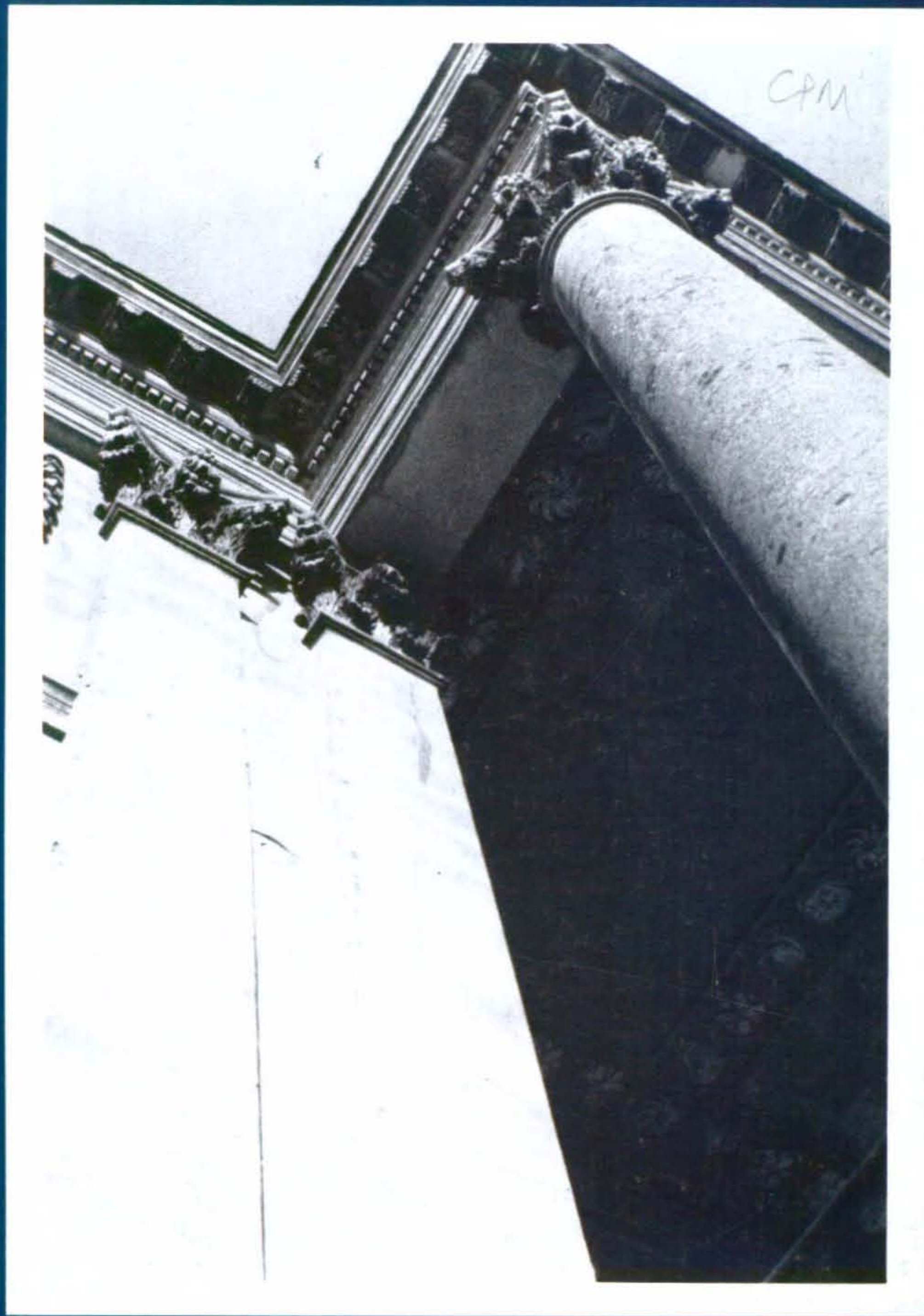


THE STOIC



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THE STOIC

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EDITORIAL

IT gives us pleasure to note the growing maturity of the **The Voice**, whose satire is, these days, amusing, its articles increasingly intelligent. Simmering issues, such as co-education and a Pupils' Council, have been aired in its pages, with novel ideas and proposals for practical results.

We wonder whether the argument for a Pupils' Council, and the desire for wider expression and more participation, are part of the vogue for a Sixties' revival, as reflected in the taste for period music and dress, New Age ecology and recycled mythologies. Another reflection of this was the '60s Fashion Show (covered inside in report and photographs), an enthusiastic performance re-creating the fun and perceived glamour of that past generation.

The flip-side of the Sixties, and its aftermath, was vividly highlighted in a Lecture given by Mr David Kossoff, who held a packed Roxburgh Hall spell-bound with a provocative and moving talk on the destructive evils of drugs: the waste of youth and the waste of life.

Whatever private trends may be, Stowe experienced a diversity of public music in the Roxburgh Trust Recital, September's 'Best of British Jazz' concert, and the **Carmina Burana**, by a rejuvenated Choral Society.

Stowe Drama has been equally strong and varied: **Gasping** at Grafton, Junior Congreve's **She Stoops to Conquer** and the Third Form plays were successful and entertaining. The Stowe Theatre Company will be touring during January with **The Merchant of Venice**, under the direction of Mr Meredith.

While Britain edges closer towards Europe, Stowe remains simultaneously a self-contained culture and a cosmopolitan centre, representing in its community all five continents. E.P. Kavindele was last year the first African Head of School; amongst the staff this year are teachers from Australia, America, North and South Africa and Eastern Europe. Stoics returned this internationalism with expeditions or visits to Nepal, Greece, Turkey, Tuscany, Provence, as well as a trek over the Alps, in the steps of Hannibal.

We said farewell last Summer to Mr Wiggins, the Rev. Stanton-Saringer, and Miss Lockton, and welcomed in September, the Rev. Hastie-Smith as Chaplain; Mr Michael as the Director of P.E.; Mr Chitty (the School Marshal) and Miss Hamblett to the Economics Department; Mr. Denton, Mr Jahn, and Miss Cantero to Modern Languages (on temporary bases); Mr Royds (O.S.) and Mr Burns (from Harvard University). Miss Evison and Mr Henderson have stayed on a permanent basis. We congratulate Mr Bevington and Mr Johnson on their marriages during August.

A year after we printed his **Vale**, it is with great sadness that we report the death of Mr Pedder. A Memorial Service for him will be held at 12 a.m., on 11 January 1992.

The Editors

The Prefectional Body consists currently of the following:

T. A. D. Crawford	Head of School (Autumn)
A. J. Scott-Gall	Head of School (Spring, Summer)
Clare M. Cox	Head Girl
D. B. Angus	
R. H. Barrage	
H. W. J. Cahusac	R. W. H. Monk
M. V. Cronan	A. J. Morell-Coll
T. H. Eatock-Taylor	W. R. Nicholl
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Sally H. J. Kennett	G. J. Scrase
B. R. Lambourne	J. A. Smith
J. G. McAllister	R. J. Symes
W. J. Manning	Victoria C. Thompson

OXBRIDGE SUCCESSES 1991

Cambridge

J. K. S. Mackenzie	Corpus Christi	Geology
Geraldine Mitchell-Smith	Corpus Christi	English
F. Morgan	St Catherine's	Biology

Oxford

Emma Hornby	Worcester	Music
O. P. M. Seale	St Peter's	English/French
E. A. G. Shillington	St Catherine's	Materials Science & Management
Camilla Squirrel	Jesus	Law
D. I. G. Szalay	Brasenose	English

W.B.W.

W. B. Wiggins came to Stowe in 1966 to teach the trumpet and to supervise the woodwind and brass tuition within the Music Department. The previous phase in his career had been as a busy orchestral musician playing under eminent conductors — Krips, Guilini, Klemperer among others — in some of the world's greatest orchestras — The English Chamber Orchestra, The Philharmonic and The London Symphony Orchestra.

He brought to Stowe a wide experience as performer, composer and arranger, and as a teacher also his care and patience produced outstanding results, as witness the many accomplished wind players to emerge from the Queen's Temple during his time there. Even in Bram's less advanced pupils it was often possible to detect that crispness of articulation and luminous quality of tone which so distinguishes the playing of their teacher.

Besides individual tuition there was the weekly administration of visiting woodwind and brass teachers, duty nights in Temple House, the Stowe Concert Band which reached a high standard under

his direction, and the regular public appearances in concerts. These are a cherished memory for all who heard them and whether it was as a soloist in the familiar concertos of Haydn and Hummel or in chamber works by Saint Saens, Milhaud or Stravinsky, Bram treated us to performances of rich musicality and sparkling technique.

In works of an earlier period, perhaps most notably the second Brandenburg Concertos of Bach, we were vividly reminded of his reputation as an exponent of the high clarino style of playing peculiar to the Baroque era. In chapel too no Old Stoic of the last twenty-five years could fail to recall the special emotional charge brought to Remembrance Day services as the Last Post and Reveille rang out from the organ loft.

In what spare time was left over he continued a free-lance performing career outside Stowe, recently as a partner of the organist Jennifer Bate with whom he has appeared at the Salzburg Festival. His wide circle of contacts in the professional orchestral world have been of great benefit to the Stowe concert series, yielding even such starry names as James Galway.

Grateful acknowledgement is also due to Bram's wife Betty, an expert teacher in her own right, who did much at Stowe to develop the provision of Extra English and classes for those with Special Learning Difficulties.

Fortunately, we will be able to hear Bram's playing on record in the Verdi Requiem under Guilini, the classic Anthony Collins set of Sibelius symphonies, and many others, including what some regard as the definitive recording of the Handel Coronation Anthems conducted by Sir David Willcocks.

Most of all, though, I will think of Bram as a respected colleague and good friend. We extend our warmest good wishes to them both for a long and happy retirement.

P.C.D.

C.D.M.

Christopher Mullineux retired from the full-time staff in July after 25 years. An old Stoic, (Tem 47-52), he had spent the intervening years at Cambridge and teaching at Epsom College. He was Head of the Maths Department and Tutor in Mathematics for many years, covering periods of rapid and complex change in the teaching of the subject. Generations of Side 5 Stoics have reason to remember the time they spent in his care.

Initially a bachelor Deputy Housemaster in Grenville, he lived in spartan accommodation unthinkable to today's holders of such posts, using as a sitting room the ducal bath chamber in the basement. Here he was carefully looked after by an eccentric old lady, Maria Zichova, whose verbal battles with her 'Mr Molynix' will always remain a feature of that generation's life in the Common Room. Marriage to Elspeth allowed him to move out of Maria's clutches and set up house in Finmere, then Shalstone where, in addition to raising a family (two of whom are currently in the school), he and Elspeth have entertained their many visitors, both pupils and staff, with generosity.

The breadth of CDM's interests is enormous, and he was involved in a wide variety of the school's activities. On the games' field he was always willing to blow a whistle and for many years organised the inter-house junior leagues rugby. In those days staff were permitted to play the game against the boys and many a match has been enlivened by CDM's individual style! He ran the 3rd XI cricket for a while and under his care this enthusiastic rather than skilled body fielded a competent if often rather small team. Fencing in particular owes a great deal to CDM's care over a long period, and before the Drayson Hall was built a Monday visitor would be amazed by Stowe's fencers in full swing on the South Front Portico or in the Marble Hall. Perhaps it is in the C.C.F. that he will be remembered best. My first memories of this are of his running a most imaginative and original assault course in the Japanese Gardens providing challenge and

achievement for many young recruits. His deep love of mountain walking made him a natural leader for adventurous training expeditions. Walking with CDM was an exhausting business since his legs seemed twice as long and to move twice as fast as any one else's! He has worked too for almost every other army section. He well deserved being awarded two clasps to his CCF Efficiency Medal; long service indeed.

