working somewhat against the odds to involve the audience in the lives of a wide variety of characters whom there was little time to get to know. That so many of them did make their mark upon us is therefore very much to the credit of all those involved, although the parallels with **The Beggar's Opera** intended by the author were largely lost.

A lonely widower, Guy Jones, played by Marco Baldini with just the right mixture of dignity and a pathetic desire to please, arrives to join an amateur operatic society in an attempt to make friends. His initial meeting with the rebarbative Bridget (a sullen and terrifyingly bossy Alison Howard) would have been enough to put a lesser man off, but he perseveres through a painful audition to be welcomed into the group by its leader and prime mover, Daffyd Llewelyn. Gerry Scrase brought to this part an endearing Welsh accent and more energy than I knew he possessed. Just as in the play Daffyd enthused his society members with his own vision, so Gerry Scrase brilliantly dominated much of this play, bustling from manic enthusiasm to despair and back again as his production of **The Beggar's Opera** threatened to collapse about his ears.

Meanwhile, poor Guy had to deal with other members of the society: pipe-smoking Jarvis Huntley-Pike (Nic Wright) and his practical wife, Rebecca (Darcy Wyvill); the rebel without a cause, Crispin Usher (Robert Perei) looking for a 'bit of bovver' and apparently finding it in Bridget's ardent embrace; and of course, wide boy Ian Hubbard, confidently played by Enoch Kavindele in a pair of suitably atrocious trousers, and his glamorous, blonde wife, Fay (Nina Sykes).

The audience enjoyed enormously the scene in which Ian, conniving with the barely clad Fay to involve naive Guy in an evening of pleasant wife-swapping, eagerly awaits the arrival of his half of the bargain, while the other two slip off to the bedroom. Ian's come-uppance occurred off-stage, but the wonderfully lascivious confidence

with which he vanished to open the front door said it all.

In addition to all this, Guy has to cope with Ian's underhand business deals and the amorous intentions of Daffyd's wife Hannah (Roberta Collier-Wright), whose rôle, probably because of cutting, did not become clear to the audience until the closing stages of the play. I shall treasure Daffyd's eloquent tribute to Hanna as he saw her: 'A Swiss Army Wife — no man should be without one,' even as she was clinging coyly to Guy Jones in the wings.

Completing the cast of characters were Linda and Enid Washbrook, a pair of fussy ladies competently played by Joubert Grant and Ben Jarrett, the latter showing us, (accidentally, I think) a fine pair of legs as she ran off stage; and last, but by no means least, Robert Temple as Mr. Ames at the piano, coping manfully with Guy's appalling rendition of "All Through the Night."

In many ways, an empty stage makes an excellent set for a play in which actors are rehearsing, and this worked especially well in the closing stages of the play when the Roxburgh Hall effectively became the theatre in which Daffyd was cueing in some very well-disciplined lights. At other times the scenery worked less well, and I felt that the actors were let down by the rudimentary set in Ian and Fay's flat, which caused some unscheduled laughter. Having said that, the rapidly produced pub set was impressive and worked extremely well.

Firmer direction was needed with some of the actors who were inclined to speak to the back of the stage, forgetting that speaking to the audience has to be their principal task. Gerry Scrase and Enoch Kavindele were confident enough to come forward on stage, but others would have benefitted from being pushed in that direction. These points apart, it was an enjoyable evening, and there were some memorable moments — Bridget's wonderful, scripted prompt, Guy's puzzled air as Fay inveigled him into the bedroom and Daffyd's manic battering of his head on the piano. Edward Shillington pulled together well a diverse cast which, encouragingly, involved younger boys from Temple too.

One final point: I look forward next year to seeing more plays in which directors and actors are prepared to admit that a pall of cigarette smoke is not an essential component of dramatic success.

R.E.M.

### Grenville House Play

"... AND THEN THERE WERE

NONE" By Agatha Christie

**And Then There Were None** is the well known story of a mad judge who has a blind craving to pass the final sentence of death himself over his

nine, unsuspecting victims who are at his mercy, isolated from the world, on Nigger Island. This stimulating tale gave the House the opportunity to present their audience not only with a large cast but also keep them interested without sending them into fits of laughter, which, as we all know, is an exceedingly difficult task to perform when staging a house play.

"*Ten little niggers going out to dine, one choked himself and then there were nine*": Oliver Dury, as Antony Marston, played his part with a natural style that left me wondering just to what extent he was acting when he took control of the drinks trolley and whether it was a moral message when he died on his whisky.

"*Nine little niggers stayed up very late, one overslept and then there were eight*": it seems a pity that Rorie Delahooke had such a small part; the way she fainted had not only the actors on their feet to help her. The only thing her acting left to be desired was to see her on stage for more than half a minute.

"*Eight little niggers going down to Devon, one got left behind and then there were seven*": Mark Chamberlain seemed, initially, to be the least convincing of the whole cast in his portrayal of General Mackenzie, but, as the play progressed his rôle became more alive — until, soon afterwards, he too was murdered.

"*Seven little niggers chopping up sticks, one chopped himself in half and then there were six*": Alistair Scott-Gall as the quiet and efficient servant seemed to be unshakeable; even the death of his wife left him asking about the manner in which lunch should be served. I do not know whether this contrast was scripted, or intended, but it was a very effective counter-balance to the rising tension.

"*Six little niggers playing with a hive, a bumble bee stung one and then there were five*": Emily Brent, acted by Valentina Rice, came across very much as a deep, nervous and pious woman who was loath to face reality. She was slightly impeded in her effort to stay in character by telling the audience that she was going upstairs and then promptly disappearing through the floor.

"*Five little niggers going in for law, one got himself in chancery and then there were four*": Justice Wargrave, the mad judge, was acted by Tristan Crawford. What more can I say? He took control from the start and dominated the whole play, not only in his part, but as his quiet self.

"*Four little niggers sailing out to sea, a red herring swallowed one and then there were three*": Arnaud Morrell-Coll — Dr. Armstrong — was the main leader in the mounting tension which prevailed in the later half of the play. He looked very much the part of a nervous ex-alcoholic doctor.

"Three little niggers going to the zoo, a big bear hugged one and then there were two": James Dare gave an excellent performance as an over-aggressive and exceedingly stupid policeman. To quote from the play, 'He did not seem to have the imagination or intelligence to be the murderer.'

"Two little niggers sitting in the sun, one frizzled up and then there was one." "One little nigger, left all alone, he went and hung himself and then there were none"—or at least that was Sir Lawrence's plan. He would probably have succeeded had it not been for Toby Crosthwaite, a man who, by his own confession, 'has broken most of the ten commandments.' Toby, throughout the play, showed himself as an experienced actor and, though quick to over-act, if given the chance, he was a good central figure to hold the cast together.

Fiona Yawetz, who seemed to muddle through despite her mistakes, gave the impression of an anxious and scared woman. Her acting was greatly inhibited by only a very sketchy knowledge of her lines. Though, unlike the other actors, she seemed to be able to hang onto the little bit of 'life' that her character had!

I greatly enjoyed the performance and was kept on the edge of my proverbial chair despite the fact that I had read the book some time before. For this all credit must go to James Raynor, the director.

N. G. B. Mynett

### Chandos House Play TWELVE ANGRY MEN By Reginald Rose

"The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine."  
Alexander Pope.

The claustrophobic intensity of the bare committee room to which the twelve jurymen have retired to do battle was ideally suited to the Chandos Houseroom.

Twelve boys sitting round the table for an entire play, debating the guilt of a defendant whom we never see, could anaesthetise an audience very rapidly. But, from the beginning, it was clear that this production had boundless resources of energy and style, all of it subjected to the most immaculate and imaginative control. The pace was cracking and the suspense almost unbearable. Every timbre and nuance was appropriate and had been obviously considered with care. The New York accents were convincingly sustained throughout. The checks and leather jackets of '50s America were just right. Not a cue was missed; every sightline, eye movement and gesture conspired to increase the tension to maximum effect. Small things produced great moments. For example, the examination and

manipulation of the knife linked the violence of the crime to the tension experienced by the jury.

The play begins with the direction from the judge to the jury, instructing them that their verdict must hinge on "Reasonable doubt." This concept is sufficiently abstract to split the jury into those who have the educational background or natural intelligence to understand its meaning and those who vote in response to prejudice. The tension was increased relentlessly. To begin with, the eleven jurors who voted that the young negro was guilty of his father's murder were furious with the single vote of "Not guilty" presented by Jonathan Foster-Smith. There was a sense of real conflict when, with each subsequent vote, the jurors were won round to Foster-Smith's position. The jurors fluctuated wildly in their response to each other as the tiredness and the strain increased. There was a most convincing pattern of psychological interchange between Anthony Biffa, Jonathan Foster-Smith and Timothy Hart just before the fourth vote, when Timothy Hart first broke down in a spectacle of magnificently thwarted frustration. The fourth vote produced real excitement and terrific tension when they had drawn level: six versus six. The six who felt that the boy was guilty expressed simple and disproportionate confidence in their judgement, even at this stage.

Andrew Beattie showed real authority as the Foreman of a difficult jury. The play, and especially the production, showed his fellow jurors gradually emerging with their different personalities. Charles Gartside turned out to have a quick and exact sense of detail and his speed at mental arithmetic was used by Jonathan Foster-Smith to prove that one piece of evidence was in fact cancelled out by another. Angus Watson was the intellectual leader of the hostile jurors, using his sharp, low key, authoritative command to assist them gradually to become serious and to talk the matter through properly. Although he was the intellectual counterweight to Jonathan Foster-Smith, with formidable recall and cerebral control, well represented by his suit and spectacles, the concept of "reasonable doubt" was to win him round in the end, but not without an impressive demonstration of emotional conflict. The quiet Jamie McAllister appeared to be outmanoeuvred by the nosier and more articulate jurors but suddenly responded to the provocation of Darren Beveridge's thoughtless use of the word "slums." His humble social background was to enable him to turn in favour of Foster-Smith's illustration of the unreliable nature of the evidence. Wouter Manning acted well as the superficial, simple-minded, selfish blockhead who just wanted to get the sentence passed so that he could go off to his baseball match. He was the picture of injured ignorance when he turned with fury as Marcus Loudon accused him (entirely justifiably) of not being able to understand and he

became the ultimate man of straw when he changed his vote in the hope of getting to his baseball match by saying "I've had enough." Jonathan Foster-Smith had a difficult part to act and he communicated his gradualness and determination most impressively. He certainly did come over as "a pretty smart fellow" when he smashed the tawdry arguments of Darren Beveridge. And he made tentative phrases like "supposing the witnesses are wrong" lethal in their impact upon other jurors. He communicated a sense of genuine agony; he was not after all sure that the man was innocent, despite his attempts to have him set free. Eyre Sykes and Marcus Loudon also emerged as men who "wanted to discuss it seriously." They became distinctive but formidable allies of Foster-Smith. Anthony Biffa represented another type. He had all "the glib and oily art" of the smooth talker to whom morality little mattered. It was he who was able to say "the whole thing's unimportant." He acted extremely well as he brought in all the connecting chatty dialogue.

In the end, the most formidable opposition emerged from the least rational people. The powerful forces of bigotry and deeply rooted personal psychological disturbance were presented as *tours de force* by Darren Beveridge and Tim Hart. These actors both deserve special mention even amongst a cast as strong as this one. Darren Beveridge announced that he was not

going to be "bulldozed by a bunch of intellectuals." He belligerently attacked Marcus Loudon because the latter was making notes and, significantly, because he was a "middle European." It was he who wanted to spend the hour they agreed to give to this telling a dirty story. It was he who kept chiming in as the dialect was swinging on its serious course. Ironically, he helped to defeat his own nasty cause because the others became tired of him "always opening his big mouth." After the fifth vote, when only Angus Watson, Tim Hart and he were holding out, he shows himself in his true colours of racist irrationalism, spewing clichés like "they breed like animals, these people." "They're ignorant bastards, these people," he stormed with loud aggression. Beveridge provided a marvellously rebarbative illustration of Foster-Smith's almost gently worded observation that "prejudice obscures the truth." In the end, he broke down, crushed and humiliated by the collective disdain of the other jurors.

Tim Hart provided the best piece of acting which this critic has seen at Stowe for a very long time indeed. On his slight and youthful frame rested the emotional weight and dramatic success of the play. His movement on the stage was superb, his eye contact relentlessly penetrating, his response unflinching as he dealt with his adversary, the balanced and utterly reasonable Foster-Smith. He sustained the babyfaced smile with the menace behind it and took insecure refuge in his



"Twelve Angry Men"

Photograph by P. D. de Marez-Oyens

cheap sarcasms. He was the little man with the fiery temper who hated being thwarted. The outcome of the case was more related to his getting his own way than to matters of justice of evidence and "reasonable doubt." When a real risk emerged that the youth was not going to be found guilty his fury knew no bounds and the actor's rapid pace and astonishing range of voice held the audience in a vice. His cheapness, the anger, the inappropriateness of the response, came over when he spat out "Is this Love your brother week?" It was not convenient for Hart's own psychological framework to be confronted with the proof of an unreliable witness. We realised with horror that the youth might be hanged because of something inside Hart himself when he could not respond to the statement accepted by the other jurors that "the woman's sight is in question." Timothy Hart was now left on his own. He it was who, at the beginning of the play, had said, with unwitting dramatic irony, and a sneering grin, "There's always one." He, not Foster-Smith, had now ended up being that one. "We want your argument," said Foster-Smith patiently. But he had no argument. He could not lose face. "I'm entitled to my opinion." In the total silence, as the rest of the jurors stood watching him, knowing that the youth's life was held in balance because of this warped man, Tim Hart had to look beyond them and he turned to the audience to find support, before breaking down at the end of the play. We must look forward to seeing Tim Hart on stage again.

Chandos House must be congratulated for an outstanding production and performance. It would have been worth travelling some distance to have the privilege of observing drama of this quality.

P.A.S.F.

### Grafton House Play

#### DIAL M FOR MURDER

By Frederick Knott

Yet again I was honoured enough to review the Grafton House play, Frederick Knott's, **Dial M For Murder**. Steven Forro spotted me in the audience as I put pen to paper and nearly died on the spot. He recovered, gave me an ingratiating smile and rushed off to warn the others: "Oh God — not her again." But I bear good tidings — well, better tidings than last year.

The choice of venue was much improved (no hard climb to the Queen's Temple), the lines had been learned (only forgotten at times of natural nervousness), the stage was excellent. (Well done, stage crew!)

The plot was intriguing at first, but before the last two scenes the majority of the audience could work out what the final conclusion would be and the audience started to shuffle their feet and

glance at their watches. I hasten to add not because of the acting but the length of the play.

Basically Tony Wendice (Steven Forro) wants to murder his adulterous wife, Sheila (Verity Nicholson) and blackmails the suspicious Captain Lesgate (Christopher Goodwin-Hudson) to do it whilst, to add a touch of irony, taking his wife's lover — Max Halliday (Kris Callow) — to dinner.

Sheila Wendice left at home kills Lesgate in self-defence, but to the delight of her husband is sentenced to death anyway. Then enters the heroic Inspector Hubbard (Rupert Holtby) and saves the day using a cunning plan including numerous keys and black scarves to foil Tony Wendice. Then — for a true thriller-style ending — wife and lover live happily ever after.

Verity Nicholson played the naive — if not wet — Sheila Wendice with frightening reality (when not giggling and spilling port all over the place). Once relaxed, Verity showed her true colours and managed to act the bemused innocent (as did the audience at unnecessarily lengthy scene changes).

Steven Forro was excellent in the lead and he carried off the villainous husband with great enthusiasm and understanding of his part. Christopher Goodwin-Hudson, Rupert Holtby and Kris Callow must all be congratulated for their effective portrayals in their rather stereotyped rôles.

Rupert Holtby deserves special praise for alertness on stage, including covering up for some of his fellow actors' *faux pas*. Well done to the backstage and technical crews for their good sound effects but, as mentioned earlier, why the long scene changes when all they seemed to do was mop up the port and plant a key?

The scenery was excellent when vision was not blurred by Christopher Goodwin-Hudson's novice pipe-smoking. But special congratulations must go to the Director, Kris Callow. I was generally impressed by the great team work of Grafton and by the well deserved, well staged final product — congratulations.

Julia Moore

### Lyttelton House Play

#### CAN'T PAY, WON'T PAY!

By Dario Fo

**Can't Pay, Won't Pay!** was Lyttelton's offering to the House Drama Festival of Spring 1990. This play by Dario Fo, a rumbustious farce with political overtones set in a working-class district of Milan, was skilfully doctored by Producer Orlando Seale. It was staged in Lyttelton house room and cut extensively but still managed to preserve the essence of Fo's work: humour (often verging on the slap-stick), confusion, but with an underlying seriousness of message.

The action springs from the consequences of a mass robbery from a supermarket and the attempts by the people to make political mileage from the police's efforts to track down the stolen goods. Two local housewives (Antonia, played by Luke Pearce, and Margherita, performed by Zöe Beale) try to conceal the over-priced goods by pretending to be pregnant. This ruse confuses their husbands (Orlando Seale and Dominic Walker).

The main drama of the piece, very well captured by this foursome, was the way in which the different characters cope with the crisis of being hounded by the ubiquitous Milan Police (portrayed by Fo as slightly farcical agents of an uncaring Fascist state). In attempting to fight back at this totalitarian state, its laws are transgressed. Giovanni (Orlando Seale), as a morally upright and convinced Communist, refuses to be provoked into succumbing to crime while his friend and work-partner is shown to be not only gullible but also easily led (an obvious example of Marx's "lumpen proletariat?") The most pragmatic and devious of the central characters is certainly Antonia. She takes the lead in scheming and deceiving her way out of her predicament. As a foil to Antonia, Margherita, like her husband, is totally out of her depth. She is increasingly perplexed, easily manipulated and entertainingly duped.

All the other parts in the play were well handled by Alexander Cole who, along with the other members of the cast, stage crew and technical team, deserve congratulations and thanks for a highly enjoyable and thought-provoking performance.

C.H.J.

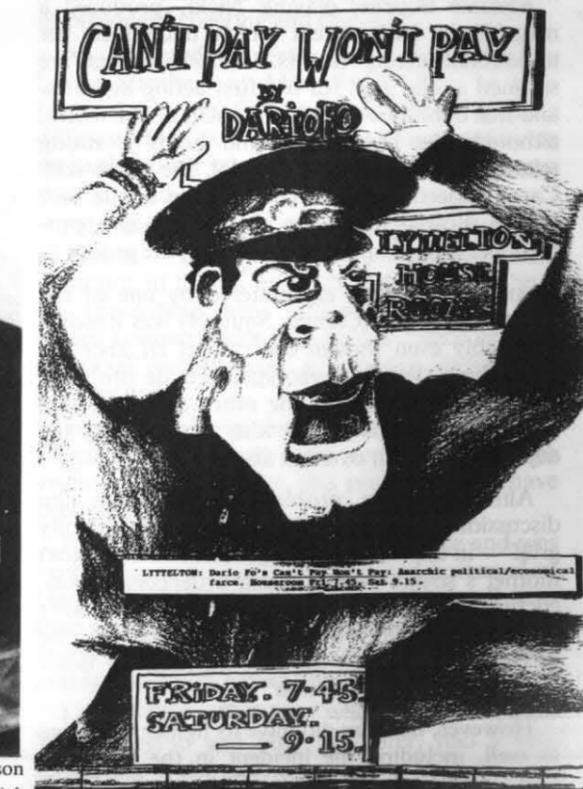


"Can't Pay, Won't Pay" — O. P. M. Seale, Zoe H. Beale



"Dial M For Murder" — C. Goodwin-Hudson, Verity Nicholson

Photograph by M. M. Renwick



**Stanhope House Play** By John Godber and Jane Thornton  
**SHAKERS**

The production of *Shakers*, performed by Stanhope for the House Drama Festival this year, depicted the varying experiences of four young cocktail waitresses' lives.

It was a very hard task for the Director (Geraldine Mitchell-Smith) to present the play in the relatively confined space that she had in the Temple Room and still be able to draw the audience into the play, which was terribly important if it were to succeed, and since it did she must be congratulated warmly.

Speed and atmosphere were the two necessities in a play such as this and they were maintained by the excellent standard of acting. No prompting was required and this was reflected in the smoothness and efficiency with which the actresses performed.

There were a variety of subjects raised, both serious and humorous, but which all contained a moral message for us.

Lucie Potter gave a splendid performance as Carol. Her personal struggle with her degree exams in Modern Studies, conflicting with her job at *Shakers* and affecting her social life, all made me wonder what she was still doing at *Shakers*, but she portrayed a person torn between the needs to work to keep the money coming in and the wish to become more educated.

Melanie Bourne, playing Nicki, produced a magnificent Irish accent which underlined her undoubted acting talents. Nicki's nerves are strained as she goes for her first acting interview and this bubbles over into the cocktail bar where, although she has resolve and holds a strong relationship with Adele and Mel, she fights with Carol. Indeed, the inter-relationships of the four people showed they were able to act as a professional unit, despite the tensions in the group.

Another problem encountered by one of the waitresses, Adele (Camilla Squirrel) was handled admirably even though the subject of abortion might be a slightly stereotyped female problem. Her soliloquy, as with the other actresses, was well executed and showed with true intensity the depression she felt over her abortion.

Although these problems, along with the discussions of rape and how to cope with family grief — in the form of Mel's (Victoria Montague) mother's stroke — may seem a depressing concoction for a play, especially at Stowe, they were all portrayed with profound feeling and because of the pace at which the play moved, one never lost interest in any situation.

However, the play did have its lighter moments as well, including the incident in the "Chelsea Girl" shop where Mel took a fair amount of stick

over her weight. This showed great character in her to carry it off and continue as well as she did.

The scene changes were fast and well orchestrated in keeping with the nature of the play, but the lights were not cut sharply enough when all the four cocktail waitresses signalled the end of the scene by saying "Ting" — strongly reminiscent of the television programme *Grace Brothers*.

The special sound effects sometimes overpowered and blocked out the girls' voices, but Teresa Drayton controlled the volume pretty well on the whole.

The whole House was obviously very enthusiastic but the production's professionalism was slightly tarnished by the fact that even those remotely connected with the play insisted upon wearing rather 'naff' *Shakers* T-shirts, even when merely being part of the audience. But, overall, *Shakers* was a refreshing play of a kind which was in my opinion overdue. Everybody who watched it seemed to enjoy the play and those who couldn't get tickets unfortunately missed one of the best House plays this year!

THE CAST:

- Adele ..... Camilla Squirrel
  - Carol ..... Lucie Potter
  - Nicki ..... Melanie Bourne
  - Mel ..... Victoria Montague
  - Director ..... Geraldine Mitchell-Smith
  - Lighting ..... Simon Denning & Nick Spencer
  - Sound ..... Teresa Drayton
- J. A. Cazalet



Photograph by M. M Renwick

**SHAKERS**

Even after girls were admitted to the VIth Form at Stowe, the Thespian scene remained subject for years to a considerable degree of male domination. Of course the girls were often invited to take female rôles in plays produced by boys' houses and more recently one has been glad to see the girls' houses putting on their own productions, but even then they were liable to be pieces by Noël Coward or Tennessee Williams, and *Daisy Pulls it off* — for all the satire — had little to offer the feminist sympathiser. This year, however, Stanhope very daringly seized the bull by the horns, so to speak, and presented a play which was not only directed by a Stanhopian (Geraldine Mitchell-Smith) and acted by girls from the house, but which was also — and here was the really distinctive breakthrough — a piece of drama with an authentically female perspective.

*Shakers* by John Godber and Jane Thornton introduces us to the little world of four waitresses who serve drinks night after night in a wine bar. It is a 'little' world in spatial terms — throughout the play the audience is seated not far from the bar at *Shakers* — but unlike so many of us the girls behind the bar have the chance time and again to observe a fascinating cross-section of the local population. With a delightful blend of humour and pathos we are introduced to the hopes and fears of these tough but nevertheless vulnerable girls, to the long hours and the wearisome routine of their work and to the various clients who in turn, amuse and interest them, bore, irritate and disgust them. Lucy Potter's was a supremely controlled — I nearly said masterly — performance in which 'Carol' came over as a girl of energetically good intentions which rarely get her far beyond the confines of her place of work. Melanie Bourne as 'Nicki' was a shrewder and more ambitious character. She and 'Adele,' played by Camilla Squirrel, gave us some wonderfully scathing demonstrations of the loud-mouthed aggression of some of their more idiotic male clients. (One is of course completely at a loss as to where they can have observed such beastly behaviour!) By way of contrast Victoria Montague — severely hampered by a leg in plaster — was convincingly scatter-brained in her performance as 'Nicki' — none the less so for her inevitable immobility.

In fact this was a series of excerpts from *Shakers* and could have become a trifle disjointed as many of the scenes were very brief, following fast on each other and with a minimum of props, but the character portrayal was so convincing and indeed the players' knowledge of their lines was so well-nigh word perfect that they bridged the hiatus with ease, making us feel that with each scene we were beginning to appreciate a little better the dilemmas and anxieties of the girls' predicament. Your reviewer writes as one who

admits shamefaced that he had never fully registered that when he finished his drink and leaves the bar, someone has to finish serving, wash the glasses and then often cope with the perils — sometimes imaginary but not always — of a lonely journey home in the small hours of the morning. This was a polished production full of amusing observations but nevertheless shot through with a thought-provoking and at times heart-rending honesty which made it a singularly indelible evening.

T.C.F.S.

**Nugent House Play**  
**THE FARNDALE AVENUE**  
**HOUSING ESTATE**  
**TOWNSWOMEN'S GUILD**  
**DRAMATIC SOCIETY'S**  
**PRODUCTION OF "MACBETH"**

By David McGillivray and Walter Zerlin, Jr.

Although amusing, the play itself was not a perfect choice for the "Thespians" owing to their varying abilities, as a farce is one of the most difficult to perform successfully.

But the directors did right to select it because so many wished to participate.

Despite the odds against them, the cast launched into action aware of the mainly Stoic audience which displayed its appreciation in bouts of prolonged cheering and clapping.

An outstanding performance was given by Lorna Struthers as Mrs. Reece who, in turn played Lady Macduff and the Doctor. Lorna's different rôles gave her a perfect opportunity to do justice to her talent as the enthusiastic amateur dramatics housewife.

Others were not of as consistent a standard. However, Lorna Fossick, comparatively unknown in drama until her débuts as Thelma, the eponymous hero himself, and Ross, was indeed commendable and gave a "very rousing portrayal"—to borrow a knowing cliché from the play itself.

In parts, I felt that the cast were unsure and this affected the audience quite noticeably; perhaps given a little more time, this problem could have been overcome.

