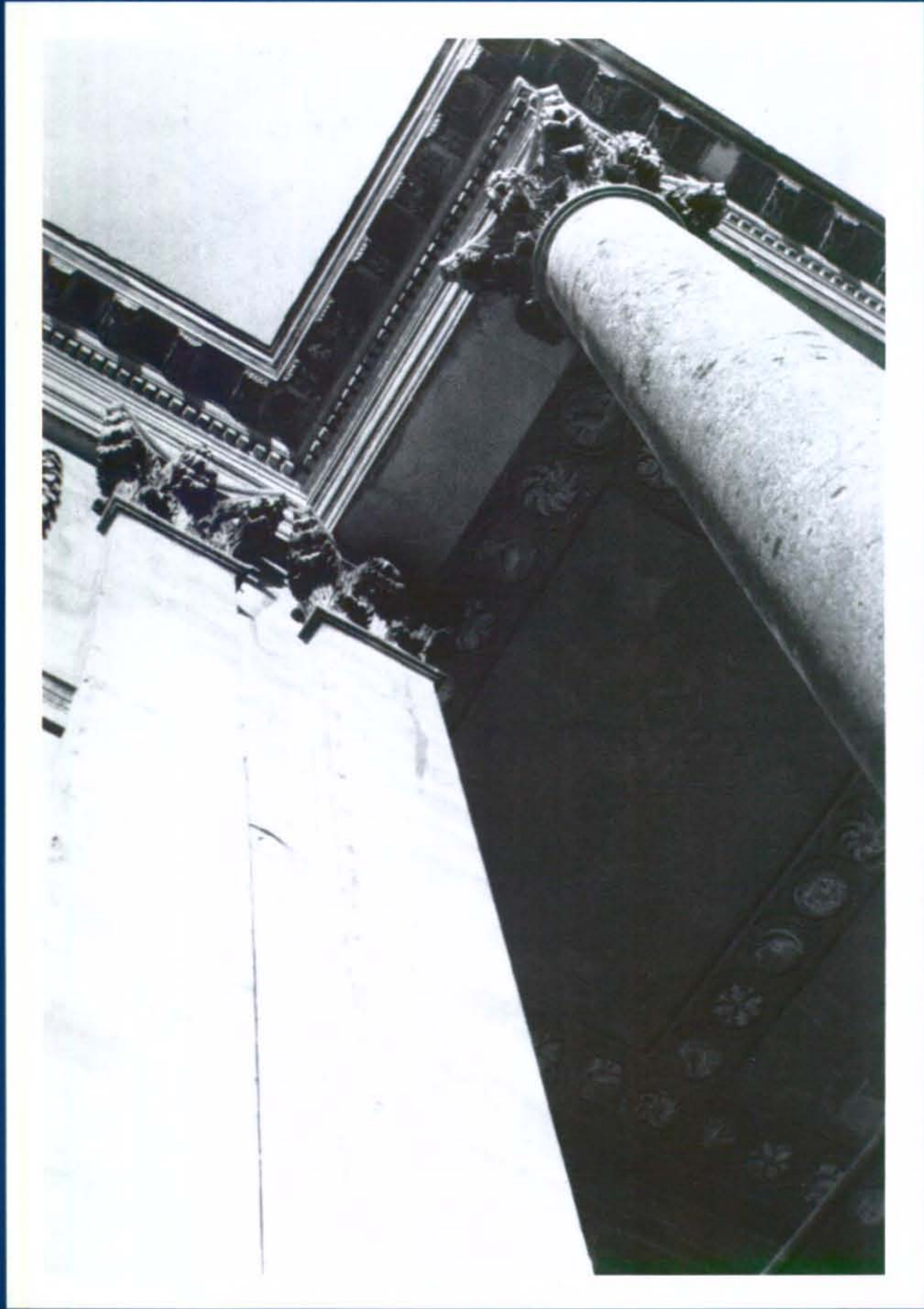


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by P. D. Marez Oyens.
Inside Front Cover and
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E. A. G. Shillington.*

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EDITORIAL

IS it a Summer mirage, or is Stowe becoming a more civilised, more creative society? Is there more approachability and good will between the Senior and Junior years, friendlier relations between teachers and pupils? (Perhaps, Stoics will give us their own views on this). There are certainly more tangible changes within the School, such as the increase in the female members of staff and the decrease in the average age of the Common Room.

Congreve Club provided another lavish production with **Romeo and Juliet**, made memorable by the high quality of the lead players, heraldic set designs and costumes. The Drama Festival, now divided between two consecutive week-ends, happily offered some difficult and contemporary plays. **The Dumb Waiter**, directed and performed by D. I. G. Szalay and O. P. M. Seale, the Temple version of **After Magritte**, were two of the ambitious and adventurous choices. **The Crimson Coconut** deserves special mention for having been produced and staged wholly by Third and Fourth Formers. Such is the present momentum of originality that we look forward to a future Festival where most, if not all, the plays have been written by Stoics themselves.

The Editorial of May 1987 anticipated that the re-designed magazine would provide the forum for Stoics' creativity, both literary and artistic. Our hopes have been fulfilled, for the exceptional, indeed, professional standard of the verse and prose in this issue bears eloquent testimony to the School's capacious talents. An anthology of current Stoic poetry, to be edited by Dr. Ozturk and published in 1992, will be a further, enduring record of Stowe's literary achievements.

We congratulate this year's successful Oxford and Cambridge candidates: Emma C. Hornby, O. P. M. Seale, Camilla J. Squirrell, D. I. G. Szalay, Geraldine M. Mitchell-Smith, J. K. S. Mackenzie, and F. Morgan. We also applaud G. C. E. Underwood for gaining the prestige A.L.C.M. Music Diploma, the first such attainment at Stowe for a decade, and M. J. Snyder for passing the practical element of the Diploma.

We regretfully said farewell to Mr. Radford; Mr. Dawson; Mr. Shaw; and to Mr. Mullineux (who is still contributing to C.C.F. and Beagles). The Revd. Stanton-Saringer will be leaving in June to resume parochial duties, and the new School Chaplain will be the Revd. Hastie-Smith. Our appreciation of their services to Stowe will be featured in the next edition.

We welcomed to the School: Mr. Green, as the Director of Music; Dr. Behilil (Maths.); Mr. Vernon (Biology); Miss Bishop (Maths.) Other new arrivals, temporary or part-time, include: Mr. Stohl (German Assistant); Mr. Meredith-Jones (Classics); Mr. Broadbent (Economics); Miss Ramos (Spanish Assistant); Mr. Bailey (Maths.); Mr. Jowitt, on a second stint, and Mrs. Spencer-Ellis (French); Miss Evison (O.S.) (Classics); and Mr. Cochrane (Observer and Cricket Coach). We felicitate Mr. and Mrs. Reid on the birth of their daughter Isabelle.

Finally, we sadly report the death of Vice-Admiral Sir James Kennon. Sir James, a distinguished and charming man was, as Chairman of Governors, a vigilant guardian of the School's interests. He will be greatly missed by all those who knew him.

The Editors

The Prefectorial body consists currently of the following:—

| | |
|-----------------------------|--|
| E. P. Kavindele | Head of School |
| J. K. S. Mackenzie | Second Prefect |
| T. H. P. Russell | Head of Bruce |
| M. S. Baldini | Head of Temple |
| J. A. Cazalet | Head of Grenville |
| A. E. Beattie | Joint Head of Chandos & Prefect of Club |
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| L. H. Ferrand | Head of Cobham |
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| J. L. E. Agostini | Head of Grafton |
| W. L. C. Morris | Head of Walpole |
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| Zoe H. Beale | Head of Stanhope |
| Alison R. Howard | Head of Nugent |
| D. S. Beveridge | Prefect of Grounds |
| M. J. C. Flower, ma. | Prefect of Club |
| F. Morgan | Prefect of Defaulters (Boys) |
| N. G. B. Mynett | Prefect of Main Building |
| T. J. Scarff | Prefect of Sanctions |

J.B.D.

1966—1990 — 25 years — a major part of a working life — only records how long John and Jill Dobinson were with us at Stowe. During this time there were very few corners of the community that did not benefit from their enthusiasm and dedication.

J.B.D. was appointed as Tutor in Biology (before this traditional Stowe title was transmogrified to 'Head of Department') at a time of rapid change in the teaching of science. He welcomed the improvements introduced by Nuffield and his department was soon rejuvenated. The Bio. Labs. were indeed "Open all hours" and not only were biology students welcomed but so was anyone with an interest. The new Science Department was opened in 1972 and thanks to J.B.D.'s sound planning the Biology teaching area still serves us well today.

It was entirely appropriate that the Natural History Society should be revived, operating both at Stowe and with the County Trust. Outings and expeditions increased in breadth and before long some twelve acres along the Dadford—Chackmore road were designated as a Nature Reserve. Stoics were actively involved in conservation, recording, watching, hide-building and nest box construction. Seventeen annual issues of *The Grebe*, the N.H.S. report, were published and for several years the N.H.S.

Exhibition was almost the only one to appear regularly on Speech Day.

In May 1979 J.B.D. was appointed to succeed Stuart Morris as housemaster of Chandos. He and Jill threw themselves wholeheartedly into their new life becoming involved in every part of house life from D.I.Y. repairs, alterations and the design of the under-housemaster's flat to the final 'polishing' of house plays, although on these occasions he always kept well out of the way until the last few days! He would take enormous trouble to get to know prospective parents and even more so once their sons came to Chandos. His loyalty to the boys was always clear, often taking up the cudgels on their behalf though never afraid to discipline when it was necessary. A vociferous Chandos supporter from the touchline or boundary, he expected similar total commitment from his teams. He carried vast amounts of personal information in his head from home circumstances to 'A' level choices and was always ready to help, advise and discuss problems. The unsuspected event might bring initial protests from him often couched in heroic terms, but these would soon be modified in the quest for a reasonable compromise. He could never be really angry for more than ten minutes and could not understand how others could bear a grudge.

One might think these two posts would more than fill a schoolmaster's life; not so with J.B.D. For years he ran the Hundred with M.W. providing enthusiastic and often successful 3rd and 4th Rugby teams. He is an enthusiast at hockey and no team he supported could ever ignore his presence on the touchline! The success of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award scheme owes much to him too. He participated from its introduction into Stowe, especially on Field Days and Camps when his culinary skills came into their own. More recently he ran the Bronze Award Section, encouraging many a Stoic to go on to the Silver Award. Lastly, in this context, he set up the Foundationers with L.E.W. to ensure that new boys gained useful introductory experience on their Wednesday afternoons.

He always gave of his time unstintingly. Stowe's drama was enhanced by his participation, especially in the annual staff play where his fine singing voice came into its own, and as school make-up artist he is already sadly missed. The annual firework display was his concern, as was the Leavers' Ball. Christmas after Christmas the Biology Laboratories used to fill up at the end of term with materials for the Community Service hampers to be sorted, packed and delivered. At the annual Community Service Christmas party the old folk enjoyed his singing and appearance as Father Christmas while Jill organised the tea. Both of them believe in involvement outside school. The Winslow Players' productions and the Buckingham pantomimes saw some sterling performances from them for a number of years. John was a staunch supporter of Round Table and later of Rotary, with Jill a member of the ladies' Inner Wheel.

Perhaps John's most lasting contribution to Stowe's fabric will be the new small theatre created in memory of Paul, their younger son tragically killed in an accident in America a few months after leaving Walpole in 1988. As with so many projects, John threw himself into the creation of this splendid facility and by doing so both of them could see something positive rising from the ashes of their terrible personal tragedy.

Stowe is the poorer for their departure. The Common Room has lost one of its architects and functionaries. The School has lost a genuine and talented schoolmaster. We wish them every success and happiness in John's new post as head of Lindisfarne College in North Wales.

A.J.E.L.

M.P.D.

Mike Dawson arrived at Stowe in 1985, having spent four years teaching maths at Abbey Gate College, near his home town of Chester, and the

preceding three, managing a sports centre there.

Quickly establishing himself as an integral part of the Mathematics Department, Mike demonstrated a ready ability to communicate effectively with all age groups, using his off-beat sense of humour to lighten many a dark period of algebraic juggling.

Mike's enthusiasm and physical education background, combined with the knack of being able to coax the very best from Stoics, enabled him to make an enormous contribution to extra-curricular areas. He ran Athletics for five years, during which its popularity at Stowe was probably greater than at any time previously. Stowe teams were competitive at all levels and benefited hugely from Mike's encouragement and coaching prowess. He is one of only a handful of qualified senior hurdles coaches in the country — this possibly influencing his decision to leave Stowe, thus enabling him to spend more time with athletes at Milton Keynes Athletic Club and the Southern Region Hurdles Squad.

During his time here, Mike also contributed to many other areas of School life. He did a great deal of rugby coaching, was involved in Foundationers (never a man to turn down a trip to Alton Towers!) and was largely responsible for the resurgence of organised weight training.

For three years he was also a prominent figure in the successful Outward Bound Group Venture Wing (which closed down with the departure of its organizer, Ian Small). Mike's unerring map and compass work in the Peake District and on the Long Mynd, together with his wry humour and unflappable demeanour, were gratefully appreciated by boys and colleagues alike.

Since 1988 he has been resident Under-housemaster of Bruce where, as in other areas, his unpretentious, affable nature and straightforward manner in dealing with people, enabled him to do the job with great effectiveness. M.W. will miss him sorely, but can rest assured that Mike will be round on Super Bowl evenings and whenever there is a spot of malt to be finished off!

It goes without saying that Mike Dawson is a highly respected and immensely popular member of the Stowe Community. We wish him every success in his new post, counting our blessings that he has only popped 'across the Bourbon' to Akeley Wood, from where he will no doubt return to his favourite haunts — the weights room, the athletics track, the Eleven Acre Lake (where he can now spend Saturday mornings tempting tench) and that ever-popular venue for Under-housemasters' meetings at Buffler's Holt!

R.R.A.

DRAMA

Congreve Club Play

ROMEO AND JULIET

By William Shakespeare

Romeo and Juliet is a tragi-comedy performed under crossed starlight. Its mixture of genre frames, amid advancing minatory shadows, the contingencies of accident, choice, character and fate. It is a play of conflicts, between the public and private, youth and age, bawdy and ceremony, light and dark, love and death, and the Congreve version fairly brimmed over with contrasts, oppositions and contradictions. A palpable dynamism stamped the production from the outset, highlighting the wave-like progression of reversals and ironies, and setting the pace for a long evening.

Without order, energy threatens chaos, and in the opening scenes, the early exchanges were inaudible against a fustian clutter of speech and movement. The boisterous colloquialism was entertaining but ineffective when accompanied by lack of projection and clarity. The furious distinctness of Tristan Crawford's Romeo and Max Macintosh's Benvolio was, however, an exception to the confusion elsewhere.

Also superb were the acting and direction of the chief protagonists in the duel scenes. Exciting and original use was made not only of the whole stage but of the entire theatre: the players' entrances and the sword-fights were partially enacted in the auditorium. The Roxburgh resonated with bluster and violence, and Romeo's actions with Tybalt occurred right next to me. To Crawford's accomplishments must be added the courage to deliver with poise his lines from amongst the nervously fascinated members of the audience.

The quality of the acting was visibly, and unfortunately, uneven. I found the 'camp' interpretation of Paris (Bill Cahusac) unpersuasive or, at any rate, inconsistent, while Philippa Haines portrayed Lady Capulet with earnestness but lacked the grasp of experience. Escalus and Capulet were, likewise, stiff and incomprehensible. Indeed, such was the sheer power and 'professionalism' of the best players that the rest inevitably lagged behind. Toby Crosthwaite, as Mercutio, was simply first-rate in a confident, un-selfconscious personation of the part. The panache of his performance did not compromise with sharpness of diction and sensitivity to the rôle's comic, quibbling possibilities. His Queen Mab speech, and the scene with Benvolio, conjuring Venus and ridiculing the melancholy lover, was exuberantly amusing. Melanie Bourne offered a Nurse that was suitably vulgar and earthy. She did very well in vivifying a character comically

anarchic and morally myopic, whose assured opportunism is unable to comprehend Juliet's self-realisation. Gerry Scrase provided a competent Friar Lawrence, grave, well-meaning but finally helpless. Tim Hart's Tybalt was equally sound, and both actors spoke their lines clearly and sincerely.

As to the 'death-marked' lovers, Crawford's Romeo and Lorna Struthers as Juliet were astonishingly effective, bringing to their rôles a just blend of innocence and strong-willed independence. They were genuinely surprised by passion. We discovered in their awkwardness, a natural fragility, in their hysteria, a lyrical intensity. Juliet's subtle under-playing (even when pushed to emotional extremes), Romeo's uncertain assertiveness, suggested talent beyond their years and authenticity beyond the ageing adolescents at the Barbican or the E.S.C. Even the Balcony scene (that stalest of Shakespearean clichés, equalled only by Yorick's skull) was credible. And as it should be, they defined their personalities in the act of speaking and loving, against the network of relationships that become an entrapping web.

It is not ineluctable that the poetry should be lost in modern productions of Shakespeare. The dramatic verse of **Romeo and Juliet** is not only of rigorous beauty but gives the play its inner coherence and linguistic momentum. Lorna Struthers uttered the verse with a precise conviction, revealing the ominous amid the amorous, rescuing the intimate from the inimical forces of chance and tragedy. Seldom, surely, can a School production have brought together two players with such ability and insight in a demanding play.

Set and costume designs impressed by observing proprieties and satisfying expectations. The architecture of Verona was historical yet metaphorical, creating illusions of depth, its medieval sunlight falling on painted marble. Heraldic banners of the rival Montagues and Capulets were draped across the narrow alleys. The fixed sections of the Friar's Cell and the Balcony (stage l. and r. respectively) promised and prophesied the agonies to come. Act One's vibrant primary hues, the hot urban detail, contrasted starkly with the candle-cold chiaroscuro of the last scenes. The transition into the Romantic 'atmosphere of Juliet's tomb,' the visual development from the natural to the supernatural, described perfectly the trajectory of the disastrous events.

The central portion of the production offered a minimalist design in the giant chess pieces positioned against a projected chequer-board schema. The white knights reflected black at the dénouement, in sympathy with the ravaged lovers. Much credit is due to the eponymous Stowe Theatre Workshop, which conceived and constructed these sets.

The directors, S.H.C.R. and S.G.A.H. must be congratulated for their conceptions and the industry to translate them into thespian personae, stagecraft and greasepaint. The subtext of the direction appeared to be a necessary darkness. The grotesque dance of the servants at the masked ball resembled a mad-scene from Jacobean drama. Similarly striking were the shadows projected against the Balcony walls, which duplicated Romeo, raising questions about appearance and reality. Among the dark shapes facing Juliet, palpable in white silk, one wondered which was Romeo and which the shadow, which the life and which the dream. This became, in my eyes, a fitting play on surfaces, its meanings not so much ambiguous as elusive.

The direction's ambitions equalled the last Congreve Shakespeare (**Hamlet** in 1987) for trusting the text to do most of the actor's work: Shakespeare is his own best director. Some tensions remained, however, and reposed in an occasional clash of styles. Less satisfactory was Act Four, scene five, where Juliet is assumed 'dead,' and the ritualised grief of Capulet and his wife, frozen into statues, cuts clumsily against the naturalistic prattling of the Nurse. In Act One, we were denied the point of dramatic impact when Romeo first sees Juliet, for she, the object of his perception, stays off-stage. Crowd control on the stage is rarely easy, and the coagulation and dispersal of the play's numerous minor characters could have been better handled, especially during the fight scenes. Another problem lay in the play's duration. Severer cutting would have enabled a clearer, less cluttered vision to emerge. The fundamental thinking involved in editing might have proposed variations to the hectic logic of the drama, permitting the play's interior life to be manifested without much loss. But, how right in judgement and apt it was that, accompanied by Richard Strauss' 'Tod und Verklärung,' the final tragic tableau proposed no sense of love's symbolic triumph, depicting instead one further beguiling irony.

This was a masterly production, the result of expertise and intelligence in direction and of heroic efforts by the company of actors and artisans who made it possible. Loti Irwin's costumes, M.A.C. and A.G.E.'s chess pieces, the lighting by Andrew Garnett and Alex McEwen, among many others, deserve the highest accolades for setting new creative standards for next year.

T.A.O.



Tristan Crawford as Romeo

Photograph by G. H. Passmore (Ve)



Lorna Struthers as Juliet

Photograph by G. H. Passmore (Ve)



Toby Crosthwaite as dying Mercutio

Photograph by G. H. Passmore (Ve)

DRAMA FESTIVAL

Bruce House Play

THE CRIMSON COCONUT

By Ian Hay

This was an entertaining production, ably staged and acted by a combined Third and Fourth Form team from Bruce House. The action takes place according to the programme notes "in a run-down restaurant in Soho in the 1960's." How far run-down was amply conveyed by Cookie's blood-stained apron and wellington boots, the waiter's unembarrassed removal of flies from food, the convulsions of those who merely gazed at the suspicious menu, the orders bellowed down to some hell's kitchens below — all summed up in the proud name: La Treens Restaurant.

The central character, Ross Atherton's waiter, Robert, focused two plots: he is subject to the rival claims of Miss De Meena (une fille de joie) and Cookie, played in highly amusing style by Jojohn Collins. At the same time he is unwittingly involved in espionage, as Nitro and Madam Gliserinski wish to use La Treens and Robert to pass on a disguised bomb — the Crimson Coconut! — as part of a diabolical plot. Needless to say, the C.I.D. are hot on their trail.

Also needless to say, this is a huge farce with much hilarity prompted by the absurdly overblown cloak and dagger stuff: furtive characters with turned-up collars, secret signs of absurdly indiscreet elaboration and so on. The Bruce cast played all this with terrific gusto and the burlesque was all the more effective for whirling round the gently baffled figure of Robert, who aims desperately to please everyone. In the end he neutralises the bomb and gets the right girl — Cookie.

The 'girls' were a treat and raised the biggest laughs. Apart from the burly Cookie, there was Merton Croisdale-Appleby's Nancy Jabstick, nicely played as a Laura Ashley-ed Sloane Ranger. Her mother was perfectly caught by Edmund Wontner — the very picture of surprised respectability with a voice pitched to suggest that she was always right and that every thing around her was a gigantic inconvenience. A comic contrast was Andrew Bates's Miss De Meena, complete with mini-skirt, fish-nets, high heels, mincing gait and a voice like a fish-wife. She almost stole the show when she reached for her garter and every photographer in the front row rose as one man for the snap of the night!

Nor can one forget Barnaby Mead's apologetic and perplexed detective who found eventual solace in the arms of Nancy. Richard

Stultiens and Fred Hall as the conniving Gliserinskis and Alex Nairn and Francis Wallis as the indefatigable long arm of the law performed with aplomb.

To Stage Manager Alasdair Jones-Perrott and his stalwarts goes much credit; and Loti Irwin's super costumes were again in evidence.

E.S.T.



B. T. Read, R. McL. Atherton
and R. M. D. St. C. Croisdale-Appleby



R. McL. Atherton and J. Collins



Miss De Meena meets Cookie

Temple House Play

AFTER MAGRITTE

By Tom Stoppard

Temple's Choice of *After Magritte*, Stoppard's comic fable, was astute and adventurous. Composed in a style akin to the Theatre of the Absurd, it is not an absurdist drama. Its ironic explorations of the nature of language and theatre are concerned to find order in chaos, pattern in randomness. Similarly, while it commences with a tableau prompted by René Magritte's Surrealist picture *L'Assassin menacé*, this is not a surreal work. Stoppard is interested less in the processes of the subconscious than in the posing of conundrums. The Roxburgh saw a 'bizarre spectacle' that is continually amusing and intriguing for being twice-removed from the expectations of everyday reality. It defamiliarises the familiar by ironic juxtapositions that invest the visible world with a sense of mystery.

At the commencement, the Harris household come to life from a *mis en scene* of strange, frozen attitudes. We learn that they have just returned from a Tate Gallery retrospective of Surrealist art, featuring the Belgian (not French, producers please note) artist. Their postures thus reflect the surrealistic 'mystery' of the Magritte, in which two respectable yet ominous figures in overcoats and bowler hats frame a man gazing into a gramophone horn on a table and a woman's naked body lying on a couch. In the background, three male heads stare impassively from a window. The word 'after' is one of several puns in the title, here denoting 'in the manner of Magritte,' or 'subsequent to,' the Magritte exhibition, both suggesting art's capacity to shape the lineaments of life.

Stoppard does not transcribe *L'Assassin menacé* but borrows individual components to capture something of its brooding theatre; the play transposes the painting's banal setting into a mundane, domestic sit-com, 'bordering on cliché.' It translates the visual images into verbal interactions. We discover Gerry Scrase, as Reginald Harris, standing bare-chested on a chair, wearing fisherman's rubber waders; Joubert Grant's Thelma crawling shoeless on the floor in a ball-gown; and Mother (Daniel Wills) stretched across an ironing-board. Oliver Schneider, as P.C. Holmes, peers in through a window. Backstage is piled up with their furniture, the properties originally in the picture. The tableau is too complex to describe briefly; suffice it to say, there is an ordinary reason for each extraordinary pose or unreasonable activity.

The narrative investigates the problem of perception. We are as mystified as Andrew

Macdonald's Chief Inspector Foot, who hypothesises, from the room's confusion, that they have been performing cut-price amputations, without anaesthetic, on immigrants. (Is 'migrant' also a pun on Magritte?). Macdonald's impressive attention to detail, accent and tone, animated Foot's caricature into a believable character, genuinely flat-footed and plodding, and stole the show. The acting in this production was, indeed, consistently and uniformly excellent. Scrase, who also directed, filled his part with the right kind of exasperation. Grant was equally striking with his restrained, deliberate impersonation of the ballroom dancer, a prim, suburban woman, complete with make-up *coiffure* and glitter. Mother was adequately peevisish, while Schneider's bumbling, but non-laughing policeman complemented Foot's 'fervid and treacherous' fantasist.



G. J. Scrase as Harris and J. T. P. Grant as Thelma

Subtlety and nuance are essential to report and unravel the ply of verbal and visual conjectures and misinterpretations, and the players played the play's games with skill.

Harris asserts that, 'There is obviously a perfectly logical reason for everything,' but the comedy lies in the conflicting explanations for the same things. First, the logical facts are no more credible than the illogical accounts. Secondly, the instability of language itself prevents any communication; the lexical puns prove merely the breakdown of language. As in music-hall *non-sequiturs*, Foot and Mother never agree, for example, on the meaning of the words 'practice' or 'tuba,' for each one's vision is purely subjective, unable to observe beyond the act of observing, in a version of the Heisenberg principle. His complicated theory about the Harris family proceeds ironically to implicate himself. Thelma's comment that, 'There's no need to use language. That's what I always say,' is not only paradoxical but wrong. Necessity compels what we cannot attain. If literature is made by the literal, then in drama, the rest is silence because it is death.

Stoppard contrives from the distorted perspectives a linguistic detective story, not so much a whodunit as who-said-it or who-saw-it. Foot puts himself into his own mouth, while the deductive but inaptly-named Holmes, fails ineptly to recognise the clues, once the room is re-arranged. In another quibble on the title, Magritte becomes Maigret (the Belgian writer Simenon's police inspector). Apart from much else, the play parodies those classic mystery thrillers, in which the sleuth (Hercule Poirot, for instance, yet another Belgian) untangles at the dénouement the plot's skein of impossible knots. And in doing so, it proposes that art is not mimesis but estranges life, and that truth is as implausible as fiction.

The farce was successful because its mechanics were operated seriously by the cast. This brilliant artifice of beguiling ambiguities and aporias is difficult to pull off, but Temple achieved exactly that in one of the most daring House productions for years. The set design was direct, the props and effects appropriate (thanks to Robert Gooch and Simon Gardner) and Barry Foster and Harry Pearl's technical direction competent. Whatever the Stowe Theatre Crew did, it was done well. Overall plaudits must go to Gerry Scrase for executing on the stage an original and intelligent play. At the conclusion, the fading lights faded and, after migraine, we were left darkling.

T.A.O.



A. D. Macdonald as Foot and O. J. Schneider as Holmes

Grenville House Play CHARLEY'S AUNT

By Brandon Thomas

The single play for which Brandon Thomas is today remembered, has been performed repeatedly for very nearly a century and still

continues to delight audiences even when some of them, like the present writer, have seen it on numerous previous occasions. It is not, of course, great drama but it does have a timeless humour because we have all at some time discovered the folly and perils of deception and although undergraduate life at Oxford may have changed somewhat — albeit only a trifle — since Late Victorian times, one feels that certain student attitudes will always be recognisable. Even though the author of *Charley's Aunt* died in the year of the outbreak of the Great War one feels that Jack Chesney and Charley Wykeham may still be lurking in one or another of our university cities.

In the Grenville House production Tristan Crawford and Arnaud Morell-Coll sustained the atmosphere of idle undergraduate dissipation very competently — the brittle smile and manic gleam in Arnaud's eye proving very convincing when he learns that the aunt he was expecting will not be coming after all — a disastrous development as he was relying on her to be chaperon at a party for their girl friends (charmingly played by Chloe Lederman and Harriet Foster, though perhaps lacking the appropriate Victorian posture). Full credit must go to James Dare for a superb performance as the hapless Lord Fancourt Babberley, prevailed upon by his chums to impersonate the missing aunt. His increasingly frenetic style, culminating in the superb disclaimer: "Look at me — I'm a disgrace to my sex" was achingly funny at times, though James's height was somewhat at variance with Brandon Thomas's intentions.