His first main involvement with the Beagles was in the early '70s and it was entirely appropriate that he should take over from ARP on the latter's retirement two years ago. Christopher's involvement with Stowe has not stopped with his retirement from teaching for he keeps his links with us through the CCF and the Beagles, both of which will surely benefit from his attentions for years to come.

A dedicated schoolmaster in the broadest sense of the word, Stowe has been the richer for his presence for so long. We wish him and his family every possible happiness in the years ahead.

A.J.E.L.

M.C.S-S.

Appearances can be deceptive and, when Maurice Stanton-Saringer arrived here eight years ago, many people, on both sides of the pedagogic desk, underestimated this Blackadder look-alike with the somewhat gnome-like manner. But no-one who had sustained dealings with Maurice for long could have missed any of his great qualities: spiritual wisdom, shrewdness, humility, pastoral lovingkindness and firmness of purpose. No-one was ever sent away feeling insignificant. Fools and rogues were tolerated and given self-esteem. The perpetrator of the weak joke would be encouraged with Maurice's characteristic loud guffaw, while the lonely or desolate would be listened to with infinite patience and absolute discretion. But woe indeed to the craven upon whom censure was finally delivered; Maurice's moral authority was closely allied to his spiritual integrity.

Maurice achieved much for the Religious Studies department. It was his fate to cope with the introduction of the G.C.S.E., transforming a 60% failure rate in its first year to a 100% pass rate in the last two years, and his struggle to introduce an A/S Level course as an option to the Sixth Form curriculum has been vindicated by initially favourable results. Typically, Maurice described his choice of syllabus as 'real theology not comparative nonsense.'

Before he turned to Theology, Maurice graduated in Biochemistry from Bristol University. He taught Chemistry at Stowe to G.C.S.E. level and, in his last year, he took a Fifth Form set of mixed ability through to some very successful results. Maurice had a special enthusiasm for the demonstration of chemical reactions, and a mischievous gleam could be seen in his eye at the prospect of a spectacular,

more than likely pyrotechnic, demonstration. Fire and brimstone were close to his heart when it came to Chemistry teaching!

As I sat in my study listening to U.C.C.A. candidates or sifting through their application forms on Wednesday afternoons, a regular sight from my window was of Maurice driving a tractor at the speed of Jehu's Chariot across Chapel Court, hauling a trailer full of dead wood and boys; (he did perceive these substances to be discrete). Together with Mr Edwards and many Stoics, he completed a survey of all the trees at Stowe and his horticultural interests and knowledge were extensive.

One of Maurice's many strengths was his awareness of a world and a church beyond Stowe. This was demonstrated by his determination to see that both Mr Drury and he could be free to attend the Buckingham Deanery Chapter each Tuesday. Whenever time allowed, he would help out in neighbouring parishes with services and for nearly two years he acted with the Vicar of Stowe as unofficial curate to Water Stratford and Radclive-cum-Chackmore parishes.

Maurice maintained the interests of the Faith in the Common Room uncompromisingly but not too pugilistically. He was never so foolish as to believe that he could satisfy a heterogeneous collection of schoolmasters and so, while listening politely and courteously to opinions and advice, whether solicited or not, he rose above conflict by sticking to his guns with serene dignity, often counselling a cup of goodly claret to the same angry lips which had been commending the poisoned chalice.

If Maurice liked unusual plants, he himself was a rare theological hybrid, combining the High Churchman's love for a tradition and colour with a Bible-based evangelicalism which was always keen to accommodate the maximum possible freedom of worship. He clearly enjoyed the grand occasions in the Chapel year, like the Confirmation service, but the other side of the equation meant that he saw this as more than theatre. His preparation of candidates for Confirmation acquired the reputation of being just about the most thorough among boarding schools in England. Maurice always insisted that Confirmands attended their local parish churches during the holidays and spoke with their home vicars and he was not afraid to be intransigent when he felt that a boy was not yet ready for Confirmation. A prodigious behind-the-scenes organisation went into the annual Confirmation weekend retreat in Northamptonshire. He was always unhappy that, despite his best efforts, too many Stoics saw Confirmation as a matter of form and seemed unwilling to express their faith in any practical terms afterwards. This sense that a person's religion should be a matter of genuine conviction and not mere social form caused him much heart-searching when confronting the vexed question of compulsory Chapel. He wished that the voluntary services, and especially the Family Communion, could have

attracted more Stoics. He hated discipline to get mixed up with worship in Chapel and felt that the imposing Chapel building conspired with compulsory attendance to inhibit corporate spiritual activity. He enjoyed developing the musical side in Chapel and gently coaxed the former Director of Music to accept (if not approve) some of the more demonstrative Christian music currently idiomatic to church-going youth throughout the country. He reformed Chapel seating arrangements, introducing the present system whereby people sit by Houses.

Maurice's sermons were distinctive, and somewhat reminiscent of Alistair Cook's Letters from America, in that apparently tangential (and often amusing) anecdotes, while threatening to be blind alleys, in fact decorated the wayside of our weaving journey towards the appointed goal. It could not be in Maurice's nature to stick to his well-ordered and carefully prepared notes. He spoke to the School on an astonishingly eclectic range of topics, always offering shrewd and balanced advice on the moral and spiritual issues of the day.

He brought a variety of visiting preachers to Stowe; many of these were good and some excellent. Particularly notable, were those who came to the School for the annual Lenten Addresses. These were always major School events, attracting much debate and very considerable numbers of Stoics. Maurice's central role in the 1989 Mission united the active Christian community in the School and enabled many people to find a new or a deeper faith. He always supported Centrepoint, run by Mr Marcuse, and, after the Mission, the wider appeal of the new Crossfire under Mr Larcombe's leadership.

Maurice's pastoral gifts probably provided his greatest contribution to Stowe and the most obvious demonstration of his tremendous spiritual power and authority. Much of this has been unsung because it was all so personal but Maurice helped the Stowe community at every level, from a grieving Headmaster afflicted with the horror of sudden bereavement to the archetypal lost and lonely Third Former. He helped terrified boys who fled to him in the middle of the night after they had encountered demonic forces. His compassion was infinite as it was extended to all and any who were suffering in the community and his help was as practical as his advice was sound. He made enemies: the bullying and the corrupt had cause to fear him. He hated oppression and injustice and was prepared to pursue it fearlessly to any corner of the School and his influence in areas of personal or moral dispute was incalculable. As Chaplain to a large community over eight years, he inevitably had to confront some notable tragedies and, in all of these, he was never out of his depth.

In all this Maurice was supported by his wonderful wife, Pauline, whose good nature and gentle intelligence were a witness to her faith. Pauline was also a well loved member of the Stowe community and far more than a part-time teacher of Biology. Their house was always open to visitors and a varied

range of people were made simultaneously welcome. We wish Maurice and Pauline and their two delightful daughters, Catherine and Ruth, every happiness and fulfilment in their new parish work just east of Newport Pagnell and we extend our heart-felt thanks for all that they have done for so many of us here.

P.A.S.F.

F.J.L.

It was apparent from the moment Fiona Lockton first arrived at Stowe that we were about to benefit from a very different approach to boarding school education. It had been difficult to persuade her to accept a position teaching Biology and Chemistry here as she had also been offered a research post at Cardiff University. Stowe and the teaching profession would have been the poorer had they been denied the talents of this natural teacher.

Fiona joined us in January 1987, fresh from three months as a venturer with Operation Raleigh in New Zealand. Helped by adoring Stoics she rapidly settled into life here and was soon respected by staff and pupils alike. She possessed a natural classroom presence, being able to blend perfectly serious academic study and fun. She was particularly sympathetic towards less able pupils and spent much of her supposed 'free time' helping them. Her infectious smile and melodious tunes lightened the atmosphere in both the Biology and Chemistry departments and she was always the first to volunteer to help colleagues reduce the chore of routine marking, on one occasion in dramatic style when she incinerated ARP's entire 3A Chemistry prep during the course of a 'demonstration'!

Because Fiona was so helpful she was asked to assist in many different spheres. Typically, when approached about coaching games she chose Rugby and was soon to be seen scrummaging with the Yearlings and a rejuvenated 4th XV. At University she had been an officer in the OTC so it was not long before her talents were being exploited in our CCF. She assumed responsibility for the Advanced Infantry section who soon became experts in jungle warfare in the Japs. When subsequent volumes of the history of Stowe are written one of Fiona's exploits with the CCF will undoubtedly be recorded. During a vigorous manoeuvres exercise, which Fiona orchestrated from the School land-rover, with a deft tweak of the accelerator she felled a treasured tree the Queen Mother had planted. In numerous ways Fiona threw herself whole-heartedly into the life of a boarding school. She was a member of the school orchestra, acted in staff plays, arranged fashion shows and accompanied school teams.

Fiona is an inveterate traveller and accounts of her holiday itineraries left us breathless. She joined many school-trips, most notably the 1987 trans South America and the 1990 Himalayan expeditions. On these she was the ideal link between youth and senility, extracting us from many a delicate situation.

For some reason local bureaucrats succumbed to that famous smile.

However, Fiona was not satisfied with all these accomplishments. In the Autumn of 1988 she became Housemistress of Stanhope, much to the amazement of seasoned members of staff (including myself). 'She'll never cope/survive/succeed', we said. How ridiculous those sentiments seem in retrospect. Immediately accepted as a champion for the girls, Fiona became an instant success whilst maintaining a high academic profile. She initiated the Stanhope/Nugent House dances, played a large part in the introduction and organisation of the Beginning of Term dinner for the new Lower Sixth, an innovation which helped enormously in the integration of girls into Stowe life. Despite her friendly and sympathetic approach, she knew precisely where to draw the line on disciplinary matters and was very firm in doing so as many girls from both Stanhope and Nugent discovered when she accompanied them on an invigorating run at some ghastly hour!

It was inevitable that Fiona would eventually decide to widen her experience elsewhere but we were still devastated when news of her appointment to Marlborough College broke. Never one to wind down, her last act was to organise a superb Leavers' Ball. By now Marlborough will have discovered her talents. Fiona made a deep and lasting impression on us all at Stowe and we miss her dearly. We wish her every success and happiness for the future.

D.W.J.

R.A.E.S.

Robin Shaw arrived at Stowe in April 1988 to fill a gap in the Mathematics Department, bringing much experience as a teacher after a wide variety of posts in England and Australia including, at least, two at Head of Department level. In his unobtrusive and effective way he quickly proved himself a useful and competent member of the Department and a likeable presence in the Common Room.

His particular interest and skills lay in the area of communicating the subject successfully to the innumerate and also in stimulating the ablest pupils to achieve their best. This latter was not surprising for a member of Mensa and a very shrewd chess player. Indeed, Robin had for many years played high class tournament chess in Australia and England, and EST can testify ruefully to his vivid tactical imagination, which allied itself creatively to the mathematician's intellect in the composition (immensely difficult) and solving of chess problems. His other enthusiasms included Archery where he raised the skill and interest in the sport to a very high level, and also canoeing, where he made a large contribution to the sport.