Bill Cahusac started out with promise and was very funny in his lively and polished portrayal of Henry, Lady Macbeth and eight kings. But as time progressed, his veneer somewhat cracked to reveal an over-confident schoolboy possibly anticipated by his earlier line, "I can't act."

Laura Farr, Felicity, who played Second Witch; Seyton and First Murderer, had a very interesting Welsh accent — or was it Yorkshire? And gave an impressive trumpet voluntary.

Annie Carey and Nicola Morrison also helped to add to the jocular confusion with their various abilities ranging from frenzied arm-swinging and shaking, with or without Banquo's "bloodied sheet" to a mimetic conversation over the microphone to one of French and Saunders, though it was admittedly somewhat muffled.

This enthusiasm was also evident in the backstage crew who, so eager to do their job efficiently, were ahead of schedule in their scenery changes and Natalie Mirzoeff together with Charlotte Wilson made an untimely appearance centre stage with a table.

The set itself was very good and it was obvious great care had been taken over its construction, together with the numerous props needed.

Victoria Earle, Natasha Dyer and Lotti Erwin were very proficient in the wardrobe and make-up department; nothing was lacking in each and every member of the cast's appearance.

I would also like to congratulate the technical team, Alex Thomson, Alex McEwen and Isobel Kerger. The lighting and sound were excellent and compensated for what the play lacked in professionalism.

The choice of venue — the Roxburgh Hall — while well equipped — was impracticable considering its sheer size.

For one thing it was logically impossible for it to be filled to its capacity, an important feature in the ambience of a play.

Also, it posed problems with diction. Words heard clearly in a room such as the Temple Room become muffled on a hall as large and lofty as the Roxburgh Hall. Although taken into account by the cast and directors this was not totally overcome and some parts were inaudible.

However, intense work had gone into what seemed an impossible production and praise is due to the two directors, Angela Keat and Isobel Kerger. Their conscientious efforts fully deserve the Congreve Colours awarded them.

Lucie Potter

## CONCERTS AT STOWE

The School Orchestra played a varied concert at the end of the Autumn Term starting with a fine performance of the B minor Concerto for four violins by Vivaldi. The soloists were Teresa Drayton, Clare Roper, Chloe Walker and Julian Barnbrook. James Snyder was the clarinet soloist in the Weber Concertino and the concert also included the Courtly Dances from *Gloriana* by Benjamin Britten. The concert was conducted by David Gatehouse, who also conducted the "Carols by Candlelight" in the Marble Hall on December 9th. The carols were accompanied by a small string ensemble and included a performance

of the "Fantasia on Christmas Carols" by Vaughan Williams.

The Spring Term started with a wind ensemble concert which included a very well played arrangement of Haydn's Oxford Symphony. The sound of a large number of wind instruments in the Music Room was a little overpowering at times, but the concert was very enjoyable despite this.

Scenes from "La Bohème" were produced and introduced by Jonathan Lewsey in the Roxburgh Hall on January 28th to a very good and appreciative audience. The Oxford Symphony Orchestra provided sensitive support to an outstanding group of soloists, including Tony Selby, Tim Arlon and Giles Underwood.

The "Concert by Pupils of Stowe School" on February 11th was well received by a capacity audience in the State Music Room. As usual the concert included a wide variety of items and it seems invidious to single out any of them except to say that there was fine ensemble playing from both the clarinet quartet and the piano quartet. Clare Roper ended the concert playing a Vivaldi Violin Concerto with a small string group.

The term ended with a performance of "Elijah" which included the Stowe Choral Society, The Buckingham and District Music Society and the Queen's Temple Singers. The tenor was Nicholas Bewes (O.S.) who is already making a fine career for himself as a vocal soloist, which will come as no surprise to all those who heard him.

R.J.S.S.



Pupils Band at Jazz and Blues Evening, organised by T. D. L. Arlon and Mr Weston  
Photograph by Mr. Harris



The Staff Jazz Band

Photograph by Mr. Harris

## An Address in Stowe Chapel

By Mr. H. D. Marcuse

On April 22nd, 1990

## "SECURITY— CHRIST THE ROCK"

Matthew 7: 24-29

It is a great privilege to be able to speak in front of about 600 people in this Chapel — I doubt if there will be many future occasions when I shall speak at such a large gathering — but it is also quite an awesome responsibility. Most of you had little or no choice in the matter of your attendance (even the Temple men were sitting close enough for me to note any absentees), a fair number of you would not subscribe to an active Christian faith and I suspect that quite a few of you would prefer to be elsewhere at this moment, particularly since Spring seems to have arrived at last. I only have 10—15 minutes before the Chaplain blows the whistle for full-time or before you start to wriggle or fidget on your nice, padded chairs.

I would like to sum up all that I intend to say this evening under the one heading, one word, *Security*. One of the many advantages of learning the great language of Latin is that I am sure that many of you can instantly give the derivation of the word, *security*: it comes from two Latin words *sine* and *cura*, meaning 'without care,' 'freedom from care, worry, anxiety.'

What a travesty of the word that the hated Romanian secret police were called the 'Securitate': security was the one thing that they

failed to provide, even for their late President Ceaucescu at the end.

I believe that in this country today the word *security* encompasses a thriving industry of burglar alarms, Chubb locks, hungry hounds that patrol the grounds of Stately Homes at night and so on.

I remember there used to be a series of advertising posters in railway carriages, depicting a variety of animals, and the caption would read, "The Armadillo relies for its protection on its special body armour — let your protection and security be the London and Manchester Assurance Company." Yes, the world of advertising quite understandably appeals to the great need, almost the craving we all have for security.

Now if what I say this evening sounds patronising or pompous, or if I appear to be talking down to you from some superior height, that is certainly not my intention. I hope that what I say comes from the heart — and what I say is not based on my own ideas or opinions, but on those of the greatest teacher who ever lived. I first darkened the doors of this impressive Chapel 22 years ago as a rather young and untried teacher — perhaps it is fitting that today's date should be April 22nd — but I want to base my remarks today on the words of a man who was born almost 2002 years ago.

There has been much talk and speculation in the Press recently about who is likely to be the next Archbishop of Canterbury. There has been criticism of the Church of England to the effect that it currently speaks with too uncertain a voice.

One can only observe that the Founder of the Church never spoke with an uncertain voice. On the contrary, his message was and is often uncomfortably certain: the issues are spelt out very clearly in black and white terms. He speaks of life and death, heaven and hell, the broad road and the narrow road, of rock and sand.

Did you notice at the end of the reading we had a moment ago that "the crowds were *amazed* at Jesus' teaching. because he taught as one who had *authority* . . . ."

His teaching was not like a Latin lesson (no one yawned or fell asleep): no doubt there were some who disagreed very strongly with what he said, but I'm pretty certain that everyone listened with rapt attention to every word he spoke.

### The Wise and Foolish Builders

I want now to focus on the parable that was read out to us earlier in the service. Jesus describes two men and two houses. The men may have looked similar and the houses probably appeared similar (to all outward appearances), and both houses experienced similar, adverse weather conditions. But the fate of the two houses was very different. The first house, we are told, did not fall down, whereas, the second house fell with a great crash. What accounts for this striking difference? It is all a matter of the foundations. The wise man built his house on a foundation of rock, whereas the foolish man built his house on sand.

Earlier this month the BBC screened an alarming programme entitled, "The 'Quake of '89 — the Final Warning?" It portrayed the horrific San Francisco earthquake of last October, and also predicted the devastating consequences of an earthquake if, in future, it were centred directly on that great city (instead of 60 miles away, as happened last year).

I am no geologist, but one clear lesson that seemed to emerge from the programme was that, in an earthquake, the houses that were most likely to survive in San Francisco were those that were built on the foundation of rock that lies under part of the city, whilst the houses built on a foundation of clay would be very vulnerable indeed.

It is sometimes much more costly, time-consuming and difficult to build a house on a firm foundation of rock, but in the long run it is eminently worthwhile. And in this parable Jesus is advising us to follow the example of the wise builder: "Everyone who hears these words of mine and puts them into practice is like a wise man who built his house on the rock."

### Christ The Rock

The vital question we now need to address is how can we in practice achieve this rock-like

security for ourselves? How can we build the house of our lives on a foundation that will never crumble? Having looked fairly carefully at the evidence in both the Old and New Testaments, and in the light of my own experience, limited though it may be, I would like to suggest that the only rock that can be trusted and relied upon for now and for eternity is Jesus Christ himself.

Perhaps you remember when the apostle Peter had identified Jesus as Christ the Messiah, the Son of God, Jesus said to him, "On this rock I will build my church," making a deliberate play on the name Peter, the Rock. In the time that remains, I want to focus not on Peter the Rock, but on Christ, the True Rock, the basis for real security. And I would like to consider two types of Rock: first, the vertical type of rock, standing upright from the ground like one of the great Stonehenge monuments; and secondly, the horizontal type of rock, lying flat on the surface or just below the earth.

### The Vertical Rock — a Rock of Refuge

The hymn we have just sung, 'Rock of Ages,' was inspired by the writer's experience when he took shelter during a violent thunderstorm that overtook him in the Mendip Hills in Somerset. He sought refuge in a deep ravine called Burrington Combe, and one can still visit the exact spot today.

The prophet Isaiah, in vivid language, speaks of a king or ruler who will act as 'a shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land.' Picture a desert landscape with the sun beating down with remorseless heat and not a tree in sight; but then in the distance our eyes light upon this great rock — what a welcome haven and refuge!

Last summer I was in Western Turkey, where I was visiting some of the spectacular classical remains in that region. Unfortunately I kept being disturbed by the interesting feathered birds that kept popping up in unexpected places. I vividly remember one bird, with a very high I.Q., up on the lofty citadel of ancient Pergamum. There amongst the ruins of the Temple of Dionysus sat a Blue Rock Thrush, but this was no run-of-the-mill thrush: it had discovered a splendid, shady perch beneath a great rock, well away from the scorching, mid-day Turkish sun. Every so often it would dart out to grab some unintelligent, unsuspecting insect and then dive back into the shade. 'A shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land.'

Perhaps you will forgive me if I use an illustration from my own experience. It is certainly not meant to be any kind of self-advertisement nor is it intended to stir up feelings of false sentimentality. but I hope it will help to illustrate the point that I am trying to make. It was almost exactly this time of year, with the Spring countryside looking at its

promising best and the sun beginning to give off a welcome warmth at last; but alas two clouds hovered over my horizon: first, my university final exams were less than two months away, and secondly my mother had developed cancer and it was now at an advanced stage. The consultant had just informed me that she would probably die in a matter of weeks rather than months. That left just my sister and myself, since our father had died when we were much younger. For a variety of reasons it did not seem wise to tell my sister what the consultant had just said to me.

So, seemingly the heat was on. My Christian faith was still fairly young and tender, but I decided the best course of action was to go for a long walk through my favourite coastal marshes in Sussex, with the fine spring music of the skylark and lapwing in the background; and there in complete seclusion I was able to pray as honestly and openly as I could, using some such words as these: "Lord, there is no way that I can cope with this situation on my own. Please care for my mother and remove her pain as far as possible; please look after my sister, and please help me with my final revision and the future . . ." And I can only say that the prayer was answered. The next few months were far from easy, but I received a remarkable feeling of peace and security, that all would be well in the Lord's safe hands. 'A shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land' — it was certainly true for me.

### The Horizontal Rock — a Rock to Rely On

Time is rapidly running out, but finally may I refer to the second type of Rock, the horizontal, the kind of rock we can stand firmly on, that we can rely on and build upon with full confidence.

Many Stoics, past and present, are amongst the finest, most agreeable folk that one could hope to meet anywhere. But I remember some years ago a former Headmaster of Stowe referring to a less attractive type of Stoic; he called him a 'hollow man' — possibly a reference to T. S. Eliot's powerful poem 'The Hollow Men': a sad tale of aimless people with no real purpose in life, no guiding moral principals, drifting around like boats without a rudder — or, to change the metaphor, like houses without any firm foundation.

The pillars in the Marble Hall look impressive, but their fine appearance is a façade: they are hollow inside. (Please don't try to find out for yourselves — Mr. David Briggs has just spent hours and hours making good the damage of many a finger).

The Nazi eagle that featured in Indiana Jones' Last Crusade looke very impressive, perched on top of the North Front steps; but as the set was being dismantled, the hapless bird toppled over; being mere polystyrene, his head fell off. As the lorry driver loaded the set onto his vehicle ready

for departure and strapped the bulk of the eagle onto the back of his lorry, he felt sorry for the head — so he drove off with the head and neck of the great bird perched on his passenger seat, looking for all the world like some alert and inquisitive Jack Russell puppy. Yes, the eagle may have looked impressive, but it was mere, brittle polystyrene. Things are not always what they appear.

The lime trees along the drive looked secure as many another tree, until the gales blew last term — and the sad results were all too apparent. As the trees lay uprooted and forlorn on the littered ground, it was soon clear why they had suffered such a tragic fate. Their roots seemed far too shallow, there was no firm foundation to enable them to withstand such powerful gusts of wind from the West.

And what, you may well be asking, have the Marble Hall pillars, a Nazi eagle and a row of lime trees all got to do with the main theme of what I am trying to say? I believe they are a kind of parable for life. Most Stoics look attractive and presentable — in fact, one suspects that quite a lot of money is expended on how they dress, how they look and smell. (Such was last Thursday's queue at the Barber's that I had to motor all the way down to Buckingham, but in the event the unisex surroundings turned out to be quite pleasant). This is all very proper, but what really counts in the long run is not how we appear outwardly on the surface, but what we are really like underneath, in our heart and soul.

Are we building our lives on a foundation of rock or sand? This is a very important question. A place like Stowe certainly provides a welcome sense of security for much of the time, but we cannot predict when an unexpected storm may blow up. It will then become all-important what sort of foundation we are relying upon. Is it shifting sand of the opinion polls, of our popularity, our image, what others think of us, the sheep-like desire to follow the crowd, however misguided that crowd might be? Or are we really prepared to make the effort to think for ourselves, sometimes to risk doing the unpopular thing because we believe it to be right? And with regard to what we believe, our religious faith, what ultimately matters is not whether it is cool and trendy to believe or not to believe something deeply, but rather whether it is true or not. To build on the rock is usually a harder and more costly operation, and it can often be a lonely task — but I'm very sure the citizens of San Francisco will never regret it, nor will we.

### Conclusion

I have gone on far too long already. To sum up: our theme has been one word, *Security*. We have tried to address the question, where does true, lasting security lie? As a convinced Christian

I have suggested that this genuine kind of security is the result of a firm belief and trust in Jesus Christ, the Rock: the vertical Rock of Refuge, especially in time of trouble or special need; the horizontal Rock to rely upon, as a firm foundation for life, both for this life and beyond the grave.

And I believe that J. F. Roxburgh, the first Headmaster of Stowe, would have approved of this as a motto for life. He it was who devised our own Stowe motto: 'Persto et Praesto.' I'm sure you don't need reminding that *persto* means, I stand firm; and it is hard to stand firm on shifting sand. In the words of a fine hymn, alas not in Cantata Stoica:

'On Christ the solid Rock I stand,  
All other ground is shifting sand.'

## CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

### THE DESERTED RAILWAY STATION

This was the place where everything happened in my time. This old station had seen it all. Here was regularity, for the trains came and went from this platform every hour on the hour and they were never late. This old place had seen heartbreaks, happy reunions — the lot.

I remember once when Billy Monk went off to fight in the Second World War. His then girl friend, Judith Bligh, crying her head off, was convinced that he was going to die. When he boarded the train he virtually dragged her across this platform. She even got into the train with him, until his officer asked her to get off. Of course he didn't die; he came back and married Judith; and then they opened the corner shop on Sullivan Street.

Then there was the time Mary Booker thought she had met her true love for the fifty-third time. A small-shot American film director had come to town. Mary was up at the old railway station delivering a pork pie to her father, Mr. Booker, who was the station master. She watched the train come in from his office. Passengers were boarding and getting off.

Just as it was about to leave a big man in boots and a stetson stepped out on to the platform. She almost fainted. He had curly blonde hair and a brown sugar complexion. She immediately fell head over heels in love. As always, this only lasted until the next tall, dark and handsome hunk came along. About a week actually.

And I remember when Violet Adams was banished from town. Apparently she had been having a fling with Peter Gates. It had gone on for about eight or nine months when the local gossip column through the grape vine got hold of it. You could tell something was going to happen a week before it did. Eventually all the "respectable" women in the town threatened to lynch her unless she left town. As it was, they virtually did anyway. When she did decide to move on, there was a departure committee waiting for her. They pelted her with fruit until the train left early to ensure her safety.

And now they are opening the line again for my seventy-eighth birthday. Here comes the train!

B. T. Read (IIIe)



### A DESERTED RAILWAY STATION

The gates of King's Cross station slammed like a crocodile snatching at a passing fly late at night when the world is slowing down.

The cleaners and ticket assistants finished off, and departed after a long, hot, sticky, smelly summer's day in the city. The electricity was switched off with a flick of just one switch.

Then there was nothing to be seen or heard. The smell of stale cigarette smoke lingered in the motionless atmosphere. The floors were once again shining and glittering, twinkling and winking under the moon which beamed down through a small, rounded window towering high in the arrival hall.

The escalator had a small rest from an endless chain of commuters, tourists and the common extravagant shopper, stamping and carelessly restless on its back while being hauled and lugged up an abrupt escarpment.

The rushing of excited, hurrying people had suddenly disappeared into thin air. But within the space of six hours the station would be like a swarm of bees gathering into their hive when the keeper refills the honey collecting board. Until then the night grows colder and more lonely in and out of the station. Street lights turn off like dying flies falling from the moonlit sky.

When all is pitch black and the moon's beam has floated away from the window, it is as if the station has died after long suffering. But gusty blooming winds still beat up from tube station to tube station as they rustle and bluster out into the open.

Soon the nightmare of King's Cross Station is repeated and the race is once again started.

A. H. Akers-Douglas (IIIe)



## A LITTER-STREWN BEACH

The sun poured down from the sapphire blue sky and landed on the litter-strewn golden beach. Waves lapped at the tar-smoothed sand and the clear, almost glass-like sea threw up pieces of shipwrecked boats. Jagged shaped wood was jammed into some sea-sodden sand. Fizzy drink cans covered tufts of grass-like desert tundra, and old deckchairs and tables were collapsed and laid on pebbles. A once beautiful seabird lay lifeless, covered in a brown oily sludge with flies collecting around it, like children at a sweet shop.

The air tasted of oil-polluted sea water and rotted fish which had died in the suffocating oil. The waves crashed down on the sand and sounded like thunder in a rain storm. The wind blew stinging sand which felt like many minute man-eating crabs clinging to one's skin. The salty spray, like napalm, burnt one's eyes and throat. The sky changed from blue to vermilion as the afternoon dragged on.

Crisp packets and old smelly hot dogs which had been discarded from the year's tourists, were blown down the beach and had collected in scree-like fashion against the slippery rotten breakwaters. A shrill sound of a ship's siren out at sea disturbed the resting birds on the chalky ridged cliff, soaring into the ruby red sky like bats out of hell, squawking and shrieking at each other. Rocks plunged downwards to the awaiting sea, shattering their remains of their once attached heads on to the barnacle-smothered rocks below.

The birds settled back in the holes of the cliff and nests clung to the crevices like children would clutch at a climbing frame. The tide went out and

what was left were mounds of disused oil, stained silt and worm casts deposited by the lugworms. A collection of men and women with casks of salt in their hands were pouring salt down holes in the oily silt to catch razor fish. These fish rose out from the sand like reluctant children taken out of bed at five o'clock in the morning.

The breakwaters stretched out to sea like giant slippery snakes which had slid out of hell itself, a sewage pipe belched out untreated sewage from its mouth and the waste floated out to sea. Above this point the seagulls hovered in anticipation, waiting to catch a tasty morsel.

Back on the sand some crabs had collected in the shade of the moist seaweed and others marched out to sea like tanks advancing into a battle. Children sat, armed with fishing nets, gazing down at rock pools, hoping to discover some unknown species but only to find a smashed beer bottle. Three teenage boys lobbed small pebbles at a target of rusty cans piled high on one another. A lone dog skulked quietly across the beach pausing only to urinate against a washed-up lobster pot and then walked, occasionally sniffing the air, towards the soft sand dunes. A jogger jumped and waded through all the rubbish, which had collected on the shore. He disappeared into the sunset where the red hot sun splashed down on to the beach.

The ruby red sky shone down on to the golden beach and the glass-like sea was now like a mirror

because it reflected the scarlet sun's powerful rays. In the distance fish jumped with joy as the day for them had just finished, but forgetting the night fishermen chugging out of their little harbours to prey on the unsuspecting fish.

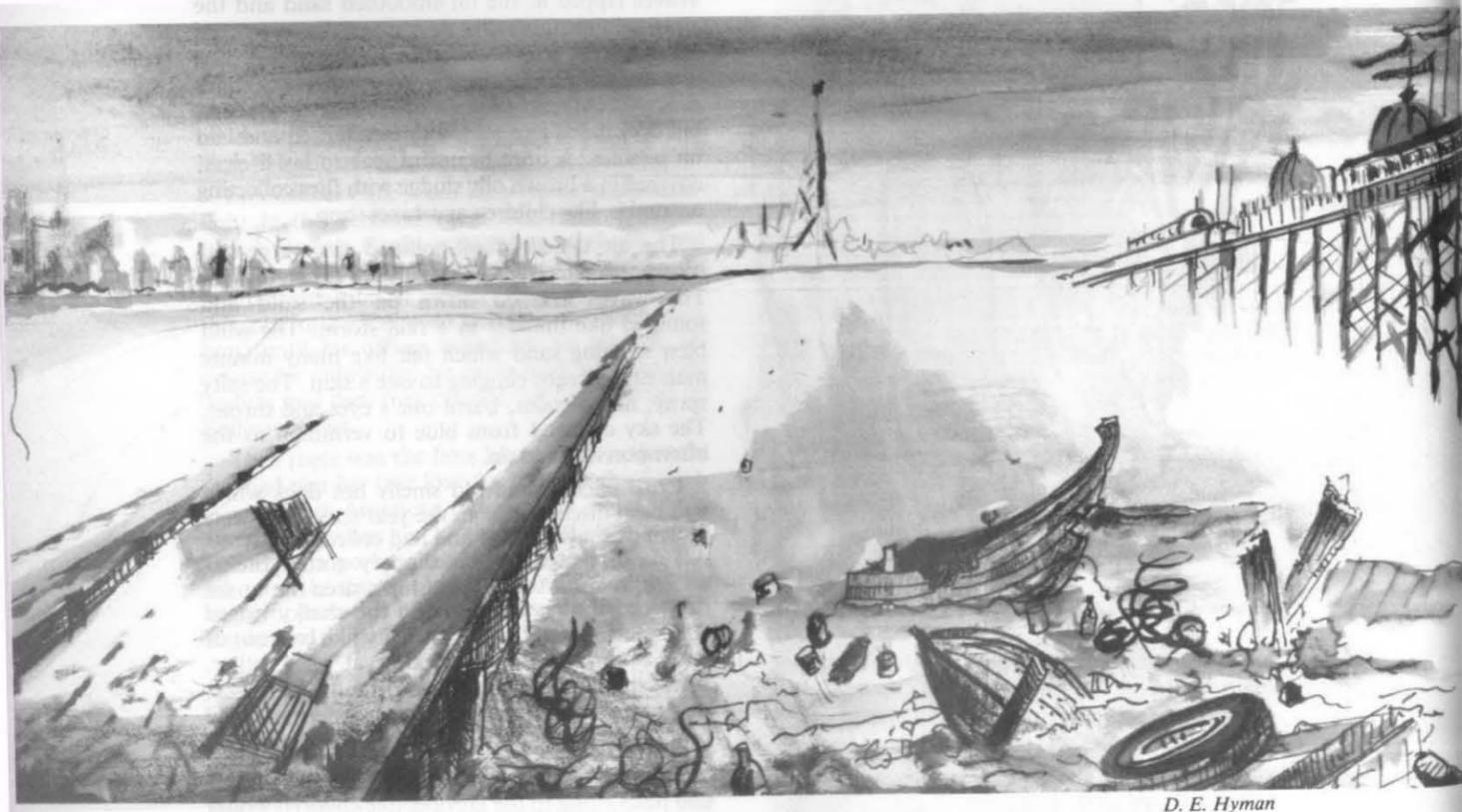
Darkness was now descending upon the sea shore, the children retreated to their houses, the tide drifted lazily in from the deep waters of the unknown and all the rock pools were covered. The sewage pipe was engulfed, swallowed up with the other breakwaters. Soon the sound of the gushing waves churned up the now dry sand and took seaweed and dried up jelly fish with it.

On the horizon, silhouetted against the deepening blue sky, were the fishing boats with their flickering red and green lights, and the huge hulk of an oil tanker trundled past at very low velocity into port where pipes greeted it and interlocked and the oil flowed into vast containers.

The silvery moon rode the clouds like a royal galleon reflecting upon the debris which was like a mirror in the darkness.

The blackness of the night enveloped the rotting debris, plastic pots, the leftover junk meals, cans, paper, crisp packets, flotsam and jetsam. Will they disappear miraculously OR will we see it there still lingering when the sun comes up?

S. E. Craft (IIIe)



D. E. Hyman

## WINNING ENTRY FOR THE ZAFIROPULO PRIZE FOR CLASSICAL VERSE 1990

### CATULLUS XII

MARRVCINE ASINI, manu sinistra  
non belle uteris in ioco atque vino:  
tollis lintea neglegentiorum.  
hoc salsum esse putas? fugit te, inepte:  
quamvis sordida res et invenustast.  
non credis mihi? crede Pollioni  
fratri, qui tua furta vel talento  
mutari velit: est enim leporum  
disertus puer ac facetiarum  
quare aut hendecasyllabos trecentos  
expecta aut mihi linteum remitte;  
quod me non movet aestimatione,  
verumst mnemosynum mei sodalis.  
nam sudaria Saetaba ex Hiberis  
miserunt mihi muneri Fabullus  
et Veranius: haec amem necessest  
ut Veraniolum meum et Fabullum.

Asinius the Marrucine, your left hand does you  
shame,  
For when at dinner parties, you do always act the  
same:  
Whenever merry fellows are not careful as can be,  
You steal away their napkins, quite beside your-  
self with glee.  
Yet even though you think yourself a rather clever  
lad,  
Your conduct is the sort of thing expected of a cad.  
In case you are not trustful of a humble poet's  
word,  
You must only ask your brother, whose wrath you  
have incurred—  
Now he would pay a huge amount to see your  
crimes undone,  
But he's a chap, unlike yourself, who's witty and  
who's fun.  
My ultimatum, then, is this — an offer not unfair.  
That either you will give me back that thing for  
which I care—  
That napkin which reminds me of a pair of  
dearest friends,  
Or you'll receive a stream of verse you'll think  
will never end.  
'Tis not the value of the thing that matters e'en  
at all,  
But the mem'ry of the givers the napkins can  
recall.