The best laid plans of students are always liable to be complicated by the interference of adults and in the case of these undergraduates, the non-arrival of Donna Lucia (eventually to appear as a lady of some poise played by Emilie Goldstein) was compounded by the visit of Jack's father from India played with great panache and magnificent eyebrows by Mark Chamberlain ("a bit over-baked my boy"). Jonathan Crawford, as the very repellent Spettigue, entertained us with quantities of moral indignation interspersed with lustful growls when chasing after the unfortunate Babberley whose disguise was proving too successful by half, and from whose own vantage point the whole jape was turning out to be catastrophic as the lady whom he was impersonating was accompanied by Babberley's own long-lost sweetheart briskly played by Anthea Roy. The entire farrago was presided over with calm disapproval by the ever-resourceful and long-suffering Oxford scout, Brasset, interpreted with great aplomb by George Pendle.

Alastair Scott-Gall is to be congratulated on a skilful cutting of the play enabling it to be

performed in the limited time available without losing any of the distinctive humour of the piece and he and his assistants should be well satisfied in the knowledge that their production was hugely enjoyable.

T.C.F.S.

Chandos House Play

COMEDIANS

By Trevor Griffiths

Yet another year and another Drama Festival at Stowe and the belief that nothing will surpass last year's performances has perhaps been refuted.

Chandos' offering of *Comedians* by Trevor Griffiths was one of many that took full advantage of the new Paul Dobinson Memorial Theatre.

The acting was of a good standard, on the whole. A meaty performance was given by both Tim Hart as Gethin Price and Walter Manning as Eddie Waters, whose characters were strongly projected in the more serious moral side of the play. The consistent performances of Eyre Sykes as the down-to-earth Ged Murray and James Cross as a slick-and-greasy Club Secretary were also commendable, providing a neat counter-balance with their more light-hearted characters.

Some of the other actors took time to convince, but once confidence was gained they too added to the overall polished performance, namely Mick Connor, played by Jack Utley and Ed Hart as Sammy Samuels.

However, as with most House plays, the aim to involve a good number of people, the excellent standard set by those mentioned above was somewhat compromised. Jamie McAllister as George McBrain relied so much on his natural schoolboyish charm that he was not always convincing.

A mechanical performance was given by John Samuelson as Bert Challenor, who ignored the fact he was Cockney in character and delivered his lines in crisp Queen's English.

The play itself was nothing extraordinary — using the setting of "Sitcom," accenting heavier moral issues at the end. Initially it was confusing when the darker side of human nature began to emerge, but all was resolved before the play ended.

Because of its sheer length and what I thought an excessive quantity of bad language, it could have profited the play to have been cut.

But despite these minor points, the entertainment provided made it a performance extremely worth watching.

Lucie E. Potter (VI)

Cobham House Play

GOSFORTH'S FETE

By Alan Ayckbourn

Alan Ayckbourn's playlet, *Gosforth's Fete*, was a good choice for the Drama Festival. Gordon Gosforth, the fete organiser can, I feel, consider himself a terribly unfortunate person. The play depicts a multitude of disasters which befalls this simple garden fete; and which eventually drives Gosforth to utter despair.

The director, William Cahusac, should be praised for displaying creativity in a difficult job. He built up some atmosphere by offering the audience a cup of tea and biscuit at the start of the performance. (Cynics may have thought that this was an attempt to pad out the unusually short running time of the piece, but I did not).

The young actors (all taken from the Lower School) were both talented and well rehearsed. Ben Taylor who played Milly Carter, gave a convincing performance as the pregnant tea lady and, if he keeps up his enthusiasm, he will play a large part in Stowe Drama in the future.

Stuart Strokes, her jilted fiancé, was played with gusto by Oliver Wilson, especially during his lapse into drunkenness.

Tom Harper as Gordon Gosforth produced an energetic performance, reflected in his growing hysteria. Among the problems he had to contend with were a pack of riotous Wolf Cubs uncontrolled by Scoutmaster Strokes, the news of his rôle in Milly's hitherto unrevealed pregnancy and rain.

Seton Daunt was suitably hyperactive as the worried Reverend Braithwait, his bungling spilling of the tea causing humour amongst the audience and Paul McSweeney as Councillor Pearce portrayed his boredom in the whole event skilfully.

The major fault was to be found in the technical side of the production. The Temple Room was not suitable for such a small production, nor was the stage high enough. The lack of stage lighting did not help the actors and the sound effects were too loud, drowning out the voices of the actors at certain times.

As in all theatre, however, with committed actors, technicalities have relatively little importance. The play moved quickly and with commendable agility, for which William Cahusac must be congratulated.

J. A. Cazalet (MVI)

Chatham House Play

TEACHERS

By John Godber

Originally written for three actors only, **Teachers** was fleshed out by Chatham to include a cast of eighteen, and so became in many ways an ideal house play. The Russian doll effect, however, was somewhat disorientating to those of us whose grip on reality was by that stage of term already tenuous: a school theatre in which pupils were putting on a play in which pupils were putting on a play in which . . . well, in which a new drama teacher was put through the mill by his comprehensive school classes, and came out older, wiser and sadly beating a rapid retreat to the independent school down the road.

Clad in relaxed cords and with the apologetic air of a true neophyte (when did you last see a teacher looking apologetic?) Paul Boswell as Nixon made a suitably ineffectual start with his terrifying class of jobs. Prominent on the front row were Salty, Gail and Hobby, and for much of the time these three stole the show. Richard Larcombe as Salty, led the pack convincingly and with an easy bravado, in a performance that demonstrated how thin is the veneer of manners by which we set such store. Rupert Atkinson as Gail, with a moveable bust and hips to match, was sexual harassment personified, and delighted the audience with his sultry advances to poor Nixon. With Milo Corbett playing Hobby, as thin and eager as Gail was curvaceous and provocative, the pair were a wicked combination for any teacher to cope with.

Almost as disheartening was the staff room where poor Nixon found himself alternately patronised, criticised and organised by a dreadful array of teachers, first amongst whom were the odious Mr. Basford, ingratiatingly played with cruel accuracy by Daniel Campbell (who also directed), and of course the Headmistress, Mrs. Parry, with a manner only marginally more appalling than her dress sense, hilariously acted by Justin Shasha. Also remarkable for their individual performances were Matthew Pichel-Juan as the frilly Miss Whitham, David Lewis as hearty games teacher Miss Prime, whom Nixon loved and lost, and Arvind David (who must surely have a future in mime) as a cantankerous caretaker whom the audience found just a little too loveable.

The anger in the play was very real, but was the prerogative of the children: the educational debate between Nixon and Basford was a standard if passionate rehearsal of the familiar arguments, but when Salty attacked Mrs. Parry on the subject of politicians who don't care, it was not possible for the audience to stand aside. Here, as in most things, including the ripped 501s, the threatened violence and the ferocity of the language used, the kids were in charge. Only at the end do they suddenly find themselves powerless.

Keeping up the "play within a play" theme, Chatham's actors sat on three sides of the raised stage in the Memorial Theatre, and moved on and off, quickly taking different parts — staff, pupils — according to need. A great deal of effort had clearly gone into the apparent ease of this, and it was essential, for where there is no scenery and no props beyond the occasional chair, the audience need an immediate clue from the actors — position, dialogue, mime — as to the scene that is about to start. If any criticism is to be made, it is that there were probably too many actors for the space available, and I wonder whether it might not have been worth taking a chance on using the Roxburgh Hall. As it was, in the confined space of the Memorial Theatre, the chattering of the pupils waiting for their teacher to arrive at the start of the play made it difficult to hear the introductory lines that were so important for a full understanding and appreciation of the final moments.

Having said that, however, the intimacy of the Memorial Theatre worked to great advantage in the final scene where each actor turns pupil again, and unable now to control what is going on, can only wish his departing teacher good luck. This was handled with sensitivity, and with the appropriate (even natural?) gaucheness of a group of slightly shamefaced adolescents, and shed a suddenly different and moving light on the evening's performance.

R.E.M.

Walpole House Play

GEORGE

The play's title didn't give much away. "WHICH George?" one wondered, as one headed towards the Paul Dobinson Theatre. Was this a play about a saint, a king, a Liberal Prime Minister or even an erstwhile Arsenal hero?

No, it transpired, it was about a George who was a figment (or, as Dr. Patel put it, a "fig-leaf") of James Lane's imagination. James, one adds hurriedly, was playing the part of Mr. Smith, hospitalised with concussion and convinced that the empty bed beside him was occupied by George; this delusion the doctors decided to break by inventing George's demise, only to be thwarted by Mr. Smith, hopping into the adjacent bed, assuming George's persona and beginning a meaningful relationship with an imaginary Mr. Smith.

Walpole's production of this seemingly fragile plot had a deftness of touch from first to last, from the moment that Nurse Daniel Belloni entered, all starch and disapproval, to the denouement when, with engaging insouciance, James Lane changed personae. David

Amdor and Edmund Stoppard, the joint directors, clearly knew what they were about. The setting was simple and imaginative, the movements well motivated and the acting admirable. By choosing a short play — it could not have lasted much more than half-an-hour — the directors were able to concentrate on getting all the details right, as well as the broad outlines.

The actors, all Third and Fourth-Formers and all admirably costumed, maintained a lively, confident pace throughout. James Lane played Mr. Smith breezily and most effectively. Here, clearly, was an archetypal problem patient quite capable, if not quickly suppressed, of destroying the National Health Service. The latter had some pleasingly idiosyncratic representatives: the smooth Dr. Benjamin Mount, the leggy Sister Duarte De Campos, the prim Nurse Daniel Belloni (whose uneasy relationship with the patient was particularly well adumbrated) and, last but not least, the flamboyant Dr. Patel of Simon Ridley, whose minstrel make-up and wild wig hinted of Al Jolson in drag or perhaps an amalgam of Javed Miandad and Floella Benjamin. At all events it was a bravura performance. The largest laughs of the Sunday evening, however, went to the uncomprehending Jack of Alistair Jewson, ably abetted by Robert McAlpine's Mr. Beadle and Nicholas Pinkney's Lizzie. John Anderson's Miss Ward was similarly effective in the cameo rôle of well-intentioned hospital visitor.

Walpole's offering, therefore, for the 1991 Drama Festival was an amusing playlet, admirably done. It certainly suggested that there is talent for even more ambition in the future.

A.G.M.

Stanhope House Play

WORLD WITHOUT MEN

By Philip Jackson

On being told as I took my seat that there had been no rehearsal for the two previous weeks because the director and several players were away at Acadis, I felt a sudden panic. Was it to be an embarrassing affair of missed cues, bungled entries, and general confusion? How on earth was I to say anything positive? In fact, the evening turned out to be a pleasant success. A capacity audience in the Memorial Theatre was treated by the players of Stanhope House to a crisp, well-paced, lively and amusing entertainment marred by no significant errors. Whatever criticisms are to be made should be directed to those mercifully few inconsiderate members of the audience whose misunderstanding of basic courtesy allows them to mumble audibly through the performance.

A world without men is a dream dear to rampant feminists, doubtless sometimes half shared by all those weary ladies pushing trolleys through supermarkets and trailed by turbulent infants. Philip Jackson's one act play **World Without Men** turns dreams to reality. Manic Madame Pavel, whitecoated boffin, has devised the ultimate weapon — the death ray that does not so much slay men as make them disappear quietly, instantly and tracelessly. She is supported by an odd assortment of women, united only in their disenchantment and dislike of male humanity. This basic idea generates plenty of simple, if unsubtle, humour centring on the theme of how generally useless and awful men really are, and creates a variety of good parts for an all female cast.

The standard of acting was uniformly good. Philly Haines dominated the stage with the right combination of fanatical misanthropy and suppressed sexuality. With her at all times on stage was Bertie Sanderson who performed well as a downtrodden and increasingly emotional junior reporter. Other parts were nicely judged: Vicky Thompson strode around with tweedy determination; Natasha was a gushing poetess, all flowers and wooden beads; Gemma Pudney was beautifully empty-headed and glamorous, while Vicky Montague did well as a slow speaking, kindly Irish country girl, and Ronit Pardo was a perky cockney maid.

So this strange group of women carry out their plan. A switch is pulled, darkness briefly engulfs the world, there is a brief, strange sound, and all males — including unfortunately Tutu, Mrs. Robinson's beloved lapdog — immediately evaporate, and our heroines are set triumphantly to inherit — er, well — the one remaining man who, by chance (or design), has survived the holocaust, and who happens to be rather attractive. One by one, the ladies mutter excuses and hurry off towards where the man was last sighted, leaving Madame Pavel alone to maintain her ideological purity of her man hatred. Yet in the final moments, she reappears on stage glamorously transformed, assures the, by now highly emotional, reporter that she has been having a bad dream, and announces her imminent marriage to someone who is remarkably like the last man on earth . . .

This ending left me a little perplexed. Had I missed some deep symbolism in the play? Was the stage a setting, perhaps, for a profound psychological drama, a meeting place where Jungian archetypes — poet, disciplinarian, sex-siren, earth-mother and rational scientist profess their rejection of all things male, yet secretly all desire the same man? But enough of speculation. It is sufficient to say that Anna-Lisa Moon's production was excellent entertainment. The acting was good, the simple set

was well suited to the play and the confines of the Memorial Theatres, costumes were well chosen, and there was plenty of humour. It was, in short, a good evening.

M.J.G.

Nugent House Play

FACE THE MUSIC

By Barry Hillman

Nugent's play this year was **Face The Music** by Barry Hillman. Set in a ladies' powder-room the sound effects came complete with flushing lavatories. As the plot unfolds, five women from diverse backgrounds find themselves thrown together as they prepare to compete in an amateur dancing competition at their local Palais-de-Danse. As individuals they all desire to win the competition. However then threatened by an outsider — the professional dancer (Davina Ryley), they quickly form a cohesive and defensive group.

The characters within the play are clear female stereotypes; their petty quips and jealousies emphasising characteristics of the typical female which perhaps fuel the view of women held by the average male Stoic. However the fact that these stereotypes were brought out so well is a tribute to the acting itself.

At times the development of the plot was undermined by the need for prompts, and although accents and mannerisms were well sustained they can easily detract from the emphasis needed on the meaning of the words themselves. Speaking the words is one thing,

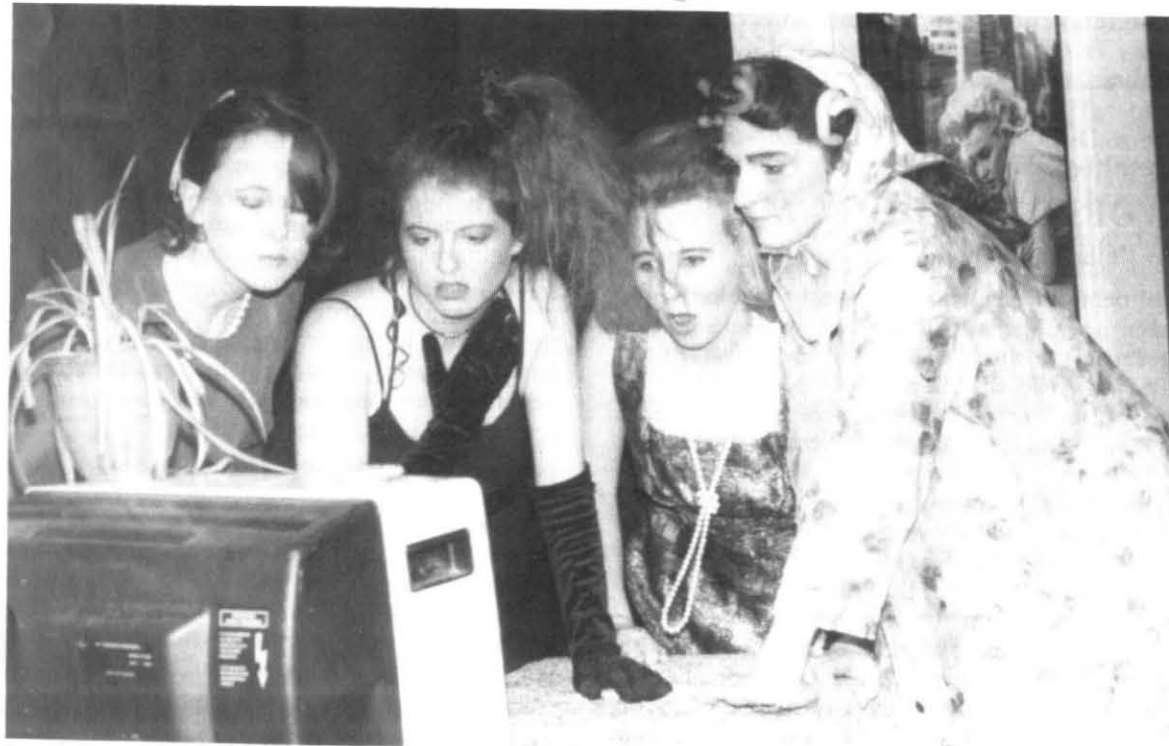
relaying their message to the audience is another.

Georgina Martin, as Daisy the cleaner, had the difficult task of both beginning and ending the play, yet coped admirably. At times she appeared ill at ease in reacting with the dancers themselves; however as they all crowded around the television to watch each other dance, the barriers between them were cleverly broken down. Their differences were transcended through mutual interest.

The play was well staged, with the action, rarely static and the whole area was well manipulated to their advantage. The Memorial Theatre became an excellent venue for the performance of the House Plays this year. However, the closeness of the audience made it harder for the actresses to remain divorced from the audience's reaction; as when Davina Ryley, as the professional dancer Concita Alvara, betrayed her self-consciousness when performing a few dance steps for the benefit of her fellow competitors. Timara Kay, as Evadne, and Emma Deeks, as Roslyn, both produced amusing and confident performances — earning more than a few laughs. Corinna Brabazon's horsy woman was true to the stereotype, and Freda's (Sarah Coombes) eccentric hairstyle complemented her scatty character.

Obviously, much time had been spent over staging, costume and the acting itself, and their hard work is to be commended.

Camilla Squirrell (UVI)



Photograph by S. A. Brittain (MVI)

THE DUMB WAITER

By Harold Pinter

This critic had grown tired of Harold Pinter. I had come to think of his statement as a drearily passé amalgam of tropes already stated for our century by great masters like Eliot and Beckett, or, in the novels of Kafka and Rilke.

I cannot therefore offer a great tribute to David Szalay and Orlando Seale when I say that their production and their acting not only provided a spellbinding theatrical experience in the Dobinson Memorial Theatre but persuaded me more than ever before of Pinter's stature as a symbolist and as a true dramatist of myth through vernacular. Pinter is much better on stage than on page or screen.

Ostensibly, **The Dumb Waiter** is a play about two hired assassins, one of whom loses his stomach for the job and needs to be taken out by the other. But, as Szalay and Seale so well understood, there is much more to it than that.

For a start, they created that menacing sense of being trapped in a confined space which one associates elsewhere with Pinter, most notably in **The Birthday Party**. There are threatening forces around them and outside. Sinister, mysterious and incomprehensible messages are delivered, firstly through the envelope at the door and then via the dumb waiter itself.

The characters of Gus and Ben were asserted in their different ways from the beginning. As Seale twitched about, Szalay stayed still on the bed. Ben aggressively accuses Gus of having no interests. "You never catch me idle," he claims, as he lies on his bed reading the paper. Ben asserts his dominance over Gus in simple ways, like forcing him to pick up the envelope and open it. Ben is wrong when he insists upon "lighting the kettle" but error is translated into dogma as he crushes Gus's insistence that you "put on the kettle" or "light the gas." When Gus exceeds instructions by treating himself to an eccles cake and some crisps, Ben accuses him of "playing a dirty game." Gus is the more intelligent one; he asks the questions. Ben makes excuses for things being as they are, even though he does not altogether know what is happening either. He is wary; he covers situations with the gun. Gus, though apparently weak, wants to know too much. Ben is angry with Gus's desire to "connect one thing with another." Ben settles for imperfect knowledge — ignorance even — and he aggressively perpetuates it. Gus wants windows in the room; Ben does not. As he reads his paper again and again, Ben affirms that everything is "down in black and white." His view of the world is monstrous and warped as he selects items of interest from the paper: and 87-year-old man crawling under a lorry, a child killing a cat. At

the end of the play, Ben obeys instructions at the same instant as Gus becomes the victim. And who in the audience will ever forget the final moment of instant horror that Szalay and Seal gave us at the end of this laconically chilling 40 minute drama? The expressions on both their faces were so clearly and exactly right: the one the amazed victim of extinguished individualism, the other the faithful prosecutor of a bad cause.

The dumb waiter presents its bizarre demands during the play. As these increase in exotic difficulty, so the play moves precariously but brilliantly into the schizophrenia which is to be resolved in an act of bleakly violent finality. The resulting conflict between comedy and threat was not always sensitively addressed. The dumb waiter represents the capricious mystery of a meta physical force vindictively exercising the dominance of its will. Seale rendered Gus deeply moving when he said:

"We send him up all we've got and he's not satisfied." "He" wants more than they can give. "Who is it upstairs" who sends matches when there is no gas?

The first arrival of the dumb waiter should have been much more frightening in the performance which I saw. That initial click should have been really ominous; Szalay should have tensed more. The mechanistic, minatory blankness of the thing should have dominated the stage; the doors could have been left open to assert its presence. This sinister aspect of the central symbol, however, was too often given away and the comic absurdity of the requests taken at face value. The greater the threat, the greater the comic bathos that could have been achieved through the hysteria provoked by each new grotesque demand. The comedy is surely part of the central neurosis of the play and is ironically diminished if the sinister aspect is itself reduced.

Ian McKillop greatly enhanced the drama by using the Memorial Theatre lights with brilliant timing and Loti Irwin informed Ben's sinister elevation in the gangster hierarchy by kitting him out with a smart dark blue suit, tie, clean black shoes and vanity mirror, to carry out the mysterious Wilson's ugly orders. The detailed attention to the costume and the appropriately harsh glare of the lights did lend an unfortunately surreal emphasis to Szalay's odd socks which, from my position in such a sensitive theatre, communicated an unrepresentative note of amateurism.

But I quibble. I am most grateful to David Szalay and Orlando Seale for reviving my flagging interest in this tersely sour latter-day Thersites of the English stage and for involving me in such a spell-binding theatrical experience. Not many schools could boast two such intelli-

gent and sensitive young actors working so effectively together; they deserve special congratulations.

P.A.S.F.

SHAKERS IN THE EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

Shakers is moving North. On the horizon: The Edinburgh Fringe.

The 1990 production will be revised to include, on the actresses' side, more intensive rôle playing — "becoming the part" — in order to avoid stereotypes; for my part, arranging more accurate and complex stage blocking. The simplicity and maximum use of mime and body language will be contrived characteristics of our adaptation.

Publicity of our presentation will include strictly "on the job" bar and pub crawls — the four actresses will be presenting cameo spots from the script and distributing 'Shakers' cocktail menus-cum-programmes.

We may even persuade the management of some of the cocktail bars to promote our special 'Shakers' cocktail (currently being created by the Savoy barmen). Should our budget allow it, we plan to produce extra 'Shakers' T-shirts to sell.

We can't wait to bring the Old Stoics presentation of 'Shakers' to the Fringe. All we need is a venue which, thanks to the performances in the first rock concert this year (Lee and his Group), we are presently working on.

Geraldine M. Mitchell-Smith (VI)

CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

"The Play's The Thing"

(HAMLET II, 2)

The bell rang out in the deep past of the house, a dimension away from the door, its once baby blue now wrapped in the croaks and spiders of old age.

The girl removed her hand from the plastic stud, and eased into ritual journeys from pocket to fudge-stained mouth. One eye swayed over the smeared words of a girlish book where ponies cantered and stable-girls pressed crushes on the shy, but dashing, squire of the manor.

The other eye stared, through a crack in her spectacles, at the boy.

He lolled, reclining against a non-existent bar, his face a pictorial moon of craters, mounds and pits, swathed by a shining mat of hair that

was swept in strips across his cruusted brow. He chewed his gum, caught the sun, and played up the cipher of Romeo. Her eye monitored his face, but most especially his hands, seemingly pleased when they were still.

The door opened in a shower of flaking paint, and a full, trotting figure cast out a wrinkled nose, thrust back a flailing stole, and, in a voice of faded plum, declaimed, "Darlings how kind, how utterly good of you to come, my dears. So kind of that dear little man who runs it to send you . . . you are from his Community Service?"

The boy and the girl nodded, gum invisible, ponies folded in mid-canter, stares fixed.

Two sausage-meat hands clapped together.

"Splendid! You must, simply must, come inside, do. Names and coats if you please. I'll look after ol' pot-kettle — that is if you don't fancy anything a little . . . no, no my cherubic ones, I must not lead you astray. Cocktails before six are simply not the done thing — absolutely no class."

Gown shimmering, she briefly clung to the door, threw her head back (natural only if she wished to observe a whispering crack in the ceiling), and stalked off into the kitchen, where her reedy voice accompanied the chipping of mugs and the rattling of empty tins.

The boy and girl shared a glance, almost construable as one of sympathy, before entering, closing the door, and placing their coats on shiny, pearl pegs, set into a mirror in the shape of a star.

* * * *

The living room was a dingy hole; a beam of sun glowing through the orange mange of the curtain was the only natural intruder.

The two stood, competitively surveying opportunities of seating amidst a kitsch explosion of paraphernalia, framed playbills, gold plaster theatrical masks, Babylonian spires of crockery and a slumped pile of cats and furs, supinely huddled around a world-weary sofa.

In the corner, where a chintz bird-cage collided with china ducks, Radio Three growled.

The girl felt in her pocket for the comforting rustle of her book — there lay sense and normality.

The boy let his jaw hang like a rusted pill-box, tongue darting in quest of gum.

The kettle shrieked in a way that now seemed melodic, and in bustled the lady, a gilt tray decked in shiny mugs, a gleaming tea-pot, sugar, biscuits and spoons, jugs, napkins and plates, saucers, dishes and sandwiches, pastries,

cherries, all arranged in rows like a show-stopping chorus.

"There," she sighed and blinked.

A car passed.

"I'm Natasha," spoke the girl, her voice adopting the patient monotone used with bad telephone lines, Spanish waiters and old people.

The boy grunted "Julian," his eyes involved with the tassles of the carpet, his tongue patiently working some forgotten gum from behind a molar.

"Splendid. Shirley-Anne Tribes!" shrieked their host, compressing herself amidst the stoles which threatened to envelop her. She paused, head rocking to the whine of the Mozart Matinee from the radio.

Natasha felt the need for polite conversation. She checked her watch. The minibus to pick them up would arrive in half an hour. That meant ten more minutes here, and twenty amidst the perfumes of summer grass and freshly-harvested hay. Julian, she felt, would be of very little help in passing the next few minutes. She eyed him with disdain, and remarked, "So, Mrs. Tribes, were you in the theatre?" It felt a cosy enough opener, bearing in mind that one always had to be polite and interested.

My dear, how simply stunning of you. Do you remember me from something — my Mary, Queen of Scots, perhaps — or did my decor perhaps give me away a little?" She waved an airy finger around the room.

More than a little, thought Natasha, though come to think of it . . .

"Well . . . were you by any chance in 'Julia's Gymkhana'? It was on television last Sat—"

No, no, no my dear! What an idea. I never worked with children or animals. Besides which my repertoire was always somewhat more . . . je ne sais quoi . . . classical, yet avant garde? Well, whatever, I was Queen of my genre . . . once . . ." She tailed off, and idly plucked at a stray watercress.

"I danced with Kelly, died in Olivier's arms, camped with Welles, and threw a spear at Gielgud (it was one of those Shakespeare's). I've done everything, and most things in my time. Yes indeed, I did it all 'my way' as Frankie said." She exhumed a cat from the pile and slung it on her shoulder. It lay there mutely, and Natasha rather suspected that it was dead.

"I've done everything unfashionable — when it was fashionable to do so. I sang dittes about Hitler in Hyde Park, marched against the bomb and got divorced. He was a worm."

"Hitler?" Julian mumbled around a scone.

"No — well of course, but — Neville

Brantice — famed playwright — I conquered West End playing the lead in his *Marianne*. He watched the show every night, and, after six months, married me. It was only when I took off the paint and my famous wig that I found out who he was in love with — his 'Marianne.' By day I could do what I wanted, so long as in the evening . . . I would wear the wig, the blusher and the tooth powder, the spangles, eyelashes and lipstick . . . My dears, I was a sight! Poor Neville began to get quite jealous of the leading man, nightly sweeping me off my silver-stockinged feet in the last act. He pondered a re-write, as though he thought there was something *entre-nous* — strangely perceptive, that man."

She sighed again, and poured out some more 'tea and scandal,' sipping the milky brew, each time leaving a red print from her lip.

Julian gazed, ate, grunted, and dropped his plate on the floor, its impact hurling imploding scone-crumbs into the air.

Shirley-Anne Tribe leapt up, striking her 'Timeless Tragedy' poise and cried "Oh dear! dear! dear! Eat off this plate . . ." handing him another dish. With a self-congratulatory smile, she sat down again, and praised her own reactions, preserved from a tour with an American musical in '53.

She gestured to her memorabilia, her treasures and triumphs, given by the gifted, the garrulous and the great.

"An actor's life is a whimsical spiral, you know," she said, dividing into three a cake. "Once you reach success you know that it's all over, bar a wasted dwindling. Take Clarissa, for instance — she was opposite me in *Tuppington Tulips* — a great one for the secretarial parts — acclaimed she was — precise, pouting and possessive. But she was typecast — each part a carbon copy of the one before — fainter, more smudged and indistinct. She became a prop — 'SCENE FIVE: Office—Table, chair, door (frosted), Clarissa Roberts, typewriter, filing cabinet.' She, who'd 'Out damned spot'ed with the best of them had to make do with correcting fluid.

"Nöel once said to me 'don't put your daughter on the stage' — how right he was — Natasha dear, do anything but act — what had you planned?"