His wife, Irene, besides looking after their four children was a concert pianist and music teacher who was just starting to shine in Stowe music when the lure of Western Australia proved irresistible in April

1991. Their departure was a great loss in many areas of our life and we wish them all the best of good fortune under the Southern Cross.

A.A.V.R.

A.R.

It has been Stowe's good fortune to have Alan Radford as a member of its teaching staff for the last nine years. He joined the Economics and Politics Department after a distinguished and varied career in the education world, including seven years of headmastering, and fifteen as a district and divisional inspector for the ILEA. After scaling these heights, everyday life as a junior member of a teaching department might appear unexciting. But not for Alan who is a schoolmaster of warm humanity with a real love of teaching. His pupils have found him knowledgeable, friendly and unstinting in his efforts to help them. He has been a well-liked and valued colleague. He frequently assisted his head of department on Basic Wing field days. Alan's descriptions of their improbable but true adventures during these expeditions have often provided comic relief after a tiring day. But he has been much more than an amusing Common Room raconteur. He has always been happy to stand in for an absent colleague or to help with routine duties when perhaps he might reasonably have expected to be excused. He will be missed as an able and dedicated schoolmaster, as a source of wise advice and, perhaps above all, as a friend of Stowe.

C.P.M.

S.S.

Stefan Stohl came to us from the University of Frankfurt, only expecting to be at Stowe for the first term of his year in England, prior to two further terms at Keele. Such was his enthusiasm for life at Stowe, and so much did we appreciate his energetic and varied contribution to our community, that his supervisors were persuaded to agree to a readjustment of his programme so that he finished the year with us, attending lectures and seminars at Oxford on certain days of the week. It would be foolish to try to list the many activities with which he became involved, ranging from German tutorials and English literary discussions to exhausting games of squash and rugby. It is always encouraging to find that the *uomo universale* can still be found even in our own very specialist age. The experience of discussing with Stefan at great length, Macaulay's opinion of Southey's perception of society, will long be remembered by the present writer as it compelled him at 2.00 in the morning to re-read the essay in question before retiring to bed! We look forward to hearing further news of Stefan's impact on an unsuspecting world and wish him the very best for the future.

T.C.F.S.

OBITUARY — Ted Gillett

Ted Gillett's many friends at Stowe and in Buckingham were sad to hear of his death. He came from Bishop's Stortford School in 1929 as Stowe's first trained laboratory technician. It was a time when science teaching was developing apace. The heuristic method — learning by experience — was in vogue. Practical laboratory work and large-scale demonstrations, all of which required skilled preparation by the technician, became part of the curriculum for increasing numbers of pupils. He was more than able to cope with these pressures and indeed thrived on them. His skills and enthusiasm, as well as his unselfish support of the teaching staff, were important factors in the fine reputation built up by Stowe science in those early pioneering days. He took a tremendous pride in his work and was a superb technician. His glass blowing was legendary and aroused delight and admiration amongst generations of staff and pupils alike. Examples of his remarkable work can still be seen in the chemistry laboratories. He was an imaginative improviser and Stowe was lucky to have his skill at its disposal for so long, particularly in the austere years of the war when supplies were short or non-existent. He gave his talk and exhibition "Salvage in the Laboratory" in both Rugby and London. Many demonstrations which his skills made possible were shown at various Association for Science Education meetings; some of his work was written up in the *School Science Review*. He became the Senior Technician and looked after his staff with warm humanity. The success of other people, particularly his own family, gave him great pleasure. Loyalty, old-fashioned courtesy and charm were all second nature. So was the Christian courage which he showed when Dorothy, his wife, died all too early.

After his retirement from the laboratories, though no longer able to bicycle to Stowe as he had for years in all weathers, he worked in the Bursary where his thorough methods and careful attention to detail were much appreciated. He remained undaunted by the infirmities of old age. He eventually completed fifty years of service to the school. What a record!

C.P.M.



Photograph by C. E. M. Mash (MVI)

THE HEADMASTER'S SPEECH

It was a great sorrow that we had no Chairman last year on Speech Day, because his wife was so gravely ill, and sadly both his wife and he have died in the course of this year. I was left a little isolated and it is very reassuring to have you, Mr. Chairman, both today and now firmly in the Chair. I would like publicly to thank you for your business on the School's behalf and for your great support to me personally.

Last year we had the Solicitor General who was then immediately asked to join the Board of Governors — I hope, My Lord, that you will have your excuses ready, more ready than he did! It is not *de rigueur* with your duties today! I am sure you won't be like a Guest of Honour who said to the Headmaster at the briefing: "I congratulate the prizewinners, admit I never won anything, place responsibility for future world peace squarely on their shoulders and ask for a half-holiday — Okay?!" May I extend a warm welcome to you, Sir, on behalf of the School.

A Headmaster's report calls to mind the Judge at the end of a trial in summary to the jury: "My function is to explain the law: your function is to sit and listen. (And this is the salient part) If by chance you should finish first, please sit quietly until I catch up!"

Last year my theme was the people in this wonderful place. This year it would seem that, with the Chairman of the National Trust as our Guest of

Honour, it should rightly be the place itself. But I am sure that Lord Chorley will want to talk a little bit about the works here and, indeed, enough of it is on view for you today to see what wonderful things the National Trust are doing to ensure our legacy to the future as we, in our turn, have received this glorious inheritance. But, as I never tire of telling prospective parents, a school is infinitely more than a place, and one could have a wonderful school in a pigsty; so, therefore, what a superb platform and a privilege these magnificent surroundings afford Stoics and the community here to form a major plank in the good school that it is.

Our examination results have been good this last year and nearly a match for the record results recorded in 1988, particularly, in gaining a proper number of Oxbridge places. It was particularly reassuring that 3 girls were accepted and that David Szalay, who will be receiving an enormous number of prizes after our speeches, was complimented on being the best English applicant at Brasenose in this year "by some measure".

One cannot measure education just by results and we certainly do not want to give the young the idea that results are all that matter. But the young do need to be challenged, to reach up above what they think they can achieve, as many of them — perhaps through fear of failure or disappointment — tend to form too low an opinion of their own abilities. Above all they need encouragement; and it is only a

compliment to demand of them a bit more than they consider to be reasonable or comfortable. They may groan a bit, but they are soon glad to discover how much **more** they are capable of doing. This calls to my mind the provision that we have set up here for those with some special learning needs or dyslexia. Last year we had Dr. Harry Chasty from the Staines Dyslexic Institute to talk about the need to give help to those with some word difficulties and who very convincingly demonstrated to us that intelligence and accomplishment cannot only be measured in ease with words. One of the many very arresting examples he gave, was that these children find great difficulty in our civilisation which is based heavily on words in terms of newspapers, advertisement hoardings, writing cheques, reading maps and so on, through the whole range of Western Culture. How very different that might have been had Caxton, instead of introducing the printing press in about 1477, invented the tape recorder instead! Dr. Chris Carter has been giving regular help in a clinic and is very encouraging about the great strides forward that some of our Stoics have made in learning strategies and techniques to overcome their difficulties. Anything that increases pride in detail and good presentation cannot be developed overnight. It is sometimes dismissed as mere fussiness, but that is the refuge of the lazy and second rate. In the adult world none of us can afford to present less than our best work and that is the message that we should be getting over to all of our pupils even if it does interfere with their social life at weekends or during the day. If we, the School, can work together to encourage them to take this sort of trouble in that **extra** bit of research, to read **round** the subject as well as mastering the set syllabus, to take pride in **detail** in whatever they do, they may grumble a bit, but they will surely never hold it against us.

One of the most welcome features of the National Curriculum is the emphasis it places on Modern Languages and on Craft, Design and Technology. There are, as you will have read, problems over the extent and nature of the science courses up to the age of 16. The national recommendation for an integrated science course taking up about 20% of the timetable, runs counter to what most schools such as this would prefer, which is to retain the three separate subjects with a larger apportionment of time, at least for all those who are likely to continue with science in the sixth form. Otherwise the gap between the standard of GCSE and A-level can only go on widening. We plan to tack on a Science Resources Centre and Library next year to match the demands of the new syllabus. For Modern Languages, I am very glad that in this last year we have been able, through a very kind benefaction, to have over here two assistants, Herr Stefan Stohl from Frankfurt University and Senorita Maria Ramos (who is going to Madrid when she leaves us) to help with the language learning here: they have both been exceptionally contributive and

positive and have added a splendid European dimension to our general life. The latest kind benefaction to the Prizes, the David McDonough Prize worth £250 this year, will be awarded for Contemporary Politics: next year, it will be spread out for "Excellence in the Humanities" and we will, thereby, have further substantial incentives in Economics, Politics, History and Music. We are most grateful. The exhibition in the Design Centre is ample evidence of the tremendous work that goes on **there**: the fine equipment and instruction ensures that the Stoic with conceptual, technical and manual abilities is given the best possible start and chance to define and develop those talents for the future. In producing such impressive work in rather cramped conditions, the Department and Director may have shot themselves in the foot, for our late Chairman demoted its priority in terms of new building because it was obviously so clearly successful. The Department works wonders in its limited premises to which the Exhibition today bears ample testimony. I am reminded of a report on Peter Ustinov at Westminster: "He shows great originality which must be crushed at all costs." No such charge would ever be made here — the crushing, I mean!

Photograph by C. E. M. Mash (MVI)



I am always pleased to see how much the Drama flourishes at Stowe: it gives a fertile opportunity to gain confidence and to work in a team for a common goal and the dramatic calendar here ranging from the one-act new boy house plays (a splendid introduction and induction to Stowe life) through the Congreve, a magnificent production of "**Romeo and Juliet**", in which there were some really excellent performances and some wonderful production, is as strong and healthy as ever it was. The Autumn term also saw the opening of the Paul Dobinson Memorial Theatre with a Gala Evening of Music and Drama from staff and pupils past and present. We have also seen **vast** improvements in the Roxburgh Hall and on the technical side of the theatres here by Ian McKillop, our new Director of Theatre, both decorative and technical, (the improvements, I mean!) and he is beginning to amass a group of highly proficient and expert Stoic technicians: Loti Irwin's wardrobe, quite the best of any school anywhere, I suspect, has emerged from her own house and been given much more spacious accommodation behind the theatre. The stage space and opportunity in the Hall should soon benefit from a revolving stage given by the kindness of Tom Harper's parents. The Drama Festival last term was a great success, too, and much professionalism was in evidence. Particular praise, perhaps, to the performance of "**The Dumb Waiter**" by David Szalay and Orlando Seale, and to some Houses whose junior boys managed and produced their plays. There is some very fine talent about, both amongst the girls and boys, and we look forward to the Junior Congreve "**She Stoops to Conquer**", at the end of this term.