C. E. Spencer, ma.

### SEA

It rolls and turns,  
never makes up its  
mind, in a never  
ending confusion.

But, occasionally, if you're  
lucky you see it catching  
a wink of sleep, for it  
stays flat in a slumber.

Sometimes it rolls slowly  
turning something over in  
its mind. But sometimes  
it's angry and choppy  
and frowns white horses.

It's had enough now  
for a while, and leaves  
me behind making sandcastles  
on its playground.

M. H. Whale, mi. (IIIe)

### THE SEA ON THE SHORELINE

The rocky shoreline stretches  
away from me, littered with rocks  
like giant breadcrumbs.

The sea draws back gathering  
its energy for the next punch,  
and a large wave comes  
crashing through submerging  
the rocky shoreline.

A red flag flies high off  
a coastguard's flagpole, hanging on  
for its dear life in the howling  
wind, a bright warning of  
the enraged sea. To swim in this, mad  
you must be.

The waves bring their rubbish  
and dump on the beach bits  
of cork, strewn fishing line. A small  
constellation of jelly fish comes  
serenely gliding in.

The sun dips and the sea  
slows and the coast  
is left in a peaceful silence, no  
longer to be battered by  
the sea on the shoreline.

M. H. Whale, mi. (IIIe)

## NIGERIA AT ITS WORST

Naked madman, mindlessly urinating on the street,  
Then breaking the surface tension with his feet.

A blatant buzz, side-step, then a fierce pierce from my foe,  
That furious frustration of a blood-sucking mosquito.

A single, small study-sized room to accommodate nine  
Where they talk, snore in their sleep, bathe if they can and dine.

The fleshless fingerless hand is thrust in front of your face,  
That beggar begging for alms with such grieving grace.

The degree of death, the feverish fear and fascination;  
Its near, unavoidable, unseen, inch-deep inspiration.

Clutching for life which is unfortunately out of reach,  
Six corrupt animals ruthlessly shot on the beach.

A widow with seven suffering children, the poor who pay God,  
She cannot feed one, what can she do? Perhaps pray?

People with debilitating disease, penetrating pain,  
Who are doomed hopeless, lifeless like disintegrating grain.

Silently witnessing his mum's rape, he held his teddy bear  
Before dying she reached out, but failed to touch his damp hair.

The doctors, dogs! Could not help the little rich girl crying,  
My soul shattered with pain as my sweet sister lay dying.

**O. Nathan-Marsh (VI)**

## THE HOSPITAL SLEEPS

Night lies sullen; a smoking, amber gloom:  
Warm tinge of darkness covering the room,  
Dirty the stark pastel-shaded walls,  
Smudged, distorted where the shadow falls  
Cast by a conflicting, flickering strip,  
Causing lost souls along the halls to slip.

Silence is in the air, muffling all sound—  
Cries and whimpers, soft shoes on the ground.  
The very air is sterile, processed — cold,  
Clear of the dust of the dying and the old.  
Instead false fragrances, synthetic scents  
Parade. Humanity is banished, spent.  
Feeling, light, taste, sighs — the very life gone.  
Only suffering and pain linger on.

**J. S. Goss (Va)**

## TO JONSON (From Celia)

Love's sweet fruit is not to steal,  
And once bruised it will not heal.  
Sincerely I made a vow,  
And to you I will not bow.  
His easy ears may be beguiled,  
But never shall be defiled,  
For a moment, hastily snatched  
By your lust, newly hatched.  
Time, you say, will not be ours,  
Beyond the flowering of hours,  
Thus the sun, which set before,  
Will rise again for evermore.  
And this sport you want to play  
Fades also, like the end of day.  
Why should we defer our joys?  
To this question I give voice,  
As, in the garden, I can spend  
As happy an hour as you can lend.

**Camilla J. Squirrell (LVI)**

## A MODERN PILGRIM

With us also was a man of the stage.  
This face, he told us, could mimic joy or rage.  
He had worked on the street  
He said, and could dance with nimble feet.  
With so much talent he could act before a king  
And dance upon tables, or a ballad sing.  
Also his hands were in good condition  
For he used them to move when giving a rendition  
Of one of his own works so great  
That upon hire he would demand the highest rate.  
Always a true professional in his high ranked trade,  
That his wit was sharper than a razor blade.  
His eyes shone like a shooting star,  
For he would rise he said, and go far  
In a world where dog eats dog,  
He told us he had to shine like a light in the fog.  
Respected, he was by his fellows of the stage,  
For he was one of few who could pick up any page  
And read, with such a well sized head,  
That any maiden thereabouts would offer him her bed.  
And certainly he was modest and unself-indulgent,  
That many a fellow thought him heaven sent.  
For indeed his was an image of beauty and rapport.  
And he said modestly, women had never seen  
such looks before.  
He moved with such thought and seduction,  
That he was offered prime parts in many a  
production.

Yet alas, for his name's sake,  
Not every offer could he take.  
His eyes were blue as a crystal sky  
And shone like stars that could never die,  
His skin, smooth as varnished wood,  
To grow a beard he said he never would,  
For it would distract from his beautiful face  
That, as we have said, was filled with grace.  
His hair was long and thick as wire  
And its texture was like a bush on fire.  
His lips were red as blood,  
And they seemed to shine like a ruby stud.  
It was as if they were painted on  
And when it was mentioned, his smile was gone.  
His cheeks rosy as an apple freshly picked  
As if the wind had thereupon licked;  
The dimples so evident from afar  
That he admitted they had been a surgeon's scar,  
And such minor alterations were easily made  
For he said such things were important to his trade.  
His chin was short as well was his nose  
And all in all his face was held in sweet repose.  
The very shape sculptured so perfect  
That he did say as he did reflect  
His worldly features were so unique,  
'Twas a shame that his breath of garlic did reek.  
For his voice, so soft and yet so strong,  
Had dramatic impact, we were told, as he burst  
into song.

For no such shy and modest a man was there  
anywhere,  
As I caught the Pardoner steal a stare  
For I am sure they were alike in many a way.  
That I am sure the Summoner felt a jealous  
dismay.  
Yet not a word could be said here or there,  
For this actor only paused to take in air.  
He could not have been an inch over five and one;  
Small men, he said with modesty, are much more  
fun,  
Though on a horse he felt somewhat ill,  
And moved dizzily unable to keep still.  
For I know a modest man when I meet,  
And never so shy a man as this actor of the street.

**H. W. J. Cahusac, ma.**

## A NEW SENSATION

I felt a sensation of tingling in my body. My fat  
had gone; well, the burden of it had and I was  
floating, floating in air. Semi-suspended as in  
those films. I could twist and roll in mid-air and  
not be bothered about balancing. I took a coin  
out of my pocket and flicked it. It spun in the air  
until it hit a wall, then bounced back. The sensa-  
tion felt like a hot bath with no heat. I could swim  
like a fish and without pain for the bath would  
soothe pain. It was like eating my favourite food.  
A magical experience, an inexplicable joy in free-  
dom — a freedom beyond compare in life.

**A. Mahoney (IIIe)**



Photograph by E. A. G. Shillington

## REPUBLICA SOCIALISTA ROMANIA

By Henry J. D. B. Worthy

The date was Tuesday, July 12th, 1988. I was at Cartici on the Romanian border with Hungary. I put my watch an hour forward to Romanian time — it was now 21.00 hours. Then, the signal turned green and the Romanian border guards, with their Kalashnikov AK47 automatics in their hands, stepped clear of the train, and the train lurched forward into Ceausescu's repressive Romania. Glasnost had not yet penetrated here.

To make the train journey to Bucuresti go quicker, sleep seemed the logical answer, and that I attempted to do! I shut the window and drew the curtains, but the light would only go dim. There was no air-conditioning, and bad suspension, allied to bad soundproofing, really made sure I did not go to sleep! You only really notice these things when you try to sleep!

My first encounter with the natives was around midnight, when several army cadets arrived in my compartment. That encounter was brief, as they left a few hours later. One of the best encounters with the natives was at around 05.00 hours the following morning, when I was woken up by an irate Romanian commuter, claiming I was taking up too much seat space!

Gara de Nord Bucuresti is the most dismal station anywhere. On the two occasions I was there I met several black marketeers offering me exchange of five times the official one. Queues were the main feature of the station. It was in one of these queues that I lost my temper with a ticket office lady who could not speak English.

I thought the quality of the Hungarian trains on the Bucuresti run were bad, but I was in for an unpleasant surprise — Romanian are worst! As I entered a carriage on the train for Constanta, the tragedy of it all hit me! There were peasants in all the compartments (I was too hard-up to go first class!), all the corridors, and more were crushing in. To add to it all, local Romanian folk music was being played throughout the train. But the music really entertained the peasants. The train started off, late of course, and the ride can be imagined. The windows would not open and the whole train reeked.

Constanta was a pleasant town, even though a café owner tried to cheat me, so that he could have my hard currency!

The Black Sea resort of Mamaia (next door to Constanta) could be described as Eastern Europe's Benidorm or Algarve. In Constanta I saw some of Ceausescu's high rise flats being flung up. Before I left Constanta I met another

black marketeer who used an ingratiating approach on me; he also gave me the best rate yet.

I returned to Bucuresti and headed northwards.

Now comes the fun part. I was supposed to leave Brasov and take an international train to Budapest (Hungary). This train *never* arrived, and the reason why still remains a mystery to me. After using a bit of pantomime language I got the right platform for a later train to Budapest! This train did arrive on time and at the correct platform, but another train arrived before it bound for Timisoara. I thought Timisoara was in Czechoslovakia, but alas it was not! So I, the train "expert," boarded the *wrong* train at the *wrong* platform.

Around 22.00 hours I arrived in Timisoara in Romania! After getting a cold response from the Militia, I eventually found the Hotel Continental at almost midnight.

There I stayed the night. The next day I felt ghastly: dizziness, sickness, etc. The height of the drama came when I blacked out completely in the lift and collapsed into a heap on the floor, after blindly trying to find my way about the corridor. I was rushed to hospital by a Romanian ambulance! At the first hospital a physician smoked all over me. I was interrogated for taking drugs, for fear I was a "Western Capitalist Drugs Pusher."

On July 25th, 1988. I left Timisoara in a little old Ilyushin 18, and by 14.00 hours or so, the Pratt and Whitney engines of the Lufthansa Boeing 727 powered me smoothly out of Bucuresti. I felt sorry for the Romanian people as I left the country — in front of me lay freedom and behind me lay tyranny and oppression with no end in sight . . . .

On December 22nd, 1989, the country erupted against Ceausescu like a volcano which had remained dormant for a long time. On December 25th, 1989 Romania had the greatest present of all — Ceausescu was shot, with his hated wife Elena.

H. J. D. B. Worthy

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## The Cooper Group



## THE CRASH

As the airbus made its final descent towards Heathrow, the seemingly solid, snowy peaks of the clouds melted away to reveal the countryside below. The stewardesses had just been round stowing the tables and making sure the seats were in "the vertical position" and Alex Butterworth looked wistfully at the neatly ploughed fields below him. The trip had come to an end all too soon, and he would now have to return to the frosty atmosphere that was his home. He had many things to look forward to upon his return, the kids for one, and the job that he loved so dearly, but he knew that the time was fast approaching, even as the plane was gracefully approaching its destination, when he would have to speak to Ursula, his wife, and tell her of his decision.

The trip had gone well on all accounts, not only had he clinched that vital deal with the Japanese, but the treasured time spent with Jane, both as her boss and as her lover, had given him new courage for his confrontation and the final bitter-sweet end to his marriage. He was sure it was the right move to make.

As he pulled out of the Terminal 3 car park, he was totally convinced that he was doing himself the greatest of favours and, in a perverse sort of way, he was actually looking forward to his final act as a married man. He had booked his room for the night over the phone, and made reservations for two at the bistro for a celebration dinner with Jane. He accelerated away from the airport buildings and headed towards the motorway, remaining thoughtful and planning his speech for Ursula.

He came off the motorway forty minutes later with what was now a perfect image of the scene to follow. It was dark now and driving was becoming more dangerous as he sped around the twisted country lanes. The adrenalin was building up as the knowledge of his imminent arrival lingered in his mind, and he edged the accelerator closer to the floor racing towards the next bend. . . .

When he came to the next morning, the first thing he registered was the smell of disinfectant in the air, and the figure clad in white standing at the end of the bed. He tried to sit up, but the searing pain in his back and legs prevented him from moving.

"Please remain still Mr. Butterworth," said the doctor, "I'm afraid you've been in a car accident."

Instantly his mind focused on the events of the night before as he had raced ecstatically towards his home: the flash of headlights, the screech of brakes, the squeal of crumpling metal, and then nothing.

"You've sustained some quite nasty injuries, but

nothing that won't mend in a few months; you were very lucky indeed. I'm going to leave you now to get some rest, and the nurse will be in with some food in an hour or so." The doctor exited hastily, and Alex Butterworth was left alone with his thoughts.

As he lay there it was as though someone had lifted a blindfold from his eyes, and he saw what had eluded him for so long. For in this moment of pain and loneliness he realized that more than anyone else in the world he wanted Ursula to be there beside him, comforting him. He wasn't a religious man, but it became obvious to him that some higher power had given him a second chance at the happiness that he was so ready to throw away.

Outside in the corridor, a nurse called to the departing doctor — "Doctor, I'm afraid we just lost that woman in 203 — from the car crash. We did what we could but the internal bleeding was too much. Oh, and the police just called through with a vital piece of identification of her from her car keys. They had the name 'Ursula' written on the key ring."

B. R. Lambourne (V)

## I CAN RECREATE HIM IN MY MIND EASILY ENOUGH

I can recreate him in my mind easily enough, and then a kind of admiration for this tramp seeps through me as well as a wonder that never left me throughout the years of our acquaintance. During those dark late nights when the collar of my coat was turned up around my neck, protecting me from the penetrating wind that hit me as I stepped out from the grey, elegant building that was my office, I would find strange solace in his company, as I fought to convert myself to his way of thinking, of looking at things. His world was one set far apart from mine, and I was always slightly aware of it, and tormented by the guilt of having so much, while he had nothing.

Or did he? I often wonder about this, now that he is gone. For in many ways his life was less troubled than mine. He was a neat kind of tramp, who inspired respect, even affection in those he was on nodding terms with, for his own obvious self-respect redeemed him from a grudging fate that might have given him worse than his cheerful nature (and his optimism) deserved. I used to marvel at the fact that I never saw him really dirty, until he told me that he was familiar with the 'Gents' at the Savoy where he would go twice a week for a good wash and brush down, sliding past the beady eye of the doorman.

He inspired a kind of generosity in people. I have actually seen people approach and offer him a hamburger that they had bought, or a piece of worn, but still wearable clothing, clean and neatly darned, that they had thought of giving to him, rather than to one of the charities they supported. People would come up to him even for a chat, if they were lonely or troubled, as I sometimes was during that period of my life.

Too often, people associate the word "tramp" with someone smelling of alcohol and holding out their hand to the public in a grubby sort of way, but he was different. Hunched in the doorway next to my office on wet and windy nights, and seated on the bench in Russell Square on mild nights, he had a look of hospitality that invited you to stay with him, and, like a drink, he acted as a kind of refreshment, his special brand of conversation, warm, droll and canny. He was honest and, like all honest people, he offered himself as he was, with nothing to threaten you. He would tell one about the events that had led him to his untethered existence: his wife who died, his breakdown, the way he lost his job, and then down the road to that sense of freedom from commitment, possessions and obligations that burden down the rest of us who lead a conventional life.

I used to sit and listen to his decent yet strangely exotic language, and I came to realize that he had found something to appreciate in his not-belonging, a sense of well-being — contentment, that his unlimited spare time gave to him. I realized that inside him lay a bold nature that was never afraid. In that calm authority that did not invite pity or derision from passers-by, there was a strength that I knew did not need testing.

Once I invited him to share dinner with me in a tiny Soho eatery, but he declined, suspecting, I suppose, that his appearance would be diminished in the eyes of other regulars, and so, not wishing to insist in case his pride was at stake, we settled for a take-away on the low wall that went around the little courtyard fronting my office. It was growing dark on a fine October evening. The birds, whom he loved and considered his friends — for their lives were very much the same as his, taking what they could to eat, and sheltering in the nooks that they considered home — had now disappeared. We sat together eating with plastic forks from little foil dishes, looking up from time to time at the people rushing home from work, or driving into restaurants and then I turned to him and said:

"This area wouldn't be the same without you."

A small gesture, typical of him, gentle, steady and undemanding, came from him, as, looking around, he replied:

"This place shielded me and I've nothing to give back."

He disappeared after that, for three weeks. Some said later that he had been in hospital;

someone mentioned pneumonia. Anyway, I was glad when he was back in his familiar place, his look of cheerfulness, though weakened by what had befallen him, still there. I had slipped out in the cold, frosty evening for some sandwiches and beer, as I continued to work late, and I also bought some for him. He was sitting on the low wall, leaning against the railings, and gratefully accepted the food and drink. A thick scarf was wrapped around his neck and his hands, which I noticed when he stretched them out for the beer, were blue.

The project I was working on was a particularly complicated one, and it was in the early hours of the following morning when I finally decided to leave. As I left the building I saw, to my surprise, a big, bundled-up body still sitting on the low wall, immobile, slumped slightly sideways — and I knew.

I miss him now, and I salute him whom I once knew: that rarity in a world of averages; solitary, wandering; an ace in a dud pack.

R de la T. Atkinson (IV)



Drawing by O. P. M. Seale



Painted by D. E. Hyman

Photograph by K.M.

## BACK IN THE U.S.S.R.

Lenin once spoke of Russia as a "prison of nations." At the time he was referring to the Empire of the Czars which existed before the first World War. His description still stands true today of the Soviet Union: fifteen ethnically diverse republics locked into a landmass of over 7,000 miles from the Polish border to the sea of Japan.

Political and cultural suppression has prevailed for a long time over the nations of the world's biggest country. For years the republics of the U.S.S.R. have been controlled by the iron fist of a communist, totalitarian government and Moscow has managed to keep nationalism tightly locked up. Infiltration of local governments by the centre and ruthless enforcement of the Kremlin's directives by the K.G.B., have maintained a superficial blanket of unity, smothering the nationalist sentiment which is hidden beneath.

Today, however, with a reforming leader on the Soviet stage the peoples of the U.S.S.R. are awakening to the sounds and smells of a different political future. The arrival of Gorbachev in 1985 has represented the opening of the "prison" door to political freedom in the Soviet Union. The result of this greater freedom has been a fairly chaotic rush towards the outlet provided by Gorbachev; a rush in which the people have suffered and cultures have clashed ferociously.

The Soviet leader has led a campaign against political, social and economic suppression and attacked the idea of a command administration in which efficiency is lost in the pursuit of regulation. His efforts to invigorate the political system and the economy have led to an unlocking of barriers, bringing past injustices out into the open and allowing the republics of the Soviet Union, finally to give vent to their nationalism. 'Glasnost' has allowed people to speak their minds and 'demokratiya' has freed the passage for the development of new political organizations and popular movements.

For the people of the U.S.S.R., Gorbachev's reforms have been the source of both inspiration and grief. For their leader, they have resulted in a mountain of problems dealing primarily with a single ideology: nationalism.

To see the ill-effects of today's nationalist uprisings in the Soviet Union, one has only to recall the events of the past year in the South-Western part of the country. In Armenia and Azerbaijan, political freedom has not led to efficiency and order, but rather it has made way for fierce Christian-Muslim warfare. Before democratization had opened the door to religious and cultural expression in Armenia and Azerbaijan, feelings of resentment between the two neighbouring republics had been suppressed. Today, however, Armenians and Azerbaijanis have taken advantage of the opening provided by

the Kremlin to continue the feud which finds its roots back in the early nineteenth century.

The problem which faces Gorbachev is that intervention on the part of Moscow has only brought about further nationalist and secessionist sentiment in Azerbaijan. However, ignoring the situation would have only allowed for more bloodshed, and eventual takeover by the unofficial Azerbaijani Popular Front in Baku. This is exactly what the Soviet leader is trying to avoid. His efforts to democratize the country were an attempt to strengthen the union of republics, instead he has found himself fighting to keep it together.

The most ethnically homogenous of the three Baltic States, Lithuania has led the independence movement in the Soviet Union, adopting a very tough stance against Moscow's pleas to slow down its nationalist movement, Sajudis. Its Communist Party has already split from Moscow and is operating in conjunction with Sajudis.

In March, Lithuania announced its independence despite threats from Gorbachev of an economic blockade if they fail to withdraw their declaration. The Lithuanians, however, have stuck to their guns so far. On April 19th Gorbachev shut off Lithuania's oil and gas supplies, a move that attempts to bring the disobedient republic to its knees.

The Baltic States feel that they have a special claim to independence because the three republics used to be free countries between the two World Wars. This, however, ended with the signing of the non-aggression pact between Hitler and Stalin in 1939.

Estonia was initially the most adventurous of the three republics in taking advantage of Gorbachev's reforms. The Estonians early efforts to achieve more democracy and more private enterprise in their republic were partly an act of resentment against the great numbers of Russians who have migrated to the republic to work since 1945. The Estonians have made most progress in the development of their own economy, creating monetary and economic systems independent of Moscow. Today in Estonia, the red flag has been replaced by the blue, black and white national flag.

There is no reason to believe that the rest of the country lies dormant. Virtually all of the Soviet Republics have developed a Popular Front. In fact, Gorbachev is facing the problem of national fragmentation in all parts of the country, even in Russian S.F.S.R., when people were initially very slow to take Gorbachev's 'glasnost' seriously.

In the western world the changes in the U.S.S.R. are generally welcomed as a continuation of the decline of communism, signalled by events in East Germany and Romania. To most people, Russian 'demokrat-

siya' represents the final process of international democratization, and the inevitable diminution of the colossus of the East brings hopes of the end of the arms race.

There are, however, some sceptics who foresee dangerous international prospects. The breaking up of the U.S.S.R. has already brought about a great instability in the giant country with an immense nuclear arsenal. Should we not be cautious with that thought in mind? Furthermore, the possibility of a significant decrease in the strength and size of the Soviet Union will inevitably destroy the comfortable balance of power in the world, a balance which has (although some would disagree) prevented World War Three.

Evidently, the decentralisation Gorbachev has sought as a cure for the ills of authoritarianism has brought him an even more serious problem — that of secessionist nationalism. The question remains: is it within the realms of possibility for the Soviet Union to exist as a strong united country without the suppressive, totalitarian stitches which have kept it together in the past? Most people, including Gorbachev himself are now beginning to have strong doubts.

Annabel S. H. Soutar (MVD)

## BLACK BUCK

Squadron Leader Steel was a bald man, but strangely so. On either side of his head lay a perfectly clipped mat of flat silver hair, yet a clump of unturned black sat perfectly centred on the crest, permanently resisting the wear imposed by the continual use of 'bone-dome' helmets, the degree of which was used by the student pilots to determine the level of experience of each of their senior officers in the flying circus. Plainly, Steel was one they could not gauge.

Every morning he would sit in the Starboard quarter of the coffee room, solitary, perfectly unwavering by the odd salute given by a passing N.C.O., his eyes systematically running over every sentence in the morning press associated with a conflict around some islands off the southern tip of Argentina that meant nothing. Whenever asked about this occurrence, he would always reply, "Don't know. Better not interfere with next week. I've leave of Tuesday next."

However, when 617 Squadron was brought to 'standby status' in the early hours of Saturday morning, Steel was plainly seen to be unaffected. "There's a war on. My job is to fight. What the devil do you want me to say?" Nothing was necessarily going to happen; as a reserve squadron, they would be lucky if they ever received those "further instructions." Large, outdated Vulcan bombers stood on the tarmac as melancholic monuments to the Station Commander who knew that they were past the

days of combat, and seemed only to provide delta-shaped patches of dry concrete as day after day of quiet rain dripped off their stupid, camouflaged noses. He was a fair man, with a saddened anticipation of life; who in the presence of his subordinates, never failed to put on a fainting smile accompanied by sympathetic words of encouragement. He only had a year until retirement. That is, until the Sunday.

A status 'Blue' teletext message from Strike Command, High Wycombe jittered out from the tape machine, which was transferred immediately to the War-Room, where it was checked, verified and then passed to the eyes of the War Executive, if that was who he was. "Call Station Commander Spry here . . . er . . . at once."

Three hours later, the entire intelligence section was muttering about the length of the "War Gabble" until Spry stepped out of the office and announced that there would be 'trade' coming their way. No aircraft on standby though. No "prepare three and four dispersal." No alert status even. Just 'trade.'

For the next two days, Steel was nowhere to be found. Rumour had it that he had early leave, but upon examination of his quarters, there was no indication whatsoever that the premises had been vacated. Indeed it was not until the Tuesday that the man was seen entering Registration in his usual unaccompanied and awkward way, that seemed to indicate that even after years of service, he was still not used to the place.

"Mornin,' sir," said the attendant technician, who just previously was attempting to snooze on the filthy arms of his uniform.

"Sortie form — for Charlie Delta V," pronounced Steel, looking at the man squarely between the eyes.

"Wot? Flying? You sure? You're normally with the training section, aren't you, sir?"

"A Vulcan is just as much an aircraft as the Chipmunk. Get on with it man."

The perplexed young man huffed and timidly asked for details.

"Overhaul for this Friday, full fuel complement with reserves, and standard runway denial load. Depart Saturday, 0-nine hundred, return Monday fifteen hundred. No need to notify intermediate airfield — we won't be using any."

The man across the counter immediately stopped and, without so much as a glance upwards, asked in a slow, detached voice, "For such a long time airborne, sir, er . . . where the 'ell are you going?"

"Place called Port Stanley."

Indeed, Steel had been nominated as the 'man for the job.' All the junior officers now had the dilemma of wondering why. Steel was one of those men who was always there, training pilots in the most mechanical way, that seemed to lightly brainwash rather than stimulate their minds on

the basics of forward flight and advanced meteorology. Two Chipmunk flights a day, each consisting of a light circuit round the airfield followed by a simple, no instruments landing. In fact, his job seemed so basic that he would have been considered a subordinate by his fellow officers, had it not been for his rank and his consistent success (now rather unspectacular) with his trainees. The previous instructor had requested a transfer, based on the all-too familiar restlessness brought on by such a slot. Steel did not show such tendencies; in truth he showed no tendencies at all. He could not understand what made people want to change, and he never really wanted to either. He would fly on without ever knowing a dogfight, a collision, a death, and eventually slip into a grave that dissolved into a disrespectful layer of moss and lichen, to which no reminiscent eyes would turn.