"Stable girl," sighed Natasha, eagerly, but with a slight blush of revelation.

"Ah." Mrs. Tribes nodded, and murmured something like "Tesco's."

"Anyway, dear, don't act — it's a career for fools and worriers — at twenty I was at the height — the dizzy, younger sister with the wonderful wit. Then I slowly shifted to the elder sister, offering friendly advice, and hardly

having a man to 'get' in the penultimate scene; then from the newlywed to the comforting wife, just past the fastidious fling, stuck in a groove. Then the vivacious mother — caring and concerned, with the bell-like trill for a husband's return, and a tear to dab when the inspector comes to call.

"Somehow you became unfixed — like an iceberg — only gradually sinking further and further — a 'character actress' — always in 'wherewasit' or 'youknow—her' — drifting from matron to murderess — divorced, beheaded or dyed-in-the-wool. The name becomes smaller and smaller in type, the picture in the programme grainier. A lurch as the 'plucky pensioner' — 'still got all me fac-ul-tees me dear?' And then the nadir of the coffee commercial — the penultimate performance before the late-night BBC2 obituary — tributes from all those friends — dear, sweet friends whose glamorous lives will never be the same without you."

Natasha, realising a pause had come, turned from the window, coughed and ventured, "I think the bus is here Mrs. Tribes. We will see you again next week. Thank you for the Tea and Sandwiches."

Shirley-Anne nodded and sipped her tea. She gave a startled Julian a wink of good luck, and made a face after Natasha as she shut the door. What was the point of it all, she wondered? They only looked sympathetically at you, and greedily at the cake.

She picked up the tray, and put it away, folded up her posters, tidied up her stoles, and turned the vulgar mirror to face the wall.

She hurled a shoe at the Radio as it announced a further selection from the works of Poet of the Month, Neville Brantice, and settled down to watch 'Give Us a Clue.' She always enjoyed that. Marvellously clever and quick those people. Always were. Every day.

J. S. Goss (LVD)

THE KRAKEN

"Not been busy much lately," said Mr. Brown crumbfully, the biscuit trembling in his grey hand.

"Drink your tea," ordered Valentine, shuffling idly through some postcards. Valentine looked like an expensive mannequin: his blond hair was groomed lovingly into place, his clothes enveloped him in soft cashmere folds. Food, passing through his digestive system, was transformed into dry white bars of soap and glands beneath his skin secreted, not sweat, but a lotion of the most delicate floral fragrance. He was always the favourite at his mother's bridge soirées, and were he ever to be seen

carrying grocery bags (which he wasn't), he would look quite surreal. He finished his coffee and slipped the postcards into a camel-haired pocket.

"Had some Japs in yesterday," remarked Mr. Brown, slurping his oatmeal-coloured tea. "Or was it the day before?"

"Hurry." Valentine stood up to leave and Mr. Brown gulped down the last tepid inch. He put on his faded blue cap, soft through many years of wear. Valentine threw open the door and strode out into the entrance hall, his shoes knocking crisp echoes from the marble floor. Mr. Brown followed fussily behind.

Valentine turned to him at the revolving door, saying, "Good afternoon, Mr. Brown, look after my statues for me, and my paintings. See you next week." He pushed through the revolving door into the rain and opened his umbrella with a flourish. As he walked down the shallow steps, a small crowd of tourists in colourful clothes and hats ascended at a run and spewed wet-haired, panting and sweaty into the entrance hall.

"What is this place?" said one loudly to Mr. Brown.

"The Gallery, sir," he replied.

"Oh, is that so?" the tourist said, turning to his companions and shouting, "This is the Gallery!" He returned his gaze to Mr. Brown: "What you got here?"

"Nothing terribly interesting, sir, some statues, some paintings, nothing terribly interesting."

"It's raining out," said the tourist, jerking his thumb towards the door, "we're wet." He held up a lock of soaking hair, — "and we might as well check this place out. Are you going to show us the good stuff, or do we have to find it ourselves?" The other wet tourists had gathered in a steaming group behind their spokesman, casting their eyes around the room and shuffling their feet.

Though perplexed as to what the "good stuff" might be, Mr. Brown said, "I'll give you a tour, sir." One of the tourists kept pushing his steamy glasses up the bridge of his nose, and they kept sliding down again. Others munched noisily, scrunching wrappers and rustling plastic. Others smoked cigarettes. Short vowels ricocheted off the walls. "Lead on," said the spokesman, a bogus miniature policeman's helmet perched on his fleshy head, "we ain't got all day."

Following Mr. Brown, the tourists tramped down shadowy halls, dustily neglected. They looked strange in their plastic technicolour beachwear among the tall Hellenic columns and broken stone antiquities.

They stopped in a large room walled by marble friezes and dotted with dusty urns; it was badly lit.

"What's the deal with this stuff anyway?" asked a messily eating man, "where'd it come from?"

"Greece, jerk," called another.

"What's it mean?" and "Say, can we take photos?"

Mr. Brown said, "I believe it's from Greece, yes, sir."

"What's it mean?" asked a middle-aged woman with fizzy pale blue hair.

"Well," began Mr. Brown, looking happily about and pointing to various sections of the frieze as he spoke, "I've always imagined those people there to be some young blokes deciding what to do one afternoon: go to the seaside — that's there — or the hills, there, on the tavern, there. Him with the hooves, he's Bacchus, or so Mr. Valentine tells me, anyway . . ."

"Wait a minute," broke in one of the tourists, his face reddening with astonishment, "Are you trying to tell us you don't know what these things mean?"

"I know what I think they mean, sir," said Mr. Brown, bashfully taking off his cap, "that is to say, I know what they mean to me." There was an awkward pause. "What exactly do you mean, sir?"

"For a start, who those damn people are," cried the red-faced tourist hotly, pointing with the model London bus he held in his hand, "and what the hell they're doing. And these god-damn pots. When were they made?"

"By who?"

"Where?"

"And why?"

"I should imagine so as to hold water, sir," said Mr. Brown sincerely.

"Then what's with the decoration?"

"I think it's just for decoration, sir, but it's quite pretty, I'd say, especially that one there . . ."

"Do you know anything about this stuff that isn't just your goddam ignoramus opinion?" demanded the red-faced tourist, "because if not, you're useless. Useless!" Mr. Brown was confused by the tourist's anger, "What do you expect me to know, sir?" he asked politely.

"The facts, you idiot!" the man roared, the others murmuring angrily in support of him. "What else can you know, might I ask?"

"I know what I feel, sir," said Mr. Brown after a thoughtful pause. "About these things, I mean," he added blushing. The tourist trembled. His eyes bulged. His ears swelled

redly. "I don't care what you feel," he said menacingly.

"Look at this!" cried a fat woman. All the tourists, even the red-faced one, turned to look at the frieze to which she pointed. It was particularly spectacular, depicting two armoured men with swords and flaming torches frozen in combat with a many-headed serpent.

"What's that?" asked a man waving a floppy sombrero.

"That," said a clear voice behind them, "is Hercules, known to the Romans as Heracles, to the Phoenicians as Herad, the hero, and his brother, Theseus." Valentine stepped forward, smartly handing his umbrella to Mr. Brown and approaching the frieze.

"Say what?" said a gum-chewing teenager.

"What are they doing?" asked the middle-aged woman.

"Slaying the Gorgon," answered Valentine, with a courteous smile. "The creature had nine heads, as you see, but whenever Heracles struck one off, two more grew in its place. Fortunately, Theseus had the idea of applying fire to the freshly cut stumps, thus preventing the regrowth of the heads."

"Why were they fighting it?" asked a small boy clutching a bag of boiled sweets.

"Ah," replied Valentine, looking kindly down at the child, "well, because the Gorgon guarded the Golden Fleece, the object of their quest. It had to be slain by them, you see, in order to complete it. All right?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"The main frieze," continued Valentine authoritatively, "depicts the twelve months of the year, as you can see. The harvest, for example, or the wine making. Wood-cutting in winter. Fishermen mend their nets on the beach. These youths are probably soldiers: witness their tunics and seven-strapped sandals. There's Bacchus and there — you can just make him out, I think — is Tibor, divine blacksmith, smelting swords for these warriors, about to travel to the mountains, there, in order to kill the Kraken."

"Sorry . . . er . . . what's the Kraken?" asked the red-faced man reverently, glancing up from his notes.

"The Kraken. Well, the Kraken is the, well, simply put, the great spirit of the mountains, eater of bees' nests and gravel, slayer of travellers. Essentially," he continued with sudden speed, "I suppose, it stopped travel through the mountains. That's why they wanted to kill it. Does that answer your question?"

"Perfectly, thank you," said the tourist, scribbling.

COMPLAYNT D'AMOURS

Doon thou som werke. Sike thou art non.
About this rude hous allday I ron
For to somewhat doon, and somewhat elles.
As thou dost nocht a bene, I doon alles.
Sittest thou and grucchest alwey thare
If that thy sherten ne wesshen are,
Or that thy meel is nat fulle fayre,
And art thou nowe of footballe wery?
I sholde so thenke: ful four days ygon
Out o' styntyng hast thou it seest upon,
And, Jhesu! thou dost ful stynk of felthe!
Whan that thou hast wesshen last thyselpe
Woot God alloon. Siker, thou nostow whan.
Thou livest lyk a beest and nat a man.
Yexen thou in myn hous nat! Her what I seyn!
At me thou swerest? Nowe art thou, certeyn,
A man of honour and of courtesie
To fyt for me! I me kepe worthily!
I me wesshe. In sooth! It is no nay
That myn heer I wesshe from day to day.
What thar thee recche? But I persevere,
Thogh thou wolt ne recche if I disappere
Untill missed thou thy meel, most sikerly,
And than wouldst thou shriken ful hidously
And whan that thou saw that I was ygoon,
Than wouldst thou dye, al greve and alloon.
Holde my pees? I shall nat forbere!
O' makyng noyse styntest thou nevere!
Myn freendes han for me but gret pity
That I moot in swich servage sterne be.
What eyleth thee, to grone in this manere?
Prithee, with me al thyn sorwe share.
Thy teme leseth? Myn herte blede.
Swich calamitee ful most thou drede!
And where gost thou nowe? With freendes out?
For maken riot, I han ne doute.
Disporten thee. Certeyn, I wole.
I shal, paraunter, seyn telle upone.

D. I. G. Szalay (UVI)

THE DEAD DRAGON

Dragon fluttering high above,
Tattered and wind torn from years of love.
Towns of grey and country of green—
Where is the Dragon to be seen?

The united fighters have gone away,
Discord and argument are here to stay.
Ruin and rubbish are lying around,
The past the people wish could be found.

No self-sufficiency left in the earth,
No effort of the people to have a rebirth.
Pretending they know great stories of old,
But now the youths are not quite so bold.

Tourism and sheep are not fighters' trades,
Industrial machinery is what should be made.
Wales, give up your hopes for the past,
If you stay dreaming your sadness will last.

H. L. Beattie (MVI)

1st JANUARY

I

In halls of thronging song, of laughter, cast-off
care,
Loud roar with rolling voices roisterers and
red-faced, cheer.
Make mirth and all wine-blinded, fired by
Sottish passion's flare,
With legs untired and spinning brain unclear,
'Neath whirling skies proclaim the new-born
year!
Sing more less soberly, and singing sink in sleep.

II

From a high window you shall see
The world still grey
And numb in ether light.
The trees still black. The sky still white.
And you shall touch your throbbing head,
And feel the cold.
Return to bed.

D. I. G. Szalay (UVI)



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THE LAST STOIC

In the haze of early morning, he crept across the pristine cloister which a smudged sign called "The Stone Yard," carefully picking up any leaves that had strayed from their trees overnight, except the ones that rested on the Grass. Never go for the ones in the grass.

He advanced to where, amidst rubble and smouldering cars, a mis-shapen room jutted, its grey ruins boarded up. Carefully he rapped his calloused knuckles against the faded veneer of the door.

A crude flap rasped open, and a hirstute mouth growled, "Password."

In reply, he mumbled, "*Templ Aqua Mdilec Ta*," his tongue running over the abused syllables. After a clattering pause the door to "Lab 49" opened and he slipped inside, taking his place beside a solitary desk, its iron leg supported by a stack of decaying books.

"Lewis, you're late," snapped the voice again.

"Sorry sir, there were guards on duty."

"That's not good enough. The others of us managed to arrive on time," growled back his teacher. He brightened suddenly. "However, we haven't time for all that — I have good news for you." He shrugged his battered gown, which revealed its origins as a black rubbish sack, and heaved himself onto a chair. "You are to congratulate me," he panted, gaining a blank smile, "I am now the new headmaster — which brings me to rather bad news. My predecessor—"

"Oh sir," said the boy.

"He was unfortunately caught by a patrol this morning, tried and executed. However, true to the last, he insisted on shaking the firing squad by the hand, and his last words were a congratulation to them on their splendid shooting, heartily wishing them every future success. And then he died." The Teacher sniffed, dabbing an eye with the corner of his beard.

Lewis dutifully droned, "Sir, I would like to suggest three hearty cheers for the new headmaster."

The Teacher waved generously, lost his footing and artlessly descended to the ground.

He shook himself, nervously, reminding Lewis of a black plastic crow flapping its bedraggled wings.

The new Headmaster scabbled to his full height, and marched to the blackboard, its legion of cracks coated with black tape, to which scatters of chalk ineffectually clung. He announced, "The first lesson will be taken from *Brownstone's "History of Stowe, Landscapes and Picnic Sites, 1945-2017."* This reminds me,

Lewis, we may have one or two little problems with the examining board this year . . . there isn't one. It's been converted into a tourist centre and buffet." He began to cough violently, sucking great mats of beard in with each hacking breath.

His storm subsided, and he began to pace past the blackboard, making occasional, vain stabs at it with a brown stick of chalk, failing to form a cohesive letter. These attacks became more frenzied until the chalk finally snapped, its two pieces scuttling into a dark corner.

Giving up, he whirled round and staring at Lewis, repeated his stabs in the air, as though expecting greater success. As he achieved a flow he began to ask questions in a low whine, addressing them to the empty class, pausing for a minute before answering them himself, in murmurs.

"Year of Event?" (1997).

Chief Causes? (*Rise of nationalists, led by Cury and Rash*—).

Quiet at the back, (*Increase in to-tal-it-ar-ian Government . . . sir . . . what's totalitarian?*)

I told you last lesson . . . speak up you fool . . . (*Governing through nostalgia. Visiting of historical monuments compulsory*).

And?

(*Formation of Nationalist Tryst — Preservation and Tourism, of anything of artistic worth*).

Mottoes of the Tryst — **To Visit is Life, To Pay is Freedom.** Then what?

(*Trend followed at Stowe, pupils confined together in smaller and smaller spaces, many teachers preserved as historic monuments. Trespassers will be shot, then fined*):—

In short, the **Rule of the Visitor.**

And?"

Holding his breath, he turned expectantly to Lewis.

Lewis waited until he had turned a particularly interesting shade of purple before commenting, "Society and economy placed under terminal strain — Breakdown of civilisation as they knew it."

"Splendid." The Teacher grinned, though it was more a ritual exposure of the gums than anything else.

"Now, note it down."

"On what?"

"On what, sir. On paper you lout."

"Pa-per?"

"Never mind . . . next?"

"I don't know sir," said Lewis dutifully, "You are the Headmaster."

"Hmmm, yes, yes, I suppose I am." He grinned again. "Wait, I know — let's have a Speech Day. We can use my books for prizes . . . no, we can't can we, they hold up the table . . . better forget that and have the Speeches."

He paused, waved to an imaginary parent in the audience, and began, "New as I am to the post of Headmaster I feel I should reflect on the generous welcome that I have received, and extend my thanks to our guest speaker . . ." He coughed, and followed a mote of dust as it descended through the sunlight to join a mound of fellows on the desk. "The play this year was especially . . . tetumtetum . . . and the academic results were . . . prowess on the sports field . . . amusing anecdote about Italian trapped in lift . . . youth and enterprise . . . surging forward to greater success. *In Vitrios Putacaterum.*" He stopped and blushed.

"Go on, you'll tell me I'm not as good as my predecessor. He made such tre-men-dous speeches — made the whole thing come alive . . . ah yes, even the board of governors, and they'd been dead for five years . . . He was **that** good." He reflected for an instant, and then clapped his hands together decisively, "No good standing around, boy — time for art — bring along a paint spray."

They stood in front of the temple, admiring not just the garlands of plastic flowers nestling in the seclusion of fluted alcoves, but also their recent additions.

"Hmmm," sighed the Teacher. "Perhaps the red in your "Kilroy was here" is a little artless, but try better next time, when we'll burn a few tyres as well . . ."

He stalked off, and Lewis trailed dutifully behind, glancing to watch his work dry in the sun.

They stopped off at the North Front, standing on the drive that had been ingeniously tarmaced yellow to give it an authentic feel, observing the splendid vista available of the buildings, encompassing the double-glazing, and the plush, green carpet that covered the steps. They did not fail to take in the resplendent doors, nor observe the tactful notice: "VISITORS ARE REQUESTED TO USE THE DOOR AT THE SIDE," indicating a bright door of hardboard, painted green to distinguish it from the stonework that it matched so well.

The Headmaster scrambled atop the imposing statue of a horse that stood on the Front, inserting a coin into a slot, causing the horse gently to rotate, in time to music trickling joyously from a speaker. He laughed as he said to Lewis, "You know, in the old days, there used to be some daft old King astride this noble beast — taken away now — turned into

souvenir paperweights — don't you think this is a splendid ride? Pure 'ice cream and jellies for tea' as Blyton once said."

Lewis forbore to comment, idly wondering whether the teacher would suffer the fate of a party of Japanese tourists, and be bucked by the horse into what had once been a rugby pitch, but was now, for preservation purposes, a minefield.

The Headmaster slithered off, pointing to a large digital clock set in the building. "Gracious, we'll be late for chapel?"

Behind them, the horse stood motionless, leaden eyes sunk in a perpetual wince of indignity.

* * * *

Concordia Cury surveyed the Chapel Court and declared it 'nice.. 'Nice' was one of the favoured words in the sweetened vocabulary of the leader of the Nationalist Tryst. As she strolled through the gentle mist that wafted from a secreted grille, observing Trystees amidst the trees spraying leaves shades of green, she considered all 'very nice.'

She entered the Chapel itself, and found it also nice, a quiet place, with wave after wave of kneeling supplicants, flanked on either side by row upon row of gleaming seats, roped off, for preservation purposes.

Their attention was fixed with grim duty on a small black and white television, placed on a grand table, whose previous occupants (for some obscure reason, two candlesticks and a cross of some sort) were swept to one side.

As Concordia stepped into the pulpit, stirring music came from the TV set, whose words spoke of universal harmony and the need for a good neighbour.

Concordia joined in the last chorus as the music faded away ". . . That's when good neighbours become good friends . . ." and experienced a twitch of irritation. Here were Trystees, guards, visitors, all gathered together, singing in harmony, and there was that silly little man in his tatty plastic cloak singing off-key, and in a low growl, contrasting entirely with the majesty of the lyrics.

Then Concordia spoke to them all. She spoke as always, of harmony, neighbourliness, of how the Trystees had preserved civilisation, all united under the One Marquee of the Tryst; Canvas, Seat, and Holy Post. Everyone, she said, was happy, visiting, gaining culture, and a bevy of picture postcards. She spoke of the wonders of the Tryst, how Stowe had once been an aimless decay, but now was truly the school for The Individual ("And there he is, in the third row, and isn't he Sweet?" she cried). She spoke of how she had made culture open and

either simple or bulldozed. Life, she stated, was now sanitary and wholesome.

"Truly," she finished, "In the words of today's hymn, 'You should be so lucky'."

They sang, but amongst the congregants, Lewis was worried. His master was not singing — instead he was murmuring words from a fragile cinder of paper:

*"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come . . ."*

Lewis shuddered, ashamed and frightened.

The hymn ended, and a small, balding Trystee mounted the podium, reading from the Holy Script in a piously nasal monotone:



... just off the M27!

HOW WAS IT FOR YOU?

"... Amazing. Honestly, it was. I admit I was apprehensive at times, but in the end it was well worth it! I wish it could have lasted longer, though.

"It . . . it's a bit funny when you think about it, isn't it? What I mean is millions of people do it all the time, and then it's all over. Still, I suppose some of them finish with a bang, I certainly did.

"... Again? So soon? To be honest I don't think I want to. What's that? No I think I would like to do it the same way, over and over again. Boring, eh? No point in talking about it, though, no real way we could do it again.

"... Now calm down! Please, don't get excited. I'm sorry, I thought you realized. Management rules you know, HE gets really annoyed if anyone tries to do it twice.

"For Charlene didst lament, 'But what about the Barbie?' Then camest Scott forth, saying unto Charlene, 'No worries Charlene, let us go sink some beers.' But Madge didst cry, 'Now Charlene, return unto thy Father's house this minute, and attend unto the dishes.'"

"Then shall come forth Bronwyn, and truly there shall be much wailing and lamentation in the street of the Ramsays."

Lewis hissed to his Teacher, "Sir — are you aneighbouristic? Don't you believe?"

The Headmaster only bowed his head.

The man drew to a close:

*"As it was in the Beginning, is Now and Ever shall be, world without end,
No worries."*

J. S. Goss (LVI)

"... Yes, well I realize that. I'm afraid your wife is just going to have to learn to get on without you. I'm sure she'll find someone else in time. I know my husband did. Two-timing berk! But still, let's talk about other things . . .

"... Clothes? No you won't be needing anything here. Don't be shy, everything is beautiful in the eyes of the Lord, you know. At least, that's what they tell me; personally I think this place could do with redecorating, all these white clouds are so monotonous. Still, who am I? In the eternal scheme of things, I am as insignificant as a grain of sand. That's one of the first things they teach you here.

"... What should you do? Oh well, I'm sure that someone will be along soon to collect new arrivals. Heaven is a big place, and in many ways being dead is a lot more confusing than being alive . . . In the mean time, relax, enjoy yourself; after all this is paradise!"

M. J. Snyder (MVI)

THE CONDEMNED

We were in a garden. The sun shone brilliantly, enveloping us with its warmth and light. We frolicked in the long, lush, green grass. For as far as I could see there was nothing but this beautiful meadow, spotted symmetrically with fruit trees. There were the sun and the sky and the lush grass and the fruit trees and us. We were alone with each other, together; happy and content and blissfully free. I looked into her laughing eyes and smiled. Words were unnecessary. Our lips brushed.

06.45 a.m.—

The bell exploded savagely and I am jerked from the joy of sleep into the harsh reality that is my life. Tooth-paste and brush gripped firmly in wretched hands, we — the others and I — scuttle awkward — rat-like down cold corridors. Freezing hard water brings a life of sorts into me. I look at the others; for them too another bleak day has begun.

We change openly; any shyness or modesty has long since been eroded. Naked bodies shivering into warm uniforms. Once out in the cold we march in silence to the dining rooms. Wooden trays receive eggs and black coffee. We eat breakfast trying not to look into each other's eyes.

After breakfast we go to the habilitation block. There our instructors teach us things that we know to be false about the world outside. As always I find it difficult to concentrate. My mind wanders to that day, so long ago, when I made that fateful decision which resulted in my coming here. I knew the risks. I knew the dangers. I thought I could pull it off. I thought I could handle it 'inside.' Now that I am here, I know the truth.

It's not worth it.

It's just not worth it.

Later in the day we all go into the courtyard for two hours of compulsory exercise. The wardens, big muscular men with bulges in their shorts, bark orders. We follow, we obey as if acting out some grotesque ritual. Exercise is meant to keep our bodies fit and our minds off sex. Doesn't work.

We troop out of the courtyard into the changing rooms. Cold communal showers. If you keep your eyes shut, your hands on the soap, and ignore the "friendly" pokes and slaps, you'll survive. Only a few forsake showers altogether in order to avoid the humiliation.

Later, we go to the workshops to make useful things. Then there is more instruction, followed by cold dinner of porridge and brown bread. Seems a fitting end to our endless day.

That night, before the door slams shut and the lights are turned off, I strike another day off my calendar, now adorned with similar marks.

Four more years.

Four years, three months, 26 days.

Four more years.

I think of my mother as I cry myself to sleep in my public school bed.

A. E. David (Va)

"TILL DEATH DO US PART"

She's beautiful, so beautiful. The thought swam lazily around Peter Kushack's brain. It had been his predominant thought for the last few days, ever since she had agreed to be his wife. He turned his head from the road in order to appreciate more fully her beauty. Her trim figure fitted perfectly into the front passenger seat of Peter's car, as if the one had been built to accommodate the other; this was appropriate as the red Jaguar E-Type and Kate were Peter's greatest and only loves. The Jag had come first, but the stunning red-head who was-to-be-his-wife occupied the current 'number one' spot in Peter's heart.

She was twenty-six, he thirty. Both felt amazingly young, happy and vibrant. They were very much in love. They were driving north in order for Peter to meet Kate's family. It was a beautiful day and an easy drive, the kind of combination that is wont to move young people to sweet words, fond looks and passionate moments. Peter Kushack was so moved. "I love you." She took his hand with a smile which displayed even white teeth in a mouth which could only be described as happy. Something — he was never sure what — inspired a sudden seriousness in Peter: "You know I could never live without you, don't you?" The smile widened, Peter felt an overwhelming desire to kiss her and, with the spontaneity of youth, did so.

There was a sickening screech of brakes.

There was the terrible scream of agonised metal.

There was a blinding flash.

There was a horrible silence.

Peter awoke. He was in a large white bed in a large white room which smelt very, very clean. He made as if to get up, but found he could not move. Then he noticed the man, elderly, tall, with a worn yet kind face. The man was wearing a white coat and standing looking attentively at Peter. Then he spoke: "Good, you're awake." His voice had no outstanding feature, it was not particularly deep, or sonorous or even sincere. Yet there was a particular some-

thing in the way he said the words, which made you feel that he meant them, not in mere friendliness, but with all his being, his soul.

The man had said, "Good, you're awake." Peter had heard. "My heart is filled with joy at this moment of your awakening. It is a good thing and tonight we shall celebrate."

"Where am . . ." began Peter.

"Before you say or ask me anything, there are a few things I must learn of you. Administration, I'm afraid." Once again the man's voice packed so much meaning into these words that Peter felt that he had no choice but to answer. "What's your name?"

"Peter Kushack."

"Peter . . . a good name, I too am called Peter. Well Peter, how old are you?"

"Thirty."

"What is your religion?"

"I'm . . . I'm a Christian."

"Good. Make's things easier. What is the last thing you remember?"

Slowly, and with painful pauses, Peter related his memories of the car crash. When he had finished he felt drained and physically exhausted. "Thank you," said the man, "now rest," and he was gone.

Suddenly, Peter realized that he hadn't asked about Kate. "Doctor! Doctor!" he shouted, but no-one came. Again Peter tried to rise, still he found his limbs heavy and unresponsive. He concluded that he had been sedated. He looked about for an intercom, but found none. Presently he slept.

When Peter awoke for the second time, he was feeling well and whole again. He found that he could move. He stretched experiencing pleasure at the submission of his muscles, the mobility of his limbs. Then the man was there again. "Good morning." Even in this trivial greeting he radiated total sincerity. "You're ready to get up now," he continued and Peter knew that he was ready. He got out of bed, bare feet touching a floor that was, surprisingly, not cold. He found himself dressed in a simple white robe.

He was about to ask for his clothes, when he remembered Kate. The scene of the car crash came back to Peter, vivid, enhanced by the calm of the room. The sickening realization that it was his fault, and that if anything had happened to her he had only himself to blame made the question which he had to ask a difficult one.

"How's Kate? Where is she? Is she all right?" "Kate?" His face was blank.

"The girl, the girl I was in the car with."

The man's face darkened. "Ah, yes, I'm afraid I have some rather unfortunate news for you." His voice had lost that quality, as if he was speaking of something he did not fully understand.

"What do you mean? She is all right isn't she? She's not . . ." Peter's voice trailed off, he could not bring himself to articulate the final word. His lips mouthed it, yet no sound came. The man read Peter's lips and burst out laughing! "Dead? Why, whatever gave you that idea? Of course she's not dead, she's very much alive!" Then he paused, as if a new thought had just struck him, "That's the problem of course," he added sheepishly.

"I . . . I don't understand . . ."

The man smiled kindly, put his arm around Peter's shoulders and propelled him gently towards the door. "You will," said the man, and opened the door wide.

Peter gasped.

Outside there was a huge white emptiness, not vacuum, just nothing. There were a great many people walking about. All were totally naked. Some wore halos, others wings. There was the sound of harps playing. Everyone looked very happy. "Don't worry Peter; eternity is a long time. You'll get over her."

— Welcome to Paradise.

A.E. David (Va)



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

THE LAST JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN

It was a Tuesday morning of the 31st of July, and I knew I was going places. Like all of my packing, it was rushed and last minute. Either I rushed around or people were buzzing around me, but that didn't matter. Dad on the phone in anticipation of a new deal — almost unaware of my presence. Mum making breakfast, whilst chatting to the maid, my sister mentioning something about duty-free perfume. It was all so trivial — yet the antithesis of the life-style I had lived in for so long — a way of life I would not experience for twelve months.

It was only the compulsion to travel that enabled me to catch the train — yet I knew I would be late. Someone at the Independent Travellers seminar at the RGS had told me: "A great journey has begun only when you miss the boat."

I now bitterly understood this analogy: if I miss the train my previous plans are destroyed, and my ability to adapt is tested. But why here in London? Why can't I be delayed in the exotic domain of Wagga-Wagga? Things never turn out how you expect them to in the same way that things are never quite what they appear. At least that's what the expatriates told me about India.