Music is another area which has gained a new Director during the year, John Cooper Green, and those who were at the concert this morning witnessed a fine example of the music-making now happening here. A large number of pupils are taking the higher grades and the advanced performance certificate, which is above Grade 8, the majority of whom have gained Distinction or Merit, and particularly noteworthy is Giles Underwood, who was awarded a Diploma on the Clarinet as Associate of the London College of Music. Sadly, we expect the retirement of Bram Wiggins, our celebrated Brass teacher, who has been at the school for over 25 years and, besides having been a most distinguished performer himself, has given great and good instruction to the Brass players and section. He and Betty have happily recovered from illness and will be retiring to Chackmore, which we hope will keep him well in touch with us. We now sport a Chapel Choir of over 60 which sings an Anthem every week and has made enormous strides. I am very happy to report a great improvement in the congregational singing in Chapel, which I have always felt is a centre of life in a community: at the very least a chance for an enjoyable common enterprise and at best an integral part of our worship. Jamie Henderson, our new organist, is, also, of

course, highly instrumental in this! There have been some regular weekly recitals and concerts by pupils, the most notable, perhaps, of which were a recent Clarinet recital by Teresa Drayton and a previous one by Clare Roper, the leader of the Orchestra. The Music Society gave a splendid performance of Haydn's "**Creation**" during last term, though sadly rather poorly attended, and next year we look forward to performing the Verdi "**Requiem**", and a new season of subscription concerts, which looks very ambitious and exciting and I hope that as many parents as possible will wish to subscribe and enjoy some wonderful evenings ahead. The recent Rock Concert in aid of the Pineapple Club in Paddington was a marked success and Lee Harris and his band continue the great recent Stowe tradition for popular music. Lee and his band were largely instrumental in raising over £2000 for the Pineapple Club, £950 for the Comic Relief red nose that adorned the school for a day, and some £900 to help the four girls from Stanhope to take their excellent House Play from last year, "**Shakers**", up to the Edinburgh Festival. We all look forward very much to seeing Music in all its moods join the Drama and Art as another centre of real excellence in the school.

I am sometimes asked how we at Stowe, subject, possibly, to an inherent criticism of becoming isolated and introspective in these wonderful surroundings, and removed as we are from the hurly burly of urban life, though not being close to anywhere, we are not far from everywhere, how Stowe is integrated into the real and modern world. I am always delighted to remark on our Community Service contribution to the local life of the community: over 90 boys and girls, nearly a sixth of the school, involved themselves during the week with visiting hospitals and old people, and in the local community. The old people's party and visits to us are a wonderful reminder of how compassionate, involved and thoughtful young people can be with their elders. It was Winston Churchill who said, "We make our living from what we get; we make our life from what we give". Ro Masters, who ran the Scheme until handing over to David Barr, has been editing the Rugby Schools Group Community Service magazine. I quote from an article by two Stoics: "At first it was rather daunting and seemed to be a service that passed by unappreciated. Soon, however, we began to know each resident as a friend. As our friendships grew, so too did our commitment and enjoyment".

The M40 extension apart, another element in opening up the horizons of the School, together with our visits to the Boys' Club in Paddington which is thriving under the new leadership of Rohan Hallett, has been the trips and expeditions, not only those attached to the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme which tests individual endurance and prowess, but also the Biology Field trip to the Galapagos, together with a party from Rugby School. The Ski trip last year to Alpe D'Huez was supported by Stoics and parents together and this

year's trip is to Val D'Isere over the New Year; a plan exists to take some sixth form students interested in American culture and history to Boston and New York, which is also of interest to Stoics wishing to consider U.S. universities. This is proposed to take place at the beginning of the summer holidays. There was an enjoyable and instructive trip to Greece at Easter. The Himalayan expedition was a very great success this year. The selection of leaders proved critical and I think the inclusion of an expedition doctor was vital to this. The presence of two leaders of such experience and competence obviously helped greatly, but the key to the success, besides the benevolent nature gods that followed the party around, was the team of Stoics themselves, who showed great physical and mental strength throughout the circuit and who were always prepared to take on extra responsibilities for one another. The party was the first World Challenge team successfully to traverse the Thorung La pass at 17,650 ft and could well have been the first school party ever to do so. The crossing of the pass requires a great deal of mental strength and physical courage and many a party have failed before. The party's brave efforts, their sense of humour, their sensitivity and sympathy towards one another should be recognised by the School and they will be making a presentation of their trip very shortly in November next. I would like to salute them all: their fine leader and mentor, Simon Taylor, Tom Eatock-Taylor, Victoria Thompson, Sarah Coombes, James Dare, James McAllister, Marcus Cronan, Richard Larcombe and Arnaud Morell-Coll.

By G. St. J. S.



E. P. Kavindele

Sport, of course, always plays an enormous leading part in the communal life, purpose and reputation of a school and some notable results and achievements are worth recording. The Rugby team finally had five wins to their credit and could do better next year when new laws are likely to come in to schools' rugby eliminating pushing in the scrums and putting the accent on safety in front and second row play. They will be jointly guided and coached by Lionel Weston and Ken Melber. The Colts A was the most successful team, which also bodes well. At Hockey our strength in depth was the keynote, and good results were recorded by Junior Colts and the Yearlings. The first team achieved pride of place in recording seven wins and four draws in their 13 matches followed by a tour in Portugal. The most notable distinction of their season was beating Cranleigh 3-2 at Reading in the curtain-raiser to the Oxford and Cambridge match. Our Cross-Country team again proved to be more than a match for every school except two and this is in large manner owing to the enthusiasm and organisation of Graham Platt, whom I congratulate. Their pre-season training programme in the Pyrenees (despite travel hiccoughs) proved very constructive and Marcus Cronan again warrants a special mention. The School reached and lost the final of the National Schools' Croquet Competition against The Wrekin, by beating Bedford Modern, Manchester Grammar and Ardingley and is currently enjoying something of a revival here. I suppose the Blue Riband must go again to the Golf team, whose highlight of an already very successful season was retaining the Gerald Micklem Trophy, making seven wins in the last twelve years. In this competition, which is now 38 years old, Stowe has been winners on 15 occasions and runners up on six. Currently, the team have won six and halved two of their nine fixtures. The girls' sport has again flourished and tennis is, perhaps, the strongest element. They have won all their fixtures so far and it is to be hoped that they will through to the County Round of the Aberdare Cup later this term. I hope they don't feel here at Stowe any truth in the adage: "Whatever women do they must do **twice** as well as men to be thought **half** as good. Luckily, they may feel, this is not difficult!" Coming from 'the other place', they were the very first thing that I noticed was better at Stowe: their normalising, productive, debrutalising and civilising effect is immeasurable and that opinion has been more than sustained. Those in the minority here who don't notice and acknowledge it, are merely and plainly bores. The Netball team had seven wins and one draw in their ten matches.

We are currently enjoying another very successful season in Athletics, with the Intermediates unbeaten and the Seniors and Juniors victorious in all but one of their fixtures so far. The Senior long and triple jump records, both of very long standing, have fallen to Tayo Erogbogbo, an under-17 athlete, while Hamish Baird has taken the under-17 high

jump record and Edward Rogers that for the under-16 shot. Keith Reed leads a very strong squad from the front and Harry Smith runs the show quite as well and efficiently as Mike Dawson, who left us to find more time for County Athletics administration.

The Cricket XI have enjoyed the best start to the season for many years by winning its first four school matches and only just failing to polish off St. Edwards last Saturday. Our attack is almost wholly through off-spin and that makes watching a positive delight, relying as it does upon good fielding and a good sense of tactics. We don't employ the horror and helmet of the West Indian bouncer brigade. Alastair Scott-Gall and David Amdor are busy amassing good scores to be bowled at and will both be back next year. The Yearlings have won three out of their four matches, which is a very encouraging sign for the future. The standard of wickets produced for Cricket this season has seldom been better and the condition of the golf course greens is coming along well. This is owing to the expertise of our new Grounds Superintendent, Mr. John Mullen and the work of his staff. When Lionel Weston took over Walpole House, he had to give up being Director of P.E. and I am very pleased to say that a new Director will come in September to plug that gap. He is a first-rate man, Isaac Michael, and will do great things to improve the physical well-being and fitness of Stoics. Anyone who comes with the reputation from Winchester of being able to enthuse Wykehamists to get up at 6.30 a.m. in the the morning to train for basketball must have something special! We much look forward to welcoming him.

Whilst team sports and communal activities are crucial to a school, it is also worth recording that in a variety of disparate spheres, the tradition of the foundation of the School, in encouraging the individual, has been maintained and I am delighted to report that Alex Saary won the second prize in a national competition run by the Dyslexic Institute for poetry. He had to send in a piece entitled "As I see it" and his poem about the Gulf War was a remarkable piece. In the Young Consumer of the Year Competition, the Stowe team was runner-up in its heat in the County Competition and two Stoics won runners-up awards in the Bowater Packaging Design Competition, which was the first organised by the Schools and Industry Liaison Committee during the Autumn term. Entrants were asked to design a package in a corrugated board to contain a tennis racket suitable for delivery by post and in-store display. Each were awarded a cheque for £225 to be spent on some educational purpose and both have asked that the money should be spent on a series of driving lessons! This year's competition sets the task of designing packaging for ladies' shoes in an attempt to encourage more girls.

Following in the footsteps of the mighty achievement of James Mackenzie and Andrew Beattie, last year, of walking 500 miles in 25 days

in Southern Africa, this year's Myles Henry prize winners, Tristan Crawford and John Layfield, will be walking in the footsteps of Hannibal across the Alps and you will have received in the last report package a sponsorship form which, I hope, you will support. The money they make will go to the Red Cross Gulf Appeal. We had some 30 Stoics with a direct family involvement in the Gulf here and, thanks be, that they suffered no bereavement in that miraculous campaign.

All of the many fine achievements that I have enumerated come as a well-deserved reward for a staff whose efforts on their pupils' behalf go far beyond the classroom and late into the night. I thank them most warmly for their constant hard work and support and their leadership in our shared pursuit of excellence.



Photograph by C. E. M. Mash (MVI)

This year sees the departure of other important figures, as well as Bram Wiggins and Alan Radford, who was a part-time Economist since 1982 and a wise and affable presence here. We say goodbye to Maurice Stanton Saringer, our Chaplain for the last eight years: he and Pauline and their two lovely children will be sorely missed, but happily he is taking up a Parish in Newport Pagnell and we hope to see them often. Maurice has a celebrated nickname, but he might be amused to hear of the man who was called 'Thrombosis'..... Fiona Lockton, after three very successful years as Housemistress of Stanhope, departs to run a girls' House in Marlborough — I can't imagine why — but we are very sorry to lose her and she departs with all our good wishes for she contributes in so many spheres and very enthusiastically and forcefully, besides having run Stanhope with great energy and sympathy. This year we sadly said goodbye to John Dobinson of Chandos House, which has been taken over by Stephen Hirst. John and Jill were very energetic, and contributed in major measure and in all sorts of ways and it gave me special pride to be honoured in opening the New Memorial Theatre to the memory of their son Paul, an Old Stoic who was tragically killed. John and Jill are now running Lindsfarne College in Wrexham and the gap he left in the heart of our community is still felt deeply. He now has the different cares of being a Headmaster and we are very happy to receive reports that he has made the

switch well. In absentia we thank him for all the many contributions he made to sport, Biology, the drama and the general life of the School. A Headmaster friend from H.M.C. was asked, "How do you cope with the strain of your job? How do you sleep at night?" (A question I could ask myself — and some 5th formers here). He replied: "I sleep like a baby: the first hour I sleep, the second hour I cry and the rest of the night I'm on the bottle". We have also seen the early retirement of Christopher Mullineux, who was a Stoic in Temple and returned as a master in 1966 to the Maths Department. Since that time he has been Head of Maths, a Tutor, an under-Housemaster in Grenville, a long-servicing Captain in the CCF, master i/c Fencing and recently he has taken over the beagles, with which we are happy to say, he is still continuing. Christopher, after a well-earned sabbatical, has now decided to continue a different career in software documentation. During the year we also said goodbye to Sally Coles, who had been the Headmaster's secretary and doyenne of the Headmaster's office for 19 years. She it was who took up the reins of my impetuous desire to buy in for the School, Simon Whistler's magnificent Stowe Bowl of all the Garden Buildings which is proudly on view in the Blue Room and I hope that many of you will go to see it, or have seen it. With great energy, tact and skill, Sally organised very generous donations and subscriptions to it and it will be a lasting memory, not only to Simon's great skill, but also to her talents and time here.