To say that the mission was suicide-orientated, would be incorrect, claimed the Ministry of Defence. To say that it was a small-scale test, would be more to the point. The fact that only one aircraft would initiate the attack after a transit flight of twenty-seven hours with numerous and most definitely hazardous in-flight refuelling procedures, and be expected to return thirty-odd hours later to the same base, would have indicated the difficulty in getting any pilot to undertake such a task, even under compulsion. Upon the request being made to Steel, the only rebuke was: "Get that bloody light at the end of the taxi-way fixed; I can never tell when I'm on the runway with that bomber."

On that fine morning in July, Steel strolled across the tarmac, helmet in hand, towards the bomber, occasionally bending down to pick up a piece of litter — he hated an untidy apron. That was the remarkable thing about the Squadron Leader; his attention would switch to whatever made itself most manifest, compute the reason for its presence and then react accordingly. For him, all that existed in that instant was the fact that an annoying piece of paper was lying on the ground. He was soon joined by the three other members: Slade, a stocky Flight Engineer who always roared facts and never ambiguities, Mann, a self-assured Flight Lieutenant who was always impressive on the parade ground, and Dale, one of those navigators who never says much and is annoyingly timid.

"Thank you, Mann," said Steel with a faint smile, as the other officer held open the access door of the aircraft for him, aware that the Squadron Leader could easily have made an embarrassment of himself attempting to undo the tricky latch.

Once aboard, all packed into their positions and Mann set about checking the route-cards. It was immediately noticeable that he had become strangely agitated, as turning to Steel in the pilot's

seat, he remarked in a frustrated but restrained tone: "Sir, may I ask why we register as American Air Force on leg three over Florida? Doesn't that strike as odd, sir?"

"What the devil is there to complain about Mann? Leg three, Florida, American Air Force. That's what it says. Are you feeling quite alright Lieutenant?"

"Sir." Mann turned sharply away and brusquely punched in flight co-ordinators.

At exactly 0-nine hundred hours, Charlie Delta turned on to the runway centre-line, executed a power check, proceeded to rumble across the threshold, and lift sluggishly into the morning cloud, staining the white tufts with its black tail-smoke. It banked to the left, levelled out due south and was soon nothing but a grumble in the distance.

Twenty-one hours into the flight, the eighth tanker plane came into view. Dale could be seen to screw his eyes up ever tighter each time the Vulcan slumped around in the tanker's jetwash and thumped itself onto the refuelling probe. Slade's profuse sweat was evidence enough of the difficulty he was having in dealing with a serious fuel pump disorder. However, his barking was suitable proof that Slade was his usual self and not to be listened to all that often.

"Give assistance there, Dale. Over." Mann automatically assumed for himself the position of superiority. Spending his school-days as a senior air cadet seemed to give him the idea that he had more of a right to give orders than any other.

Beside him, Steel maintained his upright position that he had held since take-off, only occasionally leaning to one side to check the engine read-outs. In fact, he had not said a thing to his crew for the past two hours, undoubtedly because "there were no orders to be given." It was only now that he turned to Mann, and remarked:

"Looks like there'll be some nasty weather on the run-in back to Hampshire."

"There'll be some nasty anti-aircraft on the run-in to Stanley more like," replied Mann with a cynical laugh. He was becoming uneasy. Fear was beginning to creep through his thoughts.

"What was that Mann?" retorted Steel. "I'll never understand you youngsters, going on about things you don't know. Totally unfounded."

Mann was unable to answer to this sudden surge of expression, which was so unlike Steel. Here was this man, a Squadron Leader, a Squadron Leader who flew training missions in Chipmunks, at the controls of a multi-million pound 'plane, on its way to start the Falklands War, and all he could think about was bad weather over Hampshire.

"I'll get the ordnance ready sir," Mann concluded after a pause.

At zero three hundred hours, Steel gently pushed the stick forward into the initial dive to set-up for attack altitude — one hundred feet above ground level. All eyes, except those of Steel, were fixed upon the radar warning receiver, to see if they were going to make it under the Argentinian radar defence system, without being tracked; otherwise it would mean certain death by the missile stations just off the northern coast of the Islands. All at once, it seemed so dangerous, so suicidal. All that could be done now, was to fly straight for the target: a turn at this stage of the mission would result in radar contact. Dale drew a quivering sigh.

Slade became quiet, and Mann could do nothing but gulp, and think not only of that runway falling victim to their bombs, but also to their own aircraft. At low level over the sea, the ride was by no means comfortable and the buffeting was continually increasing. Inside a tin demon hurtling towards the islands were three men, trapped and totally vulnerable. There could be no mistakes. To them, the target was the end.

To Steel, the end was Hampshire. "The raid's a damn inconvenience to make complete cycle time. Badly planned I say."

Conversation was now down to a minimum, the insistent buffeting becoming impossible to speak over. The aircraft was being sent through a whole series of swerves, yaws and slews, the latest of which had thrown Steel nearly out of his harness. Grabbing the arm of his seat, he hauled himself over, saying in a calm tone that interrupted the tumult, "Mann, get Dale — he hasn't sorted the attack profile yet." The truth was that Dale had become mentally paralysed; he sat staring into oblivion, not even answering his name. For once, Slade said something:

"No use worrying over him. He's had it. As for me I'm done. There's nothing more I can do for you until we come through — if we come through."

"Damned nuisance. I'll have to run her in on my own. Damned nuisance."

Mann never heard what he said. In his own mind, the gloriously fresh days of college and his success on the shooting range on those mild summer afternoons were all he could contemplate. He didn't want to any more. He'd done his bit. Why the hell did he sign up? He liked being an N.C.O. He could show the cadets how to shoot, drill and salute. He remembered the day when . . .

"Mann, Mann! What the devil's the matter? Sort out the profile." Steel's firm, yet quiet, voice punched into his brain. Furious at letting himself down, Mann aggressively set to work on planning the final three miles to target, snapping at Slade to give him the read-out on Dale's panel, in his in-built anxiety to fulfil his orders before time.

The target slid into view. Steel's everyday voice came on the line. "Hold on."

Pulling through the clouds at three thousand feet, the world was remarkably quiet. Mann opened his eyes for the first time, and for an instant was unable to believe the ethereal silence. The instruments were still there, their hands all at exactly the same angle, tightly saluting him in their accuracy. To port, the metallic sheen off the wing made all look silver as the familiar white disc in the sky burnt hot and dry through wisps of brilliant white cloud beyond the azure. They were flying straight and level, having finished a gentle climb. The compass read due North. Mid-Atlantic.

"Engine number three overheating. Must have some shrapnel in it." Steel, upright in his seat as always, was tapping the control column. "Some nasty flak."

There was indeed nasty weather over Hampshire. At fifteen twenty-seven hours, Charlie Delta, streaming a fine graphite line across the sky from a shattered engine pod, dropped out of the clouds to greet the green chess-board of home.

An elderly gentleman ceased to dig in his allotment, and, straightening his stiff back, looked upwards. The aircraft followed the same flight-path as all the regional airliners, turning to the left over Birchett's Green. Nothing unusual. He continued to dig, muttering in complaint to himself about the routine noise.

Back on the tarmac, three crew members stumbled into a van which scurried off to the medical centre for a check-up. Steel, apparently "hadn't finished yet." He climbed down the access ladder, systematically pulled out the log book from under the bulkhead; marking in the relevant information under knitted eyebrows, he uttered a faint sigh. Carefully closing the folder, he detached from the aeroplane and ambled back to the crew quarters, picking up a stray polythene bag on his way.

T. A. D. Crawford, ma. (XX)

## A GIRL'S LIFE:

### A Lower Sixth Experience:

A change? Well I suppose you could say it was. My last school was a small one: two hundred, and all of them girls, save one six-year-old boy in the Pre-prep.

The change was not so much owing to "the boys," although that contributed — as well as moving three hours south away from Yorkshire — but it was in the environment as a whole. From the security of friends and familiar nine to five routine, I found myself working nine to three-thirty, traipsing up to the Art-room for a further hour or so, then, being left to my own devices, feeling rather lost until supper.

Not that redemption came then—after the struggle of getting what I wanted from the display of sumptuous *plats du jour* and finding a seat amongst the surging crowd, came another stint of work, under the name of "prep": an hour and three-quarters of industrious study that gradually blossomed into comfortably seated chatter as the weeks went by.

The day over, it was time to go to our respective homes. Armed with books, clothes and the regulation torch, myself and the three others trooped back down past Bruce, took the turning left to Lyttelton, then onwards to "1 Home Park": home of the Secrets, a very kind family with two boys. We did this for the first week, totally oblivious of the much shorter and convenient route past the Roxburgh Hall, a saving of a couple of hundred metres — admittedly not far in the eyes of the world, but precious time in the morning: that extra couple of minutes for the much-needed cup of coffee.

As the new way of life became more worn and the "change" merged into the recesses of time, other aspects became accentuated and important. The tendency to care about what I used to do and yesterday faded, and I turned forward, became attentive to the day itself and perhaps the thought of tomorrow! Spurred on by sisterly influence, plunged into things more than I would have liked, I was quite content to stay relatively insignificant and at the same time not to be forced to make an effort, but heedless of the downward pull of gravity and the inclination to sit on my fundament I auditioned for the Congreve production of *Damn Yankees*, a musical and American at that.

Thanks to something, I was accepted into the cast and the days from then on somersaulted past, only to appear as a series of photographs on reflection.

From round the corner, half-term peered, came into full view, walked towards me, then collided. Back home to the pool of comparative freedom and my more established way of life. I'd only had a chance to have a "quick dip" when the hand of *Damn Yankees* grabbed and pulled me prematurely out and there I was on stage, lines learnt, still proverbially wet and dripping.

I soon dried off and the stage of the Roxburgh became my daytime home for the ensuing few days. Whilst I and some others were involved in acting, singing and dancing, the rest of the School, to my knowledge, were still enjoying the comforts of their homes: in plainer language, we fortunate(?) had come back early.

From the roar of the greasepaint into School life time carried me, and the days took up their somersaulting again. I can't say the routine was the same as before — play rehearsals came thick and fast and on a more basic note, my preferred

cups of coffee changed to tea. Coffee, I had decided, was too harsh: it gave me a punch in the head as a means of waking me up. So instead I became acquainted with tea's gentle tap on the shoulder, much more bearable at eight-thirty in the morning.

It was about then that there was a House Dance, more of a non-event than an event. Their notoriety plummeted somewhat as the resulting "scandal" was nothing more than what could be expected. Not that it could have been worthy of hitting the headlines anyway, looking back.

The actual performances of *Damn Yankees* suddenly being performed. Although it only seemed yesterday — excuse the cliché — we were all in the Róxy singing "Happy Birthday" to get a part.

The first night, under the name of "Dress Rehearsal," was the worst for my nerves and the last the worst for my throat. I can't say which night was the best as a result. What I personally considered nearing perfection others didn't and vice versa.

Again, infamy, this time of the "Play Party," was pushed up and blared out by the trumpet "Gossip," to that of a Hollywood affair and due to previous experience of talk in comparison to the actual reality of the House Dance, I went perhaps better mentally equipped.

The profuse confusion of the play and rehearsals was non-existent, life took on a more mundane rôle and instead of anticipating the performances, everyone in the cast including myself looked back and only remembered the excitement and dry ice . . .

. . . It was evident that the School was restless. Work had been done and done and done till no-one could bear to see it. All eyes and minds turned to the holidays and as always the days ceased tumbling over one another and casually shuffled past, without so much as an apology. People desperately tried to create the end-of-term atmosphere prematurely to help themselves feel better, but were only the recipients of reprimand, rather than euphoria.

Then, as if to make up, time gave the day itself to us and term ended.

So there it was, the "change" done and completed till it wasn't a change any more but an integral part of my life.

Lucie E. Potter

## A GIRL'S LIFE:

### A Middle Sixth Point of View:

It may not seem like it but there is a great gap between LVI and MVI female attitudes at Stowe.

Admittedly, it is still quite worrying how many MVI girls can't walk across the Vanbrugh block without a friend flanking her on either side, but on the whole the MVI girl is more confident. By now she is an accepted Stoic. Perhaps in a few minds, girls will never be Stoics — well, tough, we are here and we like it.

The MVI girl knows who her friends are and whom she does not particularly get on well with, whereas in the LVI, girls try to be friends with every boy they come across (just to be accepted). In your last year, you know which boys are adolescent creeps and which boys' company you genuinely enjoy.

Your last year at Stowe is obviously more dedicated to work so you do not really have the time to visit all nine boys' houses for nine revolting cups of coffee in your free afternoons.

The majority of girls in the last year are 17 or 18, some even 19. Therefore as the A levels are drawing near, your main preoccupation is which university to apply for, and how you intend to spend the next three years of your life.

Stowe fades quietly into the background: there is life after Stowe; whereas in the LVI life is Stowe. If people were honest with themselves, they would know that the group of friends they have now are not going to be their life-long buddies — with few exceptions.

Our last headmaster used to say that Stowe is the place for the individual. Perhaps — but this is not quite the case in the girls' houses. Boys tend to accept each other regardless of individual idiosyncracies. For girls it is much harder. If a girl does not conform to the accepted dress sense, she is an outcast; if she does not "live" on the right part of the house, she does not exist. Or even worse — if she likes (and admits it) the boy everyone else thinks is a nonentity, she becomes one herself. A harsh criticism of the female sex? Yes, but unfortunately a true one.

I hear my friends remark that they never want to leave Stowe, which says many good things about the School. Yes, it will be hard to leave Stowe's insular security: the beautiful, majestic grounds that are so important to every Stoic; lessons which, let's be honest, can be good fun; and the glorious summer days down by the lakes.

But what is the main reason why they don't want to leave? Fear — especially if one's intended university is past the Watford Gap. They know they are in for a big shock. But surely that is exciting in itself? Personally, I have loved my time at Stowe, but university is (I hope) calling and soon it will be time for me to go.

**Julia E. Moore**



*D. E. Hyman (MVI)*



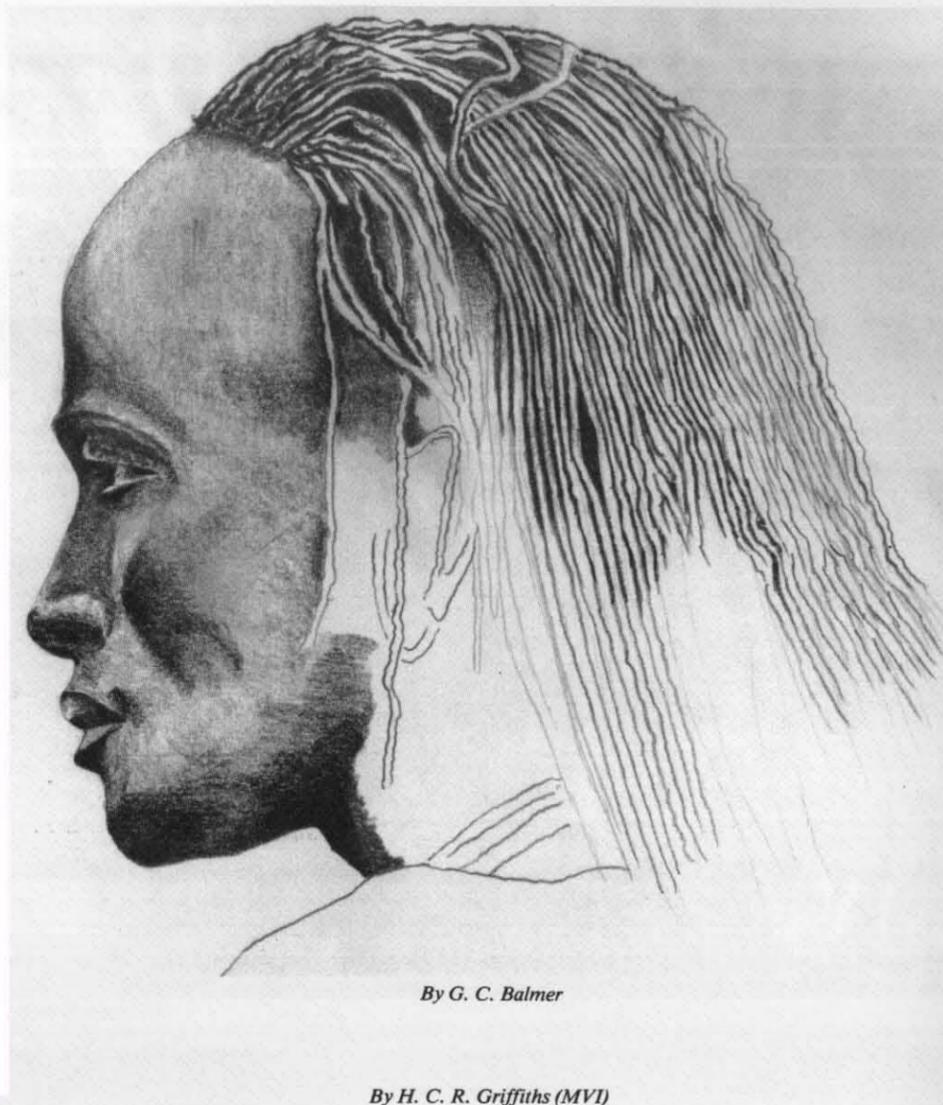
*By D. E. Hyman*

*By M. J. Snyder (LVI)*



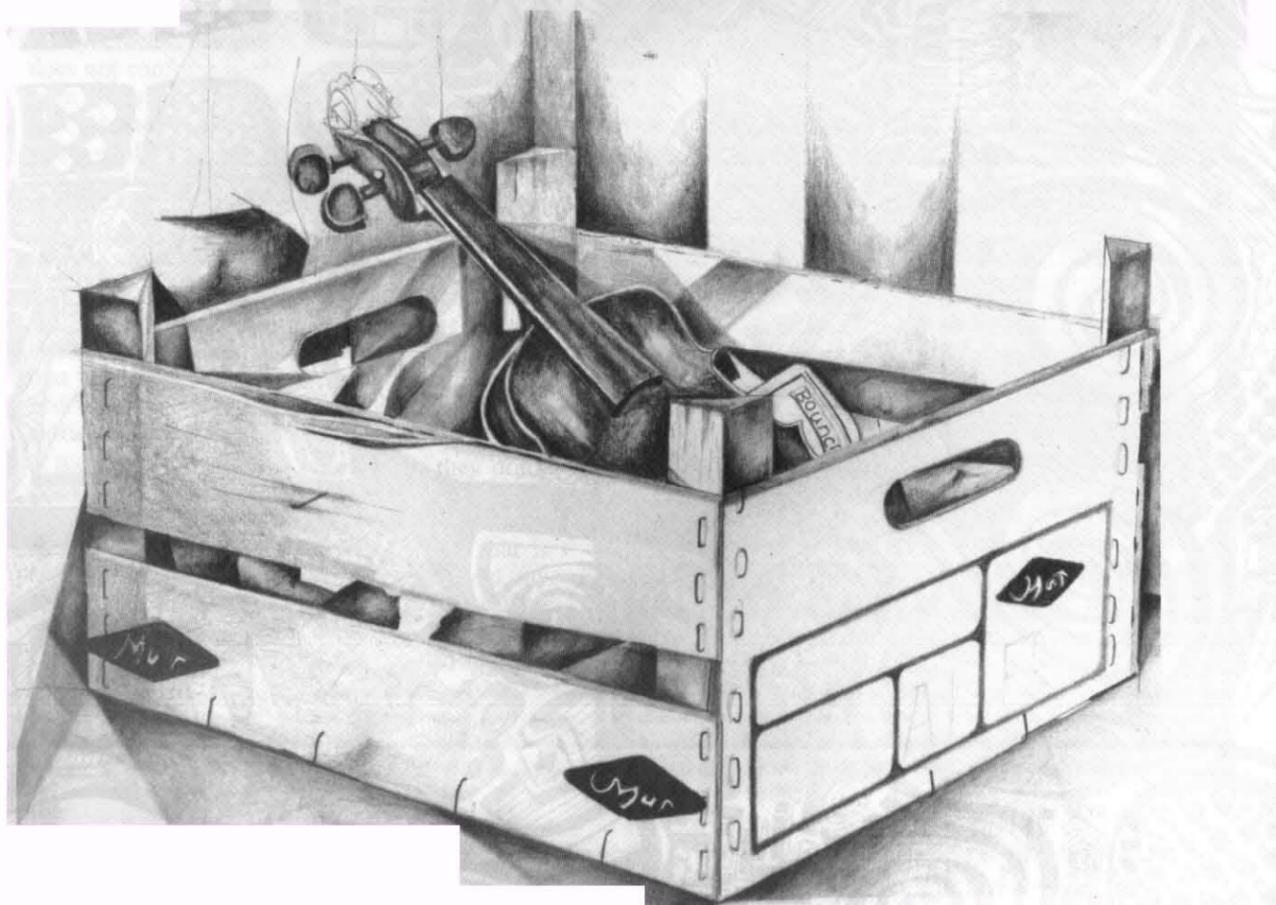


*By D. E. Hyman (MVI)*



*By G. C. Balmer*

*By H. C. R. Griffiths (MVI)*

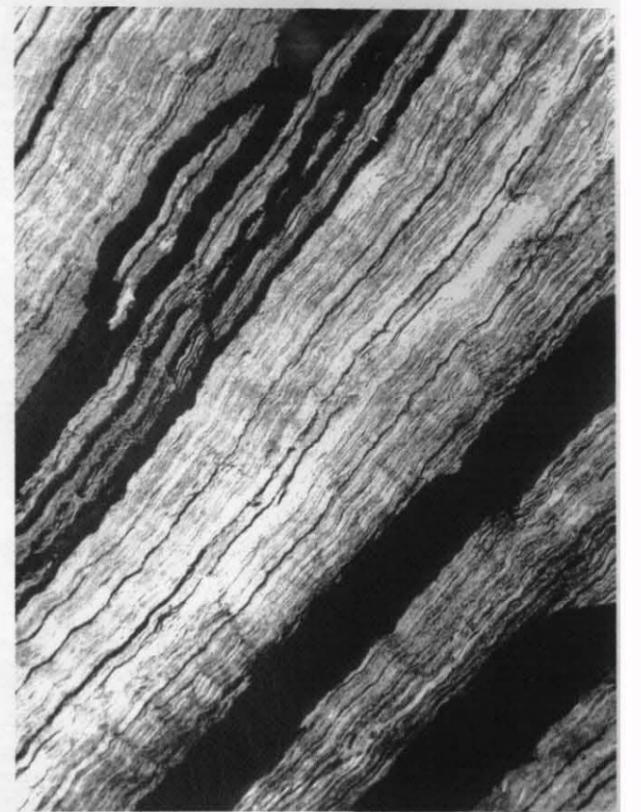




*Photograph by P. D. de Marez-Oyens*



*Photograph by S. A. Brittain*



*Photograph by S. A. Brittain*

*Photograph by M. M. Renwick (LVI)*

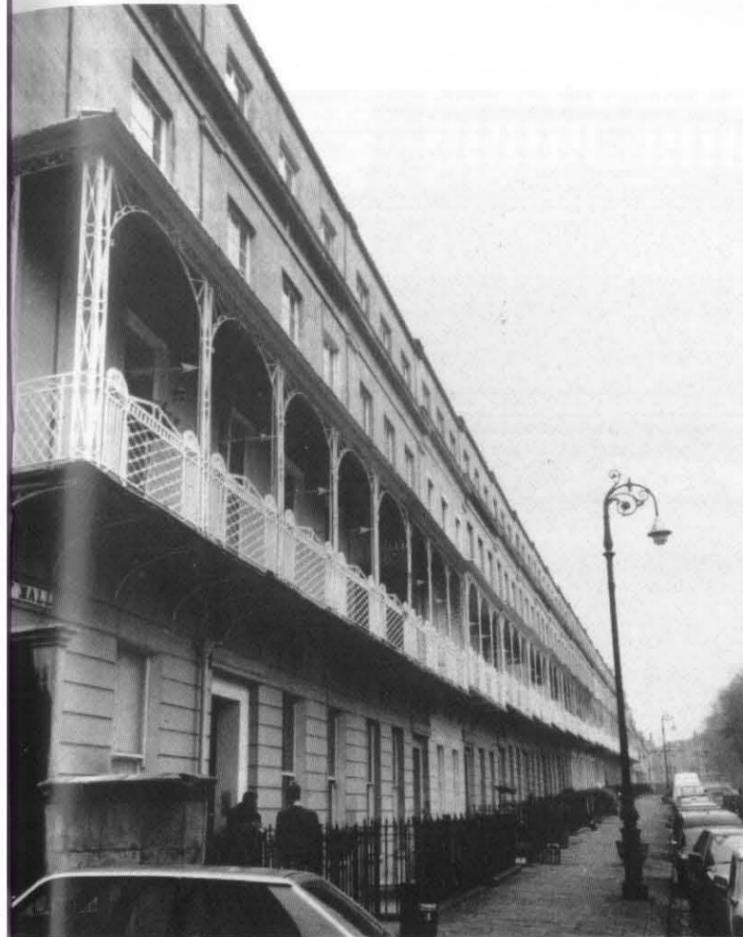


*Photograph by K. S. Reed (LVI)*

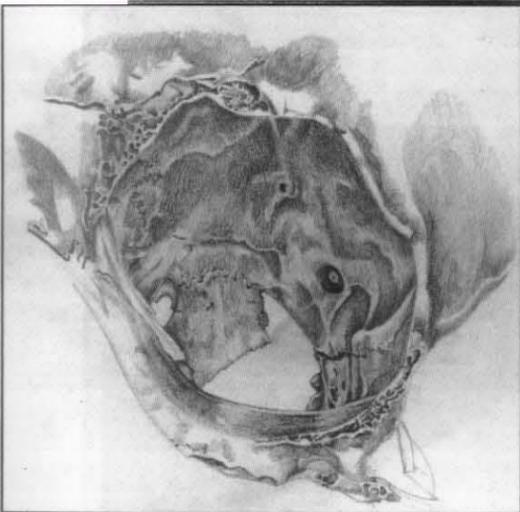




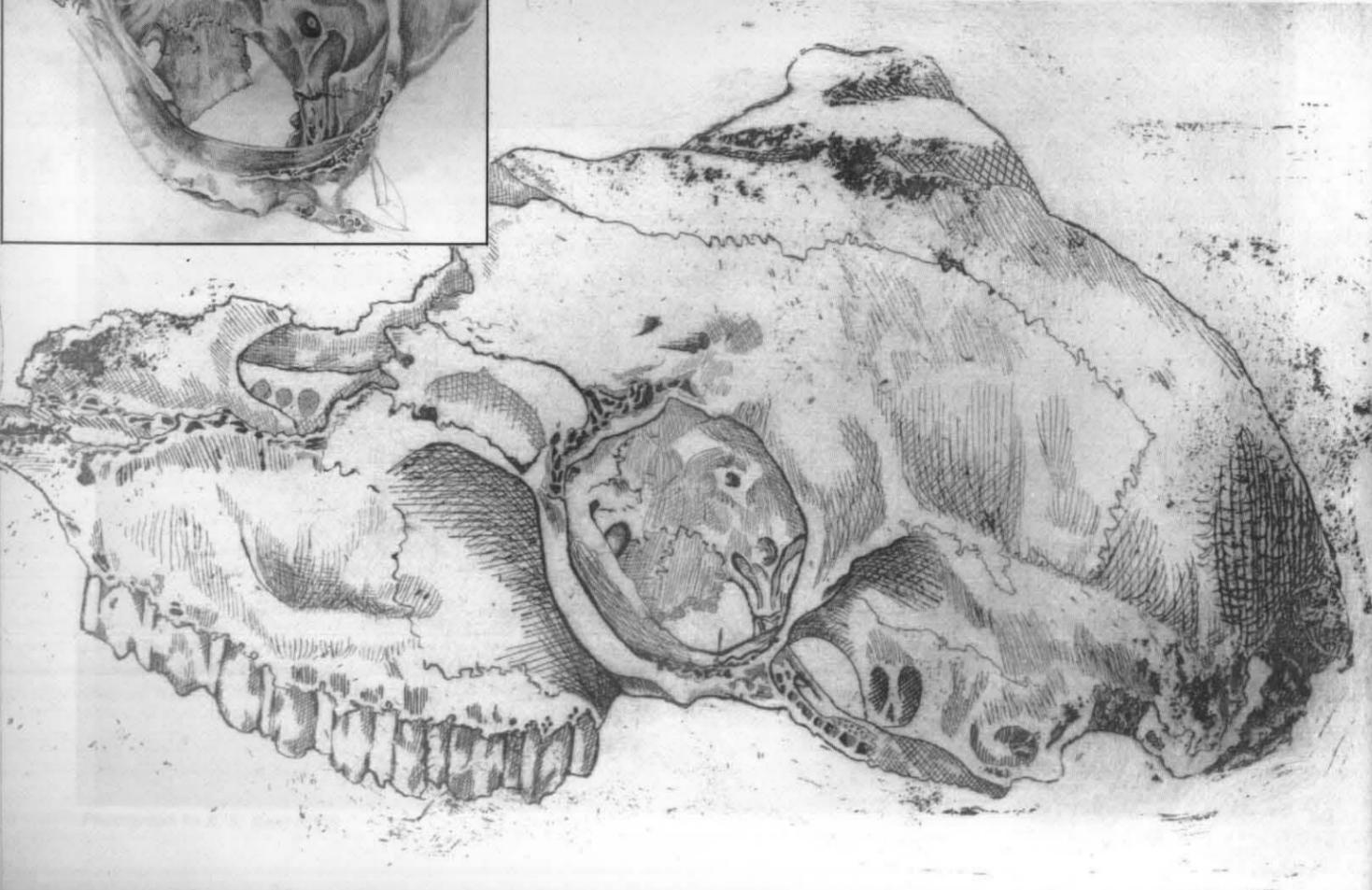
Photograph by K. S. Reed (LVI)