Having got the inevitable next train my thoughts were focused on reaching my contact in Heathrow. The idea of travelling alone as a self-contained unit had appealed to me, however I was aware of the dangers involved in world travel and had found a companion, regrettably through a travel weekly, not personal contact.

There he was, not how I had expected him to be, but he had the features of an endearing well-travelled schoolboy. He lacked the excitement that I felt but then he had done this many times before. We discussed our arrangements in a restrained manner. Why break the formalities now? After all we would be getting on each others nerves for the next year or so, or so it seemed . . .

Check-in time. Baggage. Passport. Conveyor belt. Wait. Routine. Routine. How many times would we do this. But this isn't travelling, this is waiting and travelling is moving. So we sit in the lounge with nothing to say, only vacant stares at other passengers. Where are they going? Why are they going? What are they doing? How did they afford the ticket. But the pinnacle of boredom soon grew into another land.

A snooze, a film, a glance at the clouds below, then time was on my side again: the realisation came to me that at this point that I had absolutely no commitments, either at the

point of departure or destination . . .

I was free. I was on another journey.

M. J. Snyder (MVI)

LA CHALEUR DE LA NUIT

"How much is the one in the corner, there?" asked Peter Brackley, pointing to the brightly coloured bottle.

"Fifty-five ninety-nine," replied the pretty assistant. "It's very special, though," she added hastily, catching the pained expression on Peter's face. "Perhaps you'd like to try a little, sir?"

Peter nodded, sprayed a drop of perfume onto his wrist and sniffed. It was certainly unusual: 'La Chaleur de la Nuit — for the independent woman.' There was something almost enticing about it, and he felt sure that his lady would adore the fragrance. At least, he hoped so. His relationship with Jennifer had been strained lately, to put it mildly, and with the approach of Christmas, Peter wanted to create a little festive spirit. If they could enjoy themselves over the so-called season of goodwill, then perhaps the old romance could leap back into their lives. It was certainly worth a try.

"Do I get any free gifts with it?" he asked, hopefully.

"You can buy the talc at the specially reduced price of fifteen-pounds."

"Really? Well, thanks for the offer, but I think that just the perfume would be fine. You couldn't gift-wrap it for me?"

"Certainly, sir. Will you be paying cash?"

"Er, no. Credit card." Peter handed over the small piece of plastic and waited anxiously while the assistant telephoned his credit rating. He'd already had one card rejected that day.

"Could you just sign here, please?"

Relieved, Peter scribbled quickly on the carbon and handed it back. The assistant deftly packaged the small bottle, and handed it to him with his receipt.

"Thanks a lot," he said, shoving Jennifer's gift into his coat pocket. Turning from the counter, Peter negotiated his way to the exit, then pushed through to the edge of the pavement.

"Taxi!"

The familiar black shape immediately drew up beside him. The cabby leaned over and wound down the window.

"Where to, guv?"

"14, Queen's Gate Terrace, please."

Peter opened the door and jumped in. The taxi pulled out and he sank back in his seat, watching the crowds of shoppers pushing in and out of stores, buried underneath countless cardboard boxes and plastic bags. The pleasures of Christmas shopping, he thought to himself. Still, he'd bought his important present now. He admired it in his cold hand, with the gold ribbon reflecting the street lights into his eyes. If the present didn't have its desired effect then he wouldn't take much pleasure in anything on the 25th.

About half an hour later the cab stopped in front of Peter's home.

"This the place, then?"

"Yes, that's great. How much do I owe you?"

"Four pounds twenty."

"Here you are. Keep the change," said Peter, handing over a crisp new five pound note.

The cabby roared off, leaving Peter with a short walk to his first floor flat. Fumbling with his key, he finally managed to turn the lock.

"Darling, I'm back!"

His wife appeared from the kitchen.

"Well, hello there! It's nice to see you again. I thought you might have gone for ever. You walked out of here this morning without a word, and now you come home all sweetness and light. Don't I even get some sort of explanation, or does such a simple proposal come under the heading of nagging, too?"

"I'm sorry darling. I went out to do some Christmas shopping."

"Who for?"

"Oh, just mum and dad, and a few relations."

"Where are the presents, then?" Peter's wife was not one to be fobbed off with flimsy stories.

"I, er, just left them in the hall. Anyway, don't I get a kiss from the most beautiful woman I know?"

"All right, then. I'm sorry I snapped at you."

"That's okay," whispered Peter, cupping her face in his hands, and kissing her gently.

Suddenly she broke away.

"I can smell perfume on you! Where have you really been? Come on! No more stories Peter, tell me the truth!"

Peter sighed. "I told you, doing some Christmas shopping. If you must know I bought a gift for you as well. Perfume. That's what you can smell, I sprayed a little on my wrist to test it. I didn't tell you because I didn't want to spoil your surprise."

"I don't believe you. Show me!" insisted his wife.

"Oh, we're not going through all this again, are we? Look this time I'm telling the truth. Come on! You don't honestly believe that I've been..."

"Show me!"

Peter reached into his coat pocket. His hand simply plunged through empty space until it reached the bottom.

"That's strange," he muttered. "I'm sure I put it in here." He felt in the opposite pocket. Nothing. Then he realised. "I must have left it in the taxi, when I got it out to have a look!" Peter raised his eyes to the ceiling, then lowering them he met the gaze of his wife. She was totally unconvinced. Her stare bore right into him, challenging him to produce the missing perfume.

"Darling, I simply left the perfume in the cab," spluttered Peter desperately. "Why won't you believe me?"

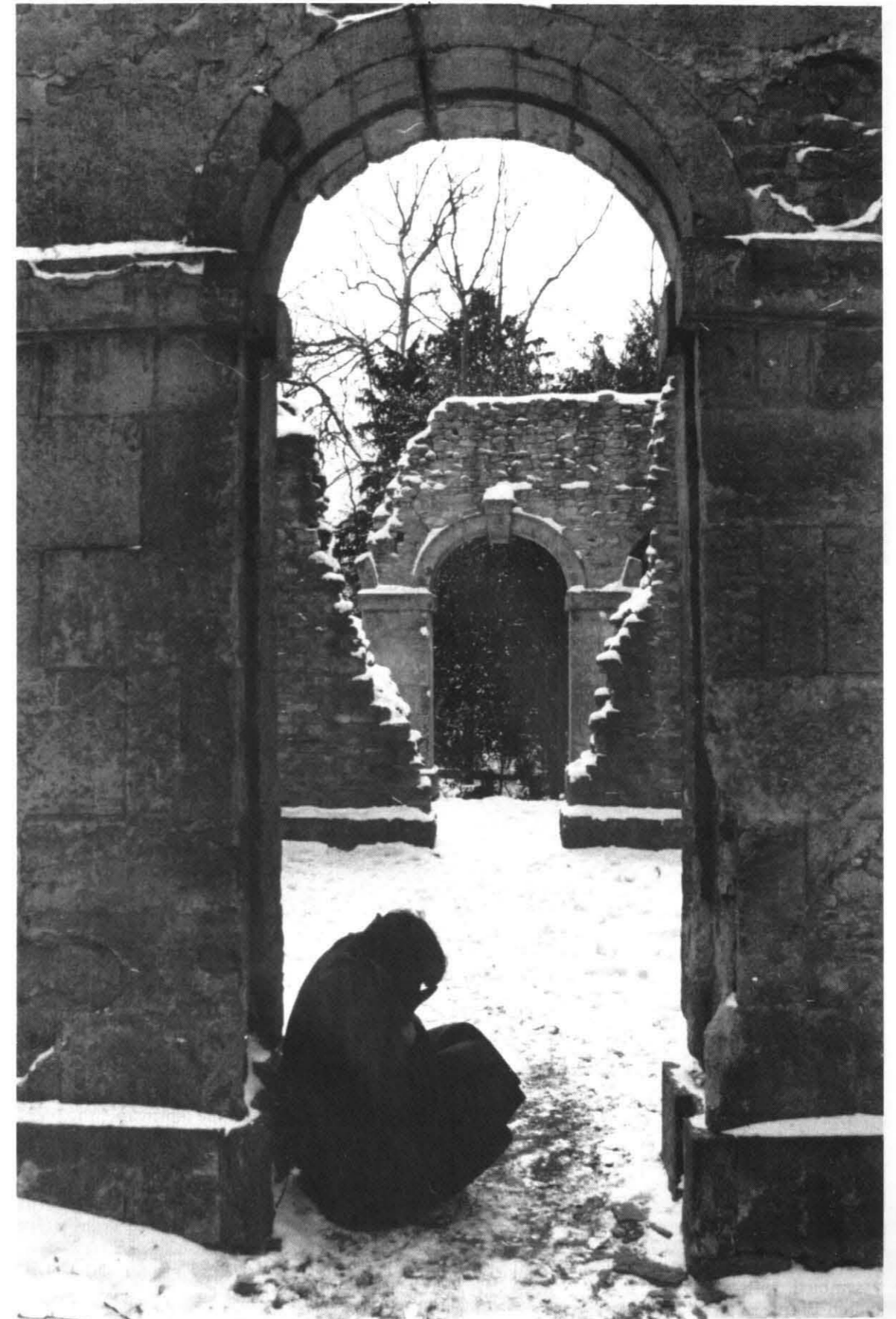
But his wife had already picked up a large vase which had been standing on the table next to her. A heavy vase, which had now been raised above her head.

"But darling, I can explain everything! Please! Alexandra!"...

J. M. P. Shasha (V)



Photograph by E. P. Kavindele (MVI)



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

A BUILDER'S PARADISE

Several parts of the School have been shrouded in scaffolding over recent months. The central roof of Nugent House is now resplendent after the damage of the gales a year ago. Chandos House also received a new roof for the same reason, although it is temporary in this case. The portico of Chatham was another casualty of the strong winds and has now been recovered in lead and part of Grafton's roof has been repaired after this year's winds.

The largest project has been the State Dining Room roof, a further result of last year's storm. A vast temporary roof enclosed the whole area and the opportunity was taken to restore the stonework on the adjacent walls. This continues the programme begun in 1987 with repairs to the ashlar on the end wall of the West Pavilion and the east wall of the central block.

Meanwhile the National Trust has begun its ten-year programme to restore the garden temples. A start was made with the Seasons' Fountain and this will be finished once matching marble can be found. Nearby, consolidation of the weathered stonework on Captain Grenville's Column is almost completed. The Muse on the top has received a coat of stone-coloured paint but she was evidently not amused by her new appearance, since the death of the bees caused honey to ooze from under her skirt.

Close by, the lower part of the Temple of Ancient Virtue is being restored. Its dome and attic drum were repaired three years ago, thanks to Stowe Garden Buildings Trust. It is hoped that before long the National Trust will be able to enhance the interior by adding stone copies to replace Scheemakers' four sculptures of ancient Greeks which were sold in 1921. The date 1736 has been found crudely inscribed on the edge of the cornice at the top of the podium where it joins the coping stones covering the eastern supporting wall of the southern flight of steps. It probably records the date of the original construction. Another one of 1819 has come to light on repairs to the southern wall of the northern flights of steps. Both these flights of steps have had to be completely rebuilt on concrete foundations.

On the southern boundary of the garden the Temple of Friendship has had its portico re-slatted and the fourth ball-finial on the attic skyline has been replaced. Nearby the piers of Bell Gate have been dismantled and re-assembled with some replacement stones to match Blore's plan of May 1841. Three of the stones had deeply carved rosettes on the inside

faces. Typically of Stowe they were probably re-used soffits from a demolished temple. The road surface has been returned to near its original level to allow for a new pair of wooden gates like those shown in Natta's drawing of 1805. An Old Stoic, Mr. David Renwick, is restoring the old and providing the new iron-work. This area should soon be worthy of its rôle as the traditional entrance for visitors to the garden, with the restored dip in the path adding to the attractiveness of this historical approach.

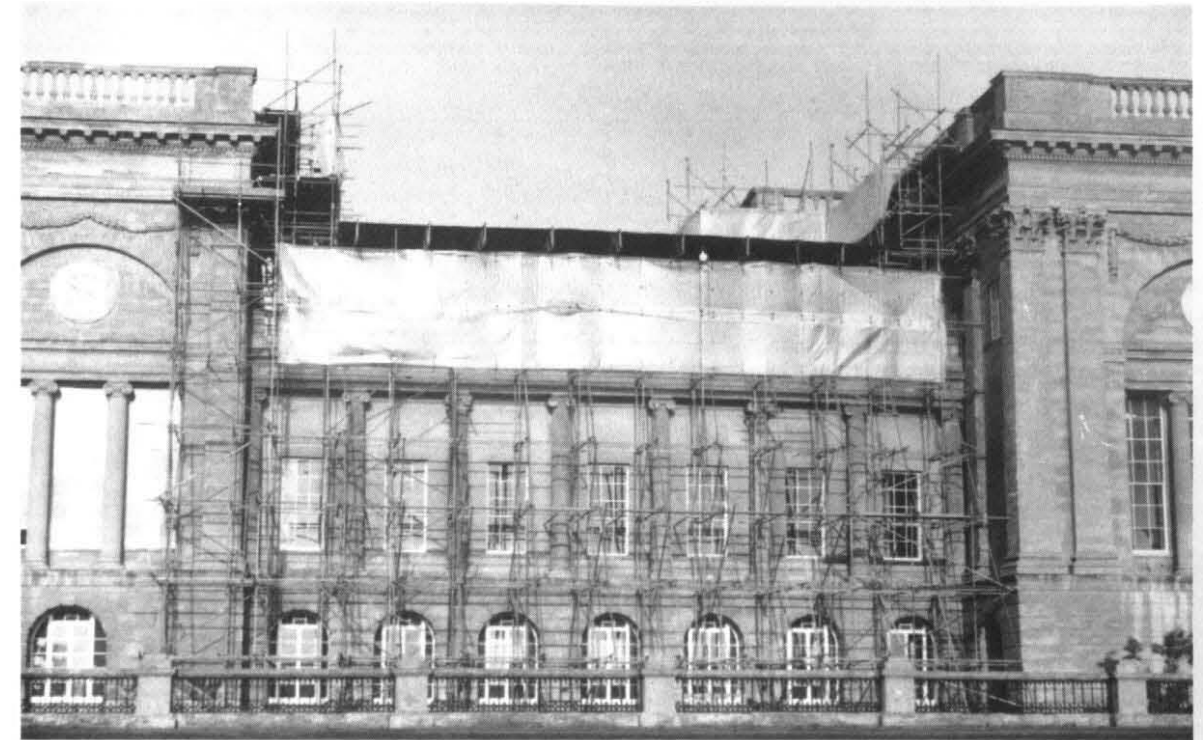
Further west, exploratory work on the Temple of Venus has revealed a vast vaulted brick chamber under the central pavilion. This may have housed Lord Cobham's long-sought hydraulic system which, according to Gilbert West in 1732, "In secret Channels thro' the swelling Hill" provided the force for the fountains elsewhere in the garden. Nearby, the third Duke's mechanism, powered by the flow from the 11 Acre Lake into Copper Bottom, is being renovated by the firm which still has the original plans of 1868. The two hydraulic rams pumped spring water to the House.

Further up Warden Hill Walk the little Shepherd's Côte has been re-slatted and is to be fitted with a door and a window grill. In the Park west of Warden Hill Walk, between the East Boycott and the Sewage Works, the double avenue is soon to be replanted with beech. Elsewhere much clearance has been done in the Grecian Valley opposite Walpole and up the Hornbeam Avenue towards the Bourbon Playing Fields. The Octagon Dam and Artificial ruins are at last to be replanted with shrubs and small trees after they had to be cleared for strengthening the dam.

Over 2,500 tons of silt were removed in just over a fortnight during January 1991 from the large pond at the bottom of the Japanese Garden to recreate a peaceful water landscape. The head of the Octagon Lake above the Palladian Bridge has also had innumerable loads of slimy mud transferred to the old gravel pit behind the Worthies, so revealing the little island and the waterfall added in 1827 by Mr. Brown, Stowe's second gardener of that name.

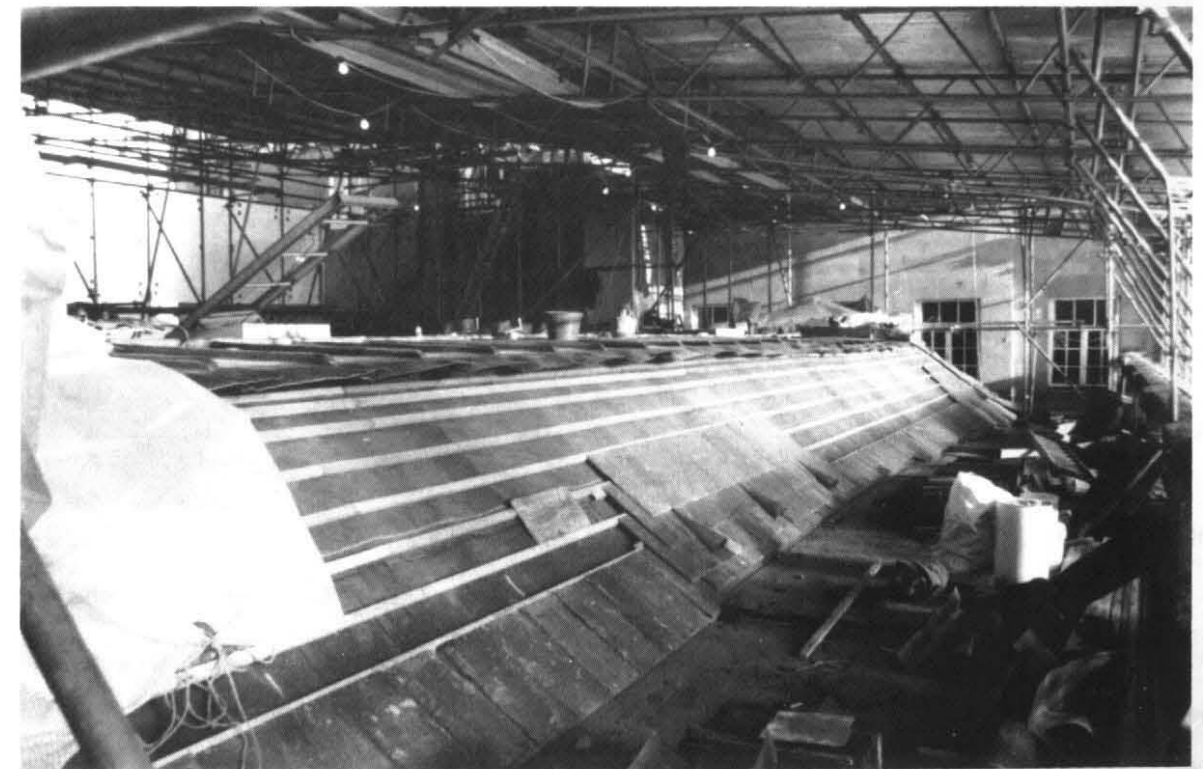
Whilst Hawkwell Field has been deeply rutted with dumper tracks and part of the Japs lies ravaged like a wartime landscape, the long-suffering residents of the Gothic Temple and Lamport Lodge as well as the cross-country runners have had their patience and footwork tested. One hopes that the reclaimed beauties of this delightful corner of Stowe will soon efface such muddy memories.

M.J.B.



The State Dining Room shrouded by scaffolding, November 1991.

Photograph by Michael Bevington



The State Dining Room roof under repair, November 1990.

Photograph by Michael Bevington



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



The new BMW 850i equipped with a catalytic converter and motronic as standard.

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LIECHTENSTEIN

At Bueno I noticed an absence of people, I felt cut off and isolated. There were only three Americans in the slow, but efficient train. Taking the bus from Schaan, the fussy, moustached driver politely demanded a higher fare than I had given him. Gazing out the window, I instinctively felt as though I were on an island, separated from the mainland, across the Rhine.

Purity is the word that struck my mind. All Liechtensteiners are of one race, a breed apart. There is virtually no unemployment but with a staggering 70% tax. Their only attachment to Switzerland is their economy — they share the Swiss exchange and are thus unified to a stable economy. Politically, though they are one of the oldest ancient democracies.

I had the misfortune to arrive at Vaduz at 4.00 p.m. on a Friday afternoon. The Tourist Office kindly kept open for me after explaining my mission and I was directed to the Liechtensteiner Bibliothek. It was desolate — there wasn't even a librarian around. Suddenly a weather-beaten Swiss man appeared, who spoke perfect English. I introduced myself, and he explained that Ministers were on holiday, and that he would show me around Liechtenstein. He took me up the mountain and I was astonished to find out that the Prince's castle had no apparent security. He explained that it wasn't necessary, "The Prince is one of us."

An American wrote in the 1950's: "Should you drive by of an afternoon and ring the bell, in all likelihood, Franz Josef II himself would answer the door ready to show you his fabulous little country."

I asked if I could meet him.

"No. Sadly he died last October."

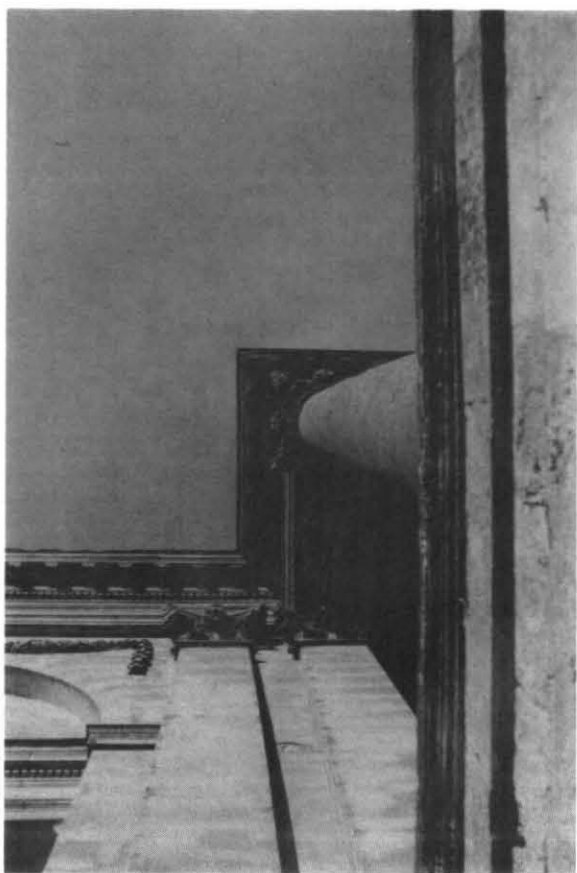
I looked to my right. Fifty metres from the castle there was a vast modern arena. He told me that on August 15th, all citizens of Liechtenstein must give their solemn oath of loyalty to the newly crowned Prince.

Sitting opposite the town hall in Vaduz, I watched passers by. Liechtenstein, you must note, was a convenient military invasion route for plundering armies. Previous passers-by would have been Augustus, Attila the Hun, Charlemagne, Napoleon and the endless trails of German feudal knights, barons, dukes, counts and war lords. Now the only invaders are tourists, who drive through the Landstrasse, stopping only to rest, relax, and obtain the all important passport stamp, despite the lack of any border formalities.

M. J. Snyder (MVI)



By James Snyder (MVI)



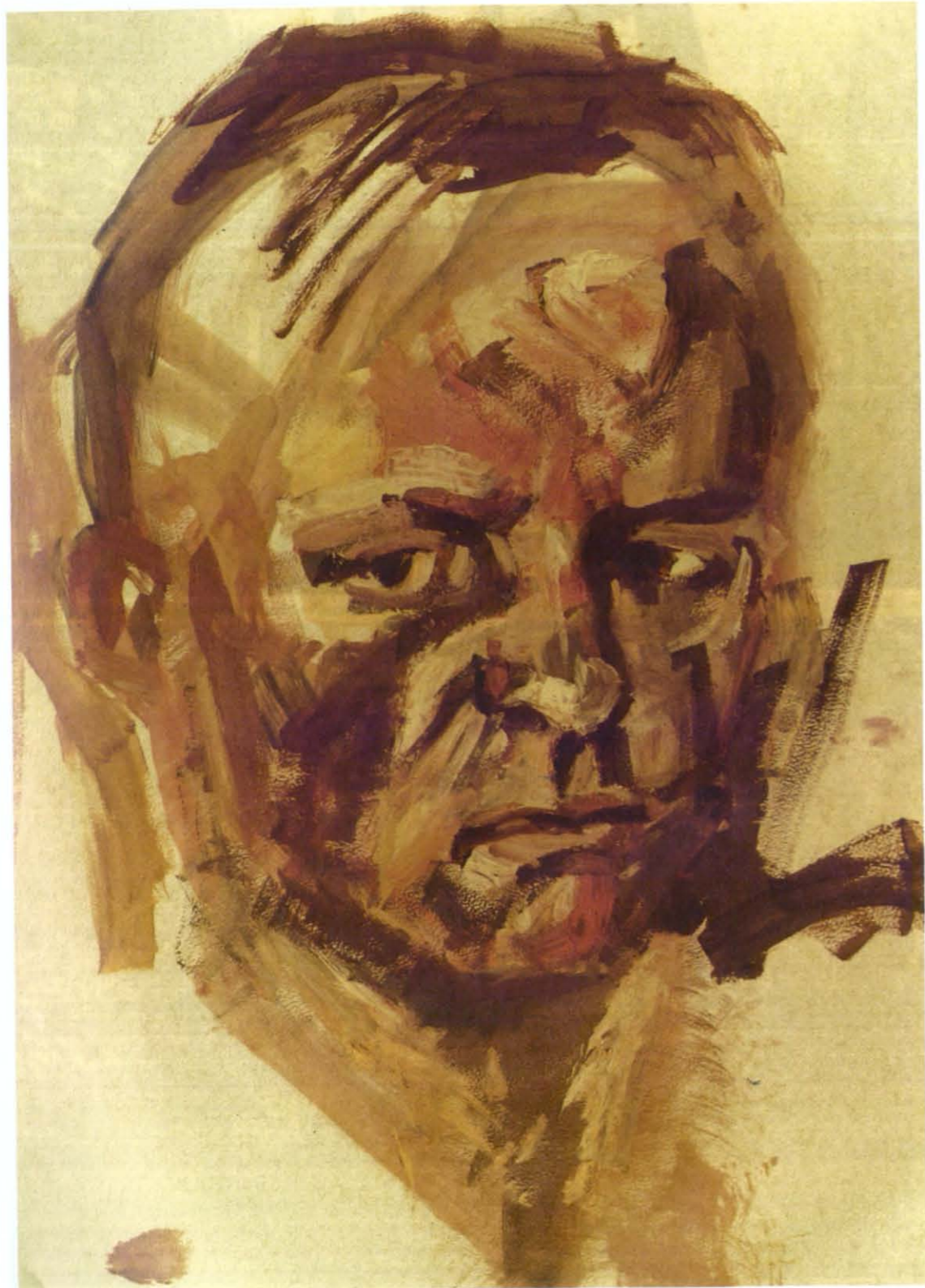
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Painting by O. P. M. Seale (UVI) Photograph by E. A. G. Shillington (MVI)



By T. Chester Jones (MVI)



Photograph by Catherine T. Olsen



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Painting by Orlando Seale

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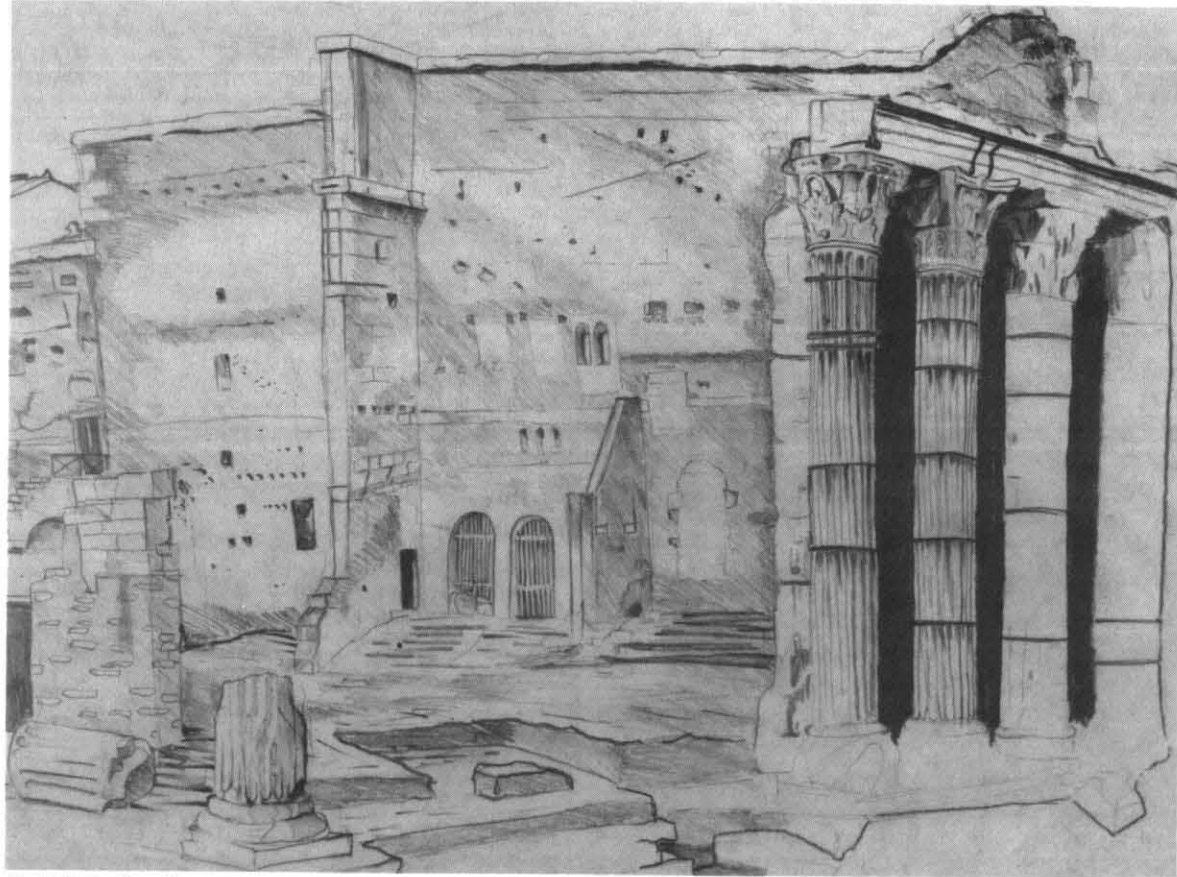