Another enormously generous donation has been the funding of the Paradina Fellow, which will commence next September with the advent of John Burns, a recent graduate from Harvard, who will be with us for a year. As with the German and Spanish Assistants, and along with Daniel Cochran, our Australian student here for a year, I hope that he will increase the sense of the world and bring to the School a welcome infusion of first-hand American cultural input and, in some measure, include Stowe in furthering Anglo/American accords and involvement: the 'special relationship'. We are deeply indebted to Mrs. Karpidas for responding so enthusiastically to the idea and endowing the Fellowship so generously.

I turn now to report to you on the School buildings:- Chatham and Cobham were renovated last Summer — this completes, within five years, the secondary aim of building the new Bruce, where every 5th form pupil now has a shared or single study-bedroom. The January 1991 storm damage has now been repaired and while the scaffolding was in place we took the opportunity to do some work on the adjacent stone work; Nugent roof, Chandos roof and the State Dining roof have all been replaced. In addition, last summer we completely replaced the laundry equipment.

We were all delighted when, on 23rd July last year, Stetley withdrew their application to quarry sand and gravel between Stowe and Chackmore. We

are very grateful for all the help we received from Old Stoics, parents, friends of Stowe and the National Trust in fighting off this threat.

And my last word of thanks is to the Governors — there are four qualities needed in a Governor: wit, wisdom, work and wealth: the first three don't matter! Lord Goodman is reported to have said as Chairman of a Governing Body: "Make no changes until you have won the support and trust of the Board: and that will be in your last term"! In my case not so and we here are very fortunate in having a very dedicated and hard-working, varied Board of Governors whose support has been invaluable and unstinting.

I should also like to include a special salute and my thanks to our Head of School, Enoch, and his very good and positive band of Prefects. (Heavens knows what he will say in his vote of thanks).

On a personal level, I am happy to report that I am enjoying myself still after two years in office — and what an office! (I hope they don't say of me, "When left on his own, he takes charge well"!)

"Being a Head in 1991 is akin to competing in a marathon held on a high sand dune, carrying a heavy load. As the race develops, the organisers reduce the number of feeding stations, increase the slope of the hill and move the winning posts". I can well understand the situation at a board meeting in a competitor school a century ago. "We must", said the Chairman, "interview and advertise for the post of Headmaster". "What's wrong with Temple then?", asked one eminent Governor. "He's dead", came the reply. To which the riposte was, "What difference will that make?!"

My hope is that we can still press forward to the point where every boy and girl at Stowe comes very close to achieving their best. We are not at that point yet. There is a tendency amongst some to shy away from full effort but there are many who are showing that it is possible to combine excellent school work with a whole, wide range of other interests, artistic, cultural, adventurous, athletic and social. There is good reason to be hopeful and to go on striving. In the words of a recent headline about our Cricket team which (though one hesitates over the grammar, one likes the sentiment) I hope, could be referred to the School as a whole, "Stowe continues on their winning way". I am delighted to report that enquiries, registrations and visiting prospective parents are markedly increasing, which gives especial pleasure and reward in the light of the current economic recession, the demographic drop in birth rate 12/13 years ago, the National drop in numbers staying on at School and the current apparent fall in parent interest for full boarding. There can never be cause for complacency, but we feel some guarded optimism. It merely remains to thank you for listening, but, more importantly, to thank you for entrusting your offspring and loved ones to our care: we are, as always, very sensible of the trust, support and commitment that you give to the School. May you all have a happy and proud day.

LORD CHORLEY'S SPEECH

Headmaster, Governors, Ladies and Gentlemen.

The first thing I want to say is that I think I have never had so many interesting books pass through my hands so briefly. I was glad to see at least two National Trust books; the only one I took exception to was the Elementary Latin Dictionary. That was never my scene. Seriously, it must of course be a very great honour and indeed a source of great satisfaction to be asked to come back several generations later to one's old school to present the prizes on Speech Day. For me this is a rather special pleasure because your invitation, Headmaster, was so unexpected. Unexpected not least because I had a somewhat modest career at Stowe. Some people we know have Field Marshal's batons in their knapsacks, but I certainly didn't, and all that was forty plus years ago. I cannot help wondering who amongst you here today will one day be standing here as I am, about to address you.

A distinguished alumnus from Yale was doing this at their graduation ceremony, and he said, "I take as my theme the four great things in life which make up the four letters of the word 'Yale' — youth, adventure, leadership and enterprise." He gave them a good ten minutes' worth on the first two, and fifteen minutes' worth on the last two, because he was a great tycoon. Some wag afterwards remarked that it was just as well he wasn't addressing the Massachusetts Institute of Science and Technology! Luckily, I cannot think of anything relevant to the five letters that make up Stowe, but I do want to say something about the heritage of Stowe. May I, to begin with, take a step back just a short distance, a mere forty-six years. I came to Stowe in the May term in the year of D-Day. We were all glued to the television screens during the Gulf War. We didn't have any such thing then, but my goodness that was an exciting time. Then there was V.E. and V.J. Days within a year and then the years of austerity. We got to and from Stowe by rail from Buckingham, via a special train to Euston, now long since gone, a casualty no doubt of the great Dr. Beeching. I suppose only the parents will remember the good doctor. We were occasionally visited by our parents, because of course in those days petrol was rationed. I don't think in those days staff really encouraged parents to visit. Food was, of course, awful: I don't doubt that it is still awful. That's the one thing, Headmaster, that you didn't touch on in your address. I've no doubt it will continue to be so regarded forty years hence! There have of course been many changes since then, new buildings, new Houses, and of course, girls. This last is I'm sure a very healthy development. In my day not many of us knew about girls; there were sisters of course, but they didn't count. They were somehow different.

Of course, the great and enduring thing about Stowe is its landscape. The great Capability Brown landscape, the temples and pleasure gardens, the

Kent temples, the Vanbrugh pavilions, and so on. The whole ensemble of a great eighteenth century stately home and its grounds all made a huge impression on me. I'm glad to see, incidentally, that the great Cedar of Lebanon which is just thirty yards down from the church, is still with us. We used to climb this fairly regularly. I don't know whether you still climb it? It had all the variety of a great classic rock climb, a marvellous little expedition.

In discovering Stowe's landscape I was lucky to be at Stowe while J.F. was still Headmaster. He was a very remarkable person and he aided and abetted my interest in the Stowe landscape, and indeed in wider things, because he taught architecture. I was glad to see that there was an architectural prize presented either by him originally or in his memory. I think his influence made a very lasting influence on me. The English landscape garden was invented here at Stowe, and was the first I had seen. I have since then seen literally dozens of others, both here in England and on the Continent, for the Continentals soon began to copy us. I think one could say without any fear of contradiction that Stowe has no peer. Indeed, I can think of only one other landscape garden which is perhaps arguably roughly on the same plane, and that is Fountains Abbey in Yorkshire (which is also National Trust, as it so happens).

England, and I do mean England and not Britain, has made two great perhaps even unique contributions to European artistic culture: the eighteenth century portrait painters and the English landscape garden. I may say that is not my observation. That is the observation of a recent French ambassador to the Court of St. James, and the French are not renowned for handing out bouquets on cultural matters, other than in their own country. So Stowe's influence has been immense, and it stands high on the list of our European culture and heritage. That surely is a sufficient, if not the only reason, to be delighted that these unique grounds are now in partnership, a unique partnership, are now in the care of the National Trust, working with the School. I would here like to pay tribute to the part played by Sir James Kennon in bringing all this about, and to you, Sir, in carrying on this good work. Nor should we forget the work that the School itself and the Garden Buildings Trust did, and George Clarke, who kept the flag flying through all the difficult years. Let us recall that all this happened through the generous initiative of an anonymous benefactor, not, incidentally, an Old Stoic. A big task lies ahead, years of work, which is a challenge we in the Trust are used to meeting. The Trust as a private charity has an astonishing record in caring for our heritage. I think it is one of the most unique British institutions. At the end of the war we had about 12,500 members. By last September we had clocked up just under 2 million and it is still going up. We have several hundred stately homes, nearly 600,000 acres of land, 550 miles of coast, and so on. But I'm not really here to

blow our trumpet, and I imagine most of you as parents are already members (if you're not, you should be) and therefore know about the Trust. What I do want to do, and here I come to the more philosophical part of my address, is to put that success in a national context. First of all I think part of our success, of the Trust I mean, comes (and this applies to all walks of life) from professionalism and enthusiasm, and the search for excellence. I think of you, Headmaster, were touching on that in your stimulating speech. I may say I'm astonished at the amount of activities that go on at Stowe. To go back to excellence it is that striving for quality, the looking all the time for higher standards which is so important, in all walks of life. But I think there is another ingredient on which we, the Trust, depends and here I come to my second point.

Not only do we in the National Trust depend upon it, but all other organisations and bodies involved in caring for our heritage, on maintaining our environment in a proper state depend upon it. We depend on our prosperity as a nation. Quality of life, for that is what it amounts to, does not come at all easily. It has to be earned, and what are the ingredients that make for that economic prosperity? Well, whole lecture courses are written about it, textbooks are written about it, it is the stuff of political life (usually rather naively, in my view), but I will confine myself to a few propositions or bald statements of what I believe to be true.

First of all it depends upon the wealth-producing section of the economy. It depends finally on our industry and commerce. We have to understand the process of wealth creation and the importance of innovation. We depend therefore on our technology and on our scientists and the engineers who drive technology forward. Yet, and I don't understand why this should be, we do not seem as a nation to sufficiently esteem our engineers and scientists. For science and engineering are exciting and rewarding

lives, but one has to say as a nation we have faltered over these past 120 years. Others have pulled up and over-taken us. This is now beginning to sound a bit like a Party Political Broadcast, though I am not sure for which party, and it may seem a little strange coming from the Chairman of an organisation motivated, as it were, by the higher things of life. But if we don't have our industry, we don't have our innovation, we don't have our technology and our scientists and engineers, then we will not have our temples at Stowe and all our other good things. That I profoundly believe. I think I must bring my remarks to a close. Adults sometimes look back on their schooldays and say "School — the best years of my life." Walking around the gardens and temples of Stowe, and seeing the work going on here today that might seem a pardonable sentiment. But it is surely a rather pathetic sentiment, because the best years lie ahead of you. About a quarter of you have probably already started your 'A' Levels, and good luck to you.

I must say I always thought them dotty exams and the sooner we had the Higginson report the sooner the better, but that's another story and I could go on about that, but another time. You'll be going on to university or to other things. What I hope Stowe has done for you, the hallmark of Stowe or so it always seemed to me, is to inculcate a spirit of independence, a questioning independence, the independence of mind. The independence of an explorer, whether at the laboratory bench or in business, or in the great untravelled world that beckons. So hold on to that independence of spirit.