Photographs by S. A. Brittain



By Lucie E. Potter (LVI)





State Dining Room Roof 26th January, 1990

Photograph by M. J. Bevington

## “VENTI TERRAS TURBINE PERFLANT”

Like Aeneas' voyage as described by Virgil, which Lower Sixth Latin set was reading on the 25th January, the early months of 1990 will be remembered for their violent gales. Hardly a week has passed without strong or severe winds wreaking havoc on trees in the grounds and on roofs of the buildings. On several occasions the electric power supply has been cut off, to the worry of some but the delight of others.

The strongest winds arrived on the afternoon of Thursday, 25th January. A westerly storm with exceptionally powerful gusts lifted several school roofs. A vast weight of lead covering the length of the State Dining Room suddenly sprung loose with a loud crack. It quickly rolled itself up like the top of a sardine tin to the surprise of some Stoics in the new Temple Houseroom. At the other end of the main building Walpudlians were being kept clear of old copper sheets flying off the top of Chandos. Before the day was out scaffolding had been erected and temporary repairs begun. Elsewhere the odd slate took a dislike to a car's rear window and part of Nugent nearly became topless. Damage to the temples was slight, with flashing lifted on the Palladian Bridge and some lead on the dome of the East Boycott Pavilion; *Country Life* seems to have been unusually alarmist in stating that the latter "had its roof blown off."

In the grounds some eighty trees were uprooted or snapped in two. Among the saddest losses were three old cedars bordering the eastern ha-ha north of Lord Cobham's Pillar. They were probably the original planting from the early nineteenth century. Another cedar, the last survivor of the grove planted around the Gothic Temple probably on its completion in 1750, was so badly damaged that it too may have to go. Other evergreens fell easy prey to the storm's savage ferocity, including a pair of yews over 150 years old near the western corner of the Eleven Acre Lake and several others to the south-east of the Palladian Bridge bordering the stretch of the Japanese Garden which has just been cleared.

Deciduous trees also suffered, especially beech. Two grand old specimens were tumbled ignominiously towards the Alder River, a little south of the Grotto. The survivor of the splendid pair which used to overshadow the Doric Arch from the north suffered an equally abrupt end. Last November its partner had been felled for depositing a branch on the Arch. The whole area immediately east of the Doric Arch has been changed radically, so to speak, since along with the beech fell the tall yew, and a month later the neighbouring spruce and cedar. Ring-counts indicate that the yew had been planted at about the same time as the Arch was built, in 1768; the beeches and cedar had been added in the second decade of the nineteenth century when the area was laid out anew, and the spruce was a comparative youngster of about ninety years. Still attached to the roots of the up-ended yew were the remains of the original pot in which it was planted.

The second great storm, on the morning of Monday, 26th February, left a trail of devastation along the limes of the Buchanan Avenue. Within an hour from 7.00 a.m. the vicious north-westerly toppled or split apart sixteen of the trees which are only thirty-five years old. This is in addition to the half dozen lost in January and a similar number the previous winter. A wind-break, such as that provided by the former avenue on the north side, is obviously needed.

The total number of trees destroyed in February was about thirty, excluding another

cedar branch through the roof of the Indoor Range. Nevertheless the total for this year so far is still considerably less than for the localised gale of March 1986 when there were some three hundred casualties. Stowe must also be grateful for being too far north to suffer the worst effects of the "Great" storm of October 1987. Despite the exposed location of the garden, even Lord Cobham did not deem it necessary to dedicate a temple to Aeolus. Like the School's planters of the 1950s he could rely on sheer numbers of young trees to thwart the ravages of a tempest.

M.J.B.



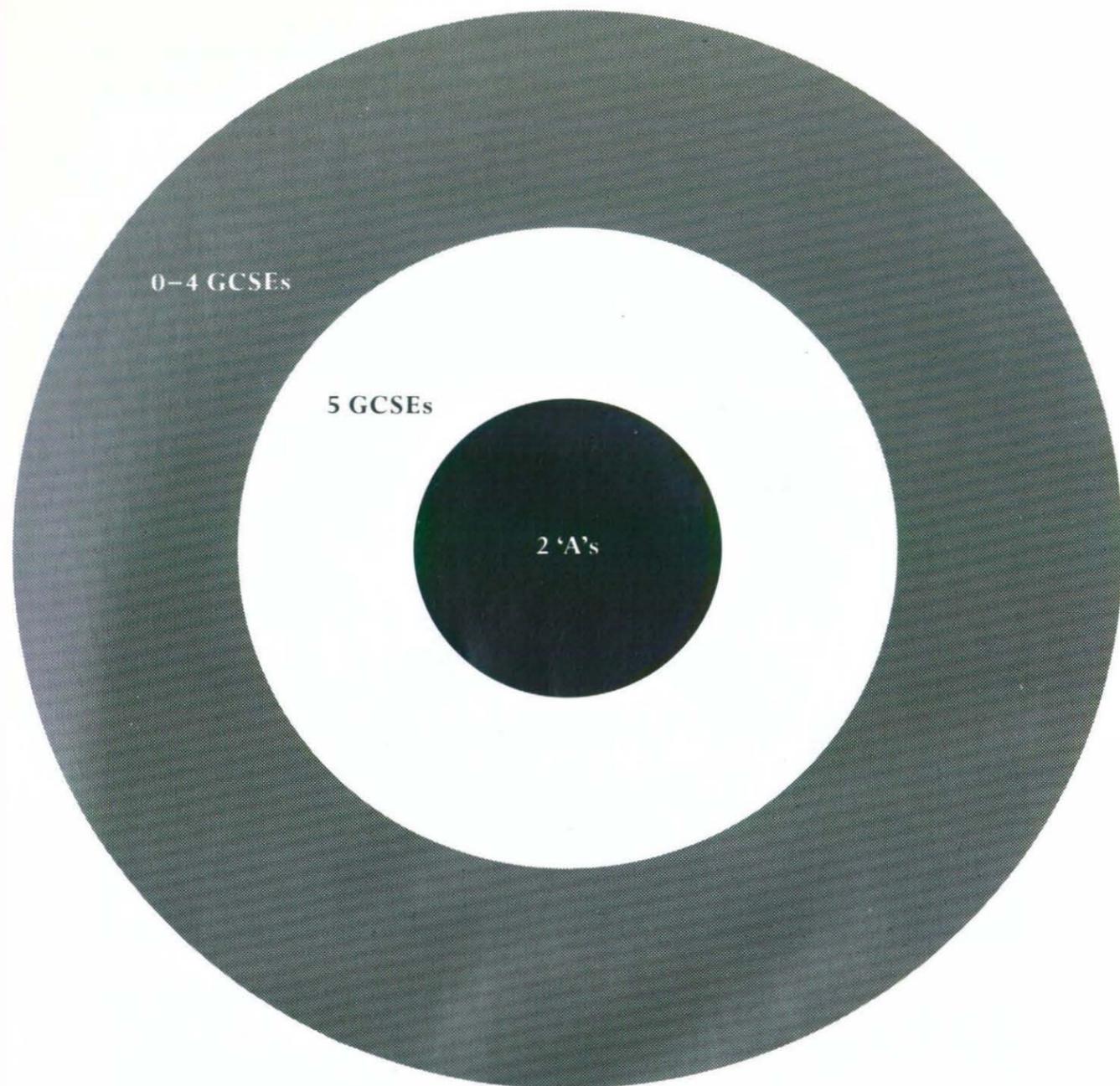
Beech Tree near Doric Arch, early February 1990

Photograph by M. J. Bevington



Two Beeches fallen near the Alder River, early February, 1990

Photograph by M. J. Bevington



## AIM HIGH

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## IN FITZROY'S WAKE

Following the highly successful journey across South America in 1987, the Biology Departments of Stowe and Rugby have again united to organise a joint expedition to Ecuador this summer. The party will spend the first week in the Ecuadorian jungle, living under canvas to experience the unique atmosphere of the tropical rain forest. They will then fly to the Galapagos Islands where they will transfer to a small yacht to meander through the islands made famous in the last century by Captain Fitzroy and Charles Darwin. The final week sees the intrepid explorers back on mainland Ecuador climbing some of the volcanoes there, including Cotopaxi (19,347 f.a.s.l.)

This expedition also claims notoriety in being the first to include far more Stowe girls than Stowe boys. That is another reason to await a full report in the next edition with eager anticipation.

The Stowe Party comprises:—

T. D. L. Arlon, Jessica Blakemore, Helen Cox, Philippa Luard, C. L. Marr, Araminta Milward (O.S.), Philippa Thompson, Emily Trustram Eve, R. P. Wachman, Chloe Walker, Georgiana Hopkinson Woolley (O.S.), Rosemary Masters, David James.

D.W.J.

A view of the Galapagos Islands

Photograph by permission of David Horwell, Travel Photographer





Photograph by E. A. G. Shillington (LVI)



Photograph by K. S. Reed (LVI)

## RAKU POTTERY FIRINGS

SUMMER 1990

Most people will know that to make dried clay into pottery requires heat, and that pots are heated (or 'fired') in a kiln. Beyond that, the technical aspects of producing pottery are left to 'experts.' In fact, firing kilns can be easily grasped, extremely rewarding and an educational pastime, as members of the Art School pottery department found out this summer.

One of the most basic, though beautifully simple, methods of firing pottery is by a method known as 'Raku.' As will be explained, this technique developed in the East, though it has been adapted and extended by Western potters (particularly in the U.S.A.) It is direct, very fast, but, above all, fun! Pots which have already been fired to about 900°C are decorated with a glaze and then rapidly reheated to a similar temperature in a specially constructed kiln. The pots are then removed from the kiln with metal tongs, before being allowed to cool. They are then plunged into sawdust or water, depending on the desired finish. The thermal shock to the pottery caused by rapid cooling requires the use of sturdy shapes.

Raku kilns are traditionally fired by wood, though other fuels are quite acceptable. Our kiln was constructed from a bisected oil drum lined with insulating ceramic fibre and fuelled with propane through a particularly ruthless-looking burner.

The origins of Raku are entwined with the rise of the Japanese tea ceremony of the late 16th and early 17th centuries. This serene, ordered ritual, a manifestation of Zen Buddhism, required wares which were far from the fine porcelains that we tend to associate with the East. The tea 'masters' developed a taste for pottery which was soft to the touch, rustic in character, and very individual. Raku tea bowls were often named and became treasured heirlooms, and their makers were held in the highest esteem. Not surprisingly, therefore, the word 'Raku' translates as 'pleasure,' 'enjoyment' or 'ease.'

The Stowe Raku firings took place on Saturdays in a yard adjacent to the beagle kennels, and we obtained some very professional results. I hope we dispelled some of the mysteries of pottery production.

**Jeremy Peake**  
(Artist in Residence)

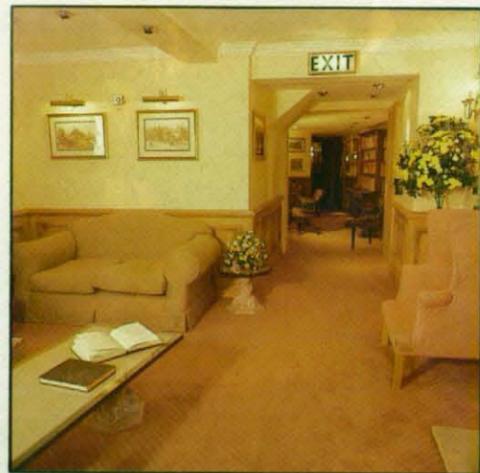


Hugh Beattie extracting pots from kiln

Quenching pot into water



Photographs by Jeremy Peake



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## SOCIETY CHAPEL

One event from this period covered by this report stands out in my mind. It has been our custom here, for a decade or so, to observe Armistice Day. I had decided almost a year previously that in 1989 we would have a reading at the service from a German source, the one I had in mind being a collection called, in its English translation, 'Dying We Live.' It is a letter from a young farm boy in the Sudetenland, telling his parents that he had been condemned to death for refusing to join the SS, but that he would rather die than stain his conscience with terrible deeds. I have always found the piece deeply moving. Stowe has quite an international flavour—I doubt whether I have ever taken a class here consisting entirely of UK citizens—so it was easy to find a German boy, Christian Momm, to read the piece. I did not know as we arranged it, that he would be reading on the very day that the Berlin wall began to be dismembered, but the service will live in my memory as something very special, and I pray, indicative of a Europe that will not be at either physical or cold war again.

Weekday and Sunday chapels have continued as usual, with the debate about Sunday worship hotting up a little. I anticipate more on that front when the newly formed consultative committee (title very carefully chosen!) meets for the first time. I hope that it will generate light, not heat. We have just begun to use a new hymn supplement, which will provide a selection of mainly modern hymns that are tuneful and theologically sound. No doubt there will be grumblers from the very same fold who complain that it's all too boring and too much the same!

We have enjoyed a spate of very good sermons. Bishop Leonard Ashton, making a return visit after confirmation in April, spoke at the Remembrance Sunday service. The week before that the Revd. Ken Smith, of Whitgift School, spoke with great conviction, and some drama, about the work of Crisis at Christmas (now simply called Crisis), and before the end of the term we also welcomed The Revd. Donald Service, O.S., and Dr. Michael Sansom. This term (Spring 1990) we have enjoyed sermons from the Revd. John Barnes, of Wymondham, The Revd. Peter Allen, of Sedbergh School, The Bishop of Lincoln, and Dean Jack Churchill, formerly of Carlisle. The

term ended with the Prefects' Service, which I missed, as usual, whilst away with the confirmation candidates; I am told that it went very well.

Crossfire (with its own report elsewhere, I hope) has gone from strength to strength, so much so that it has outgrown the Larcombe's home. I am very grateful to the speakers who turn out quite late on Friday nights to address the group so effectively.

Sadly, the Chapel choir has hardly functioned at all this term. This is rather more a measure of the changing pattern of weekend than a decline in their interest in singing. We may have to think again about that side of the Chapel's worship.

The Summer Term will see more use of the new Hymn Supplement, and preparations for a revision of the Sunday Service book, now at the end of its life. The new and rather radical document from the Liturgical Commission — 'Patterns for Worship' — will provide ideas for the new edition, in which I hope to include a third service along the lines of the family services so popular in the wider church.

M.C.S.S.

## THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Society last met on the 22nd January, to hear a talk by J. S. Kreeger, Esq., on three aspects of ancient Greece: pottery, sculpture and architecture. Mr. Kreeger dealt with each in turn, fitting in a huge amount of useful information on each topic, in a very short time. During the hour-long talk, we were shown vases and other pieces of pottery from its very beginnings to its climax and decline. In the consideration of sculpture, attention was drawn to the evolution of the artists' appreciation of the human body — and the decline of such physiological anomalies as the iliac crest — and continued with mention of the imposing Alexandrine mode of portraiture, used so much for "power busts" by Roman Emperors. The architectural part of the talk covered the buildings of the Acropolis of Athens, with mention of the universal proportionality of Greek buildings and their lack of true straight lines, but above all demonstrated the monumental scale of the undertaking and the incredible detail in the sculpted decorations.

On February 1st some thirty Stoics from A Level Classical Civilisation sets, A Level Greek sets and GCSE Classics sets, attended a contemporary performance of Aristophanes' 'The Clouds' at the Shaw Theatre, London. Aristophanes' play had been hauled bodily into the twentieth century, Socrates' entrance being most demonstrative of this. Who would have visualised this distinguished Sophist as wearing purple brothel-creepers with platform soles, a gold lamé overcoat, skin-tight lurid trousers, finished off with shades and a violet top hat? But this was indeed he, and this representation of the

"whizz-kid" Socrates was amusing and fitted well within the modern staging of the play. An enjoyable evening was had by all.

C. E. Spencer

## LITERARY SOCIETY

There have been four meetings of the Literary Society since the start of the academic year. The first, addressed by Dr. B. A. Richards entitled "Representations of Rural Life in 19th Century Painting and Literature," was held in the A.V.R. and those present heard a very interesting discussion and saw a fine collection of slides of 19th Century paintings. The second meeting was conducted by Dr. Helen Barr (the wife of D.S.B.) on the subject of Chaucer's "The Knight's Tale." Since this text is of major importance in the forthcoming 'A' Level examination, the talk was received enthusiastically. The first meeting of the Spring Term was addressed by Dr. J. D. Fleeman and was entitled, "The Novel: Fielding versus Bronte." In a characteristically provocative speech, Dr. Fleeman suggested that Emily Bronte's famous novel, "Wuthering Heights" should be seen as inferior to Joseph Andrews, a statement which stimulated an intense and lively discussion. The most recent meeting was conducted by A. A. Mayne, Esq. on "Macbeth: Conscience and Morality." This talk was specifically targeted to benefit pupils in the 'A' Level examination and was much appreciated.

I would like to thank my fellow Literary Society Secretaries, Camilla Benyon and Aidan Whitehall, the catering staff for producing the Literary Society Supper and Mr. P. A. S. Farquhar for his organisation of the meetings.

Plans for next term include Set E2A acting out scenes from "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" and Mr. P. A. S. Farquhar introducing a talk on "Hamlet."

C. L. Marr (MVI)

## THE LIBRARY

Since the last report on the Library in the May 1989 issue of this magazine we have acquired, by purchase or donation, a large number of highly interesting books, particularly in the fields of History, both Ancient and Modern, Art (Music, Painting, Photography), Geography and Current Affairs. We are again indebted to various generous donors, among whom the following must be particularly mentioned: Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Klug for further gifts, including Martin Gilbert's magnificent **Second World War**: P. B. (Laddie) Lucas, for his **John Jacob's Impact on Golf** and his more recent **Thanks for the Memory: The Hellenic Foundation for Patmos, Treasures of the Monastery** and the three volumes of **Civilization of the Ancient World: Greece and Rome**. Robert

Roberts (O.S.) has sent us **Amphibious Landings** his recent prize-winning collection of poetry, and we have just received a touching little set of reminiscences and poems (previously unknown here) by an Old Stoic killed in a flying accident in 1946, Edward Harding.

As well as gaining more space for new books by using the free-standing book-cases in the ante-Library we also now have authority to remove the four central desks and replace them with round tables and armchairs: this should encourage the wider reading of periodicals and also give the Library a somewhat warmer, more welcoming ambience.

From time to time members of the School discover with astonishment that there are very many readable as well as valuable books in the Gallery; there are lists of these on the main shelves; it seems a pity that more use is not made of them.

We are grateful for the support of the School Library Monitor, N. D. Jackson, and the following House Library Monitors:

D. J. Wreford, ma. (Bruce), M. S. Baldini (Temple), A. A. Whitehall (Grenville), A. E. Beattie (Chandos), L. H. Ferrand (Cobham), N. C. Platt (Chatham), N. F. Bolton, ma. (Grafton), A. J. Searle (Walpole), H. D. J. B. Worthy (Lyttelton), Philippa M. Thompson (Stanhope), Victoria M. Mills (Nugent).

T.A.O.  
B.S.S.

## THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Since the last report in *The Stoic*, the Society has had three meetings on subjects throughout the broad historical spectrum. They are principally designed for 'A' level History candidates, but some meetings have a wider appeal.

The 154th meeting was a peculiar meeting as on the 11th December the History department decided to hold an internal debate amongst six speakers in three groups, who were attempting to persuade the floor to vote that their King was "The Ideal Renaissance Prince."

Marcos Agostini and Patrick Marshall represented Francis I, Ben Ridley and Anna Graydon represented Henry VIII, and Emma Roberts and Robyn Worsley-Brinton represented Charles V. Each argument was very persuasive and entertaining to different degrees and for different reasons. A vote was held in which Henry VIII was chosen as "The Ideal Renaissance Prince."

The 155th meeting was held on 22nd February and given by Dr. C. A. Holmes, L.M.H., Oxford. He questioned the validity of the "Triumph of the Gentry?" during the Seventeenth Century and how and why the notion no longer stood by the Eighteenth Century.

The 156th meeting was entitled "A Layman's View of the Wars of the Roses" and was given on 6th March by Dr. Maddicott, Exeter, Oxford. He analysed some of the causes of the Wars within Henry VIII's reign. These ranged from the King himself and his mental weakness, to England's deteriorating position financially and in France, including an increasing surge of power amongst the factions owing to the mis-distribution of patronage. Dr. Maddicott's illuminating speech left us with some stimulating and useful revision for the 'A' level examinations.

I would like to end by thanking Mr. Rudolf on behalf of the Society for arranging an excellent series of talks, and to wish him all the best on his sabbatical.

G. B. K. Ridley

## THE CORKSCREW SOCIETY

The Corkscrew Society has had three meetings this year, which have been addressed by: Captain James Stewart from the International Food and Wine Society, Mr. Tim Stanley-Clarke, Director of Dow's Port, and Sir Anthony Alment, specialising in wines from the Rhône Valley.

Our first meeting this year was opened with a glass of champagne which seemed to be consumed remarkably quickly by thirsty Stoics. For almost half of the Society, the first meeting was their first tasting and it was perhaps a good thing Captain Stewart ran over the etiquettes of wine tasting.

He gave a resumé of how to test wines through their colour, smell and taste. He explained why the tastes differed, mainly owing to such factors as the soil, the aspect and the height at which the grapes are grown. He also gave some tips on how to work out the vintage of the wine. The lighter the red wine, the older it's age, the darker it was, the younger. The reverse was true of white wines.

The only piece of information that was not appreciated too clearly was that one is meant to spit the wine out after tasting. The idea Captain Stewart said is that the "drinking is the least important part and one can taste up to 90 different wines in one complete session without becoming drunk." After that Captain Stewart was at great pains to suggest, seeing as we were tasting a little fewer than 90 wines, that it seemed a great pity not to drink such good wine.

We tasted the following:

APERITIF i- DORF 1983 Cremant d'Als u.  
DEVON 1987 Lilwell, Loddiswell.  
PRASLON NV Bulgarian Chardonnay.  
NORTH ISLAND 1986 Eisbonne Delegats.  
BEAUJEU 1987 Beaujolais Villages.  
RIOJA 1984 Muya Reserva.  
SOUTH AUSTRALIAN 1984 Krondorf.  
POMEROL 1971 Chateau de Sales.  
LOIRE 1976 Coteau du Layon.

Our second meeting was a talk on Port by Mr. Tim Stanley-Clarke.

There is a definite mystique about Port. Much of this no doubt comes from the very reverent manner in which people treat their treasured bottles of Port, decanting and straining the liquid carefully before daring to raise it to their lips to savour every drop. Mr. Stanley-Clarke cleared any confusion many of the members had and informed us on the history of Port. Port comes from an officially demarcated area along the valley of the River Douro in north-east Portugal.

Grape-picking takes place in late September, amid colourful festivities and the ancient practice of treading grapes. Fermentation begins as soon as the grapes are pressed and continues for about two days.

Port has evolved into two very distinct styles: Port matured in wood, or Port matured in bottles. Most of the Port we tasted was matured in oak casks.

We quite happily drank a mixture of Ports, including Fine Old Tawny, Ruby, Crusted and Late Bottled Vintage, and Fine Vintage, and I'm sure most members found the Port that best suited their palate.