Painting by Orlando Seale

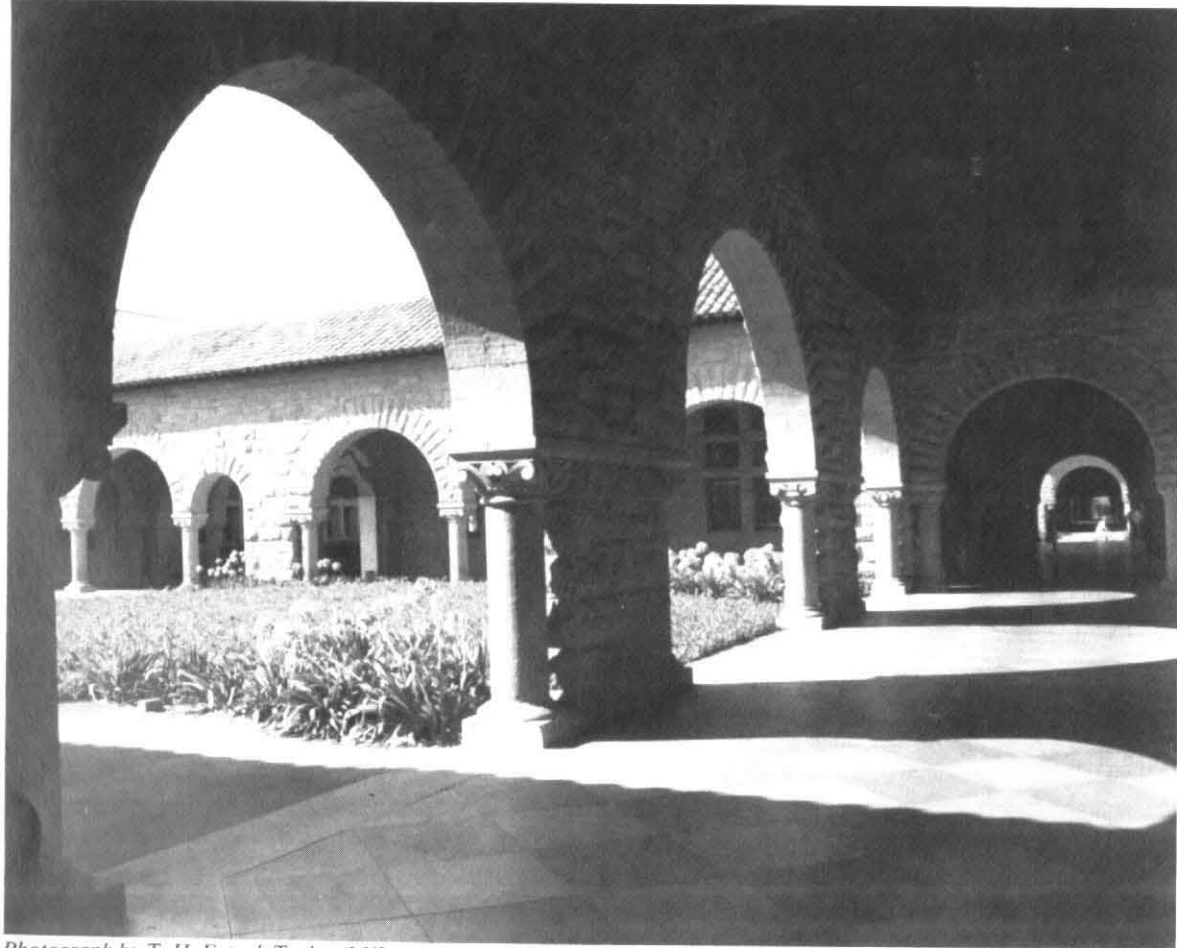
Photograph by E. A. G. Shillington (MVI)



Photograph by J. M. P. Shasha (V)



By J. H. L. Beattie



Photograph by T. H. Eatock Taylor (LVI)

DAVID EDWARD STEER

30th October, 1924 — 9th July, 1990

On 23rd July, 1989, the telephone suddenly rang. It was my brother, David, telling me he was in Hirtshals, which is a fishing port on the northern tip of Jutland.

As he lived in Kingston, Ontario, and I lived in Kingston-on-Thames, this was a total surprise; but the explanation was even more astonishing.

He had been persuaded by Jeff Pope, an old friend from the United States, to be the navigator on his ketch *The Sheila Yeats* on a voyage of adventure from Newfoundland to Iceland. She was fully equipped with satellite navigation, and carried a crew of seven; and their intention was to sail through the spectacular fjords which divide the southern tip of Greenland from the splintered islands that form Cape Farewell.

Things turned out differently, however. As they sailed north through The Labrador Sea, information came from the weather stations in Greenland to say that their intended course was barred by ice, and that they should keep south of Latitude 58; and here they sailed into one of the fog-banks that are so notorious in those waters; so David plotted a course well south of the reported ice-field, and they groped their way at three or four knots through freezing fog, which limited their field of vision to fifty metres; while, as with "The Ancient Mariner," ". . . ice, mast-high, came floating by — as green as emerald."

On the 12th July, when David came up from his watch below to relieve the owner at the helm, his heart seemed to leap into his throat as realization dawned on him that the dim Arctic light was being reflected from heaving and grinding ice hemming them in on all sides. In the dark they had unwittingly sailed through an opening in the field, which had closed behind them, locking them into a dim, frozen prison. (David has since shown me a print-out of a map of the supposed extent of the ice at that time, and their position was well outside it.)

Hour after hour dragged by, while they radioed their plight to the coastguards; and once a passing ship replied to say she was close at hand, but could not enter the ice because she had not got a reinforced hull and would have been crushed.

A seemingly endless day dragged by, their imprisoning walls rising and falling round them, while overhead only the masts could be seen, with the satellite dish gyrating interminably in and out of the icy fog, like a baton conducting the tympani of bumping and grinding ice-floes, with answering creaks and

groans from the compressed and tortured woodwork. Now and again the monotony was broken by the heave and splash of an icefloe as it rolled on to its back, to demonstrate how unwise it would be for anyone to think of that way to escape.

The crew kept up a routine of nautical watches, but none of them could sleep as the jagged ice crashed and ground against the thin walls of the boat, only inches from their faces, and threatened them with refrigerated death at any instant.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen:
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:
It crack'd and growl'd, and roared and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound."

Wireless messages passed to and from the coastguards: *The Sheila Yeats* position was updated whenever a satellite passed overhead; and once again a ship passing through that remote region intercepted with advice to get out of the ice by the shortest route (like all good advice this did not fall on deaf ears!) but even the faint hope of escape by air was stifled at birth in a blanket of fog.

Anxious watch kept all night for any sign of clear water, but dawn again filtered on to a fog-bound gaol of ice, and hope grew thin, and thinner still as the long Arctic day drew on, until the coastguards sent their final message saying, "You're on your own, there's nothing more we can do to assist in your rescue."

It didn't reach them at once, but it was picked up by *Kiviuk II*, a Canadian trawler, which had been at sea since January and was sailing home for a refit. She instantly radioed that she had altered course in their direction, saying that she had an ice-reinforced hull and would attempt an entry into the floe to look for them. She then let go a blast on her fog-horn, and it seemed almost on top of them! — but she was on the other side of an impenetrable wall of ice that was rising and falling on a twelve-foot swell, so she had to stand off and work her way round the pack in dense fog and darkness to look for an entry.

It took hours till she found a lead into the ice, and she was two miles away by then. (Imagine *The Sheila Yeats* in Parliament Square, and a seeker the other side of the Thames with no bridge, so having to grope her way in the fog to London Bridge before she could find a crossing into the pack; then having to find a route through the little City streets without a map. And all the time *The Sheila Yeats* being carried away by the drifting pack towards Hyde Park;

with darkness now adding to the obscurity of the fog to make a gigantic game of "Blind Man's Buff," with Death the penalty of failure).

So David had to keep taking fixes of their position whenever a satellite passed overhead — mostly accurate, but some wildly out of true — and estimate reverse compass bearings if a sound of the siren should drift through the fog; while the trawler, in the dark and gloom, had to seek out whatever lead seemed to be nearest to the direction of her target. The search continued for eight hours before one of the ketch's crew caught a glimpse of a searchlight, which vanished immediately and was discounted as a 'will-o'-the-wisp' by the others; but suddenly it appeared again, closer, and contact was made.

The first rescue plan was for the trawler to go out as she had come in, through leads in the ice which she would open with her hull for *The Sheila Yeats* to follow along; but the trawler was no *Good King Wenceslas*, and the turn of her screw washed the ice back into her wake, so that it closed in behind her.

Back she came again, this time to dismount her great two-ton rear doors, so that the ketch's bows could be winched up on to her ramp and she could be dragged through the ice, which continued to close in and batter her still more, before they could reach clear water where the tow could be lengthened by one of the trawler's great hawsers.

They had not been sailing long through these icy seas before the tow parted, and David said he'd never seen anyone act with such speed and resolution. With a cry of "Let's go!" the first mate was into his survival-suit, had launched their inflatable dinghy, and was over the side with a couple of his crew in two minutes flat. They moved so quickly that they were well away before they realized they'd gone without a member of the ketch's crew to make the tow fast and bail her out. When that was put right, they fixed her with two steel hawsers and set forth again. This time the tow held; but by then, although their speed was held down to three or four knots, *The Sheila Yeats* was taking in water faster than she could be baled out, and was imperilling the trawler's appointed refit; so the tragic decision had to be made to wind her in on the trawling winches, which exerted such power that they pulled the mainstem out of her and she went down, under the eyes of her owner and his crew.

Their sorrow, David said, was only mitigated by Jeff Pope's resolve to start building her successor. This he has already started to do — at the age of 76! — and has asked David to navigate on her maiden voyage. But David is dead.

The sad thing is that, when he telephoned from Denmark, David told me that he had an intestinal obstruction; so I got him into hospital as soon as he arrived, where a carcinoma of the colon was removed a couple of days later.

It was too late — the growth had spread massively to his liver; and the responsibility for breaking the news to him fell to me. He was not the sort of man to funk the truth, and he took it with a composure that came from his impregnable Christian faith. We had always been to reserved to discuss our deeper feelings, but he had just come from a confrontation with death which had tested him to the depth of his soul, and had left him with the serene certainty that the soul would survive the death of that body in which we all knew and loved him. This removed our inhibitions and enabled us to confide in each other in a way that we had never been necessary in our lives before.

What I found particularly hard to bear was that he'd arrived looking perfectly fit, and carrying his own luggage, but went home wasted and weak. For some time he telephoned that all was going well, and that he had regained his old weight and vitality, except during his monthly chemotherapy; but by May this year he was beginning to feel unwell.

I was lucky enough to be able to visit him at this stage, and found him living his life as it its end was nowhere near. He insisted on driving to meet my bus, although it arrived late at night, to save his dear wife Pat; and he even tried to relieve me of the bag I was carrying. He got up and made breakfast for me, and took me down to see his beloved yacht, *Mahng*, which he was making shipshape before selling her — not that there was anything needed that an ordinary person could see. He came walking with Pat and the dog, Slipper, when his strength allowed; and he not only ordered a new fence for his garden, but started to pull down the old one before we could stop him.

Towards the end of my stay he began to mention that his back was painful, but he insisted that he'd strained it in the past and that it would get better with a little rest, as it had before. That was the only thing that made him agree to a day or two in bed: and even then he got up to keep his appointments at the hospital and with his own doctor — but he reluctantly allowed Pat to drive the car, as he did when they came to the bus to see me off. We said a cheerful Goodbye to each other, but I have to admit that I cried when we were out of sight — and I'm doing it again now that I'm writin about it. . . .

Only days later he had to go back into hospital, where it became necessary to administer morphia in ever increasing doses; but, even so, Pat was determined that she would look

after him at home, so that he could die in his own bed with his family, Richard, Peter, Anthony and Mary, around him; and on 9th July his soul departed.

As his elder brother, I thought that some of his old friends might be interested in his story; for I've never met anyone who so fully lived up to the promise made at his baptism . . . he really did "continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end."

Dr. Charles Steer (O.S.)

POLITICAL MEETING WITH THE FOREIGN SERVICE PROGRAMME

On 22nd January, 1991 Stowe's cosmopolitan atmosphere was greatly enhanced when the Oxford University Foreign Service Programme paid the School a visit. This was combined with a Political Society Meeting at which, united, our origins spanned four continents — Africa, Latin America, South-East Asia and the Pacific Rim, with Stoics adding the European dimension. Opportunities for debate with such a diverse representation of opinion are rare; and it was obvious from the keen discussions, which continued even after the 'official' meeting ended, that all the Stoics invited were grateful for the opportunity.

As four of the visitors spoke concerning the problems faced by their home countries, complacent Stoics were faced with the problems of the Third World at even closer quarters than television and Satellite links provide. If the pictures of starving millions on the television screen were lessening in effect, then discussion with some of these diplomats, whose message was so heartfelt, more than adequately re-emphasised the extent of all that still needs to be done to help their countries. The plight of these Third World countries, whose hopes for growth and development remained unpromising, appeared in contrast to the outlook of the Chinese representative — Chen Shanmin. His earnest speech outlined the 'capitalist' lines upon which China is able to use her resources in order to achieve a truly strong economy.

However, the message from the Third World countries, who do not have this prospect in sight, was clear. On issues such as the environment, pollution, the ozone layer and rain forests — they made it plain that if the West are eager for a world-wide 'clean-up' then they are going to have to pay for it themselves. Latin American countries, as an example, have already been led into debt through First World loans. Some are dependent upon income from

the rain-forests to halt further economic decline, and therefore they cannot afford to allocate scarce resources for the improvement of the environment. In contrast the West find themselves in a position to take positive action, yet sit back complacently with ozone-friendly deodorant and hairspray feeling that they have done their bit.

As the fifth speaker I felt many of my points to be trivial in comparison to the immediacy of the problems exposed by the other speakers. The environment, Europe, racism, the effects of war and AIDS are all much discussed and undoubtedly important issues in the United Kingdom and abroad, but their effect on an enclosed environment such as Stowe seems minimal. However, there was clearly one factor which we all agreed upon as a common goal, what I described as 'the good life' and what was translated as the quest for a decent standard of living.

Sir John Johnson, as the Chairman of the meeting, clearly summed up the main points of discussion — the constant threat to the security of small countries, such as Kuwait and Tibet, the problems attached to aid and development and the extent to which the Western world should be held politically accountable for its interference in the Third World.

The meeting emphasised the obvious differences between outlook and ideals held by those present; however the amicability with which the discussion was held offered the possibility of these problems being resolved in the future.

Camilla J. Squirrell (UVI)

MUSIC AT STOWE

During the Autumn Term I had the good fortune to conduct the Orchestra and Choral Society and I chose 'Hiawatha's Wedding Feast' by Coleridge Taylor. It is a work that has been under-rated over recent years although, of late, performances such as that by the Hallé have started to secure the piece a more regular place in the repertoire — it is not The B Minor Mass, but then it does not pretend to be. On Saturday 8th December the snow fell and most of the extra players who were to help the orchestra could not come, as could not many of the Choral Society. However, we went ahead with the performance, and orchestra and singers alike performed far better than I could have hoped. A.R.S. was the tenor soloist and in the first half Teresa Drayton and Clare Roper were soloists in the Bach Concerto for Two Violins. Term ended with "Carols by Candlelight" on 13th December, conducted by P.C.D.

The Spring Term saw the arrival of our new Director of Music, John Cooper Green. He was very soon called into action playing the double bass in Schubert's "Trout Quintet" in the Music Room on the evening of 20th January. The first half of the concert consisted of Mozart's Clarinet Quintet played by P.D.H. (clarinet) with Gillian Secret and Lorna Windass (violins), R.J.S.S. (viola) and Peter Halling (cello). The pianist in Schubert was P.C.D.

P.D.H. presented a performance of Mozart's Serenade for Thirteen Wind Instruments on Saturday, 2nd February in the Music Room. This was by all accounts an enchanting evening of music making-making with a very informative introduction.

Chances for Stoics to perform in concerts were many during the term with weekly concerts on Tuesday evenings, the Pupils' Concert on Sunday, 10th February and a number of Stoics were able to play in the orchestra for the performance of "The Creation" in the Chapel on Sunday, 17th March. The Choral Society performed well in Haydn, and it was a pity that J.C.G.'s first major concert at Stowe was not better attended, although, at the end of term plagued by poor weather and illness, it was perhaps not surprising that the audience was not as large as might be expected. Those who did come were given a musical treat, and I am sure that it will be the first of many under our new Director of Music.

Bram Wiggins is to retire as our trumpet teacher at the end of this term. He was for many years in charge of Wind and Brass teaching at Stowe and we were fortunate indeed that he stayed on to teach the trumpet. I will miss him for his wise counsel and advice over musical matters, but, as he is to live locally I am sure we will see him and, from time to time, hear his trumpet playing at Stowe.

R.J.S.S.

(A.R.S.: Tony Selby; P.C.D.: Paul Drayton; P.D.H.: Paul Harris; R.J.S.S.: Robert Secret).

SOCIETY

CHAPEL

The end of the Autumn Term consolidated the considerable gains in the quality of the worship which had been evident in the first half of term. The choir began to show its true capabilities, and the regular congregational practices proved their worth (despite their unpopularity and Mark Chamberlain's protest in the *Voice*), with a noticeable and sustained rise in the volume and quality of the singing. The Carol service was undoubtedly the best we have had in my

eight years here, at least from the point of view of the singing and quality of the reading. The inaudibility at the back of the chapel finally provoked the release of sufficient money to correct it with some new loudspeakers and additional amplifying power. My thanks to Ian McKillop for his technical assistance which has meant that we have not wasted any money in trying out inappropriate systems.

During the second half of the Autumn and the Spring Term we have had a series of excellent sermons, from a very varied selection of preachers. Our particular thanks to the Revds. Richard Grew, Keith deBerry, Chris Pemberton and team, Douglas Davies, John Hudson, Eric James and to the Prefects who managed well following a particularly tasteless piece of Stoic nonsense. We have also enjoyed an excellent series of Lent Addresses from a team from St. Aldate's, Oxford. Their different approach to presenting the Christian message provided a welcome and refreshing change. This was followed by an equally stimulating Confirmation Retreat, lead by Mike Parsons. It was the least troublesome and most original in my eight years here, despite also being the largest and my last.

It is always tempting when writing a final report to indulge in nostalgia, or to be deliberately provocative. I know that I shall miss some aspects of Stowe's worship when I move on to Sherington in July. There will be no more of those big events. The Chapel would hold every man, woman and child in the largest of five villages that will be my responsibility, although it would be a tight fit. I shall also miss the splendid organ music, from what must be the best school organ in the country, and I shall miss the resources provided by the School and the stimulus of a Common Room with seventy-plus lively and questioning minds, to say nothing of the incomparable beauty of the surroundings. However, I shall not miss feeling that a large proportion of the congregation is not with me because it does not want to be present at all.

I am glad to be handing the reins over to a priest with the abilities of Tim Hastie-Smith.

I very much hope that he will find a going concern with plenty more to do. There is certainly room for reform, especially in the matter of the compulsory nature of Sunday Worship. May God bless him in his ministry here.

There are always many people to thank every year, and especially after eight years in the job: Michael Drury and James Larcombe for their unflinching support every term, and many other staff members who have contributed their thoughts from time to time, some of them on a regular basis; several dozen Chapel officials

who have ensured over the years that the mechanics of hymn numbers, and such like, have been attended to, the sound engineers who have managed the system, with all its temperamentality, the ladies who deal with the flowers, the maintenance men who have kept us from the worst effects of the weather, the musicians (vital to worship) and the Chapel cleaners, especially Dave Walsh, who have brought the inside of the building up to such a high standard in the recent past.

I shall leave with some regrets, but sure that it is time to move on, before I finally run out of ideas, whilst I still have the energy to tackle a fresh job, otherwise the quite severe spiritual, liturgical and pastoral restrictions of this kind of post will begin simply to frustrate me, rather than challenge me to agitate for change. The Christian life is a pilgrimage and pilgrimage means movement for, to quote the letter to the Hebrews, 'Here we have no abiding city, but seek that which is to come.'

M.C.S-S.

THE LIBRARY

Since the last report on the Library in the May 1990 issue of this magazine, the most notable development is the removal, then foreshadowed, of the four central 'carrels' and their replacement by three low tables and twelve armchairs. This may not restore to the room the earlier elegance of refectory-type tables and leather armchairs of sybaritic opulence, but the new furniture does provide a more benevolent atmosphere, perhaps more conducive to spontaneous study and quiet reading.

Another innovation is a request by the Headmaster that the Summer Term leavers should make a donation to the Library. Through parents' generosity we have acquired a large number of books ranging from a new biography of Charles Darwin, appropriately donated by one of his descendants, Philippa Luard, to some fine works on Art and Fractals. We are particularly indebted to Helen Cox for the donation of no less than nine books. Among many other acquisitions are: **Macedonia**, another welcome gift from the Hellenic Foundation, and various books by Old Stoics: **Wings over the Sea**, by D. R. Foster (Cobham 1938); **Nor Any Drop to Drink**, by M. Mainwaring (Cobham 1961); **The Cottage Hospitals - 1859-1990**, by Dr. M. Emrys-Roberts (Cobham 1932-1936); **The Misadventures of an Ageing Mule**, by A. T. V. Aspinall (Grenville 1926); all donated by the authors.

The Old Stoic Society very kindly presented us with a copy of Noel Annan's book, **Our Age: Portrait of a Generation**.

We still feel that inadequate use is made of the Library by many Stoics; to some, indeed, the room must be almost a foreign country. But to some extent this is redeemed by the interest and enthusiasm of regular users.

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

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Literary Society has met four times since the beginning of the academic year. The first address on 2nd November, was given by Dr. Peter Swaab, University College, London, entitled "Shakespeare's Comedy." He essentially gave two talks, one on **Twelfth Night** and one on the comic elements of **Henry IV, Part 2**. Inevitably, therefore, it was a challenging task to hold the attention of all the of the audience all of the time. Aided by several amusing references to Orson Welles' film adaptation of the latter play, however, he did so and his talk was both interesting and, bearing 'A' levels in mind, of great value.

The second lecture was given by Dr. Helen Barr, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, on 9th November. She spoke on Chaucer's **Merchant's Tale**, looking at it from a distinctly female perspective and examining its portrayal of women. Not surprisingly, her provocative reading precipitated a lively discussion of the tale, widening into an examination of the sexual tradition of English literature in general.

The first meeting of 1991 was perhaps the most unusual of the year. On 18th January John Heath-Stubbs, the blind and eminent poet, came to Stowe to recite a selection of his own verse. Both the power of his recitation and the fascinating nature of his answers to the many questions rendered the evening extremely memorable.

On 23 February, the fourth meeting was addressed by Dr. Valerie Sanders, University of Buckingham. Her talk on **Great Expectations** was superbly geared towards the 'A' level examination and dealt with a series of the novel's themes in great detail, making several remarkably subtle connections with other literary works, among them **Hamlet**.

I would like to thank the catering staff for providing the excellent Literary Society dinners and Mr. P. A. S. Farquhar for his organisation of the meetings, and look forward to a varied and interesting programme in the future.

D. I. G. Szalay (*Secretary*)

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Historical Society has been well attended this year, both when the lectures have referred directly to 'A' Level studies, and when they have extended beyond such limitations.

The 161st meeting was held on 30th October, 1990. The talk, given by Mr. S. M. Andrews, concerned Lafayette and America. Dr. Helen Hacker completed the list of speakers for the Autumn Term with her discussion of the 'Image of Elizabeth I.' Slides made the talk more visually stimulating, and aided a more detailed study of an area within the 'A' Level syllabus.

The Spring Term began with the 163rd meeting on 1st February; Dr. Gunn, Merton, Oxford, spoke on 'Henry VII and His Court.' Attempting to provoke his audience he first stated that Henry's reign was boring; however he then proceeded to dismantle this rather controversial statement.

Our final talk of the term concerned the 'Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939.' The speaker Dr. H. Pogge von Strandmann, University College, Oxford, revealed some startling facts about the rôle of the Russians at the start of the Second World War.

All of these talks provoked interesting questions from the floor, the best means, I think, by which to judge their high standard throughout.

Camilla Squirrell (*Secretary*)

SIXTH FORM COLLOQUIUM

There have been three meetings of the Sixth Form Colloquium so far this year, entitled "Rights," "Chaos," and "Back to the Future IV." Their titles promise great variety but, sadly, the ensuing discussions all seemed to reach the same position too quickly: confrontation with the great "Why?" that stands behind everything. I lie. "Rights," which wondered whether frogs (the animals), foetuses and fascists should be equal before the law or not, provided reasonable scope for discussion, dallying for a while with lesser philosophy but eventually it, too, stood face to face with the great question and, not altogether surprisingly, promptly ran out of steam. The problem is, perhaps, that members are not ready to challenge various assumptions and generally received ideas and because of this the conversation is often predictable, following maybe two or three strongly defined philosophical tracks and ending in a realm where opinion may differ but there is little scope for discussion. Whether, for example, humanity is a mere biological accident on the result of divine action is a matter only of insubstantiable opinion. Ideas can be expressed, but convincing justification is nearly, if not absolutely, impossible. Certainly, most people's ideas with respect to that question are fairly immutable. And besides, who cares? Surely it is more interesting to attempt to understand particular facets of our

existence, rather than to question the reasons for our existence itself?

For this reason, the final talk of last year was perhaps the best to date. It was — being essentially a discussion on the nature of artistic expression — more restrictive in scope than the others and, being less utterly all-encompassing, more disputable. Two distinct camps still emerged, of course (one which thought) Jackson Pollock's name almost extremely apt, and one of which did not) and repeated their arguments obstinately at one another until it was time to go home. Which brings me on to my next point: the unwillingness of people to take on board new ideas, to rethink the thoughts by which the conclusions they carry around with them were once reached. There can, clearly, be no discussion between minds so dogmatic as to refuse even to listen to ideas other than their own.

Some of the weaknesses of the Colloquium stem from the method by which its members are selected. It is not difficult to think of many who never contribute to the meetings and some, though not as many, who are not members, but who would. It is, therefore, I believe, too large a group.

I look forward to some of these obstacles being removed and to the Colloquium's achievement of its full potential in the future.

D. I. G. Szalay (*UVI*)

SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Science Society has been very active again this term with two more very popular home-grown lecture demonstrations on Friday evenings. The first, entitled "Light Entertainment" by Dr. Brian Orger, covered a wide gamut of reactions illustrating aspects of Photochemistry. Armed with his ultra-violet fluorescing lamp and a host of glow in the dark models, including Freddy Photon and Eric Electron! Dr. Orger dashed around in the dark amidst masses of fascinating glassware and chemicals and explained the principles and demonstrated the practice.

Models were raised to excited states by incident light and then allowed to decay back to ground level. A flash tube connected to a photometer showed the exponential decay. Numerous reactions of breathtaking beauty were performed in the dark where chemiluminescent liquids tumbled down spiral tubes emitting lights of many different colours and intensities. He set off an immense explosion in a hydrogen/chlorine mixture using the light from burning magnesium and generally proceeded to thrill, entertain and educate all present. In a lively question session at the end he answered a broad range of questions on topics as diverse as fireflies, phosphorescence and photosynthesis.

It was undoubtedly an illuminating evening, reminding one Physics teacher nostalgically why Chemistry had been his favourite subject at school?

S.O.C.
B.H.O.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

The evening of 18th January saw the second Science Society lecture of the Term, put together and presented by S. O. Collins, Esq. Introduced by Dr. Orger, the lecture was swift to impress upon the varied audience that the study of 'fractals' was related to the entire structure of nature itself, albeit that superficially the subject appears to be a mathematical fantasy. As a simple yet deeply penetrative example, the vein structure of a leaf displays the idea of recurrent bifurcation, i.e. the repetitive splitting of veins to form a network that becomes increasingly dense. The fractal characteristic in nature is something that illustrates a finite bifurcation, yet with the use of mathematical models (only made possible with the advent of the computer and associated graphics software), fractal patterns created with infinite reiteration of limited productive parameters can now be viewed with relative ease. With the enthusiasm that only Mr. Collins characterises, we were taken through the fundamental principles that found the validity behind such a concept. The necessity for a truly comprehensive proof resulted in expansion of advanced calculations that may have dulled the understanding of the more junior members of the audience. However, this was quickly compensated by some practical application of the maths which involved some aesthetically successful computer generated graphics, which furthered the potential that was becoming inherently evident in fractals, to the casual observer. For example, computers now generate landscape graphics with strangely natural realism, based upon a fractal programme that lends infinite detail to the picture. This obviously has promise for various types of simulator and mapping functions. Surrounded by a multitude of television/computer screens, Mr. Collins had by now, accumulated a wealth of stunning patterns and pictures, all the result of software. But is there any real 'hands-on' experience, we ask? Well, the next demonstration was just that. Viewed through a projector, metal crystals were electrolytically grown, displaying in their creation a direct fractal code that determined their fern-like structure. As one might imagine, the talk had turned out to be directed at artists, chemists, biologists, and designers as well as physicists, showing that with the progress of technology, such specialist interests often become universally recognised in their integra-

tion with apparently wholly unrelated professions. It is this characteristic that must be upheld within the Society, for it is obviously this application of science to the world that renders these lectures captivating, beneficial and enjoyable. Mr. Collins' lecture was most certainly successful in this respect.