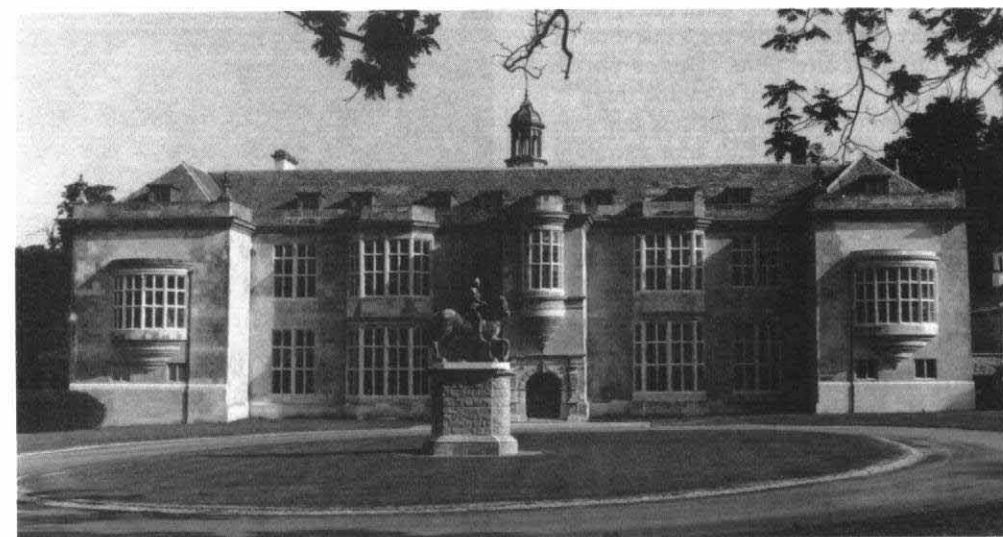
For the others of you, I suppose three-quarters of you, remember your time at Stowe is very short, although your parents may not think so. Use it, don't waste a minute of it. Very soon you will have that great untravelled world to explore, and good luck to you.

Lord & Lady Chorley with Mrs Nichols on Speech Day, 1991

Photograph by J. M. L.



HARTWELL HOUSE AYLESBURY



A RESTORED HISTORIC HOUSE HOTEL IN A LANDSCAPED PARK

It is difficult to match the splendour of Stowe and its gardens. It is now possible, however, when visiting Stowe or making an excursion thence, to stay or dine in a restored country house with a good table and its own fine landscaped park with a lake and garden buildings by Gibbs.

Hartwell House, the home of the Lee family until 1938 and the residence in exile of Louis XVIII of France from 1809 to 1814, is two miles west of Aylesbury and about half an hour's drive south from Stowe.

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DRAMA

Grafton House Play

GASPING By Ben Elton.

At the beginning of the year, Grafton started rehearsing an abridged version of Ben Elton's *Blackadder Goes Forth*. The setting of the 1st World War's trenches was considered most inappropriate when the Gulf War produced its first prisoners of War, graphically exhibited on television. The rehearsals were aborted and, one term later, came *Gasp*. This play was debatable for a question of taste in quite a different direction. "Our corporate hem-line is showing off plenty of stunning thigh", is a line on the opening page which sets the tone throughout. To their credit, the cast kept a straight face, albeit with tongue in cheek, to create a trendy atmosphere of unshockable yuppies. Fast-talking, fast-moving, far-fetched and farcical is the plot set in a sophisticated hi-tech multi-faxed office.

Philip (Tom Jenden), not nearly as thick as a middle manager's filofax, tunes in to his company's latest demands. His boss, Sir Chiefley Lockheart (Nick Conlin), a fan of his executive Jacuzzi whirlpool bath, introduces the need for a 'Pot Noodle'. This is a world beating money spinner to revive the fortunes of the Company. Philip with his fellow business man, Sandy (Christian Christopherson) 'twelve types of successful', take up the challenge. They come up with the not altogether unimaginable idea of 'Designer Air'. Inevitably an Advertising Agency is chosen, headed by chic, assertive Kirsten (Philippa Haines). The innovation moves on supported by innuendoes about the 'Suck and Blow' machine, relationships between the young executives and the rat-race of corporate finance.

Despite the trendy script there were entertaining moments in the saga and two welcome reliefs: Gemma Pudney played a pert weather reporter and a Kate Ady figure reporting from a disaster area; Fay Shelton tripped cutely as a secretary in one role and spoke with sombre ministerial voice in a second role. Both were a send-up of their respective parts and gave a change to the thrust of ever-pacy commercial direction of the drama. The stage sets were rightly simple in design and the lighting was effective enough, especially so in the difficult final sequence.

Whole scenes had to be cut to make the play of manageable length and Tom Jenden directed, as he acted, with style. It turned out to be a reasonably confident production of a questionable, contemporary piece of theatre. Untried actors and actresses found their feet in front of appreciative audiences. The women were eye-catching, sexy and in control; the men were designer colleagues with designer personalities and certainly not wearing the corporate trousers.

J.M.L.



Photograph by M. O. L. T. Wilson (MVI)

JUNIOR CONGREVE

Review: "She Stoops to Conquer"
(Oliver Goldsmith)

This production did not have to stoop. It won its audience even before the play had begun with a set of striking simplicity. Ian McKillop's inspired minimalist design provided the ideal framework in which the actors could captivate and hold our attention from the first: they filled the doorframes and empty picture frames with a living, human canvas.

The Hardcastles' house becomes a sort of 18th Century Fawley Towers, where Basil and Sybil interfere with the guests in the nicest possible way but where the hosts themselves are abused by the customers. All the characters are bent on fostering or perpetuating mistakes of one kind or another, all in the space of one night at Hardcastle Towers.

Simon Ridley's portrayal of Mr. Hardcastle conveyed the strength of character of the man, whose home is his castle but whose defence of his fortress is firm, as his name suggests. Lavish hospitality is provided but this is not the house to mistake for an inn.

Ridley's blunt northern tones were delightfully offset by Tom Harper's delicate pantomime of femininity. Later in the play, the exercise of Hardcastle's self-control apparent from Ridley's facial blustering in the wake of slight and outrage was a joy and would have given Basil Fawley pause for thought.

The rumbustious tavern scene infected the play with the notion of pranks hatched recklessly when under the influence. Lumpkin, as realised by Robert Gooch, was the very embodiment of a swaggering lump, kin of none but himself in his self-seeking. Gooch was firmly in control of both character and situation. Nothing is too low for this rogue if it advances his own aims. Lumpkin is seldom down for long. His machinations aim to put all mistakes to right — for his own ends. Stingo, the landlord, allowed Daniel Scott a striking cameo role as Lumpkin's accomplice.

The gullible travellers, Marlow and Hastings, are easy prey. Alexander Cole captured the confusion of one who has lost his bearings, giving us glimpses of a highly volatile, sensitive and self-conscious young man, confident and insecure as the situation demands, each facet of his character giving rise to further mistaken impressions. Edward Hart, dependable and self-possessed as Hastings, provided an effective foil to Cole's vacillation over Kate, with Hugo Reoch as a confident and lively partner in the role of Constance Neville.



"She stoops to Conquer"

Photograph by N. N. Tissot (LVI)

The change in Charles Marlow's demeanour as soon as Kate has stooped to deception was wonderfully comic. He advances on her, pins her against the wall, the very model of the aggressive male out to make a conquest, succeeding only in planting a kiss on the wall. It has all the ingredients of an Alan Ayckbourn farce when Kate is discovered by her father and some of the mistakes of this night are overheard and the wrong conclusions jumped to. Cole's performance seemed to grow in confidence with each passing act. Benjamin Taylor,

as Kate, made a demanding role seem effortless. It is not easy for young men to play female roles with the assurance of this cast: Harper, Taylor, and Reoch succeeded in convincing us with considerable flair.

In the transformation of the garden scene the ingenious gateway, gateposts and ominous lighting drew applause. The ivy-covered posts and railings instilled a touch of Gothic menace into the metaphors of night and mistakes which the play's subtitle implies. Under such subtleties of stage design, even innocuous partial door frames can be mistaken for gallows and offer a crooked finger of warning to those who manufacture deception and court exposure.

The production team had no need for such a warning. Loti Irwin, Maggie Weston, and Sarah Drew gave an impressive display of their wardrobe skills in costumes that conjured up the 18th Century with elegance and authenticity. The lighting, in the competent hands of Andrew Garnett, was handled with customary sensitivity and skill.

David Barr ably assisted by Emma Cowling has given us an assured and coherent production of Goldsmith's classic and a taste of his undoubted skills as a director. We await his next production with some impatience.

The final mistake of the night was not of the author's doing, a tip of the slongue so easy to make. Ridley turned it to the play's advantage, no easy thing to do when thrown and it befalls one to conclude the play. He conquered his mistake. He held his ground and, through presence of mind, stood to conquer, just as this production, a performance of quite remarkable integrity and accomplishment, rose to conquer its audience.

David Hare.

Head of English — Beachborough.

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)



MUSIC AT STOWE

The Summer Term opened with two concerts in the Music Room. The first was a piano recital given by Paul Drayton on May the 4th and the second was a chamber concert by the Maurizi Ensemble on May the 12th. The latter featured an unusual work, the Septet by Saint-Saëns, which features a trumpet part which was played by Bram Wiggins.

Another unusual work was featured in the Speech Day Concert on May the 25th: the Concerto for two oboes and two clarinets by Vivaldi. This was part of an attractive and well attended concert in the Roxburgh Hall, conducted by JCG. On June the 9th the Queen's Temple Singers performed the Duruflé Requiem in the Chapel, conducted by Paul Drayton with James Henderson (organ) and Cate Bell (soprano). The final concert of term was given by the Maurizi Ensemble on June the 16th and included the Mozart G minor quintet. During the term there were regular informal concerts on Tuesday evenings given by pupils.

The Autumn term saw the first of the "Stowe Celebrity Concerts" on September 22nd with "The Best of British Jazz" which featured such players as Don Lusher and Kenny Baker. This was by all accounts a splendid evening and was greatly enjoyed by all who went. The second concert — The Pavilion Orchestra plays "Sounds of the Sixties" — did not live up to the promise of the first concert and I have to confess I left long before the end of the evening!

Other events of note were the National Trust Opera Group's performances of the Marriage of Figaro in the Roxburgh Hall just before the start of the Autumn Term and the Stowe Instrumental Day which was attended by over one hundred children from both prep and state schools. Taking the place of the instrumental competitions we had a "String Day" on November 3rd in which many of Stowe's string players played a Masterclass given by Pauline Lowbury.

R.J.S.S.

THE BEST OF BRITISH JAZZ

With due respect for priorities the 1991/1992 season of Stowe Celebrity Concerts opened on September 22nd with The Best of British Jazz. Those who remembered the Terry Lightfoot concert two years ago looked forward eagerly to another evening of traditional jazz; nor were they disappointed. The group called The Best of British Jazz was formed about fifteen years ago by Kenny Baker and others; since then he has lost none of his brilliance as a trumpeter or his ebullience as a showman, and his sheer personality dominated the evening. With him was one of the co-founders, Don Lusher (Trombone), together with other distinguished performers well known to aficionados of jazz: Jack Parnell (Drums), Roy Willox (Saxophone), Lennie Bush (Bass). The pianist billed to appear, Brian Lemon, had been mislaid somewhere along the

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world's air routes, but his substitute was a masterly executant who absorbed much of my own attention throughout the performance. The playing was characterized by a studied informality and spontaneity, closely-knit group arrangements alternating with free solos of superb virtuosity; as usual (I always wonder why) the drummer roused the loudest applause. The 'numbers' were all standards drawn from upwards of four decades ago, the golden years of jazz and some of its more mellifluous offshoots such as dance music; they ranged from such familiar melodies as Tea for Two and Sweet Lorraine (the only one subjected to a 'vocal refrain') to less well known lovers' complaints as Mean to Me and, in more satirical vein, I've Got it Bad, and That ain't Good. With a trumpeter of Kenny Baker's calibre some tribute to Satchmo was almost obligatory: it came in the form of two songs in the style of Louis Armstrong. Such playing, and such music, might have been expected to appeal more to the older than the younger generation, but this seemed to be belied by both the composition of the audience and the enthusiasm of the reception, clearly appreciated by the players. Perhaps nostalgia is extending the length of its grasp. It was a most enjoyable occasion. If subsequent Celebrity Concerts are equally successful Mr. Green's brain-child can claim a felicitous conception.