We tasted the following Ports:

1. Dow's Extra Dry White Aperitif.
2. Smith's Woodhouse Rich Ruby.
3. Dow's Late Bottled Vintage.
4. Warre's Warracor Finest Vintage.
5. Dow's Ten-year-old Tawny.
6. Dow's Crusted Port, Bottled 1986.
7. Warre's Quinta da Carandiwa 1979.

Our most recent meeting was on the subject of wines from the Rhône Valley. Sir Anthony Alment started the meeting by telling us that not only was he not a specialist, but nor was his knowledge particularly deep in any area. This proved to be a case of over-modesty.

WHITE WINES:

1. 1988 Condrieu George Verney.
2. 1988 Chateaufort de Pape  
Domaine du Neve Caboché Jean Pierre  
Doisson.

RED WINES:

3. 1984 Côte Rotie Emile Champet.
4. 1986 Hermitage Gerard Chave.
5. (Guess Wine) — Mount Ederstone, Barossa Valley Shiraz, Australia.
6. 1986 Lirac: La Fermade Armand Maby.
7. 1985 Gigondas: Domaine Saint Gayan Roger Mettre.
8. 1979 Chateaufort-Du-Pape Masson Dubois.

VIN DOUX NATUREL (fortified to 15 degrees):

9. Muscat de Beaufort-de-Venise:  
Domaine de Durban. Bernard & Jean Pierre.

I'm sure all members of the Society would agree that the meetings have been very enjoyable, and, more importantly, educational!

Our thanks must go to all our speakers who have been very generous and have made the evenings successful.

The Chairman, Secretary and members of this Society would also like to thank Mr. Lloyd for his loyalty to the Corkscrew Society for so many years, and Mr. Smith and Mr. Stunt for their considerable help throughout the year.

I can only suggest that if you are mildly interested in wine, you should join the rest of us when we open more bottles to further our education at our next meeting.

Lucy C. Nutley (Secretary)

## NATIONAL TRUST VOLUNTEERS (Forestry)

I suppose there were some activities this term that were not related to the storms, although I can hardly remember them. There is a report elsewhere dealing with the effects on the estate, which are still painfully obvious, even as I write, the day after the end of term. To add insult to injury the National Trust's head gardener told me today that the yew trees that suffered terribly are almost worthless for timber.

The group used the very mild weather at the start of the term to begin planting evergreens in the Gothic Cross area, using laurels gleaned from elsewhere in the estate. Miraculously they have all survived, as have most of the ones we planted near the Church, on the South Front, where we removed the sycamores that were slowly wreaking havoc with the yew screens. I am amazed that they were not blown out of the ground, although we did take the precaution of trimming them back to prevent excessive transpiration stress on the plants.

Following the storms of January and February, we have spent some weeks clearing up four areas. Outside our hut the yew trees were subjected to some severe damage. We managed to sort that area out almost entirely, including the removal of some very large bits of yew trees that got entangled in the remains of the trees they had fallen off. My thanks to Alex Shepherd who attached the rope to the pieces to enable them to be pulled clear with a tractor. We spent three afternoons sorting out part of the cross-country route, needed for the County Championships, although I rather felt that the least of the runners' troubles at that stage would have been the tangle of holly tree, oak and plane that was across their path, but then I did not have to tackle it bare legged! We spent another afternoon clearing the roadway for Mr. Platt to be able to drive up to his house, and another never-to-be-forgotten afternoon near the chapel removing a dangerously split evergreen oak. The job was much harder than had been expected. Finally, we cleared up the wreckage in the Gothic Cross area, using a very large team of unwilling volunteers one morning (23 sanction-

eers) followed by our own team tidying up after them. Two more non-volunteers have spent a day of their holidays finishing up the last few bits of the work. A heavy price to pay for addiction to tobacco!

Perhaps next term we shall be able to get back to the survey work, which will complement the survey being organised by the National Trust. We certainly hope that we shall not have to spend time clearing up after any more storms. We shall also be replanting the yew pathway in the Gothic Cross area, after two years of preparatory work. The Stoics who do the work might see it as it should be when they are very old men!

I conclude my report with a few remarks about the Buchanan Avenue (the main drive). This has been a source of worry for some years; over thirty trees have been lost in it since I came here seven years ago, including 20 this term. The Trust intend now to replace it with trees of proven wind resistance. We shall either grow the trees, an old cultivar of the common lime — the one that grows with a very upright habit — or buy them in if they are available. In addition we shall be digging very large holes to plant them in, and taking special care with the roots. The gale-smitten trees show that in a number of cases the trees were planted into holes that were too small for them, so that the roots did not spread as they should have done. That mistake will definitely not be repeated.

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

## C.W.: CREATIVE WRITING

The Creative Writing group has matured in the space of a few years from perhaps a clique of Sixth Formers engaged in literary esoterica to a fecund circle, appealing to, and drawing membership from, the Middle and Upper School. The objective of C.W. is not to write by committee but set in motion an artistic dynamic, tendering articulacy to curiosity, technique to interest. Any good literature is a marriage of imagination, craft, and a seriousness that is a test of sincerity. Creativity is essentially a private affair, but the classes provide both stillness for thought and a sounding-board in the interaction of ideas and personalities. C.W. offers:

- that rare opportunity to hear reasonably intelligent arguments about pupils' own writing;
- a formal workshop;
- constructive criticism and advice on improvement.

Readers will recall Lee Harris' contributions, 'Life at Stowe' and 'Persto et Praesto' in *The Stoic* in 1988-1989. The current 'select' group, consisting of James Cazalet, David Szalay, Giles

Underwood, James Goss and Alistair Scott-Gall, produced during the Autumn Term, a short comic play in which five characters are in search of 'The Mysterious Mister Ecks.' This dramatic fable explored incisively aspects of human fallibility, vanity and self-regarding ignorance. The play's satire did not lack ironic compassion, and its unhappy ending was inevitable without being smug. We look forward to seeing it staged by Stoics in the near future.

A number of short stories, based on the same theme, but viewed from differing perspectives, emerged during the Spring and Easter. These will be published in future issues of the magazine.

C.W. will be even more ambitious this Summer, aiming at a sequence in verse and lyric which unfolds an abstract narrative. We hope that it will be set as a recitative to music composed by Giles Underwood.

Small or large, these have been hard-won triumphs, and it will be apt to end a prolific year on a 'total work of art.'

T.A.O.

## THE C.R.A.C. 'INSIGHT' COURSE

For two days in March, a party of eight Stoics ventured on to a management course at the Open University, Milton Keynes. This involved a series of business simulation games, including the building of a Lego man, manufacturing and selling notepads, and exploring case studies of various companies. The aim of the course was to bring the groups together so that they worked as a team. The Stoics were spread amongst the different groups which gave us the opportunity to meet people from different backgrounds, as there were 150 other Sixth Formers present, all from local comprehensive schools. It was very interesting to speak to them and discover how their life styles and ambitions differed from those of a public schoolboy or girl. They all seemed to want careers in an office, whether as a clerk, secretary or — the most commonly wished-for occupation — an accountant. None of them seemed to have thought of a political career or a sporting career: the thought of joining the Army appalled them!

During the games it was interesting to see how everyone communicated. The two girls in my group immediately acted as secretary, simply because that was the job they wished to do when they left school. The atmosphere was generally cheerful, there were few arguments in my particular group, but there were reports of others 'storming off in anger' in some of the other ten groups. To help us in some of the decisions that had to be made, we had one person in a professional career with each group as a 'junior

manager'; civil engineers, bankers, shop managers and accountants. Within the group you could take various rôles, such as financial adviser, managing director or even workshop manager, in order to gain some experience of what their jobs might be like. The course as a whole was interesting and enjoyable and it gave us an insight into some of the managerial jobs that are available. It certainly would be of value in helping us to decide on some of the possibilities that are available for a career in business and industry.

E. P. Kavindele

## SPORT HOCKEY

The introductory words in last year's report were prophetic. Only the most resolute and utterly determined teams produced good results; the Colts and Yearlings took the honours this season. However, the atmosphere in which the game was played at all levels has been commendable. The Senior Housematch final remains in the memory as one of the best of its kind in the spirit with which it was contested and the very high quality on display. More is the pity that School matches sometimes do not live up to the level of sustained effort that is evident in Housematches; that is the nature of the beast. An exceptionally dry Winter and early Spring allowed almost all the programme to be completed. The grass was firmer and shorter. At all levels, nearly all our opponents are learning the art of the game on ideal artificial, sand-filled plastic surfaces, so the competition has increased.

### THE FIRST XI

Only one old colour remained from last year, G. J. R. Scholten, who took on the rôle of captain with magnanimity. His own style of play reflected his country of origin, Holland, and his speed of stickwork was a pleasure to the eye. The sweeper, G. A. E. Dawson, timed tackles intelligently, when not under pressure, and moved with good balance when in possession of the ball. He will need to be one pace quicker next year to dominate the back line. W. Stoppard, centre back, was solid, dependable and confident. Technically good in the tackle, he exploited this ploy repeatedly to good effect. Centre midfield was controlled by G. J. R. Scholten, whose natural game was to carry the attack into the opposing circle. In a sense, he was a frustrated centre forward, but the team required his presence to command the play from the middle. Left half, R. O. J. Green, met with an injury early in the season and coped well with his height in a difficult defensive position. His replacement, T. H. P. Russell, grew in confidence with every match and looks a good prospect, if again, extra pace can be

added to his basic skills. At right half, J. C. J. Burrough, with a tall physique, preferred an attacking rôle only to find that final pass difficult to make good. D. S. Beveridge, right wing, has considerable potential which has never really been fulfilled mostly because he received too little of the ball. He will need to widen his vision of play to complement his tenacious style. M. J. T. Jefferson, right link, had sharp reflex actions to gain possession but ran out of ideas at the vital moments. His natural athleticism and instinctive feel for the game encouraged those around him. Different in movement, at left link, was S. C. Cormack with suave, flowing running to match his selfless play. He would allow the ball to run on too far at the initial stop and so make life awkward for himself. G. J. F. Miller, at centre forward, came into his own in the second half of the term with energy and verve but did not quite settle into the rôle with total confidence. On the left win, A. Z. Anim, made a name for himself with penetrating runs leading to genuine goal scoring chances seldom converted by others! In the mid-field he tended to hold on to the ball too long. Other significant contributions came from M. W. Pumfrey, whose fierce hits pummeled all who dared receive them, M. C. G. Atkinson, with a darting manner competed for the left wing position and P. A. Would pursuing terrier-like his game to its goal.

### THE MATCHES

Less need be reported about individual matches in the light of modest results, except to say this group often went one goal ahead and then let the latter part of the match slip from their grasp. Results are misleading. In the context of an inexperienced side there were pleasing moments. St. Edward's took their chances at set pieces, while Stowe won an equal amount of the ball in open play. Radley came from behind to play more as a team with greater self-belief. Cheltenham were surprised to find Stowe at their best, and with goals easier to score, the strong became stronger. At Bedford the score was nil—nil at half time, but defensive slowness on the left allowed very predictable attacks to be repeated along the goal line and thin marking in the circle gave the game away. Stowe's forwards performed better against Rugby at short corners but, again in defence, on the left, there was too much room for the opposition to move. The half term break brought a dreamy effort against Bloxham and it was not until the Berkhamsted match that matters were corrected, in which the win could have been more convincing. High Wycombe now produce consistently good sides and in miserably cold weather Stowe started well, going ahead within five minutes, only to capitulate later on. The Mill Hill surface prevented a free flowing game, although neither side looked like finishing cleanly in front of goal.

Matches against club sides always prove useful. The warm-up game versus Bicester showed up soft hitting and weak wrists in tackling. The Old Stoic match, to finish the season, turned out to be end-to-end excitement, with the School rarely in trouble, but losing their concentration at the vital moments. There have been many sunny and happy days of practice amongst a very genial group of seniors even if the results did not live up to their expectations. They deserved to go abroad in the holidays to enjoy greater success.

**Team: First XI:** R. C. M. Houghton, W. Stoppard (Vice-Captain), G. A. E. Dawson, J. C. J. Burrough, G. J. R. Scholten (Captain), R. J. Q. Green, D. S. Beveridge, M. J. T. Jefferson, G. J. F. Miller, S. C. Cormack, A. Z. Anim.

**Also Played:** T. H. P. Russell, M. W. Pumfrey, M. C. G. Atkinson, P. A. Would.

**Results:**

**School Matches:** Played 9; Won 2; Drawn 1; Lost 6.

v. Bicester H.C.	Home	Lost	1-2
v. St. Edward's, Oxford	Away	Lost	1-3
v. Radley	Home	Lost	1-3
v. Cheltenham	Home	Won	3-0
v. Bedford	Away	Lost	0-4
v. Oundle	Away	Cancelled	
v. Rugby	Home	Lost	2-3
v. Bloxham	Home	Lost	1-2
v. Berkhamsted	Home	Won	2-0
v. High Wycombe G.S.	Away	Lost	1-4
v. Cambridge Wanderers	Away	Cancelled	
v. Mill Hill	Away	Drawn	1-1
v. Old Stoics	Home	Drawn	3-3

**HOUSEMATCHES**

The Yearlings competition was played in December with a good standard of hockey from a larger number of competitors. Grafton had strength in depth to be the winners. The Junior Housematch final was won by Grenville but they struggled in one of the earlier rounds and won a penalty flick contest by one goal. The Senior final went to Chandos after a tremendous battle with Walpole. As is often the case on such occasions, it is the less well known player who steals the thunder of the recognised First XI stars.

**THE OCCASIONALS**

Mention must be made of those Common Room heroes who, at a dangerous age, risk life and limb in pursuit of the unattainable. Maidenhead and Bray H.C. brought a team to play the Seniors and another to pitch against the veterans. Stowe's experience shone through in both cases. Later in the term a fine draw was achieved against the Third XI. Appreciation is given to all staff for their enthusiasm at all levels of coaching. Recognition of better pitches is to be recorded and much hard work by the ground staff under Mr. Tony Stairs.

**EASTER FESTIVAL IN AMSTERDAM**

For the first time both the boys and girls competed in their respective tournaments at the same venue in the cosmopolitan city of Amsterdam. The boys' First XI were augmented by the two best Second XI players and two Colts XI members. The mix proved beneficial and over eight shortened games in two days only one game was narrowly lost. The girls' XI were strengthened by guests from The Royal Latin School, Thornton College and Rugby School. They combined together equally well and enjoyed a fair measure of success. A trip abroad is more than just the hockey and one day was spent exploring the wide variety of all that goes to make Amsterdam one of Europe's most beautiful cities. At the end of the day our hosts were the de Marez Oyens' family and we remain in debt to them for such good celebrations. The first day of hockey finished with a marathon disco in the F.I.T. clubhouse and tired limbs took to the field next morning. The weekend culminated in a taste for Amsterdam night life savoured with cheerful abandon and more than a soupçon of restraint. Our accommodation was with Dutch families, all of whom were utterly charming, patient and courteous. Thanks are extended to Mr. John de Ligny and all those who looked after us so well and so generously, especially the youth of F.I.T. Hockey Club.

**Festival Party:** R. C. M. Houghton, W. Stoppard, G. A. E. Dawson, J. C. J. Burrough, R. E. J. Larcombe, G. J. R. Scholten (Captain), O. G. M. Dury, R. J. Q. Green, T. H. P. Russell, M. W. Pumfrey, D. S. Beveridge, M. J. T. Jefferson, G. J. F. Miller, S. C. Cormack, M. C. G. Atkinson, P. D. de M. Oyens.

**Festival Results:** Played 8; Won 2; Drawn 5; Lost 1.

v. Gouda	Drawn	1-1
v. Magnus	Drawn	1-1
v. Weesp	Won	3-0
v. Alecto	Lost	0-1
v. Castricum	Won	1-0
v. Abcoude	Drawn	0-0
v. F.I.T.	Drawn	1-1
v. Weert	Drawn	1-1

**Festival Party (Girls):** Katrina Archibald, Jessica Blakemore, Rorie Delahooke, Catharina-Groeninx van Zoelen, Alison Howard, Elizabeth Larcombe, Holly Magson (RLS), Nicola Morrison, Lucy Nichols (Rugby), Lucy Nutley, Caroline Orr (RLS), Joanne Skelton (RLS), Camilla Squirrell, Katie Taylor (Thornton), Nicola Turnbull (Captain).

**Festival Results (Girls):** Played 8; Won 2; Drawn 2; Lost 4.

v. Gouda	Lost	0-1
v. Reigers	Won	1-0
v. Weesp	Won	3-0
v. Alecto	Lost	0-4
v. Castricum	Drawn	1-1
v. Abcoude	Drawn	1-1
v. F.I.T.	Lost	0-4
v. Heerhugowrd	Lost	0-1

J.M.L.



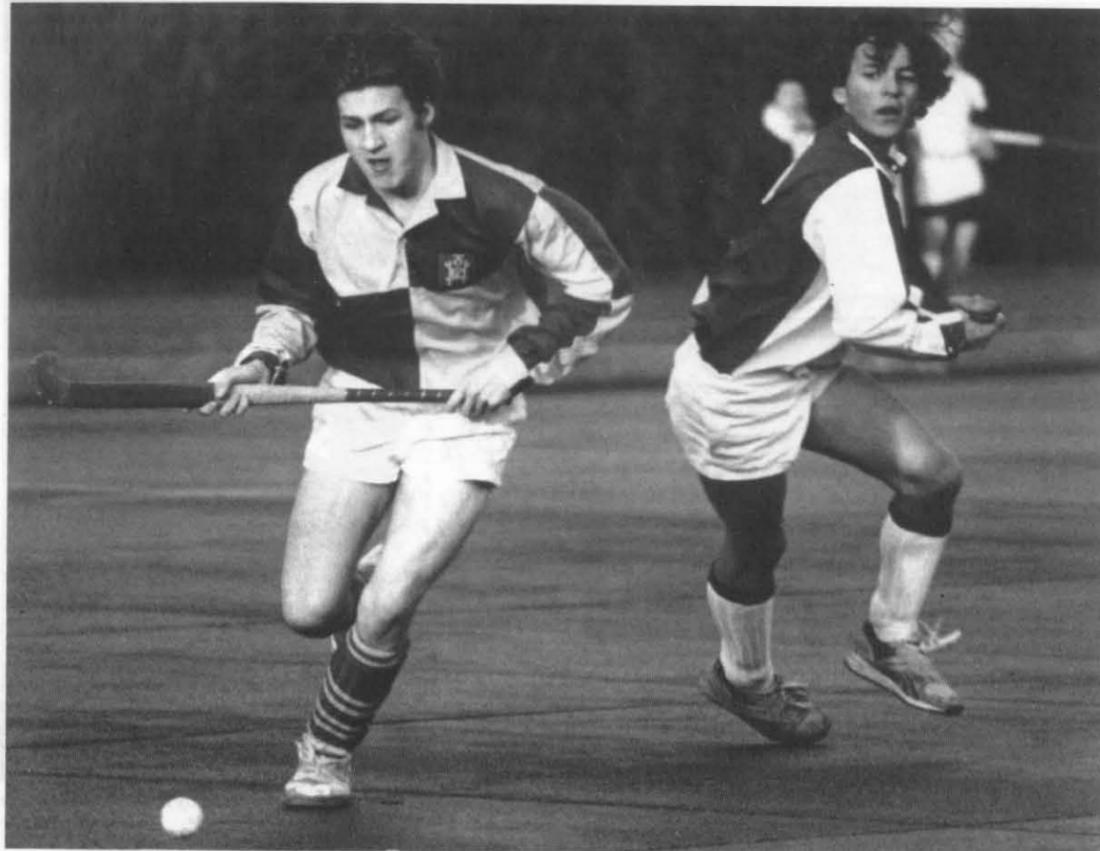
Reinhart Scholten

Photograph by E. A. G. Shillington



Amsterdam Hockey Festival 1990

Photograph by J.M.L.



D. S. Beveridge in action

Photograph by E. A. G. Shillington

## THE SECOND XI

The Second XI was an enthusiastic and reasonably committed group of players. The season's statistics are slightly disappointing and reflect the side's inability to convert scoring opportunities. In a number of matches we were competing against far more skilful opposition but still we gave a good account of ourselves. However, against a lesser opposition we tended to lower our commitment and hence our standard of play dropped. The Second XI's best performance was against High Wycombe where we outplayed the opposition and were unlucky not to win by more than one goal. Ironically, the next best performance was against a far superior Bedford side who struggled for most of the match to unlock Stowe's defence and it was unfortunate that a slice of luck enabled them to do this.

Each player contributed in their own way to the season. S. Forro deserves great credit for his courageous goalkeeping. H. Munt, T. Mash, B. Flower and P. Blackwood contributed to a reasonably solid defence. The midfield tended to lack the necessary control and vision to enable them to release the wings enough, but their tireless running often brought dividends. L. Ferrand showed more positional awareness and

greater stick control as the Term progressed. J. Murray also showed improvement; however, he needs to concentrate on his basic skills. P. Would was an effective centre-forward displaying, on occasions, excellent stick work.

Next season the LVI players will be challenging for First XI places and I hope that they have learned from their season's efforts. Hopefully those in the MVI will continue to play some hockey either at Club or University level.

### Results:

Played 10; Won 2; Lost 5; Drawn 3; Goals For 6; Against 14.

The following represented the Second I: S. Forro, H. W. Munt, T. S. Mash, B. E. Flower, N. P. Blackwood, B. Tuttle, A. Z. Anim, T. D. McEwen, M. C. G. Atkinson, J. R. H. Murray, P. A. Would, L. H. Ferrand.

D.H.G.

## COLTS HOCKEY

The 1990 Season could have been exceptional. Apart from the genuinely strong opposition encountered at Cheltenham and Radley, this year's Colts Team looked the superior side in all other matches. Indeed, there were spells in most games when your correspondent was witness to some of the finest quality hockey seen at this level for many years. Unfortunately, there were also

other moments when an over-zealous advance in excessive numbers exposed the defence to the inevitable dangers of counter-attack. The consequence was a respectable record for the season, rather than an outstanding one. Perhaps a lesson here for those aspiring forwards and defenders who might have expended as much energy in recovery as they did in attack.

This said, there were some memorable performances. James Dare, for all his excuses and eccentric technique, found his kit shortly before half term and was extraordinarily effective in goal. Gerry Scrase was the most stalwart of the defenders, and his skills had to include adjustment to a variety of partners at full back. Simon Denning, when fit, was first choice, but his able deputy, Ian Goodchild, performed with great credit. Oliver Dury captained the side from centre half and on his day was a most dominant presence in mid-field. He and Richard Larcombe were exceptionally strong in attack, and the latter's performance at Radley was one of the highlights of the season. Wouter Manning and Matthew Bazeley shared the remaining defensive position, and their respective styles presented an interesting contrast of coolness and exuberance. The latter's talents might have been harnessed with more effect had he been available at the start of the season. Up front, Piers Williams and Richard Burke were forceful, direct strikers whose speed and stick work accounted for some memorable goals, while Alastair Scott-Gall provided consistent and constructive support. Edmund Stoppard, who improved with every game, just got the vote over Rory Symes on the left wing, and Robert Perei, when he gave himself enough room, made many a threatening burst down the right.

This is a talented group of hockey players, all of whom should represent the School at the top level. If they are able to develop a greater tactical awareness and a more consistent work rate, the First XI over the next two years could enjoy considerable success. For now, one looks back at a season which was almost outstanding and forward with optimism in the expectation that lessons have been learnt.

**Team selected from:** O. G. M. Dury\* (Grenville) (Captain), M. P. Bazeley (Lyttelton), R. G. Burke\* (Grenville), J. A. Dare\* (Grenville), S. J. Denning\* (Grafton), I. D. Goodchild (Walpole), R. E. Larcombe\* (Chatham), W. Manning (Chandos), R. A. Perei\* (Temple), A. J. Scott-Gall\* (Grenville), G. J. Scrase\* (Temple), E. Stoppard (Walpole), R. J. Symes (Chatham), P. A. Williams\* (Bruce).

\* Denotes Award of Colts Colours.

<b>Results:</b>	v. Bicester H.C.	Drawn	1—1
	v. St. Edward's	Won	4—1
	v. Radley	Lost	2—4
	v. Cheltenham	Lost	1—4
	v. Bedford	Won	1—0
	v. Bloxham	Lost	1—2
	v. Oundle	Drawn	1—1
	v. Rugby	Won	2—1

	v. Berkhamsted	Won	4—1
	v. High Wycombe	Drawn	1—1
	v. Mill Hill	Won	2—0

Played 11; Won 5; Drawn 3; Lost 3.  
Goals for 20; Goals Against 16.

C.J.G.A.

## COLTS 'B' XI

To say that this was not the most successful of seasons would be something of an understatement. The level of stick skills displayed was certainly equal to that of opposing teams, but poor positional play all too often ended in attack and defence being isolated from each other with unfortunate, but predictable, results

<b>Results:</b>	v. St. Edward's	Lost	0—3
	v. Radley	Lost	0—6
	v. Cheltenham	Lost	7—0
	v. Rugby	Lost	4—1
	v. Bloxham	Won	3—4
	v. Bedford Modern	Lost	0—4

D.J.E.

## COLTS 'C' XI

With only two matches, and those on consecutive games days, after only two practices, it was not easy for the team to learn to work together. Nevertheless they played with great gusto against St. Edward's and were unlucky to come away with merely a goal-less draw. A less resilient side went down to Radley by four goals.

**Team from:** S. P. Shahani (Capt.), M. A. B. Bourne, H. J. Holland-Bosworth, R. C. Samuel, G. J. Pasley-Tyler, D. T. Campbell, I. G. McAllister, D. S. Linker, M. R. Godman, mi., B. R. Lambourne., G. M. Boyd, M. S. B. Fish.

M.J.B.

## JUNIOR COLTS HOCKEY

Despite an overall lack of both pace and physical strength and presence, the 'A' Team stuck manfully to its task and produced some creditable performances during the term. Two wins and two draws out of ten matches played appears a meagre return in terms of statistics, but accurately reflects the general balance of play and the inability of skilful players to score goals against equally skilful but faster and stronger opponents.

The strength of the team lay more in defence than attack. Steggle was a courageous and agile goalkeeper, Macdonald proved an efficient sweeper and Grant showed great self-discipline in adapting to the rôle of centre back. Baird at centre midfield showed good stickwork, great industry and enormous tenacity and it was most unfortunate that he missed several games through illness. Burrough, the captain, Jaines, Passmore and Champness were the pick of the attacking players. They played some cultured hockey in midfield but all too often saw their efforts in the circle thwarted by stronger and more determined defenders.