T. A. D. Crawford (*LVI*)

THE NUCLEUS SOCIETY

I

This Term has also seen the re-inauguration of The Nucleus Society which has not run for eight years at Stowe, its first meetings having been in the early Sixties. The Society consists of Sixth Form Scientists and Mathematicians, having a keen interest in topics beyond the confines of A level syllabi. The main purpose of the Society is to give students an opportunity to present a paper on an advanced topic of their choice to their peers and any members of staff they care to invite. Papers can be of a practical or theoretical nature but should go beyond the bounds of routine A level work.

The 109th meeting took place on 8th February with the President, Mr. Simon Collins presenting a talk of "Einstein's Theory of Special Relativity." The lively audience participated with many questions as the complex subject was developed. Mr. Collins began by explaining the idea of an inertial or non-accelerated frame of reference, and the uncomfortable non-Newtonian idea that there is no such universal frame. All motion can only be measured relative to an arbitrary frame. Galilean relativity which gave sensible results for boats motoring up, down or across stream was then shown to be totally and surprisingly inapplicable to light beams travelling in space through the null result of the Michelson-Morley experiment. Light has a constant speed which is relative to any observer!

This uncomfortable fact of nature was then developed by analysing a rod clock in which a light beam reverberates back and forth between parallel mirrors. A moving rod clock was compared to a stationary one and the famous formula for time dilation was derived, showing that moving clocks run slow! The application of this peculiar idea was then demonstrated on a video clip showing that, indeed, fast moving muon particles in the cosmic ray flux did live considerably longer than their stationary laboratory brothers! The meeting ended after much discussion and coffee, making a delightfully two-way exchange of ideas and pointing the way for the members to take the floor in the Society's true tradition.

T. A. D. Crawford (*Secretary*)

II

For the 110th meeting sixteen members were welcomed by the President who was delighted to re-commence student presentations by inviting the Secretary, Tristan Crawford and John Samuelson to deliver a lecture on "Elementary Aeronautics." The lecture proved in fact to be a quite advanced and excellent exposition of the principles and modern practice of flight. The speakers were comfortable in using the mediums of video, overhead projection, clear diagrams and discourse — teachers beware!

The Secretary after explaining the Venturi and Bernoulli principles developed the concepts of lift, centre of pressure and three major causes of drag. He followed with an elegant explanation, using pre-prepared diagrams and a model, of stability due to the balance of horizontal and vertical forces in steady-state, non-accelerated flight.

He then handed over to his co-lecturer John Samuelson who covered applications to such modern concepts as variable camber wings, tunable cross-sections, canard types with a small fore-wing, and the very unusual forward swept wing being trialled by Grumann. He explained the high lift and low drag that have been theoretically predicted for this, to my mind, ugly conformation. He proceeded to look at aerodynamic polymorphism, the benefits of variable geometry to different kinds of flight, including coverage of the Fowler flap, swing and telescopic wings as well as wing tip droop.

At the end of the splendid discourse questions flowed freely and the speakers impressed us all with their detailed knowledge of aircraft and their design in the civil and military sectors. The Nucleus Society is indeed again alive and flying!

S.O.C.

FOUNDATIONERS

This term I have taken over the organisation of Foundationers from Mr. J. Dobinson, this being the third year of its operation.

We have involved all the Third Form boys in a number of varied activities, week by week, including Canoeing, Fives, Squash, Soccer, Basketball, Cross-Country. The LVI boys have played a major rôle as leaders in coaching and organising the activities and the following were awarded representative ties for their efforts! D. B. Angus, G. M. Boyd, D. S. Linker and J. A. Smith.

Field Day weekend proved exciting (and dry!) and four major excursions were on offer.

1. Yealmton (Dartmoor) for cave rescue, abseiling, climbing, walking on Dartmoor and compass work, and survival bivouacing.

2. Llandridnod Wells for canoeing, abseiling, climbing and mountain biking.
3. New Forest: Staying in Swanage Youth Hostel, visit to Lyndhurst New Forest Museum, forest walk, cliff walk, and visit to owl sanctuary.
4. Hendon R.A.F. Museum. Day visit to the museum with the R.A.F. Section.

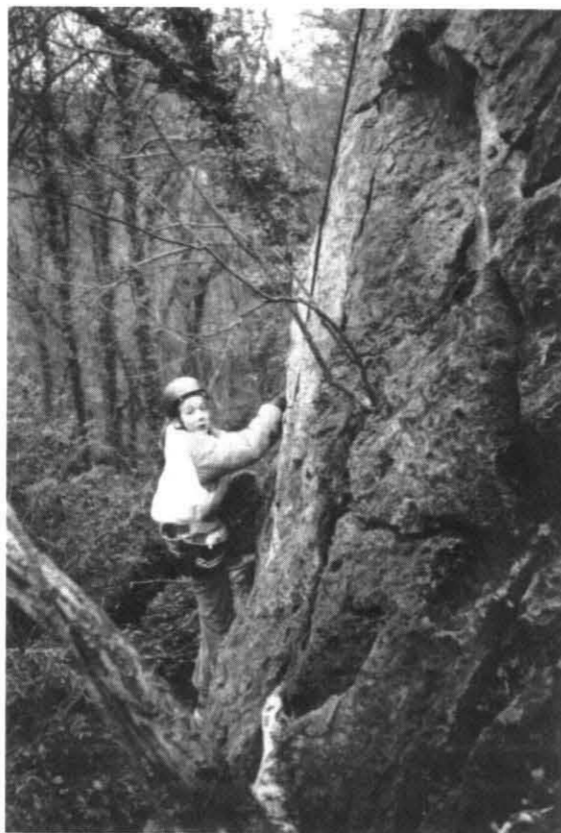
My thanks to all Staff and Leaders who accompanied the boys on these visits; they were all thoroughly enjoyable and exhilarating.

Foundationers Grand Prix:

At the end of term we held what is to be now an annual event — the Go-Kart race, which involves a group of boys designing, building and pushing round a course a go-kart in a competitive race. Each group made a good effort to construct the vehicle as an on-going project throughout the term and eight roadworthy karts stood on the grid. The 'circuit' proved too much for two of the models — bad designs failed to take account of the bumps and bends — and only six finished the five-lap race. However a thrilling race with many hair-raising and exciting duels were witnessed especially up the Grafton Slope!

Well done to all the Leaders and boys who put in so much thought, time and (of course muscle pushing power) energy into the project.

L.E.W.



J. J. Lane, Foundationers, tackling a climb

THE BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

This academic year, the Biological Society has been fortunate enough to have had five meetings. All five of the meetings were relevant, interesting and well received. This is a good reflection on both the lecturers and the members of the Society.

Evidence of this may be found with the Buckinghamshire Ambulance Service, who delivered a lecture on their basic Paramedical techniques. The lecture was so successful that twelve Stoics, myself included, have undergone a course in the techniques and await assessment.

Major Swale, from "Trek Force," came to talk to the Society on his speciality, Indonesia. This also was a great success and a few Stoics made further enquiries on how they might experience the beauty of Indonesia at first hand.

The Society members themselves have run two meetings. The first was a debate, the motion, "Green Alternatives do more harm than good," proposed by Russell Canavan, and seconded by Fletcher Morgan. The opposition was led by Giles Underwood and seconded by Charles Treitline. After a lively debate, the motion was rejected. The debate was chaired by Mr. Hirst.

The second was a question time, presided by Dr. Hornby. The meeting seemed to be very popular and the questions asked were all relevant and kept a lively discussion running. The questions faced a panel consisting of Kris Callow, Hannah Baker, Tim Hart and Emma Deeks. The whole Society seemed to have points that it wished to put forward, though a loose sort of order was maintained.

The other meeting was delivered by Mr. Baker. His topic was "Bovine Gynaecology" and seemed off-putting. However the eloquence of the speaker soon captivated his audience. From the barrage of questions addressed to Mr. Baker at the end, he knew he had faced an attentive audience.

R. E. M. Canavan (Secretary)

CORKSCREW SOCIETY

The Corkscrew Society has met twice since the beginning of the new School Year 1990—1991. Attempts to arrange additional meetings proved difficult because of the abundance of other events and societies meeting at the week-ends. However, both the meetings which took place proved extremely worthwhile. The first took place on October 14th, 1990 and consisted of an Introduction to Wine-Tasting, where eight wines red and white were tasted, given by Captain J. S. Stewart from the International Wine and Food Society. Captain Stewart has done much for the Society over the years, first

presenting a talk at the seventeenth meeting in 1974. The Society's connections with the International Wine and Food Society go back even further, to the founding of the Society itself.

The second meeting took place on March 16th, and Mrs. Nutley, who first addressed the Society last year when her daughter Lucy Nutley was Secretary, was welcomed back. Her talk on 'Cocktails' was extremely professional, with the first twenty minutes spent discussing what Cocktails are, and what equipment is needed to make them, and indeed drink them. Particularly refreshing was the Pussy-foot which consisted of egg yolk, grenadine, lime, orange and lemon juice, topped up with soda. Everyone was involved shaking or stirring the drinks, so inhibitions were quickly discarded, and the evening was completed with a cup of 'speciality coffee.'

The Summer Term will see the centenary meeting of the Corkscrew Society which will, I hope, provide yet another enjoyable occasion.

Camilla Squirrel (Secretary)

NTV FORESTRY GROUP

The first half of the Autumn Term was almost entirely taken up with the completion of the tree survey to match the National Trust's major garden survey. I am glad to say that the group tolerated a little more of the same at the end of the same term, and at the beginning of the Spring Term. The Summer Term will see the completion of the survey of the Japs and nearby more recent woodlands. The greatest problem facing us now is the completion of the entering of the data into the computer!

As many will know, Anthony Pedder gave a goodly sum of money to be spent on planting some new tree and shrub stock into the School's own area. The work on this project is now almost complete. There is a good sized red horse chestnut to match the white one in Chapel Court. The rhododendron bed, in decline for some time has been cleared and replanted with cornus species and cultivars, to provide summer, autumn and winter interest. In addition a variegated cornelian cherry has been placed in the semi-circular bed. The planting list is as follows:— 1 × Aesculus × Carnea 'Briotii,' 1 × Cornus Mas 'Variegata,' 1 × Cornus Kousa Chinensis 'China Girl,' 10 × Cornus Stolonifera 'Flaviramea,' 10 × Cornus Alba Sibirica 'Westonbirt,' 10 × Cornus Alba 'Kessdringii,' 10 × Cornus Alba 'Gouchaltii,' 7 × Cornus Alba 'Elegantissima,' 3 × Cornus Sanguinea 'Winter Flame.'

Most of the rest of the time has been spent preparing firewood and tidying up the areas immediately around the churchyard. Some

excellent bonfires to cheer up the winter cold resulted from the clear up.

The School no longer has any responsibility for the rest of the grounds, but some comment is worthwhile. There are two projects which have caused much comment. The work started some years back, thinning and managing the south-east side of the Grecian Valley, has continued apace. The aim is to soften the edge and lead into the woodland less abruptly. Anyone going anywhere near the south-east corner of the estate will have seen the lake partly drained, and an unsightly sea of mud, with a deep lake of the stuff in the old quarry. I very much hope that by the summer the restoration of the Upper and of the Octagon, below and beyond the Palladian bridge, and the recreation of a long lost lake, which has resulted in this mess, will begin to show its benefit. I think that the area will be delightful, more than compensating for the loss of its unmanaged wilderness character. I do, however, wonder how the Trust will dispose of the mud in the quarry. It is not intended to remain there for ever.

Each year that I have been involved with the estate work has seen a different group of boys (no girls, yet) — some willing volunteers, others regarding it as only a fraction better than sanctions. The worst years have been quite difficult. Last year was a very productive one. This year, although the three teams are small in numbers, they are all doing the work by choice. It has made it a very pleasant year both for Mr. Edwards and for me. Perhaps that is a small compensation for the frustration felt by M.E. at having to refrain from almost all active involvement owing to the all too familiar (to me) slipped disc. We wish him a total recovery and the patience to refrain from lifting wood until it has recovered.

M.C.S.S.



Stowe First XI 1991

Photograph by Gillman & Soame

SPORT

HOCKEY

'Sport doesn't create character, it reveals it.'

The season will be remembered for the very special fixture on Varsity Day, but the overall results should not be overlooked. To remain unbeaten at home is always a fine achievement, which the First XI did, and all year groups had something good to shout about. Credit must go to all players for battling away on the slippery hard surface when wet and on heavy grass pitches in the dead of winter. Influenza took its toll on fitness mid-term, trial exams pre-occupied two-fifths of the School, quite rightly so, and the drama festival was an additional pressure on the Lower Sixth especially. What's new? So much happens in this shorter term with Seven-a-side rugby, First XI soccer and inter-House cross-country running all attracting the hockey player. There is no longer **so much passion to swallow up all the rest**. Extra inspiration to train hard and learn skills came in the persons of Sean Kerly in the Autumn and Ian Taylor in the Spring. These Olympic gold medallists were as brilliant as they were modest.

THE FIRST XI

Extraordinarily, as many as nineteen players were called on during the term to represent the First XI because of intermittent illness and injury. Four experienced players remained from last year, ably led by Giles Dawson and Darren Beveridge, assisted well by Ryan Green and Toby Russell. The selection of a goalkeeper remained enigmatic throughout. Three good candidates, all with different qualities, interchanged in the opening matches. Steven Forro, best at short corners, Keith Reed, dynamic in the tackle, and James Dare with a fine all round game vied for the honours. In front of goal, Giles Dawson's control was formidable. His calm influence diffused an atmosphere of confidence and his example in defensive covering saved the day on many an occasion. Toby Russell, quick footed would prowl the 25 yard line stealthily dispossessing all prey. The newcomer, Gerry Scrase, forced himself to proper agility and commanded the right back rôle. He anticipated a threat by moving into a tackle with correct timing. Ryan Green, at left half, succumbed to a glandular fever type virus and his positive style of play was too little on display. In his place, more often than not, was Simon Denning, who, with undeniable talent, strode more willingly in attack and cantered back reluctantly in defence. Responsibility for the middle of the field fell on Richard Larcombe whose powers of concentration when in possession of the ball were exceptionally

strong. Centre half is the best position from which to read the game and Richard developed a vision which will make him a key player in the future. Both he and Simon, with others, were caught holding on to the ball and earlier distribution would have opened up the chances of a more attacking strategy. All this requires support play from nearby players and none better at a high work rate was Darren Beveridge at inside right. His scorching pace and powerful, assertive running lifted the efforts of those around him. In complementary manner at inside left was Alastair Scott-Gall. Always thinking, always pacing himself, he could, when goaded, glide through to the circle with class. Piers Williams, at centre forward, ranged from moments of lightning reflexes to dreamy reveries. He persevered through an ankle injury with characteristic grit. On the right wing, Luc Ferrand was ever willing to make the most of what little percentage of the game he received, although the intricacies of stickwork frustrated him. The left wing saw the duel between David Amdor and Richard Burke. David with a solid stop on a good surface and Richard with dribbling prowess will prove vital next season.

MATCHES

Plans for the season started way back in November with a Sunday friendly encounter against Maidenhead and Bray H.C. This stretched muscles not used by the rugby players and helped focus the mind on who would contend for which places in January. The Bicester warm-up match blew the cobwebs from the lungs particularly in the second half after trailing by two goals. The term had started in earnest. A serious approach was evident and a desire to win was in the air. Against St. Edward's some chances were missed but a resolute defence held firm with an excellent temperament and good communication; perhaps the plaudits went to Gerry Scrase in his first match. Sadly, 'flu had set in before the Radley game so a below par side did well to hold the score to one each at half time when fatigue showed. James Dare was impressive in goal and Darren Beveridge received his first green card with confusion! Too little tackling was seen close to the circle and one goal conceded had three defenders goal-side of their goalie! An 'A' XI travelled to Cheltenham and after a gruelling first half gave away nothing in the second with superb keeping by Keith Reed. So many free hits were simply given away straight to the opposition. A very even game against a young Bedford XI might have been a home win from the amount of possession but it was not to be. A hunger for goals was well satisfied against Oundle. Intelligent improvisation came from greater self-confidence, so often the case in the world of

sport. As usual one game was sacrificed to the English climate even in today's world of synthetic surfaces and this time it was Rugby. Exeat was followed by an away match on grass at Berkhamsted. Patience, discipline and determination secured a win better than the scoreline suggested.

VARSITY DAY

To be ready for the Cranleigh match a prior visit to the water-based astro pitch at Reading was essential. Field Day suited nicely. In retrospect it was perhaps a good thing that this practice afternoon turned out to be a disaster! Familiarity with the pitch was the important matter. The next afternoon nerves showed very early on against Cranleigh in front of an expectant, animated crowd. A goal down within five minutes would have thrown a lesser team than Stowe. Character and resolve certainly were revealed. Passes went accurately to the right people, their mistakes were seized on and a proper control of the game was effected. Simon Denning, who had to work extremely hard in defence, equalised at a short corner and before half-time Alastair Scott-Gall scored an exquisitely executed goal. Dominance in the second half culminated in a third scored by Luc Ferrand, so under-used on the right. The ceaseless energy of Darren Beveridge in open play and running out at short corners was significant. So too was the superlative disruptive play of Richard Larcombe as he interrupted any rhythm Cranleigh tried to create. The all pervading motivation of Giles Dawson held sway especially when, with only minutes left, Cranleigh scored a second goal. Premature euphoria gave way to panic and another vital short corner to be eliminated. The final whistle settled the issue with some relief to Stowe and with well earned pride. It may not have been a spectacular victory but it was thoroughly deserved. To remain unbeaten for the third time on these pre-varsity occasions has been a wonderful record.

'I'm motivated by the experience, quite apart from winning or losing.'—Martin Bell, *British ski champion.*

It was likely that such was the case on that day for both Stowe and Oxford, who beat Cambridge. But what of our next game versus High Wycombe at Bisham Abbey? From the sublime to the ridiculous. Without four regular team members was no excuse for little fight or steel. It is for sure that a school who plays two terms in succession will have the edge and they showed it. Dignity was regained in the last three matches. Two well struck short corners against Mill Hill and convincing team spirit against Pangbourne were the feature in those matches. The Old Stoic Day provided a happy finale to a

busy programme all term. The overall goal average was restored to a respectable figure too!

HOUSEMATCHES

The Senior competition was finely contested and as close as the result showed. Chatham 4, Chandos 3. First XI players made their mark with Chatham having more strength in depth. In the Juniors, Grafton made heavy weather of the final scoring the one goal in extra time. In the Autumn Term, Cobham beat Grenville 2—0, to win the Yearlings competition.

THE OCCASIONALS

The Staff XI were equal to a Third XI team supplemented by two Second XI players in the annual end of term jolly. In the last year we have lost the good services of John Dobinson and Douglas Marcuse, but we welcome the enthusiasm of William Vernon for what we hope will be an extended stay. Thanks are extended to our new grounds supervisor, John Mullen, and head groundsman, Tony Stairs, and their team for all the hard work they have done. They see the toil and the training. I hope they share in the successes too.

First XI Squad: S. Forro*, K. S. Reed*, J. A. Dare, T. H. P. Russell*, G. J. Scrase*, G. A. E. Dawson* (Captain), R. E. Larcombe*, S. J. Denning*, R. J. Q. Green* (hon. Secretary), L. H. Ferrand*, D. S. Beveridge* (Vice-Captain), P. A. Williams*, A. J. Scott-Gall*, D. M. Amdor, R. G. Burke.

* Colours.

Results: Played 12; Won 7; Drawn 3; Lost 2.
Goals for 27; Against 23.

| | | | |
|---------------------------|------|-----------|-----|
| v. Maidenhead & Bray H.C. | Home | Drawn | 2—2 |
| v. Bicester H.C. | Home | Drawn | 3—3 |
| v. St. Edward's, Oxford | Home | Won | 3—1 |
| v. Radley | Away | Lost | 1—4 |
| v. Cheltenham | Away | 'A' XI | |
| v. Bedford | Home | Drawn | 0—0 |
| v. Oundle | Home | Won | 3—1 |
| v. Rugby | Away | Cancelled | |
| v. Berkhamsted | Away | Won | 1—0 |
| v. Cranleigh | Away | Won | 3—2 |
| v. High Wycombe | Away | Lost | 0—7 |
| v. Mill Hill | Home | Won | 3—0 |
| v. Pangbourne | Home | Won | 3—1 |
| v. Old Stoics | Home | Won | 5—2 |

PORTUGAL

The windy, sunny, Atlantic climate greeted the touring team for a weekend in Estoril near Lisbon. So too did a physical XI from N.A.T.O. full of muscle-bound naval personnel. A sterile first half gave way to a two goal tussle in the second half. Once the substitute, J.M.L., was off to the treatment room, Darren Beveridge wrapped up the contest with his own sharp-shooting. A Saturday was spent in the genial company of the Lisbon Casuals H.C. A mixed Six-a-Side tournament exhausted everyone over



Stowe v. Cranleigh

Photograph by Hugh Routledge

five hours! Only goal difference separated the winners, captained by our host, Mr. Bruce Dawson, and the others. Later that day food, fun and frivolity lingered into the early hours of the next morning and put paid to any serious resistance in the last game. Subtle team selection by Lisbon brought on fresh, experienced legs in the Casuals XI. Sunday afternoon tea was taken with Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dawson, grandparents to Giles, in their delightful home. Sincere thanks go to our hosts and friends in Portugal for their generosity and kindness throughout an exhilarating weekend.

Tour Party: G. A. E. Dawson (Captain), D. S. Beveridge, R. J. Q. Green, S. Forro, L. H. Ferrand, M. J. C. Flower, G. J. Scrase, A. J. Scott-Gall, D. M. Amdor, R. D. S. Burrough, H. D. Baird.

Managers: C. J. G. Atkinson, J. M. Larcombe.

OXFORD

A four o'clock start on the Monday forecast a journey of gloomy proportions: the smell of burning rubber in the plane before take-off, hours of waiting, a shuttle between Gatwick and Heathrow made the party miss the opening game at Oxford!

In our absence, the Swallows, a masters and boys team, beat Liverpool College on the grass of Christ Church. The morning match was a battle against jet lag and Reed's School had the upper hand, whereas the afternoon game against Oakham was lost only by a missed penalty flick — no name! In the evening Sweeney Todds restaurant revived the flagging

spirits. The final match restored our fortunes with a clear-cut win, 3—0 over Yarm School, Cleveland.

Festival Group: G. A. E. Dawson, D. S. Beveridge, T. H. P. Russell, S. Forro, K. S. Reed, L. H. Ferrand, G. J. Scrase, A. J. Scott-Gall, S. J. Denning, D. M. Amdor, M. P. Bazeley, R. D. S. Burrough, G. H. Passmore.

J.M.L.

SECOND XI

What was a good season could have been, and really should have been, an excellent one. The record of 5—1—3, with better fortune early on and better application later, might have been converted into nine straight victories. The sternest opposition was confronted with a depleted team in the midst of the 'flu epidemic, but thereafter five successive wins saw the team rise in confidence and produce some high quality hockey on a variety of surfaces. The last two matches, therefore, came as an anti-climax at a time when the team was at full strength and ready to finish off the season in spectacular style — it was like taking a double bogey on the 18th at Augusta when a sensible par would have earned the Green Jacket.

However, the main players, ably led by William Morris, must be given credit for their overall performance in a most enjoyable season. After the availability and selection problems of the first two matches, the combination of Morris and Pearce at full back and either Reed or Dare in goal conceded only five

goals in seven matches — a platform that gave the forwards confidence to apply pressure up front and keep the opposition occupied in their own half. This in turn gave the likes of Burke, Escott, Becker, Pearl and Perei the opportunity to go for goal and, when their interpassing worked fluently, their attacking power was as effective as any seen on the circuit. In midfield, Flower became an increasingly dominant force at centre-half, and Sucksmith likewise developed a positional sense that blended in well with the team's strategy.

Personnel in other positions fluctuated somewhat, but Raynor finally established himself as a first choice wing half, Stoppard more often than not got the vote on the left wing, and Bazeley was the most talented and least available all-rounder in the side.

It was your reporter's pleasure to be associated with such a convivial group of enthusiastic and, sometimes, hardworking Stoic hockey players, and he hopes the team enjoyed the season as much as he did.

C.J.G.A.

Team from: W. L. C. Morris (Captain), M. P. Bazeley, J. A. Becker, R. G. Burke, J. A. Dare, J. Escott, M. J. C. Flower, L. R. F. Pearce, H. G. Pearl, R. A. Perei, J. G. Raynor, K. S. Reed, E. Stoppard, J. P. Sucksmith.

Also Played: D. M. Amdor, L. H. Ferrand, C. E. Gartside, J. N. E. Law, R. W. H. Monk, J. H. S. Pratt, R. J. Symes.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| Results: v. St. Edward's | Cancelled |
| v. Radley | Lost 0—2 |
| v. Cheltenham | Lost 1—4 |
| v. Bedford | Won 2—1 |
| v. Oundle | Won 3—0 |
| v. Berkhamsted | Won 2—1 |
| v. Bedford Modern | Won 1—0 |
| v. High Wycombe G.S. | Won 4—1 |
| v. Mill Hill | Lost 1—0 |
| v. Pangbourne | Drawn 1—1 |

THIRD XI

Heavy snow and the "bug" brought havoc to the early part of the 1991 season. A very heavy frost meant that the pitches were unfit for the Third's first fixture, St. Edward's, and the game was cancelled. Three days later, the team was taken across to Radley and were frankly outplayed. . . . "Never mind, sir, we would beat them on the catwalk any day," chirped one player as we left the pitch.

The following Saturday took us to Cheltenham. By now the Senior teams were being mauled by the 'flu and rapidly the ranks of the Thirds were depleted, as players were promoted or bed-bound. The "friendly" match unfortunately turned into a rout and perhaps it would have been better if we had all stayed in bed that day.

By the time we recovered for the second half of term, the pitches and players had been miraculously cured, and we could once again

look forward to a programme of regular practices, fixtures and above all players. The Oundle match was closely contested and a highlight of the term. An excellent goal from M. F. Loudon and some acrobatic goalkeeping skills from K. S. Reed helped the team to a well-deserved draw.

The Rugby and Bedford fixtures were both cancelled due to the weather. However, the team got stuck straight back into the game and notched up two wins against Berkhamsted (goals from H. G. Pearl and E. A. G. Shillington) and the Royal Latin. In the last game, D. T. Campbell, our last minute call-up, shocked everyone, including himself, by scoring the winner.

The Pangbourne match was enthusiastically fought in very difficult conditions and included the appearance of a number of guest stars to make up the numbers (including Mrs. V.)

The grand finale was the match against the staff in which the strongest team was called up. The result was a three-all draw and an excellent end to a rather patchy season.

My thanks go to Edward Shillington and Angus Watson for their combined stewardship of the various teams, the "regulars" and the "occasionals."

The following people played for the Third XI: E. A. G. Shillington* (Captain), H. G. Pearl, J. A. Dare, G. E. Gartside*, D. S. Linker*, W. Manning*, M. F. Loudon*, K. S. Reed, J. N. E. Law*, J. A. Becker, R. J. Symes*, J. Escott, J. H. S. Pratt*, E. Stoppard*, L. W. H. Monk, M. P. Russell, S. G. Pelly, N. W. S. Whetherly*, A. C. H. Watson*, C. E. M. Mash, K. D. R. Callow, B. R. Lambourne*, I. D. Goodchild, J. G. Raynor, P. D. de Marez Oyens, R. C. D. T. Holtby, A. C. Biffa.

* Denotes Third XI Colours.

| | |
|---------------------------------|-----------|
| Results: v. St. Edward's | Cancelled |
| v. Radley | Lost 5—2 |
| v. Bedford | Cancelled |
| v. Oundle | Drawn 1—1 |
| v. Rugby | Cancelled |
| v. Berkhamsted | Won 2—0 |
| v. Royal Latin | Won 2—3 |
| v. Mill Hill | Lost 2—0 |
| v. Pangbourne | Lost 2—0 |
| v. Staff | Drawn 3—3 |

W.E.H.V.

COLTS XI

Only one goal scored in eight matches was the sorry record of a 'A' team capable of playing some very pleasant hockey, but lacking overall the drive and "hwyll" required to be competitive. They had to play, it is true, on a circuit where four of their opponents, Cheltenham, Radley, Bedford and High Wycombe, have not only very skilful sides but also play regularly on synthetic pitches. These matches brought the best out of the Stoic players and, although the outcome was never in doubt, there was no disgrace in losing. What was disappoint-

ing, however, was the performance against teams where the skill factor was equal. At Oundle, there was little attempt to chase and harry; the postage stamp pitch at Berkhamsted frustrated ill-conceived attempts at individual play; Pangbourne had more heart for the contest and Mill Hill hung on to their slender lead by virtue of a more determined approach.

It can be notoriously difficult for a team at this age to blend together and raise their game in adversity. It would therefore be inappropriate to conclude that the season was entirely disastrous as the results suggest, nor yet to attempt to apportion either individual or collective blame. Several players made good progress and learned valuable lessons which will stand them in good stead in the future and all will benefit from the opportunity of different team-mates afforded by playing in the seniors next year. One feature of the play which was quite beyond reproach was the behaviour towards both opponents and umpires which was unfailingly courteous throughout. It is to be hoped that this is one aspect of the game in which their attitude will not change.

G.A.C.