B.S.S.

ROXBURGH TRUST RECITAL

A recital was given in aid of the Roxburgh Trust in May 1991. Melanie Ragge (oboe) and Anne Martin-Davis (piano) played an interesting and varied programme including works such as Britten's Temporal variations, a piano prelude by Rachmaninov and an extremely beautiful movement from an oboe sonata by Saint-Saens. The concert was well attended by an appreciative audience.



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THE J.F. ROXBURGH PRIZES FOR VERSE

'What is the face, less clear and clearer'
'Marina', T.S. Eliot.

The 1991 prizes were awarded to the most accomplished and original poems based on the set theme: 'For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face'. This striking phrase comes from the first Epistle to the Corinthians (XIII, 12) where Paul muses on the passage from childhood innocence to adulthood and self-knowledge. Many entries were clearly aware of the Pauline source and its Christian meaning, which is completed in the second part of the verse: 'now I know in part; then I shall know even as also I am known'. Others saw different denotations in the central metaphor, including the challenges of youth and age, knowledge beyond the unknown, transitions from obscurity to clarity, eyesight versus insight. The prevailing poems all tried in their various ways to perceive through the reflected image a possible reality.

D.I.G. Szalay's winning Senior entry has the obliquity of a genuine poetic vision. It moves between sense and thought in seeing through to the heart of things, the minute particulars within and without the shadows on glass. While stylistically derivative, it derives from the best models; its inversions, tropes and 'literariness' evince influences both inevitable and necessary to the growth of a young poet. It is, in music and imagination, a performance remarkable even by the high standards of recent Stoic verse.

A joint-winner in the Junior category was A.H. Akers-Douglas' poem which, in a cunning interpretation of the subject, explored the self-conscious fascination with one's duplicate in a mirror. The innocence in H.D. Buxton's contribution emerges from our ignorance of what Fate holds in store, life's uncertain possibilities only tempered by its certain ending. Present in all these were aspects of the tension between existence and essence, vanity and substance, such as revealed in Eliot's lines:

'This form, this face, this life
Living to live in a world of time beyond me'.

Among the runners-up were verses commendable for their ambition and near-achievement. J.S. Goss's mature piece meditates on the Crucifixion, satirising with Betjemanesque irony a modern view of that sacrifice. A.D. Cole's entry was intriguing, if conventionally romantic, the dark glass symbolising separation, clear perception the reunion. R.B.S. Gooch played and punned variously with the idea of looking through the glass darkly. The naive simplicity in M.T. Newnham's questions requires increasingly complex answers. Finally, F.Morgan provides an oblique and ironic reading of the subject

in a dramatic monologue, demotic in diction and sordid in content. It is the voice of a violent sub-culture, accurately and acutely current.

T.A.O.

Winner of the Senior Prize

Blind crowds are ushered by a blinder wind
Like wet dark leaves across the ground,
Across the hard and level ground,
Chance into scattered heaps and drains,
While over dark, satanic fanes,
Fresh only to atone,
Flap tattered flags, from falling flag-poles flown.
What sensual feast without a soul,
But glare and odour, bland and drone,
And beauty dulled by sense, or none?
What life that lives more than a branch,
That breathes, brings budding leaf to life, to fall,
Mere tenant of a wasting tree:
All ends bring grief, but that,
No-one to grieve, no grief at all.
But this shall be:
Seared into vapours, nothing, off, all mortal blemish,
Hate, vainglory, all desire and love, undone;
Break bonds in beds of vulcan heat; flat beat
The brittle veins of memory,
And this unmattered form,
All senseless, is to beauty's spirit self
Both source and edgeless main.
Or on a pond a single paper ship,
Pursued by eyeless gusts, by chance,
Drops down a drain.

D.I.G. Szalay (UVI).

Photograph by M. O. L. T. Wilson (MVI)



Runner-up

They're killing Christ on the Desert Plain,
The dust rises and the earth is cracked.
The man of man is blind with pain.
His skin is scorched, scourged and he's flay-backed,
Writing against the splinters — weeping again.
He'd like to swat the flies but his arms are tacked.

The weight pulls the iron through the bone and skin,
Scraping and rusting the unhealing hand.
He still groans of saving man from his sin.
He screams he's one of us, you understand,
We'll learn from his death of how to begin.
But his words choke on the bile and the sand.

*Hush Miranda hush. there's little to fear,
(Don't look at that carcass, think of the soul.)
He said that he would always be here.*

They're killing Christ at the Church of St. Jane.
The dust rises and the plaster's cracked.
The god of man looks on from the pane.
He's suffering under little children, sceptics backed
By the lack of need or perfection — wants made
inane,
Through the blast of a lulling cathode ray fact.

They break his back with a wordy mass,
Twisting his name in a knot, despised
For his turgid litany to goad and harass.
They hammer the nails with music synthesised,
Jeering at those foolish hopes, proved crass,
They leave that sword of truth stuck in his side.

*Hush, Miranda, Hush. There's little to fear.
(It's just a fading myth, don't you worry)
Here, have a sweetie — Granny is here.*

J.S. Goss (LVD).

Photograph by M. O. L. T. Wilson (MVI)



Runner-up

The Identity Parade

Lined up here,
No-one's like me!
Could have made a better match,
That's the least they could have done.
I've got my rep to think of.
So, you're the one!
Yeh, through that darkened glass,
I can still see you, were face to face.
You'll never do it, too much to lose.
They've got nothing on me, zero.
Come on, man, get it over with,
The old woman'll say nothing.
One word an' she's dead meat...simple!
Come on cuz, I've got business to tend to,
Habits to feed...supply and demand,
Bills, man,...dollar bills.
What's taking so long?
Why's she pointing, she ain't meant to do that!
It had to be done,
The way of the world, man,
He owed so he paid, the hard way.
She shouldn't have stuck her stupid head round
the door.

The boss said he'd fix her, o.d. her,
Thanks for nothing.
Bet the cops set this up.
Still, she'd never grass...would she?
I want my phonecall, NOW!

F. Morgan (VI).

Joint Winner of the Junior Prize

Number Ten's door opens.
Lives depend on his decisions,
Whilst he depends on people's votes.
Will this be me?

Scorned, shivering and cast out.
Clothes ripped, diseased decaying body.
Pathetic, dirty, empty bottles by his side.
Will this be me?

Crops and animals are his job.
Climate he depends upon.
Life is quiet and countryside his friend.
Will this be me?

Fortunes bought by devious means.
The price of this success was a loving heart.
Although admired, trust would be misplaced.
Will this be me?

A professional man with growing family.
His advice sought by every man.
Wisely and kindly he uses his skill.
Will this be me?

H.D. Buxton (IV).

Joint Winner of the Junior Prize

Ah, so we move our eyes,
They can stare, they flicker.
My arm is his arm,
Like clockwork in its motion.
How long will he stay
At my window to scan, to play
At this comic similarity?
The bare chubby skin, and bulky white belt.
He seems to enjoy this game,
But his accuracy makes me wonder,
My slightest twitch bears his instant response.
As I stand, I realise he's not so wise.
Is it me in that towering silver window?
To touch the glass, he must do the same.
Finger-tip to finger-tip, he's not real
But face to face, we're one in the same.

A.H. Akers-Douglas (IV).

Runner-up

'Through the dark view of the glass
Our faces meet but still a sheet separates us.
Through a veil of thick black, we see
But not face to face in mind or spirit:
Life is not between us.'

'A vision of faces meets mine but not one is her's,
Frustration reaches through my lonely eyes,
As the vision of black becomes more black:
Life is not between us.'

'Suddenly our thick life's veil is lifted,
At last our eyes meet through the haze
Our tense anticipation now going
For my Ellen is happily in sight:
Life is now between us.'

A.D.S. Cole (IV).

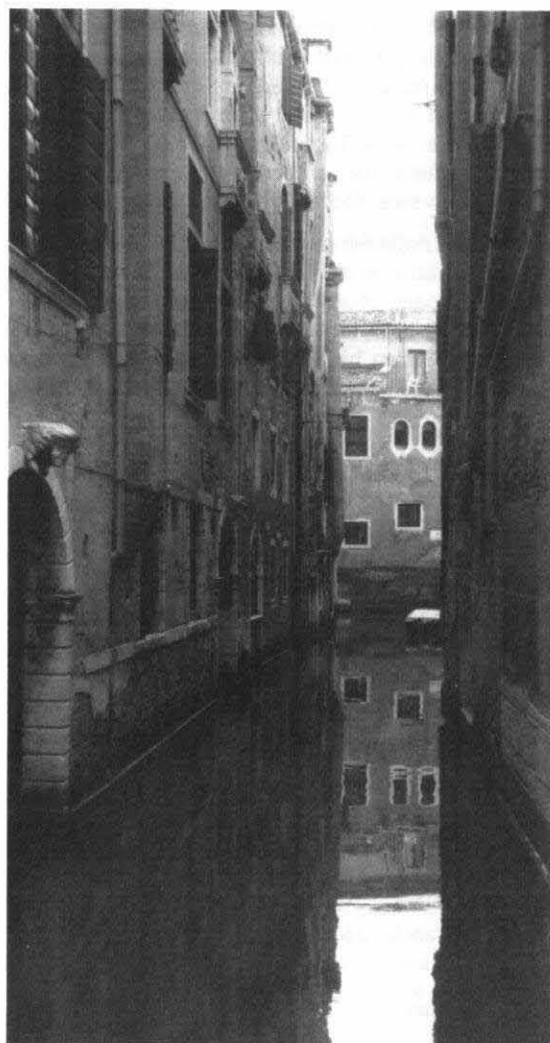
Runner-up

The day you're born the glass begins to crack,
and on it goes until your dying day.
For when you go the glass shall also,
so that you may see him face to face.
The party's successful, the guests are happy,
the glasses are full, the wine is flowing.
You look at the dark red liquid,
you drink the wine, look through the glass that
you may see the guests face to face.

A man whistles outside, the water splashes, the
window creaks,
you open the curtains, look through the glass.
It shows your life in one: half is darkness,
half is clear, while the man cleans the grime
from the dark.

The sun is glaring, the dark glasses are donned.
Only a warm darkness reaches the eye.
The glasses are removed and the light floods in,
for now we see the sun face to face.

R.B.S. Gooch (IV).



Photograph by D. J. Lewis (LVI)

Runner-up

A child is taught to pray,
An image is created.
Is God a He, She or It,
None of us can say.

The child advances in age,
Different questions are asked,
Who is God? and Why?
None of us can say.

The young adult is taught,
He believes in the figure,
He tries to answer his own questions,
But rarely none of us can.

Now a mature adult,
His beliefs stand firm.
He has his own truths,
But which truth is right?