It is a long time since a Junior Colts team has played all its scheduled matches in an Easter Term and this added greatly to the enthusiasm, spirit and enjoyment of the team. Seven of the matches were played on artificial surfaces of one kind or another, and it was noticeable that these games produced greater skill and provided greater enjoyment than those played on grass. While we at Stowe are fortunate to have a hard pitch, it was a source of some concern, and not a little envy, to see how much more skill and subtlety are being developed by those who play regularly on synthetic grass, surely the surface required for schoolboy hockey in the 1990s.

<b>Results:</b> v. St. Edward's	Won	2-0
v. Radley	Lost	0-3
v. Cheltenham	Lost	0-6
v. Bedford	Lost	1-3
v. Oundle	Drawn	2-2
v. Rugby	Lost	0-3
v. Bloxham	Lost	1-5
v. Berkhamsted	Won	2-1
v. R.G.S. High Wycombe	Lost	0-3
v. Mill Hill	Drawn	0-0

## THE YEARLINGS

The switch from the Spring Term to the Autumn Term for Yearlings hockey has certainly proved inspirational. Three senior coaches were available for the three top teams and an improved scheme strengthened the training throughout the year group. 'Young men are fitter to invent than to judge, fitter for execution than for counsel' (*Bacon*) — new players from prep schools where they have not played hockey want to have a taste of the action just as soon as they can. They are not so good at listening and thinking as they are at running around and letting off steam. However, the youthful interest and sustained effort did provide everyone with a very profitable term and a tremendous amount of essential progress in the subtleties of this skilful game.

To remain unbeaten at home was encouraging; to have been unbeaten away from home would have been sensational. The young county sides are still organising their troupes in October and our opening matches provided a gentle starter for untested players. J. Ferreira played strongly in defence and W. R. Wynne, captain on the day, showed his mature stickwork and good positional play. The 'B' XI gained a sound 1-1 draw. The grass at Oundle proved harder work and one giant of an opposition captain took on Stowe almost single handed. Opportunities were missed in front of goal. Matters improved versus Oxon, G. I. Smith-Walker strengthened the defence well. A. Carling and P. R. Denning started to combine at inside forward and a greater confidence returned. High Wycombe also build from inexperience without prep school coaching and so Stowe were at an advantage in this fixture. Well taken goals, with R. A. Temple in evidence,

at centre forward, led to a fine display of teamwork. Uppingham had no more possession than did Stowe but persevered with greater purpose on the edge of the circle to gain a fair victory. J. G. K. Anderson, at left half, timed his tackles intelligently. Then back to winning ways against Mill Hill with A. J. Birt striding down the right wing and striking better crosses to the middle. O. J. Selway, on the more difficult left wing place, made good efforts to beat his marker with controlled stickwork. The final match saw T. B. T. Tritton in fine form and J. Collins, at full back, play another consistent and no-nonsense game. P. R. Denning took on the captaincy mid-term. He wins the player of the season award for his calm yet tough professional approach to all he undertakes. The happiness of the 'A' club was a striking feature and they deserve considerable success in the future if they are prepared to work as hard as they did this term.

**Team from:** G. R. E. Cahusac, R. C. Carpenter-Couchman, G. Pendle, J. Ferreira, J. Collins, A. J. Ludwig, G. I. Smith-Walker, T. B. J. Tritton, J. H. Stewart, W. R. Wynne (Vice-Captain), J. G. K. Anderson, A. J. Birt, P. R. Denning (Captain), R. A. Temple, C. D. H. Clare, A. Carling, O. J. Selway, D. B. Scott.

**'B' XI:** B. Williams, J. E. Frazier, S. N. R. Gerrard, E. J. Rogers, E. T. J. Hunt, W. H. F. Boyd-Carpenter, A. C. H. Robertson, W. M. C. Quarles van Ufford, R. C. Oldham (Captain), R. W. Elwes, J. A. Trietline, B. A. J. Waldman, J. P. Shahani, J. M. A. Harrison, B. T. Reed, G. D. T. Wheeler.

**Results:** Played 7; Won 5; Lost 2.

v. Northamptonshire U.14	Home	Won	3-1
v. Uppingham	Away	Lost	0-2
v. Oxfordshire U.14	Home	Won	3-0
v. High Wycombe G.S.	Home	Won	3-1
v. Oundle	Away	Lost	0-2
v. Mill Hill	Home	Won	2-0
v. Northamptonshire U.14	Home	Won	5-1

J.M.L.

## GIRLS' HOCKEY

A total of 19 girls represented the School this season, only five of those being Middle Sixth. We were very pleased to find within the first year Sixth several players remarkably skilful at hockey, especially Lucy Garner, our eventual goalkeeper. We in fact began the season with two possible goalkeepers which is quite unusual; Laura Farr being the other who played for the team very successfully. Unfortunately, once again injury caught us out, with Victoria Gregson only managing to play in the matches at the beginning of the season.

The season began for us with a game at Wellingborough School which gave us great encouragement, as we only lost 1-2, this being one of our strongest fixtures. We played a total of 12 matches comprising two wins, three draws and seven losses.

I felt very sorry for the girls on several occasions as they played some very good hockey and defended extremely well, only to be beaten by the odd 'runaway' goal — especially against Oakham and Cheltenham, where completely against the run of play we lost both games 0-1. Generally our finishing — and thus goalscoring — let us down. Our two wins came against Thornton College early on in the season (5-1) and Haileybury at the end (1-0). We drew with Bloxham and Headington in goalless draws and had a 1-1 draw with Aldenham. The Headington result was especially pleasing because they begin their hockey as 12-year-olds and therefore have been together a lot longer than we have. The Royal Latin School beat us both at home and away this year, 0-2 on each occasion, but again not a true opposition.

We introduced an idea of 'Player of the Match' this season. It was shared fairly evenly by Nicola Morrison, Jessica Blakemore, Lucy Nutley, Vicky Gregson, Alison Howard and Katrina Archibald — but overall Jessica Blakemore, Vice-Captain, was awarded the honour on three occasions, with Nicola Morrison being the leading goalscorer.

A frustrating season for the girls, but very enjoyable and I am very grateful to my Team Captain, Nicola Turnbull, who worked so very hard in keeping everything running smoothly. (Not being in School myself all the time it is very difficult especially in times of illness to get everyone together). Also I would like to thank Lucy Nutley for her constant energy and enthusiasm which did not falter for one minute.

The exciting culmination of the season was the trip to Amsterdam with the boys at Easter this year. For our first attempt we were pleased with our result of four out of nine, including drawing 0-0 with the overall Festival winners. The experience of playing against the Dutch girls was brilliant and we hope to plan for a similar trip in the future.

Hockey colours were awarded to Nicola Turnbull and Lucy Nutley. I am looking forward to next season with great expectations, especially if all 14 of the present first year Sixth remain so enthusiastic in their hockey. I wish all the best to the Middle Sixth in their future hockey pursuits.

D. C. Bisp

## RUGBY

### FIRST XV

The 1st XV had a very disappointing season in terms of results. Only Mill Hill were defeated in a long and gruelling season. The whole squad worked hard in training, played as well as they

were able and come very close on a number of occasions to causing an upset. Confidence waned inevitably as the season progressed; in so many matches we attacked for long periods with no score materialising, only to see the first advance of the opposition result in points. Our forwards were always struggling against bigger and more efficient packs and the backs lacking the pace and flair to capitalise on scant possession.

However, many good things came out of the season. The captain, M. W. Hogbin played bravely and very competently as hooker and rallied the troops with common sense and determination. J. M. A. Hill, T. J. Dew, E. P. Kavindele, M. W. Pumfrey all played in the front row during the term and all struggled to complete the necessary firm platform for the rest of the forwards to work from. M. J. C. Mower developed well as second row and I hope gained valuable experience for next season. A. E. Beattie, A. Y-K. Chiu, A. A. Whitehall, G. C. Balmer and C. P. Sampson all made up the forwards, with J. J. Sander as flanker proving to be the outstanding player. He was always on the loose ball as fast as his opponents, but so often with no real support from the rest of his team.

In the backs O. Nathan Marsh and D. E. Hyman played with authority and increasing skill. Both looked dangerous given space and time. Unfortunately the ball we won did not allow this luxury and all too often the skill level of the boys under tackling pressure could not match their endeavours. D. S. Beveridge at scrum half played well and will be very experienced for next season. M. J. T. Jefferson, J. C. J. Burrough, W. Stoppard, L. H. Ferrand and G. B. K. Ridley all performed bravely and with credit!

We lost heavily on a few occasions, notably the Oundle game, where we were faced with a team who had not lost any match as a year group at any time at the school. This was a similar tale with other games too. However, never did the team capitulate: the tackling remained steadfast and the commitment very commendable.

<b>Results:</b> v. Old Stoics	Lost	0-8
v. Eton	Lost	0-42
v. Uppingham	Lost	4-32
v. Radley	Lost	3-38
v. Oakham	Lost	0-7
v. Rugby	Lost	0-20
v. Bedford	Lost	0-28
v. Oundle	Lost	4-48
v. Cheltenham	Lost	0-25
v. Mill Hill	Won	15-4
v. Royal Latin	Lost	0-10
v. St. Edward's	Lost	9-21
v. Bedford Modern	Lost	6-10

L.E.W.



Darren Beveridge passing the ball v. Oakham

Photograph by A. I. Scorer

## THE SECOND XV

The results confirm that this was a disappointing season. A victory against Mill Hill, preceded by a spirited but unsuccessful contest with Cheltenham, was the brightest spot in the term. Some individual performances were encouraging, but seldom did the team play with the commitment that one would normally expect in a Second XV. The forwards often lacked the mobility, and the backs failed to display the speed and the tackling ability that are the platform for Rugby success.

A. R. C. Muir proved to be an excellent captain and set a fine example of determination on the field of play. Several players were promoted to the First XV, but of those who gave loyal, regular service in the Second Team, special tribute should be paid to the sterling efforts of R. E. M. Canavan and J. M. Piggott in the front row, and A. A. Whitehall, K. D. R. Callow and D. M. Fincham in the back row. The back division suffered from rather too many changes during the season, but mention should be made of the courageous determination of N. P. Blackwood at full-back, and the effective kicking of S. C. Cormack at fly-half, whilst B. M. Teckoe showed promise for next season. The loyal and

competent services of T. Burford-Taylor as touch-judge were much appreciated.

On the personal note, I have greatly enjoyed my association with the Second XV for the past 20 years, and it was a pity that this final season bore a closer resemblance to the performance of Wales than of Scotland in the recent Four Nations competition!

**Second XV Colours:** N. P. Blackwood, K. D. R. Callow, R. E. M. Canavan, S. C. Cormack, D. M. Fincham, A. R. C. Muir, J. M. Piggott, B. M. Teckoe, B. Tuttle.

**Third XV Colours:** A. R. B. Bellew, T. A. R. Crosthwaite, G. J. F. Miller, D. R. Walker.

**Results:** Won 1; Lost 12.

H.D.M.

## COLTS 'A' XV

A side of less courage and spirit would have buckled given their devastating injury list, but to have recorded three wins and one draw in the last five fixtures is a credit to their character. This side contains the School's top points scorer (Bazeley) and try scorer (Cronan). They had the ability to score tries and to kick penalties from half way, but unfortunately the defence was exceptionally fragile. A pattern of play was finally established

in the latter part of the season but the creation of this early on was prevented by the constant injuries to key players. Crawford, Linker and Cahusac all effectively missed the whole season, while Lambourne and Hewett missed about half of it, and the two key players — Jones and Denning — were carrying injuries for a long time, which reduced their effectiveness.

The pack was small but mobile and eventually developed into an effective rucking unit with Rayne and Scrase proving suprisingly mobile. Smith provided most of the line-out ball, where most effective second row partner was the willing Dare. Symes and Macintosh, although light-weight on the flanks, were determined and brave whilst Jones was outstanding in both attack and defence, often rescuing seemingly desperate situations.

Williams proved strong and determined at scrum half and never gave up, while Lambourne at fly half has much to learn tactically but handles well and thinks about his game. Bazeley is a superb kicker of a ball and a powerful runner, but requires more application as does Denning who was the most creative player in the side. With greater concentration this pair could become a very useful centre pairing in two years' time. Cronan finished well but needs to improve his defence, while Bourne tackled well but needs to work on his handling. Amdor was brave and tackled fearlessly, often putting in vital telling tackles.

This side improved significantly over the season as did many 'B' team players and should produce some better results for the School, provided they become more dedicated.

**Results:** Played 14; Won 3; Drawn 1; Lost 10.

**Colts Colours were awarded to:** S. T. Denning, P. A. Williams, W. D. H. Jones, J. A. Smith, R. J. Symes, M. V. Cronan, G. J. Scrase, whilst S. F. Hewett gained his after the Sevens Tournaments.

D.C.M.

## JUNIOR COLTS 'A' XV

The Junior Colts side was a pleasure to take. They enjoyed the season thoroughly, and it must go down as a season of improvement in terms of results and personal performances. The most pleasing aspect of the side was the tremendous team spirit and the willingness to listen and learn.

Though costly mistakes and decisions were made through inexperience, there was not a single boy who failed to improve his game. Notable was how C. A. K. Murray and M. T. Y. Wright became a formidable pair of second rows, and how in the backs H. D. Baird, F. T. Erogbogbo and M. G. Bell became known as tacklers.

Three victories and a draw were recorded, but three very narrow defeats at the hands of Eton

6—8, Bedford 0—3 and Haileybury 4—7 could easily have been reversed. Even the 6—20 defeat by Radley could have been a victory.

The side was well led by I. D. Hall, the fittest man in the Fourth Form, and by A. T. Mustard, the aggressive crash ball specialist, who was the top scorer.

Their attitude was first class and I'm sure they will continue to improve as a unit next season.

**'A' Team Squad:** M. Chamberlain, N. P. Leigh-Smith, J. D. Doxford, A. H. Fage, M. T. Y. Wright, C. A. K. Murray, R. R. T. McDonald, S. T. Murray, B. M. A. Jarrett, D. H. Westinghouse, I. D. Hall, H. D. Baird, J. T. P. Grant, A. T. Mustard, T. A. D. Crawford, W. A. Bolton, F. T. Erogbogbo, M. A. Bell.

K.M.

## JUNIOR COLTS 'B' XV

The Junior Colts 'B' XV season began in an awful way but finished triumphantly. It was clear from the first afternoon practice that the J.C.B.s would struggle owing to their small stature and their lack of pace. Up until half-term, matches followed the same dismal pattern of Stowe trying hard but being outplayed by much heavier and more skilful sides. After half-term, progress was made! The pack began to play together more effectively and started winning good possession both from set pieces and open play. The three-quarters became more resolute in defence and displayed greater confidence and fluency when running with the ball. As mentioned earlier, the season finished triumphantly with two fine victories against Bedford Modern and Haileybury.

The players deserve a lot of credit for their enthusiasm and determination throughout the season. We hope that next year they will achieve greater success!

**The following represented the Junior Colts 'B' XV:** M. R. Fullbrook, A. C. Kidson-Trigg, B. J. D. de Berry, S. G. Edenborough, A. H. Fage, O. J. Schneider, A. J. C. James, E. W. C. Sykes, M. Steggle, M. A. A. Beevor, G. H. Weller-Poley, N. J. Atherton, J. A. C. G. Stewart, N. A. Spencer, N. J. Greaves, A. C. H. Watson, M. L. N. Secunda, N. F. Cleverly, J. Ferreira, ma., D. L. Jacques.

D.H.G.

## FOURTH XV

The season boded well with a truly exciting home match against Uppingham. The forwards played an aggressive and physical game and completely outplayed their opponents, especially in their superb mauling. They produced excellent ball for scrum-half A. Bellew, who gave sound and secure service to R. Langford (Captain). The game was mainly contested within the backs, both sides having very strong and powerful runners. King and Chester-Jones tackled well. The game saw Stowe take a 13-0 lead at half-time, but with just

four minutes to go Uppingham had levelled at 13-13. A nail-biting finale was in store for the players and nervous team managers on the touch-line. With one minute to go Stowe won the scrum on the half-way line and the best piece of back-line running I saw all that season sent Reed sprinting 15 metres to cross the goal line for a classic winger's try. The try was converted: a wonderful 19-13 victory had been well and truly won.

Naturally many of the boys were then selected for the Third XV the following week. From then on we were struggling, either with players being promoted or with injuries. The very hard ground for the first three weeks or so of term contributed to the sorry state of affairs. Eton and Radley made easy meat of a very depleted and demoralised Fourth XV.

However, the match against Rugby produced some very brave tackling from our boys and it was a good experience for new players to the rugby scene — Nicholson, Fairburn and E. Wright. The Oundle match saw Stowe very much on the losing end, but one has to say that the tackling from one and all was spirited, to say the least. The following week, the spirit and commitment were very much in evidence as Stowe beat Bedford 24-0 — at home for a change! Watson played particularly well, as did Searle and Mayhew. However, man-of-the-match was Wachman who had a storming game at scrum-half. Holme too won good line-out ball, consistently allowing the talented backs to run the ball confidently. Agostini, ma. also ran elusively and tackled courageously.

The next match was eagerly awaited: a contest with the green shirts of Cheltenham. The opposition was very strong and fast and their fly-half caused many problems with some intelligent kicking. Once again, full-back de la Pena counterattacked well but the opposition were too much of a force for us. We did well to keep the score to 22-0.

The final three matches v. Mill Hill, St. Edward's and Haileybury were cancelled.

May I thank all those who played for the Fourth XV. I do hope that next year they are able to compete in a few victories. Thanks also to Ralston, who improved dramatically through the season, as did Spence-Brown, who also captained the side on occasion. Finally I thank Shillington, T. Wright, Baldini, Barker, Brougham, who also turned out for the team, and our referees Dr. James and Mr. Smith.

S.T.

Results: v. Uppingham	Won	19-13
v. Eton	Lost	0-50
v. Radley	Lost	41-0
v. Rugby	Lost	11-4
v. Oundle	Lost	48-0
v. Bedford	Won	24-0
v. Cheltenham	Lost	22-0

Played 7; Won 2; Lost 5.

## THE YEARLINGS

As an experiment the changeover in seasons has proved very satisfactory as far as the Rugby is concerned. The Yearlings 'A', 'B', 'C' and 'D' XV's have played a total of 21 games and won 12 of them. The emphasis in fact has not so much been on match preparation but rather on practice and skills, with individual and unit skills being the main aim. The fixtures for the 'A' side looked tough on paper and so they proved. The final tally of Won 4, Lost 4 is what we might have expected. On the 'new' circuit we are playing schools of the calibre of R.G.S. High Wycombe, Queen Elizabeth's, Barnet, and Haberdashers, all of whom play two terms rugby, and have had their boys from the Under 12 age group as teams. We were able to measure our potential against Uppingham, Mill Hill and Oundle, whom the boys will match year by year up the School.

Against Uppingham we had a clean sweep whilst the 'A' team narrowly lost to Oundle and Mill Hill. The reserve teams played well all season and it is this depth of ability which will pay dividends in the future. There are some fine players in this age group and we hope to see them carrying the flag proudly for Stowe in the future.

L.E.W.

## GOLF

NOVEMBER 1989 — MARCH 1990:

In the second half of the Autumn Term we played the first round of the Schools' Foursomes Tournament versus Solihull at Stratford-on-Avon. This was a nailbiting match ending in semi-darkness and moonlight with a win at the 20th hole in the deciding match. Our bottom pair (Alex Saary and Simon Hewett) teed off first and won easily by 6 and 5. Christian Momm and Michael Holme, out second pair, lost 3 and 2, so it was all up to Pete Hale and Oliver Dury who teed up last and went up the 18th one down. A par won this hole for them to square the match, and then with the aid of other team members on both sides acting as 'fore caddies, and not only watching for balls but also listening for them, the 19th was halved in pars, Pete Hale holing a brave five footer to stay in the match; and so on to the par three 20th where we hit the green and our opponents failed to do so.

In the Spring Term, 'Warm-up' matches against Buckingham and Ellesborough Golf Clubs on their own courses were both lost, but we were giving more shots than we were receiving. At Moor Park against Harrow, we were defeated decisively by 5½ — ½, albeit without three of our top six players, but then as the team began to get into practice, things began to look up. Northampton County Golf Club were defeated 4-2 on their own course, and although we lost 4½ — 1½ to a strong Old Stoic side at Sandy

Lodge, the top four were played level and two were lost by only one hole, and we were giving shots in the bottom two matches.

The important second round of the School Foursomes was played against Trent College at the Leicestershire Golf Club. All three pairs clicked into gear and the match was won 3-0, by margins of 7 and 6, 5 and 4, and 5 and 3.

It was therefore with some optimism that we went to Woking for the Micklem Tournament in the Spring holidays. We were without our number four, Michael Holme, who had flown home to Peru, but Simon Hewett, playing off 8 handicap, was a very sound replacement to come in at number five. The first hurdle was the toughest, a rematch with the strong Harrow side who had defeated us decisively at Moor Park. This time, under great pressure, the team held firm to win a close match 3-2. Peter Hale had his revenge on his opponent winning 5 and 4 and giving us a good start. Christian Momm never quite got going against a tough opponent and lost 4 and 2, but Oliver Dury was tenacious against an equally strong opponent to win 2 and 1. Although Alex Saary was beaten 2 and 1 at number four, Simon Hewett was our 'banker' and always had his match under control winning 4 and 3. The semi-final against Wellington and final against Charterhouse were almost as close but the end result in each case was victory by 3½ — 1½. In the final, having lost the top match, and won the second, Christian Momm holding on well after having his lead whittled away, Oliver Dury made the third secure with an early victory, but the bottom two matches were desperately close. Alex Saary, however, was able to produce a great surge with a marvellous birdie four (almost eagle) at the par five fifteenth, and made the match safe with a very good 3 and 2 win, and Simon Hewett, with the match already won, was able to retain his unbeaten record with a win at the last to halve his match. Dury, playing three, had the best record with three straight wins. This was the fourteenth time Stowe has won the tournament in the 36 years of its existence.

Team: P. J. Hale (Captain), J. C. H. Momm, O. G. M. Dury, A. M. Saary, S. F. Hewett.

Reserve: R. C. Samuel.

Colours Awarded to: A. M. Saary and S. F. Hewett, who were as yet 'uncapped.'

M.D.D.

## LACROSSE

The Lacrosse season was soon put into top gear with a highly competitive match against Bedford High School. This encouraged the comparatively small number of players, ably led by Philippa Luard, to practice hard and develop a good team spirit. The resulting weekly games were often close fought and much enjoyed.

During the season nine matches were played and although only four of these were won, the overall results are most encouraging.

Philippa Luard and Anna Saunt were awarded their school colours as a result of their efforts and enthusiasm throughout the season.

D. Gamble

## NETBALL

This year's season, relegated to the Spring Term only, has been frustratingly short. Next season will be different!

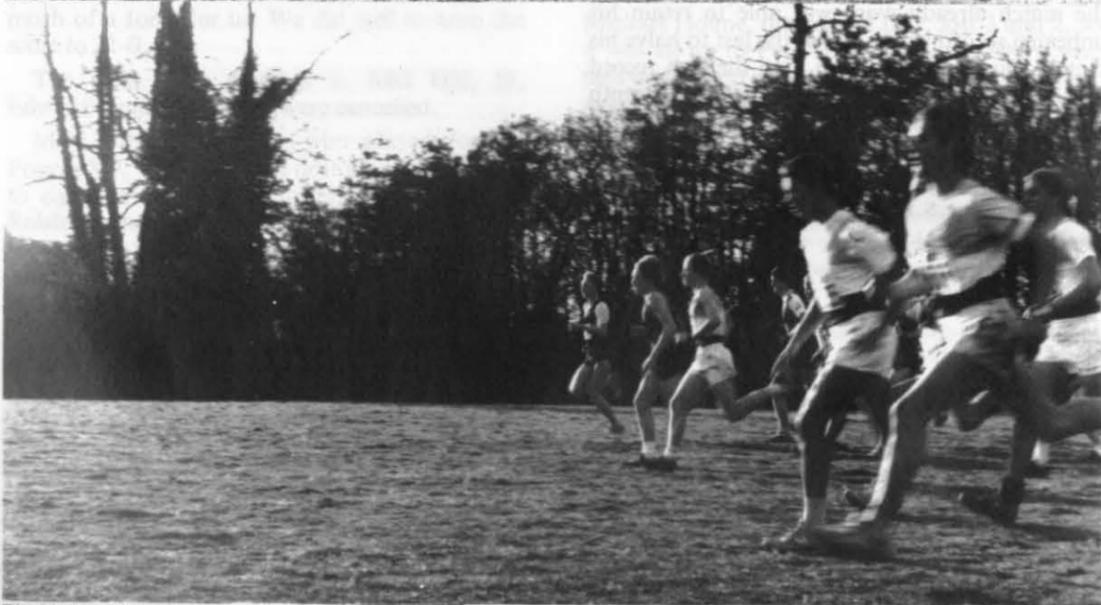
It has been a scramble to choose and coach two teams, but the majority of girls chosen for 'A' club have worked well and some excellent results have been achieved by both First and Second teams.

Under the captaincy of Melissa Tembe the Firsts have enjoyed 8 wins and suffered only 3 defeats. Two were narrow losses in tournaments: 3-9 v. Haberdashers, 9-10 v. Uppingham. The third was against Buckingham Swans, a ladies' league team.

The Seconds, led by Jenny Holland, have won 3 and lost only 1.

Three girls have gained their School Colours for dedication to the game and outstanding play over two seasons: Melissa Tembe, Philippa Luard, Annabel Soutar.

B. Taylor



The National Schools Cross-Country Championships

Photographs by P. A. Karpidas (IV)

## STOWE SKI CLUB TRIP TO BADGASTEIN

The group met up with their heads buried in newspapers for the snow reports. The news had not been good and the snow depth over Christmas in most European resorts was wafer thin. A welcome headline from *The Times* said, "Relief for New Year Skiers" — this made us feel better. As we came into land at Salzburg a light sprinkling of snow could be seen. Perhaps M.J.S.'s contingency plan of grass skiing and high altitude yodelling practice might not have to be put into operation. On the way to Badgastein by coach it appeared that Austria had indeed been blessed with snow. We were told later that it had snowed on Christmas Eve, a few days before; a fitting Christmas present for our party.

The first skiing day dawns to a clear blue sky, crisp air and views of the beautiful Gastein Valley. We make our way to the ski school nursery slopes for grading. The lucky ones who had only skied a little before were given a gentle instructor . . . the rest of us went to Robert Macdonald's class. "We go fast. You fall, you die," was his slogan. Having lived at Badgastein all his life, he seemed to know the position of every bump, skiing crust and geology effortlessly.