Team: M. Steggle, J. M. Crawford, mi. (Captain), J. Ferreira, R. R. T. Macdonald, A. J. Barber, ma., J. T. P. Grant, H. D. Baird, R. D. S. Burroughs, A. J. C. James, G. H. Weller-Poley, G. H. Passmore, A. T. Mustard, M. P. B. Champness.

COLTS 'B' XI

Illness, injury and inclement weather combined to take their toll, resulting in two cancellations (Oakham and St. Edward's), heavy defeats against Radley, Cheltenham, Oundle and Bedford Modern, and fighting draws against Bedford and Pangbourne. Morale remained high in spite of the reverses, for which much credit, and my grateful thanks, go to Sam Murray, our indefatigable captain.

D.J.E.

| | |
|---------------------------|-----------|
| Results: v. Oakham | Cancelled |
| v. St. Edward's | Cancelled |
| v. Radley | Lost 6—0 |
| v. Cheltenham | Lost 2—5 |
| v. Bedford | Drawn 2—2 |
| v. Oundle | Lost 10—0 |
| v. Bedford Mod. | Lost 0—6 |
| v. Pangbourne | Drawn 1—1 |

Goals for: 5. Goals against: 24

JUNIOR COLTS XIs

A combination of influenza and bad weather conspired against quick development of the team, but once established, progress was rapid and enthusiasm easy to work with. The eagerness to learn in the squad and the boys' willingness to fashion their own playing-patterns on the skills taught were very refreshing. The fact that the morale was not dented by early and

heavy defeats shows a natural maturity which is very commendable.

In both teams individual skill emerged which was to add to cohesion; this in turn gave us resounding victories towards the end of the season. Paul Denning as Captain and player proved an excellent choice. His ability to inspire zest in his team-mates, by blending encouragement and criticism, is rare. Speed in our wings, Daniel Scott and Andrew Birt; baffling stick-work from centre-forward, Robert Temple (baffling, we think, to all but himself); vicious shooting in the circle from Adam Carling and a steady drool of cryptic comment from George Pendle, all of this was the stuff of which our victories were made. What is more, a solid defence was eventually found; hidden somewhere in Andrew Ludwig, Alexander Robertson and, when he came back on games, Giles Smith-Walker. Passing from these three at the back was seldom faulty and they founded many goals through the stick-work of William Wynne and William Boyd-Carpenter.

And we can boast some depth in this age-group. Charles Clare, Barnaby Read, James Harrison, Guy Wheeler and Jonathan-Anderson were the basis of a motivated, often vociferous, attacking 'B' team. This gave the team some superb wins at the end of the season. It really was a highly encouraging season for all involved.

'A' Team Results: Played 6; Won 3; Lost 2; Drawn 1; Goals for 13; Goals against 14.

'B' Team Results: Played 4; Won 2; Lost 2; Drawn 0; Goals for 7; Goals against 10.

**D.C.B.
S.H.C.R.**

THE YEARLINGS

The early Autumn weeks offered ideal weather for hockey, as is so often the case. New faces were cheerful and keen to acquire the basic skills of the game. Several new boys had never picked up a stick in action, let alone in anger. The Club and County groups match our innocence at the right level at the start of their season, and before they become too strong. This was the case with Banbury and Northamptonshire, but Oundle and Sir William Borlase G.S. proved too good this year. The most exciting and commendable match was away at Uppingham. Stowe lost at home by a margin of four goals and turned the tables with a tremendous performance in the return fixture.

The captaincy was shared between Matthew Smith, a quiet, effective and compact player, and Nick Roberts, a robust, forceful and resourceful runner. Another notable member of the 'A' XI proved to be Charles Frampton, who enjoyed moving from the half-back line to

inside right. Tom Hope-Johnstone played alongside at left-link with a real will to improve but was hampered by persistent knee trouble. Nicholas Pinkney, at left-wing, learned the art of pulling the ball back before crossing strongly, and John Harrington, on the right-wing, ran his heart out in possession of the ball. Sadly his concentration wandered for the rest of the game. Commanding the midfield was Richard Barber, with a gutsy style that others, bigger than he, could well have copied when the going got tough. Thomas Chambré and Richard Dobbin competed for the left-half place much of the time. Both showed a willing spirit and a welcome attitude in attack, which is generally easier, and in defence, which requires greater tenacity. In the backs, the two tall figures of Max König and Nicholas Britten-Long, gained the rudiments of hard hitting, firm tackling and good covering. Alessandro Swainston, in goal, filled the rôle with enthusiasm, courage and appropriate vocal encouragement.

The potential in this year group is above average. It may well be that 'B' XI players come through as they get older. The outlook is quite promising if each person increases in general athleticism which can come from a range of good competitive sport. Let us hope that a will to achieve great results develops. The enjoyment is certainly present at the start.

Team from: A. W. A. Swainston, M. J. M. König, C. N. C. Britten-Long, R. Dobbin, T. J. C. Chambré, R. F. Barber, J. P. B. Harrington, M. McN. G. Smith (Vice-captain), C. C. Frampton, N. W. H. Roberts (Captain), T. M. Hope-Johnstone, N. R. J. Pinkney.

Results 'A' XI: Played 8; Won 4; Drawn 1; Lost 3.

| | | | |
|----------------------|------|-------|-----|
| v. Banbury H.C. | Home | Drawn | 2-2 |
| v. Oundle | Home | Lost | 0-5 |
| v. Uppingham | Home | Lost | 2-6 |
| v. Northants U.14 | Home | Won | 2-0 |
| v. Uppingham | Away | Won | 2-1 |
| v. Borlase G.S. | Away | Lost | 1-2 |
| v. High Wycombe G.S. | Home | Won | 4-0 |
| v. Mill Hill | Away | Won | 3-0 |

'B' XI: Played 7; Won 4; Drawn 1; Lost 2.

'C' XI: Played 2; Lost 2.

'D' XI: Played 2; Won 1; Lost 1.

| | | | |
|---------------------|------|------|-----|
| v. Papplewick Prep. | Home | Lost | 2-5 |
| v. Hampden Prep. | Home | Won | 2-1 |

J.M.L.

GIRLS HOCKEY

Season 1990-1991

This season of hockey has been very mixed; the potential was definitely there but it was not fully to materialize. Altogether 19 girls played for the School this season and in several games there were some very good individual performances.

Played 10; Won 4; Lost 6; Drawn 0; Goals For 13; Goals Against 24.

In many of the matches the results were quite close *e.g.* Tudor Hall lost twice 1-2 and 0-2, against Haileybury we only lost 0-1 in a very closely fought game in which we just could not score. We played Thornton College twice and beat them on each occasion 2-0 and 3-2. At the end of the season in torrential rain, we beat Buckingham Ladies Third XI. This was a new fixture and a very enjoyable one. The score was 1-0, with a first-half goal from Nicola Morrison.

Two of our worst defeats came in fixtures played on 'Astro Turf' surfaces, one against Cheltenham in November when we lost 0-5, and the other against Bloxham with the score at 1-4; last season's game against Bloxham on grass was 0-0!

During the season there have been some excellent performances by many, including Natasha Gilchrist (who was awarded Player of the Match on at least four occasions); Lucy Garner in goal; Nicola Morrison as top goal scorer with nine goals to her credit; Melanie Bourne and Nicola Hodges with two goals apiece (and some very enthusiastic play especially from Melanie). Steady performances in midfield came from Alison Howard and Rorie Delahooke; Cathy Groeninix, both at midfield and full-back positions, produced some hard work and good hockey; also Liz Larcombe deserves credit for her sheer determination to control the defence.

I could not fault the performances on the field of play but I feel that if some of this determination could have rubbed off on the practices we could have had some better results. In order to improve, we have to put the practice in, both personally and as a team. For example short corners must be improved for next season.

Lucy Garner as Captain this year suffered from two significant injuries, in the middle and towards the end of the season. In her absence the reins were held by Alison Howard as her Vice-Captain and by Liz Larcombe again, who helped to keep up the enthusiasm.

As a group we were keen to be involved in the 'Varsity Match' at Reading on 26th February and would definitely like the opportunity to go again. A hockey trip to Portugal for the girls did not materialize in the end, but we are looking forward to Easter in Amsterdam in 1991 and we will endeavour to train hard towards this next season. Hopefully the girls from F.I.T. may join us this October.

I feel the main asset to our hockey, both Boys' and Girls' Teams, has to be 'Astro Surface.' Most schools that we compete against have one and it makes so much difference to their skills.

The weather has been kind to us this season but injuries have not, *e.g.* we had to cancel Headington with four missing and unfortunately without the depth to call on.

Looking ahead to next year, I hope there will be a goalkeeper coming (or one of the girls already here may take up this very important position — any volunteers?) With Natasha Gilchrist leading the team and Sally Kennett helping her, I am looking for a good season with plenty of hard work, culminating in success on the hockey pitch.

The following Girls have been Awarded their Hockey Colours: Lucy J. Garner, Nicola A. Morrison, Nicola J. Hodges, Alison R. Howard, Catherina Groeninix van Zoelen, Elizabeth A. Larcombe, Melanie F. Bourne, Rorie J. Delahooke.

D.C.B.



British Olympic Gold Medallist Sean Kerly with Stoics
Photograph by J.M.L.

RUGBY

THE FIRST XV

Pre-season training took place beneath the rolling hills of Melrose, in the Borders, the birthplace of Sevens rugby. Four days of intense training and practice with two trial games against our hosts and Galashiels Y.M. stood us in very good stead for making a bright start to the Term. Instead we did not win a game until after Half Term which was a disappointment to everyone concerned. If success depended entirely on effort and practice alone! Unfortunately a lack of real size, weight, pace and power found us out in the hard circuit of matches we play during the first half of the season. The results and end of season tally of 4 wins, eight losses do not truly represent the commitment the boys demonstrated all through. The captain Enoch Kavindele was inspirational and he, with Andy Beattie and Darren Beveridge, vice-captain and secretary, always set an excellent example on and off the field.

Marc Boyd, James Escott, Russell Canavan, Simon Hewitt, Bert Nicholl all played very courageously in the front row during the course of the term and were never lacking in commitment. It is hoped that the two members of the 'union' returning next year will benefit greatly from their experiences of this season, when they were clearly outweighed and outmanoeuvred on occasions. In the second row Mark Flower, James Smith and James Dare shared the rôle and all pushed, jumped and rampaged very successfully. In terms of workrate and pound for pound energy and forward drive David Fincham at wing forward was outstanding. His ball winning, foraging skills and his tenacity in the tackle saved us and kept us in the game on many occasions. His fellow back row men, Andy Beattie, Enoch Kavindele, Will Jones, and latterly Max Macintosh and Rory Symes played with distinction and again many lessons and 'tricks of the back row trade' will have been assimilated for next year.

Piers Williams and Simon Denning was an effective combination at half back, a pairing who should dominate next season, as they did this during the second half of term. When the scrum half was free from injury it allowed us to move Darren Beveridge into the centre with Enoch Kavindele which provided us with not only a strong midfield attack but also a very effective platform for setting up second phase ball. Enoch's strength, speed and power was, even more noticeable in this unfamiliar rôle. However, Toby Chester Jones and David Linker also played many games in the centre and had been extremely courageous and pene-

trative at times. On the wings Luc Ferrand and Keith Reed improved as the season progressed, especially defensively, as it was not often we were able to release them with room to demonstrate their effective attacking running.

One of the most promising features of this season is the knowledge that we have players in key positions returning next year. Matthew Bazeley at full back is a case in point. His tactical awareness and place kicking were a great bonus during the second half of this season and we hope that his 'boot' will develop even more reliability in the future. Looking back, some of our earlier matches would have taken on a different complexion had we been

able to match the opposition in successful penalty attempts. Points 'on the board' would have encouraged the team even more no doubt.

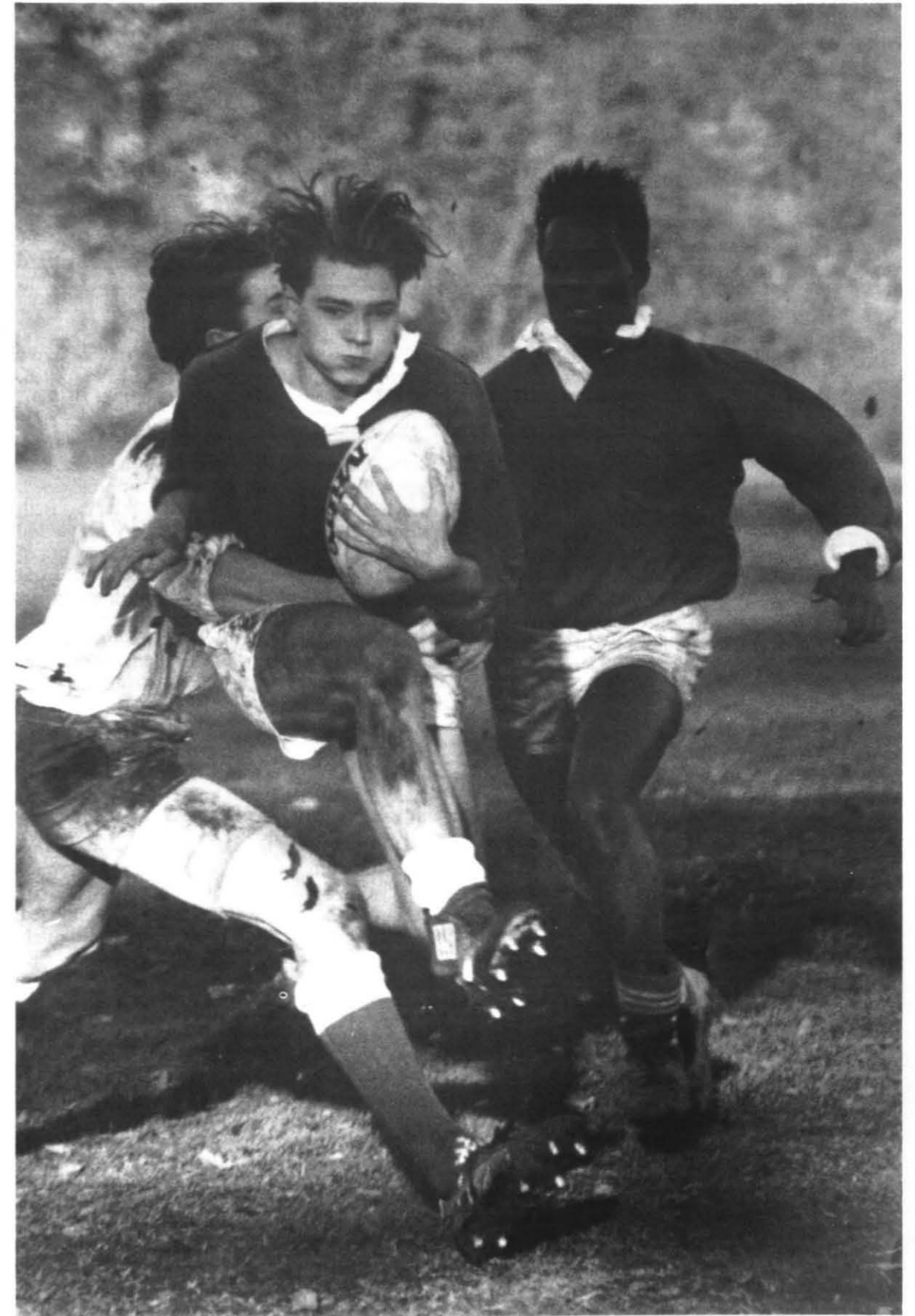
L.E.W.

| | | |
|------------------------------|-----------|-------|
| Results: v. Uppingham | Lost | 0-28 |
| v. Eton | Lost | 0-7 |
| v. Radley | Lost | 3-28 |
| v. Rugby | Lost | 6-18 |
| v. Oundle | Lost | 6-22 |
| v. Bedford | Lost | 12-19 |
| v. Cheltenham | Lost | 9-22 |
| v. Mill Hill | Won | 12-8 |
| v. Royal Latin | Won | 18-6 |
| v. St. Edward's | Lost | 6-32 |
| v. John Cleveland College | Won | 38-6 |
| v. Bedford Modern School | Won | 12-8 |
| v. Haileybury | Cancelled | |



Simon Denning

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



Luke Ferrand and Enoch Kavindele

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

THIRD XV

Won 3; Moral Victory 1 (13—14 at Bedford, with the referee admitting he was completely wrong to award them a last second try); Drawn 2 (both 0—0); Lost a few.

One of the best seasons in recent years, built on a solid foundation of intensive training and complex moves. The results were mixed, but the most impressive aspect was the team spirit which enabled them to have a realistic chance of winning almost every match. The enormous — and at times apocalyptic — pack were a match for everyone — even the Neanderthal Cheltenham forwards.

Crothwaite and Burke proved to be great motivators and very reliable as Captain and Vice-Captain. They even managed to ensure that large numbers of their usually apathetic contemporaries turned up to support home matches! The entire team earned themselves Third XV colours for consistent commitment and tigerish tackling, with Amdor, P. Russell, Whale, Muir and McAllister playing rugby of a standard indicative of great things next year.

I look forward with relish to next Autumn, and another storming season with the stirring tones of the Third XV warming-up song — 'Heads, shoulders, Knees-and toes, kness-and-toes' — drifting across the South Front.

R.R.A.

COLTS XV

What had been a very trying Junior Colts season was turned into a satisfying Colts season by the most improved side encountered by this coach. By virtue of a willingness to learn they turned some previously heavy defeats into tight games, even winning two of these.

The season started against Eton with a rather one-paced effort totally lacking in conviction or imagination. Against Radley we trailed 3—0 until the final fifteen minutes and produced a much improved performance. The performance of the season followed against Oakham, based on closing up their talented backs and keeping their forwards going backwards. Spencer, in the back row, showed real determination and caused their fly-half major problems, but unfortunately broke his collar bone two days later. Two well taken tries by Erogbogbo saw us through to an unexpected, though deserved, victory. Another tight game against Rugby and their massive pack showed the fighting spirit of the side.

After half-term Bedford caught us on a bad day, but this led to a few well chosen words and a superb first twenty minutes against Cheltenham. Three early tries and a superb forward effort saw off Cheltenham. That period of time probably saw the most effective play by any

side on the Colts circuit during the season.

Oundle saw us below par and narrowly defeated us. At the start of the season I would have been happy with this result and it is a compliment to the progress of the team that the majority of the side were unhappy with the result. Mill Hill was no match up front and a fairly easy win resulted.

St. Edward's saw a 12—0 lead lost in the final minutes after another excellent performance, due to our lack of awareness of the edge of the scrum and maul. Leading Bedford Modern 4—0 at Half time, we lost the inspirational Hall and our courage, and for the only time this season threw in the towel.

The strength of the side was in the back row where Hall, Doxford and Sam Murray excelled. Burrough controlled play quite well at fly half, although at times chose the wrong option. Time and experience will improve this. Crawford, Baird, Mustard, Erogbogbo in the back line tackled superbly and, as the season progressed, became quite dangerous in attack. Bell, although lacking in pace, was very brave and sound and improved in his judgement of options as the season progressed. Up front Nesbitt and Chamberlain worked hard in the loose despite having problems in the set scrums, while Carter, Murray and Wright found the challenge at Colts level very difficult to meet. Leith-Smith as hooker was outstanding about the park and led the side with enthusiasm and increasing maturity. De Berry worked hard at his game at scrum half and was improving rapidly when he broke his collar bone, while his replacement, Westinghouse, never really looked fit or sharp after his glandular fever.

At Aylesbury in the County Sevens we lost to High Wycombe in a tight game but played some excellent Sevens to win the other matches by large margins. In the Barnet Sevens we played well in a very powerful group and, although only winning one match, we came out with great credit. To the credit of the team, two referees at Aylesbury remarked on what a pleasure it was to have refereed them.

This has been a very successful season in that no team who played against the Colts came off the pitch thinking that Stowe was a pushover. Every team was given a tough time and we gave some sides a massive shock. I hope that this side will continue to improve because — if they want to — this team could be the basis for the rejuvenation of Stowe rugby at the senior end. In conclusion, I must concede that it has been my most enjoyable Colts season ever and I wish them all the best over the next two years — and I would like to thank the parents on the touch-line, who supported me at all times.

D.C.M.

| | | |
|-------------------------|------|-------|
| Results: v. Eton | Lost | 0—9 |
| v. Radley | Lost | 0—17 |
| v. Oakham | Won | 11—6 |
| v. Rugby | Lost | 0—13 |
| v. Oundle | Lost | 0—7 |
| v. Bedford | Lost | 0—22 |
| v. Cheltenham | Won | 16—4 |
| v. Mill Hill | Won | 10—0 |
| v. St. Edward's | Lost | 12—14 |
| v. Bedford | Lost | 4—24 |

THE YEARLINGS 'A' XV

This is only the second year we have adopted the policy of playing Third Form rugby during the Lent Term. We hope this will have a beneficial effect on Stowe rugby in the near future.

This year the year group seemed stronger in the three-quarters than the forwards as one is instantly impressed with speed, handling ability or sheer size in the early stages of judging a group. Size was noticeably lacking and the pace and passing ability appeared relatively good. However it was very apparent that the forwards belied their size and improved with every week in all aspects of their play, especially in the tight scrummage.

Rucking was the key word and much practice was aimed at the mobility and drive of the pack to win the ball from the loose with the least amount of wrestling as possible. The boys were particularly adept at this skill and much larger sets of forwards were outplayed in this department. Somehow too the different builds of the boys combined for form two packs who could hold their own very positively in the tight. Indeed on most occasions we were able to push the opposition and win good scrummage ball. The aggressive play of Haytham Zahid was outstanding in the loose as was his control at the back of the scrum as No. 8.

The backs never were able to gel as a fast attacking unit though all the boys ran and tackled very bravely and with increasing confidence and ability. Nicholas Roberts was particularly effective in this capacity. Daniel Belloni, Tristan Ralston, Simon Ridley and Charles Frampton all played very effectively and enthusiastically.

L.E.W.

'A' Team: C. C. Frampton, S. C. S. Ridley, T. B. D. C. Ralston, D. V. Belloni, N. W. H. Roberts, J. J. Lane, M. McN. G. Smith (Capt.), A. P. Jewson, B. J. D. Mount, mi., G. Hultin, R. McL. Atherton, C. N. C. Britten-Long, N. J. R. Pinkney, Y. T. Zahid, A. J. Christopherson, mi., R. D. Buxton, J. P. B. Harrington.

| | | |
|--|-----------|-----|
| Results: v. R.G.S. High Wycombe | Lost | |
| v. Uppingham | Lost | |
| v. Wellingborough | Cancelled | |
| v. Queen Elizabeths, Barnet | Lost | |
| v. Oundle | Lost | |
| v. Haberdasher's Askes | Lost | |
| v. Mill Hill | Won | 8—4 |

The following Senior Boys (1st XV players) should be congratulated on being awarded their Representative Ties for their services helping to coach at all levels with the Yearlings rugby this term: S. F. Hewett, W. D. H. Jones, W. R. Nicholl.

FIRST AND SECOND XV DINNER

This year guests of honour were Mr. H. D. Marcuse and Mr. R. Lewis (one of the Lewis family donating 'The Lewis Trophy') at the dinner in the Blue Room. Mr. Marcuse had left Stowe without giving the rugby fraternity an opportunity to thank him for his contribution to Stowe Rugby. Mr. Marcuse had been running the Second XV for 22 years and had been Master i/c Rugby for two of those years. It was with great pleasure we were able to present him with a small token of gratitude for the many years of devoted help and assistance. Many generations of Stoics have been very grateful for his sense of fun and dedication. We all hope his new life in a prep school will be a very happy one.

Unfortunately Richard Lewis was unable to attend owing to the imminent arrival of another generation of the family! Richard was to present the Lewis Trophy to the boy who scores the most tries during the course of the season. This year it was won by Tayo Erogbogbo of the Colts 'A' XV and Mr. Marcuse ably stood in and presented the trophy.

L.E.W.



Tayo Erogbogbo being presented with 'The Lewis Trophy'

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in snow holes. I have been
to a wide range of countries
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GRAHAM MORRIS
Tonbridge School

"The list of things I have
gained from this Commis-
sion is almost endless...
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confident and knowledge-
able young lady!"

SAMANTHA EAST
Clarendon School

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Colonel P.R.S. Smith, Schools Liaison Officer,
HQ S.E. District, Steeles Road, Aldershot, GU11 2DP.

CROSS-COUNTRY

The season began with the First VIII packing a minibus on the North Front on a dark, wet and dreary night in December. What lay ahead were two days drive through France and a hard training schedule in the Pyrenees. Most of the team had run for the First VIII in the previous season and had experienced pre-season training in Snowdonia. 'The Pyrenees are higher than Snowdonia, aren't they?' Oliver Carlo nervously enquired.

The long journey south finished at my chalet in the Aude. Hopefully it was more of a Tardis than a chalet, I thought to myself, as I saw the team unload their luggage and a week's food supplies. Somehow we did all fit in and most were able to sleep in a bed. The unlucky ones found a space on the floor.

The training varied, from running along the sea edge in true 'Chariots of Fire' style, to sprinting up the snow slopes at the local ski resort, to the amusement of the fashionable French. Acts of heroism by the team included Oliver Carlo and Chris Goodwin-Hudson swimming in the Med. on New Year's Day and James Mackenzie sledging head first down a ski-run in a dustbin bag!

There's a story to tell about our minibus dying and having to be abandoned in the Pyrenees but there is no room here. A very efficient insurance company brought us safely back to Stowe.

And so we look forward to the season ahead with a great deal of fitness and team spirit brought about by the previous week's experiences.

The first match was at Bradfield, never an easy fixture. The First VIII confidently beat the three opponents. This was followed by a very strong win against Malvern and Bromsgrove, on the ice-covered slope of the Malvern Hills reminiscent of the ski-slopes in the Pyrenees. Their success was continued on the new Stowe course, when they beat Oakham, Wycliffe, Berkhamsted, Cheltenham, Harrow and Aldenham. Sadly they could not keep up the pressure and lost to Radley when they ran at less than their best. Marcus Cronan saved our faces by coming first. The team regained their poise and in the final Inter-School match at Oundle they beat Oundle, Wellingborough, Stamford and Worksop but lost to Uppingham. Hence the final record reads: Schools beaten 15; Schools lost to 2; which places this season amongst the best.

The Under 17 VIII proved to be one of our strongest ever and despite the fact that there was little time for training, because of the busy

schedule of fixtures, they produced an excellent set of results, beating 13 schools and losing to only three.

The Under 15 VIII showed that the new school policy of allowing Stowe's best runners to run for the Cross-Country Club really paid off, winning against eight schools and losing to only one.

Whilst we were so successful in the Inter-School matches, we had a disappointing performance in the County Championships, the National Schools Championships and the Midland and Northern Independent Schools Championships. I think big match nerves took their toll on each of the occasions.

There was a happy atmosphere for the Inter-House Championships held in new surroundings. There were fine individual performances by Marcus Cronan, Oliver Selway, Benjamin Mount and Nicola Hodges who each hold the course and school records. There were also impressive performances by non-school teamers Darren Beveridge, Simon Hewett and Andrew Beattie. The Senior House Shield was won by Bruce and the Intermediate and Junior Trophies by Walpole in what were very closely fought competitions. Nugent took the Girls' Trophy with much more ease.

The following awards were made:—
The **Hugh Cairns** trophy went to Michael Foster for his long and loyal service to the Club over five years.

The **GLP** trophy went to Marcus Cronan for being the most outstanding runner of the season, winning five matches outright.

Full Colours go to James Mackenzie, Marcus Cronan (re-award), Max Macintosh, Oliver Carlo, Fletcher Morgan, Michael Foster and Damion Angus.

Half Colours go to Alex Saary and Christopher Goodwin-Hudson.

Colts Colours go to Nicholas Greaves, Nicholas Smith, Oliver Selway and Russel Oldham.

My thanks go to Stephen McCabe for all his help when I most needed it, to Tony Collins for keeping the 'social' runners enthusiastic and to Steven Thompson for his timekeeping. My thanks also to all the teams who gave so much of their time, enthusiasm and effort to maintain the high reputation of Stowe Cross-Country.

Finally, I owe a debt of gratitude to our Captain, James Mackenzie. Sadly he was unable to compete because of injury, but his loyalty, good humour and willingness to help at all times certainly made my job a great deal easier. Thank you James, get that back better and best wishes for the future.

G. L. Platt



The First VIII breaking the ice

Photograph by R. & H. Chapman



Marcus V. Cronan

Photograph by S. A. Brittain (MVI)

GOLF

Spring 1991

After a harder winter than in recent years it was good to be back on golf courses again in late February and to be able to play five matches without any problems with the weather. Inevitably we played our first match over Ellesborough in a very rusty state, but contrived to have a very good match against hosts who are always extremely hospitable, eventually losing 2½—1½.

Against Old Stoics at Sandy Lodge another enjoyable match was lost 4—2 with the Stoic side short of four regular members. Alex Saary lost a very close match against Nigel Stern, playing level, by one hole, and Charles Gartside did especially well, though receiving 7 shots, to beat Bruce Marshall-Andrew 4 and 3. Northampton County turned out a very strong junior team against us on their home course, including Robert Duck, winner of the Stowe Putter in 1988 aged under 11, and now playing off a handicap of 6. Their handicaps added up to six less than those of our six boys, though our regular numbers 4, 5 and 6 were not available. Playing level we lost the boys part of the match by 5—1, though Alex Saary, playing the brilliant 13 year old Duck, lost by only one hole. Once again our thanks to Northampton County for a most enjoyable visit when as usual they looked after us very well. Although we had a side only two short of our best team, Harrow once again got the better of us at Moor Park by 4—2. We are beginning to think that a combination of their much greater local knowledge and much shorter travelling time has something to do with it!