New Year's Eve was celebrated in the usual Austrian manner and included many fireworks. Some members of the group found the "early" 10.00 a.m. start to skiing in the 90's a bit difficult to handle. Robert celebrated the New Year on the slopes with acrobatic skiing, somersaults and a determination to teach us the "Royal Christie" — a cross between yoga and skiing.

Alex Neil and William Bolton Stowe Ski Surfing team impressed us all by their determination to go on one ski, where the rest of us found it difficult enough on two. Robert and Simon de Borchgrave rapidly progressed and Luke Winsbury was often seen skiing in many original ways with Karl Wagner, sometimes backwards, upside down . . . ! It was difficult to choose who should get the wipeout prize. Matthew Wreford was keen on acrobatics and getting everybody else to somersault as well, Michael Champness managed a few interesting manoeuvres, skis on and off. Dominic Wreford usually managed to stylishly ski out of trouble and away from rocks, such as the ones which finally caught M.J.S. whilst following Robert (the instructor) into a tight turn. The bindings left one ski completely. After some mid-air gyrations this left M.J.S. with one usable ski and the prospect of a long walk back. Robert, always looking for some way to inject some more excitement into skiing, gave his skis to M.J.S. . . they fitted. M.J.S. skied away blissfully whilst Robert proceeded to give an elegant demonstration of downhill skiing . . . on one ski.

The snow held up well enough for the group to ski the whole of the Gastein valley and all achieved a high level of attainment in the ski tests.

The party: M.J.S., Alexis Scorer, William Bolton, Alex Neil, Karl Wagner, Simon de Borchgrave, Luke Winsbury, Michael Champness, Robert Macdonald, Matthew Wreford, Dominic Wreford.

M.J.S.  
D.J.Y.W.

## STOWE BEAGLES

The Beagles have just completed a very enjoyable season where scenting conditions were excellent from Christmas onwards, although there were some very windy days. Our Master, M. D. Aldridge, showed good sport and was well supported by his whippers-in: C. J. Trietline, ma., N. A. M. Dobbs, Jane Strangman, M. R. Robinson, A. M. Hales and R. C. C. Pepper.

In the summer hounds were shown at Ardingly, Peterborough, Honiton and Lowther, accounting for five cups and thirty-two rosettes, including two champions. The hounds visited Northumberland at half term in October where they had several days along Hadrian's Wall. Also, while in Northumberland we had a joint meet with The Eton at Tow Law where hounds hunted amongst the grouse butts at Foresters Lodge and accounted for their hare in fine style.

Returning South, hounds had memorable days from Wardington, near Banbury; Hillesden, near Buckingham; Althorp Park, the house of Lord Spencer; Mantles Heath, near Daventry; and Thenford House, the home of Michael Heseltine.

A capacity crowd of 550 people attended the Christmas Dance at Stowe where around £2,000 was added to the hunt funds.

The annual dinner was held at The Green Man, Syresham. Our speaker this year was Judge Irvine, an Old Stoic. He entertained us all with his amusing stories of his career in Law and a good night was had by all.

Our painting of the Beagles on Stowe Avenue, by Ashley Boon, has been very successful. All the 'remarked' copies are now sold but there are still a few signed copies left for anyone interested.

On a sad note, Mr. Pedder, Secretary to the Beagles for 25 seasons, is retiring from Stowe in the Summer. His knowledge and support of the Beagles over the years will make him very difficult to replace. We all wish him well in his retirement.

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## C.C.F.

The recent introduction of the General Purpose cadet rifle has brought with it a lengthy training course and stringent safety test. A group of senior cadets was put through an Instructor's Course at the end of the Autumn Term by Sergeant Sadler of 16 Cadet Training Team and they have since gone on to teach the weapon to a large proportion of Proficiency Company with a high degree of success. Meanwhile Advanced Infantry Company practised, and then filmed on video, various aspects of fieldcraft amidst smoke grenades and thunderflashes in the Grecian Valley. We have also enjoyed two contrasting presentations by the Royal Armoured Corps and the Household Division.

The gales on 26th February prevented one section of the Royal Naval Section from putting to sea in their patrol vessel at Portsmouth. The other section made good use of the strong winds to help them climb some of the downs on the Isle of Wight but then had a long wait for the return ferry. The gale was but a minor problem for Advanced infantry who seem to have much enjoyed all that the Royal Marines at Lympstone could offer. The Royal Pioneer Corps kindly organised their excellent annual competition again for Proficiency Company. Corporal Woodward and his Alpha Section – apparently composed mainly of cadets from Temple – are

to be congratulated on winning against stiff opposition. Skill at Arms and the Signals and R.E.M.E. Sections were fortunate to be able to test their artillery skills on the Invetron system in Nottingham. Earlier in the term Stowe had entered a Senior and Junior team in the Tremlett Trophy using the same systems. Although neither team succeeded in being selected for the National finals they both practised professionally and enthusiastically over the preceding weekends and it was good to meet Brigadier Firth again. The R.A.F. Section had an interesting visit to Hendon on Field Day. Until the Field Day returns to Wednesday, however, it will be impossible for them to get airborne then.

At the time of writing the contingent is about to embark on its annual Adventurous Training, this year based on Deverell Barracks in Ripon. Captain Mullineux has been busy preparing for what should prove a challenging week for the good number of twenty cadets due to attend.

It was a great honour for the Stowe C.C.F. to be able to host the presentation of the Royal Naval Meritorious Service Medal to Chief Petty Officer B. W. Clutton by Vice-Admiral Sir James Kennon, K.C.B., C.B.E., on Wednesday, 7th March. The ceremony took place in the Music Room after the R.N. Section had mounted a small Guard of Honour in the Marble Hall. Despite the short amount of time available for training they performed creditably. The occasion

also marked C.P.O. Barry Clutton's retirement after fifteen years visiting Stowe and other R.N. Sections in the East Midlands.

Congratulations are also due to Lieutenant D. H. Gowen and Lieutenant C. H. Johnson on their recent promotions to full Lieutenant. It is also encouraging to know that Squadron Leader H. B. Smith and Squadron Leader A. Waterworth have both at last received their C.C.F. commissions. I should like to wish Harry Smith every success as he takes over command of the contingent next September. I know that he will have an excellent team of officers, N.C.O.s and cadets to support him just as I have. In particular the R.S.M., Eddie Brannan, has been invaluable as always. My special legacy is a new C.C.F. administrative computer, but the new incumbent with his mathematical skills should find Database no trouble.

**Promotions: Under-Officer:** C. E. Spencer, ma.

**Sergeant:** Beattie A. E., Morgan.

**Corporal:** Biffa, Boyd M. S. P., Mackenzie, Ralston, Sucksmith.

**C.C.F. Tie (for Invetron Training and Shooting Tuition):** Cpl. Woodward, L/Cpl. Wright, C. E. A. C., Cadet Fish.

**Winner of Autumn Term Shooting Competition:** Cadet Pelly.

**M.J.B.**



Advanced Infantry in the Grecian Valley, 31st January, 1990

Photograph by M. J. Bevington

## OLD STOIC NEWS

**I. B. Albery** (Chatham 1954) is the Producer and Managing Director of the Theatre of Comedy Co. Ltd., Shaftesbury Theatre, London, and has produced over 50 West End Productions.

**M. Berger** (Grafton 1979) is a self-employed Consultant in London to Banks, Building Societies and other Financial Institutions in retail product development.

**J. Carter Brown** (Grenville 1952) is Director of the National Gallery of Art, Washington D.C.

**S. Channing-Williams** (Chandos 1963) produced two feature films in 1988 — "High Hopes" directed by Mike Leigh and "When the Whales Came" directed by Clive Rees, starring Helen Mirren and Paul Schofield.

**N. A. C. Croft** (Chandos 1925) has, for many years, been in the 'Guinness Book of Records' for 'the longest self-supporting dog-sledge journey ever carried out.' He was the lead dog-driver in his 1934 Expedition of 1,080 miles crossing Greenland from West to East on a latitude 70 degrees North, mapping totally unexplored mountains and finding the highest peak in the Arctic.

**M. R. Edwards** (Cobham 1967) is Marketing Manager for 'For a Change' which is published 11 times a year for Moral Re-Armament.

**C. J. English** (Chatham 1968) is Principal of the Institute of Languages in Harare, Zimbabwe and is also the Manager of the Zimbabwe Athletics Team.

**M. W. G. Fisher** (Grenville 1963) is Creative Director of J. Walter Thompson in Chicago.

**D. C. Geddes** (Temple 1934) was awarded a Doctorate in Philosophy in Arts at London University in February 1989.

**J. F. G. Gornall** (Chandos 1951) is a Member of the Association of Hispanists of Great Britain and Ireland.

**N. H. Groves** (Chandos 1987) has been appointed to the Board of Directors of Aid Action North Humberside Ltd. and the Humberside Law Centre Steering Committee.

**S. T. G. Guyer** (Grafton 1976) ran *H.M.S. Endurance* aground on a rock which was subsequently named 'Guyer Rock,' Marguerite Bay, approx. Lat 69 degrees S.

**T. K. W. Hodgson** (Walpole 1980) has been promoted Editor of the Bermudian weekend newspaper *The Mid-Ocean News*. He is also currently editing previously unpublished manuscripts, letters and diaries about Mark Twain for publication in 1990. He has freelanced for *The Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Globe and Mail* (Toronto), *Daily Mail*, *New York Times*, Reuters, U.P.I., Press Association (UK), etc. He has been finalist

in the "Brain of Bermuda" contest for the last two years.

**C. Honeyman Brown** (Grenville 1966) is a Partner in BDO Binder Hamlyn, London.

**M. Hope** (Cobham 1979) is Senior Advertising Executive for the *Readers' Digest* Association in Berkeley Square.

**S. P. H. Howorth** (Chatham 1958) is Executive Director, Sales, for the Petrofina (UK) Ltd., which is the sixth or seventh largest UK Oil Company (subsidiary of Belgian multinational).

**J. E. Hughes Clarke** (Chandos 1979) is a Scientist/Oceanographer at James Cook University, Australia. He gained a PhD. in 1988, and was a Post-Doctoral Fellow at the Bedford Institute of Oceanography in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia from 1988—1989. He has had many publications on the use of G.L.O.R.I.A. (side scan sonar) to survey deep sea.

**N. M. C. Isham** (Chandos 1947) was awarded an OBE in last year's New Year's Honours List for Services to the DOE.

**A. J. Jessel** (Grenville 1977) is Director of Castberg Fine Art Ltd., London (Broking works of art for collectors and investors).

**J. J. Keating** (Cobham 1972) is Director of 'Anokhi' (a fabrics/textiles/clothing company) from Rajasthan in India, a film of which was made by and shown on BBC TV's 'The Clothes Show' in January 1989.

**D. R. S. Kingan** (Temple 1946) is High Sheriff of Co. Down for 1990.

**G. E. Laird Craig** (Bruce 1966) has started Laird Craig & Partners (Estate Agents) in Beaconsfield, 1990.

**J. R. Lindgren** (Bruce 1949) has retired as Managing Director of Esso, Kenya.

**J. J. Lineham** (Bruce 1979) is a Director of Lineham Antiques, London.

**G. P. Lloyd** (Bruce 1944) has retired as Governor of the Cayman Islands and is now the Chairman of the Bermuda Festival.

**J. D. Milne** (Chandos 1942) was knighted in 1986 and will be retiring as Chairman of Portland Cement in June 1990.

**M. Morland** (Bruce 1947) was appointed a Judge of the High Court of Justice — Queen's Bench Division and Knighted in May 1989.

**J. R. Mosley** (Bruce 1942) is a photographer whose publications include 'Images of the Downs' with C. Hillier (Macmillan 1983), 'The Western Midlands: A Journey to the Heart of England' (Gollanz 1976, Paladin 1978 and 1987), and 'The Bulwark Shore: Thanet and the Cinque Ports' (Eyre Methuen 1980, Paladin 1982).

**A. R. Negus** (Bruce 1963) is Conductor and Coach of the Welsh National Opera. He assisted Sir Charles Mackerras from 1987-89, and has conducted Figaro, Seraglio, and Frau ohne Schatter.

**P. N. Nelson** (Temple 1976) gained a PhD. in Immunology (developing a serological test for forensic science purposes).

**N. C. Ollivant** (Walpole 1967) has been Vice-President of International Structured Finance (USSR) for the First National Bank of Chicago since 1985.

**T. D. Outerbridge** (Chatham 1975) presented papers on the environment at Ecobermuda and also spoke at a conference on Accessibility for the Disabled in 1989. He is Founder/Chairman of the Bermuda Bluebird Society. He is now confined to a wheelchair, but has been an activist/lobbyist on behalf of various environmental causes and Bermuda's disabled population. He ran as an independent candidate in Bermuda's 1989 Parliamentary Election.

**A. L. Pyfrom** (Grafton 1974) is Vice-President of Paine Webber Inc., Boston USA.

**J. R. Ramsden** (Cobham 1959) is running a successful horse racing stables in Yorkshire.

**S. P. Rees** (Grenville 1952) is Chairman of the West Glamorgan and Dyfed Branch of the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales for 1989/90.

**S. J. H. Reid** (Cobham 1970) is co-author of "The Lake District — 100 Classic Climbs" published by Crowood Press, May 1989.

**P. J. A. Rhodes** (Cobham 1975) is Assistant Project Engineer at Pratt & Whitney Canada, Montreal, Quebec.

**R. J. Roberts** (Cobham 1949) has published "Amphibious Landings" a book of poems that has won the 1990 National Poetry Foundation's Rosemary Arthur Award.

**A. H. Rowan** (Chatham 1938) has retired as Director of Field Trials, American Kennel Club.

**S. H. Rowan** (Chatham 1939) retired from the Civil List in Canada in 1988 after a distinguished career in teaching and administering the education of the Inuit people.

**Emma Royds (née Williams)** (Stanhope 1979) works for another Old Stoic **John Donner**, at Donner Underwriting Agencies Ltd. — a Member Agency at Lloyds.

**R. S. Sandu** (Temple 1972) is International Manager of Barclays Bank Plc in London.

**C. Scarlett** (Temple 1954) is an independent Civil and Structural Engineering Consultant and is an expert on the restoration of eighteenth century London buildings.

**C. J. G. Shillington** (Chatham 1957) was President of the Northern Ireland Team at the Commonwealth Games in Auckland, New Zealand this year.

**E. C. Skepper** (Temple 1946) was appointed Chairman of Dunhill Holdings plc 1989.

**E. J. A. Smith-Maxwell** (Cobham 1985) now with the 9th/12th Lancers. He rode his horse, Brother Gregory, to win the "Horse and Hound Grand Military Gold Cup" at Sandown, beating the Queen Mother's horse, with the Princess Royal on Bob Kelly, third.

**M. Spira** (Chandos 1962) has written a TV play "Post Mortem" first broadcast in 1990.

**R. J. M. Sutherland** (Walpole 1941) is a Fellow of the Fellowship of Engineering.

**R. P. Syngé** (Grenville 1974) has united with Nigel Mansell (racing driver) to promote a full scholarship for British racing drivers. His company Madgick Motorsport has been renamed Mansell Madgwick Motorsport.

**H. P. Taylor** (Chandos 1961) is Managing Director of Graham Miller & Co. (Italy) S.r.l., in Milan, the Italian subsidiary of the Graham Miller Group (the leading independent loss adjusters).

**The Duke of Valderano (Formerly R. E. H. Waring)** (Chandos 1933) has been appointed Grand Chancellor of the Venerable Patriarchal Order of St. Ignatius of Antioch and awarded the Collar of the Order. He has also become Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. George, Knight Grand Officer of the Order of Military Merit (Portugal), Knight Commander of the Order of Isobel la Catolica (Spain), and has the British TD.

**M. H. Waring** (Chandos 1961) has been appointed Knight Grand Cross of the Order of St. Ignatius of Antioch and representative of the Order in Latin America.

**R. C. Waterbury** (Chatham 1964) is Commercial Director for Europe at Courtaulds Coatings.

**G. W. Watson** (Chandos 1980) has become Navigation Officer on *H.M.S. Britannia*.

**A. G. Way** (Bruce) is the Standard Bearer of the Hon. Corps. of Gentlemen-at-Arms.

**R. M. E. West** (Walpole 19616) is Chairman of Whalley Range Conservative Association, Manchester.

**J. R. W. Young** (Lyttelton 1984) was Joint Presenter on BBC 2's 'Current Affair,' September 1989.

## MARRIAGES

**J. S. Aiken** (Chatham 1968) to Kathryn Anne on 28th August 1989.

**C. K. Allen** (Bruce 1971) to Lorraine Webb on 4th November 1989.

**M. C. Ashcroft** (Cobham 1973) to Michele Francine Charly on 11th July 1987.

**I. G. W. Banister** (Chatham 1973) to Georgina Scott on 9th December 1989.

**S. L. Barnard** (Grafton 1978) to Belinda Jane Johns on 19th September 1987.

**A. H. Berger** (Grafton 1982) to Nicola Anne Dawson on 6th May 1989.

**B. J. E. C. Boulbee** (Grenville 1968) to Brigid Hooper on 15th July 1989.

**R. C. N. Branson** (Cobham/Lyttelton 1967) to Jane Templeman in 1989.

**S. M. Carroll** (Temple 1980) to Rachel Porter on 1st July 1989.

**C. A. I. Clarke** (Cobham 1979) to Fiona Francesca Douglas [sister to **A. P. Douglas** (Grafton 1968) and **S. J. F. Douglas** (Walpole 1975)] on 18th November 1989.

**Avril S. Comery** (Stanhope 1979) to James Michael McKie Edwards on 2nd September 1989.

**P. F. Elvins** (Bruce 1971) to Elizabeth Mary Mackenzie Burra on 6th August 1988.

**C. A. Frean** (Cobham 1967) to Mary Agnes Flatley on 7th May 1989.

**S. T. G. Guyer** (Grafton 1976) to Jane McKellar on 9th December 1989.

**J. E. Hawthorne** (Grenville 1974) to Emma Gibson on 17th October 1981.

**N. E. J. Hedley** (Walpole 1980) to Elizabeth McCarthy on 1st December 1989.

**D. M. H. Joyce** (Chandos 1977) to Deborah in 1988.

**R. D. Kleinwort** (Grenville 1979) to **Lucinda Shand Kydd** (Stanhope 1982) on 29th November 1989.

**A. A. Macpherson** (Grenville 1969) to Lottie on 18th May 1990.

**S. D. Milligan** (Lyttelton 1978) to Heather Lovatt in 1987.

**W. L. M. Murdoch** (Grenville 1977) to Toni Silver on 9th June 1983.

**T. D. Outerbridge** (Chatham 1975) to Angela Curties in 1987.

**T. D. A. Part** (Cobham 1972) to Pauline Barrett on 5th August 1989.

**J. G. Paton** (Grenville 1950) to Nicole Aline on 9th September 1989.

**C. B. A. Ryrie** (Grafton 1980) to Josephine Grierson on 19th February 1990.

**J. R. Shingles** (Grenville 1974) to Melanie Mary Stuttaford on 16th September 1989.

**Carolyn A. G. Smith** (Stanhope 1979) to Paulo Rosso in 1986.

**Baron Stevens of Ludgate (D. R. Stevens)** (Walpole 1954) to Meriza Giori on 20th January 1990.

**J. G. Treadwell** (Chatham 1967) to Anne Simonds on 2nd September 1989.

**Emma L. Williams** (Stanhope 1979) TO **R. P. Royds** (Chatham 1978) on 14th May 1988.

**T. C. W. Yerburgh** (Bruce 1981) to Sheena Jane Sanger on 4th July 1987.

## BIRTHS

**M. C. Ashcroft** (Cobham 1973) a son, Anthony Michael, on 22nd June 1988.

**J. N. Barnward** (Grafton 1978) a son, Joseph Benjamin, on 14th November 1988.

**C. K. Bond** (Lyttelton 1974) twin sons, on 9th December 1989.

**J. M. Burton-Stewart** Bruce 1977) a son, Josh Thomas, on 16th March 1990.

**P. F. Elvins** (Bruce 1971) a daughter, Alice Mary Frances, on 9th January 1990.

**A. D. J. Farmiloe** (Lyttelton 1969) a son, Nicholas, on 18th June 1989.

**B. G. Few Brown** (Grafton 1977) a daughter, Emily Elizabeth, on 23rd March 1990.

**W. G. Fletcher** (Cobham 1962) twin sons, in September 1988.

**J. E. Hawthorne** (Grenville 1974) a son, Thomas George, on 24th May 1984, and a daughter, Tabitha Ann, on 12th February 1990.

**D. P. Mills** (Grafton 1976) a son, Oliver, on 21st April 1988.

**R. S. O'Connor** (Temple 1968) twin sons, Jonathan and Matthew, on 14th December 1989.

**S. P. J. Potter** (Cobham 1972) a son, on 17th July 1989.

**Belinda L. Roberts** (Née Hill) (Stanhope 1979) a daughter, Sophie Ioxton, on 19th January 1989.

**D. P. Scowsill** (Temple 1974) a son, William, on 24th November 1989.

**D. E. G. Stevenson** (Grafton 1975) a son, Edward James, on 13th December 1989.

**P. W. Talbot** (Grafton 1979) a son, Edward on 4th January 1990.

## DEATHS

**J. K. Beney** (Grafton 1940) on 22nd February 1990.

**C. N. M. Blair** (Chandos/Grafton 1928) on 20th June 1988.

**P. L. C. Brodie** (Chatham 1931) on 2nd February 1990.

**R. H. Calvert** (Grenville 1929) in 1987.

**D. Campbell-Cook** (Chatham 1940) on 12th January 1983.

**R. P. E. Carr** (Walpole 1975) has died.

**W. O. J. Coke** (Chatham 1927) has died.

**J. N. Dixey** (Bruce 1939) on 31st October 1989.

**T. G. W. Ferrier** (Grafton 1930) has died.

**J. C. G. Francis** (Chandos 1937) on 19th October 1989.

**R. W. S. Hastings** (Temple 1935) on 28th March 1990.

**J. V. Houseman** (Cobham 1930) has died.

**K. M. Jacobs** (Chatham 1936) has died.

**M. V. Kitchin** (Chatham 1929) on 5th June 1989.

**E. M. Ling** (Bruce 1934) in 1988.

**J. P. E. Maze** (Chandos 1940) on 10th June 1989.

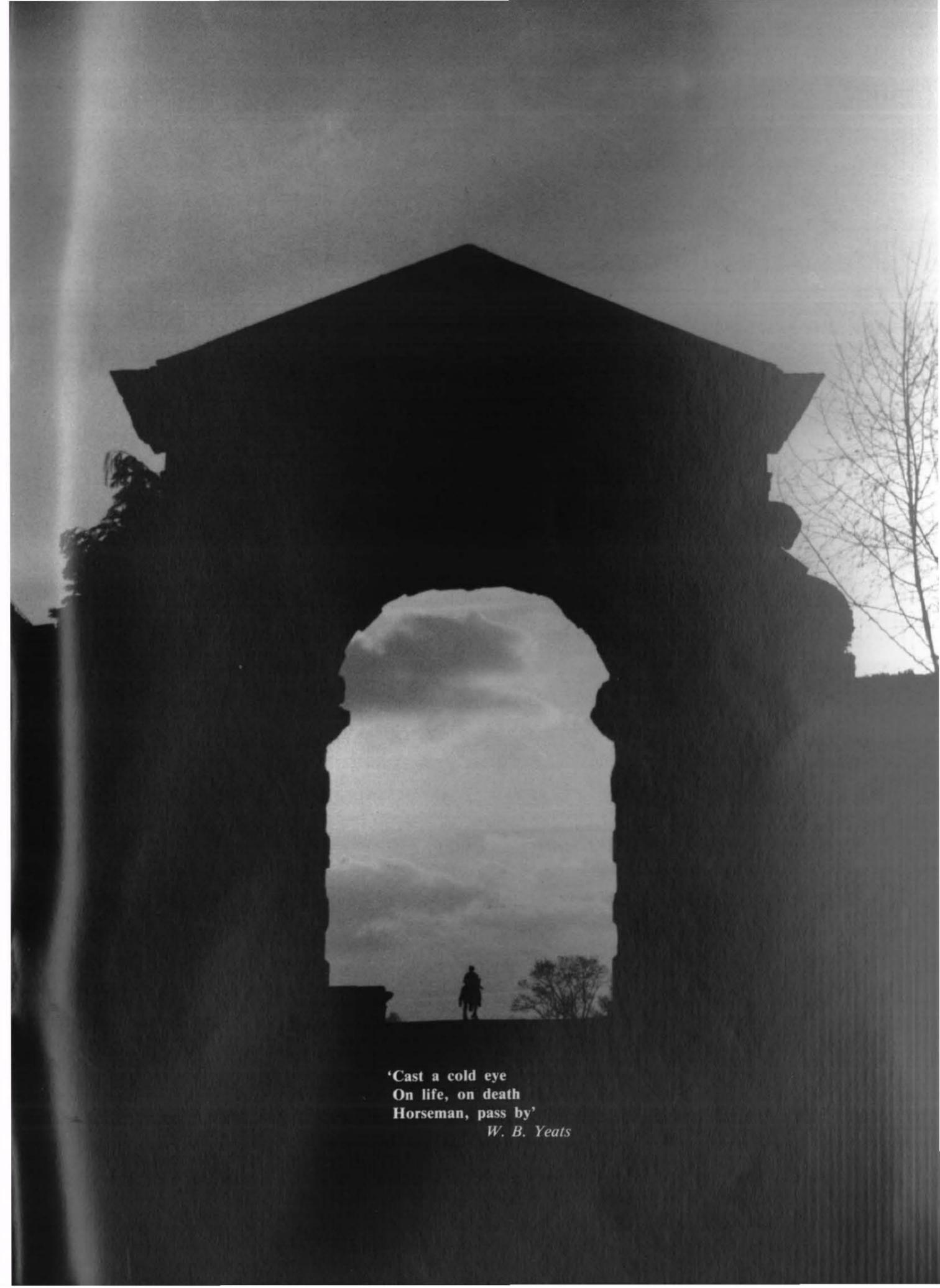
**D. S. Mitchell** (Cobham 1937) on 13th June 1986.

**A. T. R. Nicholson** (Walpole 1939) on 16th April 1989.

**A. A. H. Radice** (Temple 1933) on 13th December 1989.

**Lord Rugby** (Chandos 1931) in January 1990.

**D. W. Tait** (Chatham 1942) in August 1989.



'Cast a cold eye  
On life, on death  
Horseman, pass by'  
*W. B. Yeats*



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