The most disappointing result was the area semi-final of the Hill Samuel Foursomes versus Warwick School at Leamington Spa. Although we had our strongest team we lost to a good Warwick side playing on territory familiar to them by two matches to one. All three matches were close, our top two pairs losing by 2 and 1 and 2 down, and the bottom pair winning by 2 and 1.

With these modest results behind us and with the knowledge that our probable numbers 3, 4 and 5, as well as 7, 8 and 9 would not be available to be selected because of the Geography Field Course and Florence Art trip, we approached the Micklem Tournament at Woking with little hope of success. However Air Europe's demise leading to the cancellation of the Art trip meant that Simon Hewitt, our number 3, and Charles Gartside (probably 7 or 8 in the 'pecking order') were at the eleventh hour available to play. This gave the whole squad a lift and once again the unique atmosphere of the tournament seemed to inspire the

team. Our top three had all played in previous years at least once (Dury twice) and knew the special pressures of this tournament, with the possibility of large numbers of spectators at the first and eighteenth, and others at other key vantage points round the course, as well as some who followed individual matches most of the way round, especially if they began to have key significance for the whole result. Our three rawest recruits, Giles Dawson playing number 4, and John Law and Charlie Gartside alternating at 5, were probably experiencing this particular pressure for the first time, though Giles as a sporting all-rounder knew it at first team level in other sports. John and Charlie, though losing their three matches at number 5, acquitted themselves creditably. Giles was a revelation, playing with great authority and winning two out of his three matches, including a vital one in the final where he was 4 down after 10 holes, but came back to win 2 and 1. The top three, Oliver Dury, Alex Saary and Simon Hewett were impressive. Oliver won all his matches although he was four down very early on against the Eton number 1, and Alex had two very good victories and one narrow defeat, as did Simon. Simon had the all-important deciding match in a nail-biting final against Charterhouse. Oliver had already won the top match 4 and 3, and Alex was dormy 4 down, and though fighting back well eventually lost 2 and 1; Giles had just won the fourth match 2 and 1, and John Law was on the verge of losing the bottom match at 3 down with 3 to play. All depended on Simon who had just taken the lead with a few holes to go. Standing on the eighteenth tee one up he put his drive into the edge of the trees on the left and could only run his ball up short of the green in 2. His partner was safely on the front of the green in 2. Simon played a delicate chip using the contours of the green well to leave his ball about four to six feet from the hole. His opponent's long putt just missed for a "birdie" and was conceded for a four, leaving Simon a tricky downhill for the match and tournament, otherwise extra holes would have had to be played. To his credit and great applause the putt went in!

We are sorry to be losing Ollie Dury after his distinguished golfing record at Stowe, but we wish him all the best as he takes up a golfing scholarship in the States and hope that he will be a stalwart with the Old Stoics in the Halford Hewitt and Grafton Morrish tournaments for some years to come.

I would like to finish with a quote from Peter Cooper, distinguished Old Stoic golfer and former Oxford University captain of golf, in a letter of congratulation on the team's success: "I hear much of the golf was of a very high

standard, I like to think that we in our time were as good but I fear we were not!"

M.D.D.

NETBALL

1990—1991 Season

Unfortunately severe weather and the influenza epidemic reduced our number of matches this term, but on the whole, we have had a good season.

The First Team with Camilla Squirrell as Captain, had seven wins, two defeats and one draw. The last three matches were in a Mini-Tournament at Wellingborough when the 'flu epidemic was at its worst.

They won the Aldenham Tournament and then went on to beat Rugby and Bloxham.

Alison Howard played a dominant and tenacious link as centre, and she had been most efficiently back up by the rest of the team, both in defence and attack.

Team Colours have gone to: Camilla Squirrell (Captain), Nina Sykes (Vice-Captain), Nicola Morrison, Alison Howard, Rorie Delahooke.

The Second Team, captained by Nataliina Airikkala had fewer games but showed good spirit, winning three and losing two matches. They did very well in the Wellingborough Mini-Tournament, losing only one match, and that by one goal! Vicky Thompson and Nataliina must have special mention for their improvement during the season.

Team Colours go to: Nataliina Airikkala.

SQUASH

The effort and enthusiasm shown — both individually and within the teams — belie the disappointing results which the season produced.

The departure of many strong players last year meant that the 1st and 2nd teams were always going to have a difficult season. But with three players remaining with us next season the results should improve dramatically.

The Girls' team put great effort and enthusiasm into their games and ended the season with only one more lost than won.

The Colts and Junior Colts both had disappointing seasons. However if the skills and enthusiasm demonstrated are maintained, more deserving results should be seen next season.

There are many promising players coming forward amongst the Yearlings.

Thanks to A. R. B. Bellew and Camilla S. White for their help. Many thanks to Mr. Akam for his help with the coaching.

M.J.M.

Full Colours have been awarded to: D. R. Walker, H. G. Pearl, J. P. Sucksmith, D. M. Amdor, Camilla S. White, Lorna R. Fossick, Angela Klat, Clare E. Morkill, Lorna E. Struthers.

Half Colours have been awarded to: E. B. Burrows, C. R. M. Noton, M. P. B. Champness, G. H. Passmore, N. J. Greaves, A. H. L. Michael, M. J. H. Milne Home.

Results:

| | | |
|-------------|-------|---------|
| First: | Won 6 | Lost 10 |
| Second: | Won 0 | Lost 4 |
| Colts: | Won 4 | Lost 10 |
| Jnr. Colts: | Won 3 | Lost 7 |
| Yearlings: | Won 1 | Lost 2 |
| Girls: | Won 2 | Lost 3 |

LACROSSE

Despite the small number of girls available to play, not surprisingly reduced by the usual round of illness, a good team was fielded in all matches played. This resulted in three wins to four losses and was climaxed with four losses and was climaxed with our attendance at the All Schools Tournament at Luton where the true team spirit really shone through.

D. Gamble

STOWE BEAGLES

A Renewed Acquaintance

It was now some years since I had been out with the Beagles, and so I took on the job of Secretary with eager anticipation.

In following the beagles, you cannot hope to keep up with the hounds if they are running fast on the scent; they are much too quick. Hares, however, tend to stay somewhere near their own ground, and so run in large loops. You may be three fields away now, but if you go after them, quite likely the hare and the hounds will come back to where you have just come from. I find it is wise to watch the elderly followers! They know where the hare is likely to go, and move left or right accordingly, and are very often right. Often there is a convenient hill from which you can see the hounds without too much rushing about, though if you want lots of exercise you can get that, too.

It is quite absorbing to see the hounds themselves working on a line. They may have a good scent, and be in full cry, and then have a check. Once they realise they have lost the scent, they cast about to find it, and then one will pick it up, and give tongue, and set off on the line again while the rest of the pack hurry back on to the line again. This they will do by themselves, for the Master may well be some way behind, if they have been going fast. They show tremendous enthusiasm, and with a good scent will run hard and energetically all afternoon.

It may not be generally realised what an excellent pack of hounds these are, and what knowledge and skill John Thornton, the Kennel Huntsman, has put into them. The Stowe

hounds are frequent winners of prizes at hound shows, and the Stowe Beagles made a fine impression at last summer's Centenary Beagle Show, which was for show dogs, not hunting hounds. Liz Cartledge, in an article on the show as a whole included the following:

"... one of the highlights of the weekend was the parade of the School pack. Of course they are lighter built and boned and more on the leg than their 'show variety' cousins, but without exception each member of the Stowe pack that we saw showed us how to walk or run into a perfect standing position — a complete natural stance — fully displaying their superb reach of neck and strong well-balanced quarters. I could have looked at them all day..." Fine praise, indeed; and they have a good nose, and can run all day too!

This season there have been many exciting moments. I specially recall the whole pack running hard along the edge of the old railway line near Thorpe Mandeville, strung out like a train, at full speed and full voice, and disappearing round the edge of the wood. Then there was the tale of Sally in Northumberland during the Autumn half term visit, when she was missing at the end of a day's hunting, and had not re-appeared when the pack had to return to Stowe and the end of the week. She had been show champion at the Harrogate show in July last year. However, we've got her back! She spent two months on her own, fending for herself, and when the weather became colder she came lower and was collected by a farmer, who looked after her for a fortnight before John Thornton could go up to collect her. She is out hunting again now, and in better shape than when she came back: she was a bit fat and unfit!

The boys who participate gain much from the experience, and the hunt staff have considerable responsibility. The Master — Nick Dobbs this year — arranges the meets, writes to the landowners and farmers beforehand, and thanks them afterwards, and of course he is in charge of the hounds when they are hunting. This necessitates much walking and running, for he does have to keep in contact with the hounds, has to see that they do not go where they should not, and decide when to leave them to puzzle out the line themselves, and when to use the horn to move them elsewhere. There is also the pressure to provide an interesting day's hunting for the followers. His duties include a speech at the Beagle Supporters' Club dinner. I have attended several of these, and have always been impressed by the maturity and sense shown by the Masters.

The other hunt staff — the whips — have to help the Master manage the hunting, and are responsible to him. They must prevent the

hounds following the hare on to forbidden land. They may have responsibility on road duty, when they must see that the hounds and traffic are not endangered. There are also kennel duties to be done daily in term time, and the exercising of the hounds on non-hunting days. I am grateful to all those who give so much time to helping in this way.

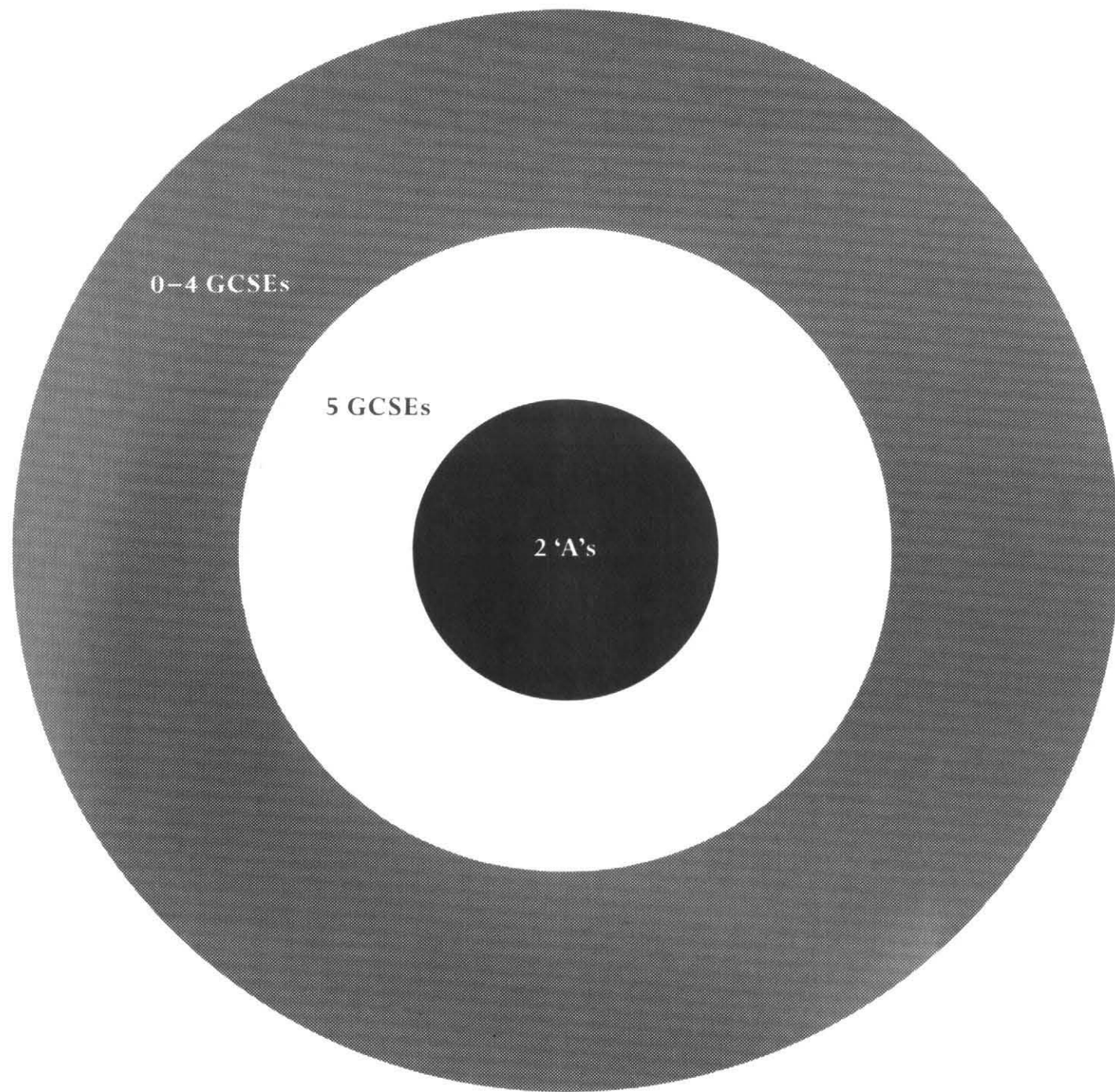
All the boys who come will be meeting adults outside school and from many walks of life on a more or less equal footing. The social skills gained are valuable and they may get a tea afterwards at farmhouse or manor.

The pleasure in following the hounds lies in many things, besides watching the hunting, which is the main purpose. There is the interest in being able to walk over the countryside where one could not normally go. The farmers and landowners are very generous in allowing us to hunt on their land. Much of the country is very attractive, and not easily seen otherwise. Of course, there can also be horrid days, with horizontal rain, though they have been few this season, but there can be sunshine too. There are many local people for whom the Stowe Beagles provide wonderful enjoyment. There are many regular followers on Saturdays and on Tuesdays and a flourishing Supporters' Club, which has just given us the money for a new hound trailer and a replacement minibus. Their support is very much appreciated. I am confident that the boys who come give a very good impression of Stowe and that the Stowe Beagles are much appreciated.

C.D.M.



The Meet at Thorpe Mandeville, Autumn 1990



AIM HIGH

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C.C.F.

Adventurous Training Camp 1991

A party of six masters and 18 boys set out for the annual C.C.F. Adventurous Training Camp on Wednesday, 20th March. First stop was our base camp at Swynnerton in Staffordshire. This was a very basic camp which provided just beds and a kitchen and dining room. The boys were immediately split into three groups of six in which they were to operate for the next eight days. The first group to have the treat of cooking in the kitchen was the group headed by James Whitehead. They manfully tackled the task of cooking for 24 people and the resultant meal was enjoyed by all. Whilst all this was going on the group headed by Fletcher Morgan was mounting a night guard on the camp gate as we were at that stage the only group in the camp and were responsible for our own security.

The next morning, after a large breakfast cooked by Wilf's team, the whole party headed north for Derbyshire. Each group was dropped off, with full packs, at a different point approximately 10 kms. from our camp site at Lockerbrook Outdoor Centre in the High Peak. When each group arrived at Lockerbrook it put up their two-man tents and they made a meal on their stoves using 'compo.' Although everyone had a rather disturbed night because of a cockerel whose alarm clock seemed to be malfunctioning, the boys were ready to undertake a long walk of 21 kms. over

some very hilly country. The group led by Graham Pike had the stiffest walk over a steep part of the Pennine Way, but all three groups encountered some very difficult conditions, including a snow blizzard. After another disturbed night (I am surprised that the cockerel is still alive!) the reverse procedures of Thursday were undertaken and we returned to Swynnerton looking forward to a hot shower and a soft bed.

Over the next three days we settled into a routine that proved to be very successful. Each group in turn had a go at pot-holing, climbing and canoeing with the canoeists responsible for guarding the camp each night and the pot-holers responsible for cooking the meals for the day. On the last full day each boy chose to take one of the three disciplines a stage further. The pot-holers went down a deeper hole and managed to get themselves very wet; the canoeists went for a full day trip down the River Severn and managed to successfully negotiate several rapids and weirs whilst the climbers managed to climb up and abseil down a very difficult rock face. Interspersed with these activities was a visit to the cinema, a meal in a restaurant and the watching of several videos.

On the morning of Thursday, 28th March it was therefore a group of very tired boys (and staff!) who left Swynnerton for home. However, everyone seemed to have enjoyed himself with most stating that they would be back next year.

H.B.



The whole party at Lockerbrook

Photograph by H.B.S.

OLD STOIC NEWS

T. B. R. Albery (Lyttelton 1969) produced the opera "Les Trojens."

E. H. H. Archibald (Grafton 1945) had a much enlarged second edition of "Dictionary of Sea Painters" published in 1989.

J. H. Arkell (Grafton 1957) will become Headmaster of Gresham's School in September 1991.

W. J. P. Atkinson (Chatham 1988) has been elected Captain of Nottingham University Cricket for 1991 season.

R. C. N. Branson (Lyttelton 1967) and his co-pilot, Per Lindstrand, became the first balloonists to cross the Pacific. They flew from Miyakonojo in Japan to a frozen lake in the Northwest Territory in January 1991.

Sir Nigel Brookes (Chatham 1951) became Chairman of the Craft Council in February 1991.

Lord Chorley (R. R. E. Chorley) (Grafton 1948) became Chairman of the National Trust in 1991.

C. S. Churcher (Chandos 1946) was elected President of the Society of Vertebrate Paleontology, at Kansas in October 1990.

C. E. Clarkson (Grafton 1957) started his own consultancy "Consult Clarkson" in 1988.

R. A. Clegg (Walpole 1963) will be competing, with his 10 year old son, in the Canadian Cross-Country Ski Marathon, the world's longest cross-country event, in 1991.

C. J. Cleugh (Walpole 1951) became Senior Crown Prosecutor in 1986.

M. D. Cobham (Grenville 1949) was nominated for a BAFTA Award in 1990 for his children's drama series "Woof."

R. M. Coombs (Chandos 1981) was ordained in 1990.

F. H. M. Craig-Cooper (Temple 1953) was knighted for political service in the 1991 New Year's Honours List.

C. St. J. Dickson (Temple 1977) started his own company "The Corporate Design Consultancy" in October 1990.

J. D. Finch (Cobham 1950) published "My Orchestras and Other Adventures" (University of Toronto Press) in 1985.

H. L. Goodall (Lyttelton 1974) introduced the BBC2 programme "The Choir of the Year" in 1991. He has also written a new musical, "Days of Hope" which is due to open at the Hampstead Theatre in Spring 1991.

T. W. Greenwood (Cobham 1958) was Medical Officer for the British Olympic Team in 1988.

Victoria A. E. Harding (Stanhope 1987) co-founded the "Adventurous Sports Club" at

Edinburgh University. She has also skied for the University.

Sir Nicholas Henderson (J. N. Henderson) (Grenville 1937) was awarded a KCVO in the 1991 New Year's Honours List.

A. P. Hichens (Chandos 1954) became Chairman of MB-Caradon plc in 1990.

J. E. Hodgkin (Chatham 1941) had his own one man exhibition in 1990.

J. C. H. Keep (Chatham 1943) published "Soldiers of the Tsar: Russian Army & Society 1462—1874" (Clarendon Press, Oxford) in 1985.

M. G. Mainwaring (Cobham 1961) published "Not Any Drop To Drink" an account of a re-enactment of a convict voyage to Australia.

R. K. Middlemas (Chatham 1953) published "Power, Competition and the State." Volume I in 1986, Volume II in 1989 (and Volume III shortly).

A. W. Morris (Chatham 1977) has become Group Board Director for Morris & Co. Ltd.

S. B. Murray (Cobham 1961) bought back his company, Stuarts Ltd., from Prudential Property Services.

P. P. C. Nash (Chatham 1981) is running his own shellfish processing business in Northern Ireland.

Michaela Palethorpe (Stanhope 1989) is a member of the London University Ladies Squash Team.

D. C. Part (Bruce 1950) was appointed Honorary Colonel of the Royal Wiltshire Yeomanry in May 1988.

W. M. Peacock (Grafton 1950) has been awarded a CBE in the 1991 New Year's Honours List.

J. R. Plincke (Temple 1946) presented an Exhibition of Art in Architecture at the Salisbury Playhouse in conjunction with sponsoring a month's production of "Daisy Pulls It Off" at the same theatre.

S. W. Rainbow (Cobham 1957) is President of the Northern Society of Chartered Accountants for 1990—91.

J. W. Rant (Cobham 1954) was made a Freeman of the Worshipful Company of Clockmakers in 1989. He was appointed Judge Advocate General in February 1991.

Kate G. Reardon (Nugent 1987) became Fashion Editor for the *Tatler*.

J. G. S. Robinson (Temple 1983) won his first major professional golf victory when he took the Kenya Open by five strokes in Nairobi in January 1991. His tournament aggregate of 269 included a sensational second round of 62.

P. M. Salt (Grenville 1950) succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his brother, Sir Anthony Salt, earlier this year.

W. R. I. Smith (Walpole 1983) was selected by Britannia Airways as a sponsored pilot in March 1990. Twelve people were selected from 1,300 applicants.

J. H. Snyder (Bruce 1983) won a Churchill Fellowship for crossing the Sahara desert to produce an interactive multi-media project for School Education in Europe 1989.

N. F. Q. Terry (Chatham 1988) won a competition organised by *Country Life Magazine* to design a monument to Margaret Thatcher's twelve years of Leadership.

D. F. C. Thomas (Chatham 1978) formed his own company "Thomas specer & Assoc. Ltd. in Hong Kong, July 1988.

E. G. W. T. Walsh (Temple 1935) published "Longdogs by Day" in 1990.

A. J. White (Cobham 1958) founded "Immobilialia Balcones Ltd" in Chile in 1990.

J. B. Wintle (Chatham 1966) has published "Romancing Vietnam" (Viking) in 1991.

A. J. P. Woodward (Grafton 1984) played polo for the Combined Services in America in September 1990.

P. G. Worsthorne (Grafton 1941) was knighted for services to journalism in the 1991 New Year's Honours List.

BIRTHS

C. S. G. Bagnal (Grenville 1977) a daughter in June 1988.

J. M. Blayney (Chandos 1961) a son, Angus, on 4th December 1990.

P. E. Booth-Clibborn (Grenville 1978) a daughter, Helena Catherine Helga, on 29th November 1990.

Caroline M. Bridgwood (Stanhope 1978) a daughter, Georgina Rae Alexandra, on 11th November 1988.

R. A. Brown (Walpole 1976) a son, George Richard, on 9th March 1990.

A. J. M. Carmichael (Walpole 1971) a daughter, Jayne Fiona, on 21st January 1991.

C. A. I. Clarke (Cobham 1979) a daughter, Camilla Clementine Francesca, on 28th January 1991.

E. R. G. Clarke (Cobham 1974) a daughter, Annabelle Sarina Mary, on 20th June 1990.

E. C. Corbett (Walpole 1975) a daughter, Genevieve Anne, on 29th September 1990.

Avril S. Edwards (Née Comery) (Stanhope 1979) a son, Augustus, on 15th December 1990.

D. M. S. Fyfe (Bruce 1974) a son, Andrew, in 1988 and a daughter, Helene, in 1989.

E. St. J. Hall (Walpole 1978) a son, Rupert Dyson, on 15th January 1991.

N. G. E. Hawkings-Byass (Cobham 1972) a daughter, Lydia Jennifer, on 9th March 1991.

S. C. Heald (Temple 1974) a son, Harry William Fergus, on 24th January 1991.

H. N. A. Lendrum (Temple 1972) a son, Percy Edward Udal, on 12th October 1990.

A. J. Macpherson (Grenville 1971) a daughter, on 30th January 1991.

G. M. I. Miller (Chandos 1972) a son, Joshua David Simon, on 2nd November 1988.

E. H. Millner (Grenville 1972) a son, William, on 10th March 1991.

S. M. Moreton (Grenville 1968) a daughter, Laura, on 27th October 1990.

J. S. Morton (Grafton 1976) a son, William Rory, on 16th January, 1991.

Lord Moynihan (A.P.C.B.) (Grafton 1953) a son, Daniel Antony Patrick Berkeley, on 12th January 1991.

P. P. C. Nash (Chatham 1981) a son, Jeremy Rupert Craig, in April 1990.

G. R. Pinkney (Walpole 1962) a daughter, Tamsin, on 11th February 1989.

R. M. Potter (LAM 1988) a daughter, Auriole Henrietta Charity, on 21st October 1990.

G. E. G. Riddick (Walpole 1973) a son, George John Galloway, on 5th January 1991.

L. M. Robertson (Chandos 1984) a son, Noah, in 1990.

J. C. Royds (Chatham 1977) a son, Thomas, on 22nd October 1990.

R. P. Royds (Chatham 1978) and **Emma L. Royds (Née Williams)** (Stanhope 1979) a son, Harry Lawrence Percy, on 26th January 1991.

D. J. Salvesen (Cobham 1976) a son, James Alexander, on 12th July 1990.

Helen E. Schaus (Née Shephard) (Stanhope 1980) a son, Oliver, in June 1990.

A. H. Shekell (Cobham 1977) a son, Elliott John, on 2nd July 1990.

S. L. Shneerson (Temple 1972) a daughter, Lucy Olivia, on 3rd September 1990.

J. C. Staib (Temple 1972) a son, James, on 14th February 1990.

S. R. Stanley (Chandos 1976) a son, Joshua John, in September 1988.

Caroline A. M. Style (Née Sparrow) (Stanhope 1981) A son, Alexander Nicholas Hubert, on 8th February 1991.

W. G. Tyser (Walpole 1975) a daughter, Josephine, on 14th October 1990.

R. W. B. Western-Kaye (Grafton 1982) a son, William Robert, on 3rd November 1990.

MARRIAGES

C. S. G. Bagnall (Grenville 1977) to Catherine Ruck in 1985.

N. W. A. Bannister (Lyttelton 1977) to Julia Talbot Rice on 3rd November 1990.

Caroline M. Bridgwood (Stanhope 1978) to Ian Westerby Booth on 19th January 1991.

R. A. Brown (Walpole 1976) to Anne Doria Harris on 17th September 1988.

P. S. Carter (Temple 1974) to Kay Norris on 1st December 1990.

C. St. J. Dickson (Temple 1977) to Deborah Ruth Hill on 25th June 1988.

W. J. Elliott (Lyttelton 1983) to Annabel on 8th September 1990.

J. M. Elworthy (Lyttelton 1976) to Sarah Wilks on 24th September 1988.

J. R. Fanshawe (Temple 1979) to Jacqueline Cherry-Downes on 1st December 1990.

R. P. Fanshawe (Grenville 1982) to Charlotte Benjamin on 19th May 1990.

C. I. Harrower (Temple 1964) to Paddy Hadfield on 6th October 1988.

Sarah J. Hobday (Stanhope 1982) to Matthew Mitson on 18th August 1990.

M. D. Langdon (Lyttelton 1974) to Michele Couston in August 1987.

Lucinda S. Morley (Stanhope 1979) to Peter Mark Snodgrass on 20th May 1989.

A. W. Morris (Chatham 1978) to Lucy Brentnall Beard in February 1989.

P. P. C. Nash (Chatham 1976) to Penny Hill on 4th March 1989.

D. A. Newbery (Bruce 1982) to Elizabeth Angela Binsted on 16th June 1990.

D. J. Salvesen (Cobham 1976) to Carolyn Frances Eaton on 3rd July 1989.

A. H. Shekell (Cobham 1977) to Anne Louise Jennings on 17th September 1988.

S. J. E. Smith (Grafton 1979) to Nicola Mary Stevens on 29th July 1989.

J. H. Snyder (Bruce 1983) to Sarah Elizabeth Brewster on 20th May 1989.

Caroline A. Sparrow (Stanhope 1981) to John Style on 28th April 1990.

A. L. Tarcy (Chandos 1980) to Felicity Lemon on 19th May 1990.

J. F. H. Vey (Chatham 1978) to Maria Tericas on 18th July 1987.

P. J. H. Vey (Chandos 1976) to Linda Rowe on 7th May 1988.

Fiona J. C. Wilson (Stanhope 1982) to Sean Lees on 28th April 1989.

DEATHS

A. E. Bolton (Chatham 1928) on 1st November 1990.

D. H. Booth (Bruce 1930) on 27th February 1991.

W. L. N. Brinson (Chatham 1946) on 21st December 1990.

E. Cadogan (Grafton 1931) on 9th April 1990.

R. H. G. Carr (Bruce/Chatham 1929) on 31st January 1991.

T. P. Charlton (Chatham 1930) on 30th January 1991.

P. A. Dillon (Chatham 1939) on 10th July 1990.

M. R. G. Eyre (Grafton 1945) on 9th December 1990.

R. P. Farrer (Bruce 1940) on 12th November 1990.

G. T. B. France (Chatham 1934) on 8th January 1991.

R. L. Henry (Temple 1924) on 1st November 1987.

L. C. Jones (Temple 1924) on 20th April 1990.

Vice Admiral Sir James Kennon (J. E. C. Kennon) (Grenville 1943) on 21st January 1991.

Sir Julian Lea (T. J. Lea) (Walpole 1952) on 17th October 1990.

W. G. D. Montague (Chandos 1936) on 18th February 1991.

W. A. Napier (Grafton 1932) on 31st August 1990.

E. H. S. Rendall (Temple 1938) on 21st December 1990.

Sir Anthony Salt (A. H. Salt) (Grenville 1949) on 16th January 1991.

T. S. Savery (Walpole 1952) on 18th August 1990.

H. D. Seal (Grafton 1935) on 6th January 1991.

R. A. Simpson (Chatham 1934) on 22nd February 1990.

M. R. Wallace (Chandos 1940) on 9th December 1990.

Dr. S. Watson (Staff 1925-1928) on 17th February 1991.

C. A. Willink (Chandos 1932) in July 1990.





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