He lies on the bed, now old,
The truth is unveiled to his soul,
But we carry on with life as before.
What is the truth?

M.T. Newnham (III).

GAVIN MAXWELL SENIOR ESSAY PRIZE

Joint Prize Winner.

"A Lonely Impulse of Delight"

(This is an extended version of the original submission).

A lonely impulse of delight? Yes, I suppose if you wanted to call it anything pretentious, it's certainly that.

A lonely impulse of delight. Ah! (Artistic sigh). There is something very lonely about attending your own funeral, exciting as it may be. There is a tremendous isolation about the whole thing — well, I mean — I'm the only one here who's dead. Everyone else, contrary to appearances, is very much alive.

I must admit that the afterlife came as something of a shock to me. There, after years of devoted ignorance of God — BAM! — an ethereal non-life — but did they ask? did they give me an option? "Mr Richards, would you prefer to end it all now, or go on for eternity?" — of course not — inconsiderate lot!

Why can't He just leave bloody well alone? Rest in Peace and all that — for a start, what am I going to do for eternity? Strum my little harp by the pearly gate, or have red hot things applied to my wracked torso by The Other Lot? And anyway, I can't help thinking that God must be a man of phenomenally bad taste — Pearly Gates? It makes heaven sound more like the mansion of some drugged-out Rock Star than the ultimate definition of Paradise. I wouldn't be surprised to find the odd leopard-skin draped over the Eternal Judgement Throne, if it's like that. Honestly, what sort of fools do Primary School teachers think we are? Do you believe in a little man with a white beard and a superiority complex? No, I could quite happily spit in the face of *that* God — he simply doesn't exist.

The Real God is something very different, let me assure you, especially to a devout atheist like myself. But why can't God just adapt to the fact that we are living in a specular society and that most of his vicars strum guitars and sip weak tea?

Talking to myself? Of course I'm talking to myself — what would you do if you'd been floating around the pastel rafters of the Willow Chapel of Rest (hah!) since dawn. What a dawn that was! When you can no longer experience these things you really begin to appreciate them — do you see those flowers around my coffin? Now in life I was never much of a rose-sniffer, but right now I'd sell my soul to — Whoops! you never know Who might be listening.

Anyway, just look at me in that coffin — the damn thing's made of oak — what did my wife think, that I'd be planning to make a comeback? — look at that expression on my face — a peculiarly unpleasant twist of surprise and pain — you'd have thought they could have made it a trifle more... serene? beatific? I mean, what could they expect of me. There was

I, choking on my last sip of weak brandy ("There you are dear, it'll do you good" — bet she regretted saying that!), and awaiting the onrush of blissful darkness (or whatever tawdry little cliché they use nowadays) to end the agony, and along comes this swirling haze thing. "Oh God, God!" I thought, and expired to here, a sort of Waiting Room before the Final Judgement. They like you to have a look at your funeral, they hope it will induce some Awareness of Past Sins. Sanctimonious Piffle! They don't know what I have planned...

And neither do all my assorted friends and relatives, come to mourn the passing of Michael Richards, late of this Earth, all strapped up in their ill-fitting black vulture suits. They're here for only two reasons — Guilt and Fear.

They are all suffering from a little of that "If only we'd seen him when we had the chance" stuff — they've come for a little relief, a little bit of unrestrained sentiment before they slide off, eased, to get drunk at the Wake (Ah! Farewell alcohol) and forget.

My death has also stung their mortality a little bit — everyone secretly believes that he is immortal — keeps them sane. Every time someone passes on (You can't say "dies" can you, you weak fool?) it reminds them that they might do too one day, and they have to come for a little bit of reassurance that it's all right, he had a good innings, nice service and all that — they want to be lulled back into their little fantasy — and get on with driving their fast car, smoking their tobacco, and flirting with the new girl from Accounts.

It's true — death breaks us all down. Look at Henry VIII — there he was; valiant charger of England, ever after wine, women and war, and they go and tell him, "Your Majesty must prepare to meet his Creator" (They couldn't say "die" either. Hah — weak humanity!), and what does he do? Does he call for a last wife to pass away the time? No, he just nods, turns up his toes and kicks the bucket (dies, dies, dies, dies).

Well, whatever, they're going to get none of that soapy relief from me. I've made my plans.

Dear relatives, grouped in that pew — my brothers as doleful as kicked puppies, my tremendously overweight sister, weeping like a punctured waterbed, and My Wife — smart in her mourning suit thing (though the hat is a touch too rakish for my taste), but overall as Handsome as Hell (are You listening?) — and there's real grief in her face. Good! Faithful, trusting little creature — the ideal sort of wife — and admirably sensitive. If she only knew....

Ah! Lonely impulse of delight!

You are a handsome lot, all you friends, relatives, and non-descriptors — you've all done me proud. Now, if the old biddy at the organ can manage to turn the page without falling off her stool, we can begin. There! Well done dear.

Up comes the Vicar — a splendidly grim chap, ideal for deepest sympathy, looking rather like a wobble. He gasps for them to stand and sing. I think

it's rather a nice hymn — one that speaks of the inadequacy of the deceased and his better life in shepherded pastures new — and it's set a few of them off already — dear wife too — all reaching for those lace hankies they brought — just in case. Better now?

Here's nephew Jeremy, the spotty, arty one whom I send vile cards to at Christmas. I don't like him. He's going to speak.

"All of us knew and respected Uncle Michael, a man with a fierce tenacity (*A What boy? Never mind, they love you*) and an inventive sense of humour, who brought light into the darkness of many of us (*What does the blessed fool think I am, an arc lamp?*), earning the love of all (*Come on my boy, abase yourself — I want to see you grovel — You're doing a splendid job*) by being so truly... human... and understanding... If I may read from one of the Cards he sent me at Christmas..."

Oh do! It must be something if I'm sick to the stomach. Dear fellow, you're just the brand of nausea they're after — some slitherings of comfort from the art squit to make them better. You're a tonic, my boy. The Waltons could not have done it better ("Garsh Johnboy.... Ah guess we'll kinda miss him." "Geecee.").

It's getting close now — my little trick. Just one more turgid hymn and the personal memories of me by the vicar, (more than I remember of him, that's for sure), a reading from the Scripture telling everybody how good a time I am having up there (but not that far up, you know), and then, as that inane Archer chap calls it "The Twist in the Tale". My chance for a little slice of *Schadenfreude*. Ah, the joys of life — being able to pick up a word like that just to be able to drop it — usually at one of those wretched dinner parties for the olive-munching set. I'd mention it, and they'd all stop, lower lips protruding like an Indian Chief's, and I'd casually mutter, "It means 'pleasure from someone else's pain'. German, you know.", and then they'd nod, and say how they (or their sister) had once been to Germany — fascinating place, commercialism, beer gardens, hiking, Berlin Wall. Spurious little toads, recycling their crass little apologies for an ideology. Whilst I wallow in the atmosphere of such a place, they take a photograph. Cheap! I was committed when I was young. If there was a protest march, I would protest in it (I remember one bright Saturday morning I'd promised two girlfriends to march in their pro- and anti- abortion marches. That was an awkward mess — good job neither of them was pregnant at the time.) These days you print your ideology neatly on your designer T-Shirt and try not to buy the wrong aerosol. Tawdry cretinous society — I'm well out of it.

I'm going to spoil their catharsis (I swapped "*schadenfreude*" for that with some university man). I'm not going to let their souls be purged of all their guilt and fear at one sitting. They are not going to forget about me — I want to burn away

inside them — no soppy memories of me, if you please. I want them to stop in their seats, and turn, shocked, stifling their hysterical laughter, hurt, but thrown out of their sweet little reveries — I want their feelings about me to be true feelings. This fake little farce of affection has gone on for quite long enough.

Death is a reality that the fools have got to face up to. When the hero is killed at the end of the TV show, it's all misty close-ups, quaint gasps, and weeping music. We've grown to reflect that sort of illusion — we have to affect our emotions to be correct, and truthful — dangle our feelings along on the ends of a string. I want it to stop! I want them to suffer!

Next, if that crone at the keyboard can manage it, I'm going to shock them all. Any second now, she's going to burst forth with "Seventy-Six Trombones Lead the Big Parade" — Oh, to see their faces — what are they going to do, how are they going to react?

Any second....
...now?

I don't believe it! It's some other tune — some hymn all about the coming of the end — all joyous and sentimental. Stop it! Stop it!

"...And the trees and the hills shall clap their hands..."

I see it. My Dear Wife! I want a divorce! All right, a posthumous one! My Dear, Cunning Wife! How could she? Dear sweet, little thing. I can see her, coming across the file marked "On my Death" with a cup of coffee in one hand, as the morning warmed my office. She'd lay down that funny little duster of hers, and kneel with the folder in the sunshine, and leaf through it, sipping her coffee (the red mug, I'll bet), and the cat rustling her elbow. And she'd laugh (looking out at me, no doubt asleep on the lawn), shaking her flowing black hair, and then sigh, and tut, and murmur, "No dear, this will never do", taking out one of my pens, and crossing through the type, writing in her arrangements in that beautiful handwriting (she was worth marrying for that alone), and smiling. All the time smiling.

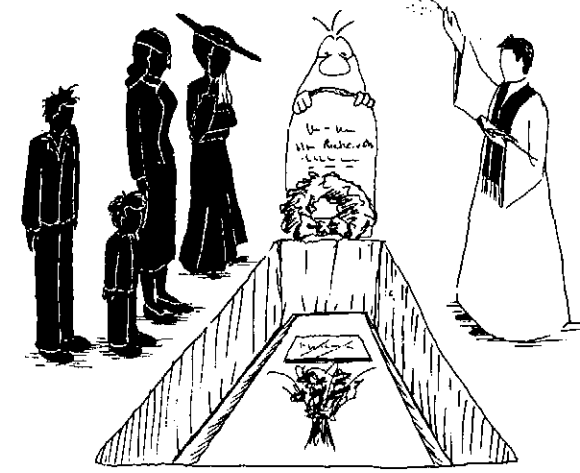
"...shall clap their hands..."

Does she know I'm here now — watching her? Is she watching me, like bloody Jeremy Beadle, waiting for me to be surprised? It would be just like her. That's the trouble with a wife who knows everything. She knows everything.

"...and you'll go out with joy..."

Joy! nice touch, dearest one. A little irony for my lonely impulse of delight. I will miss you, you know.

Of course, that's why the coffin's moving. The dear is having me cremated. In a few moments the skin will boil away from my dead bones, and the blood — where will the blood go? Well, I'll just burn, blister, and crumble away into a neat pile of dust — some of it me, some of it that wretched oak (probably imitation, now I come to think of it).



Picture by Fay L. Shelton (VI)

Then she'll be able to take me home, and look at me — put me in a nice china vase, and on a nice, sunny shelf — dust me (hah!) every other week. And every year she'll buy a new, nice, china vase, and tip me into that — washing whatever is left over down the sink. Good grief! What a miserable, wasting end.

And all the while I'll be somewhere else.

"It's what he would have wanted", she'll fondly sigh and say. "What he would have wanted"! They normally say that at dinner evenings, when one of the diners has fallen foul of a peanut. "Brothers, I propose that we continue with our meal. It's what he would have wanted" someone'll say, to much applause, all because he rather fancied the look of the sherry trifle. They never ask the deceased, lying cold and decaying in some mortuary, as they slice down the slab of roast pork, and pass around the roast potatoes. Oh mankind! What will become of us? Or me, for that matter?

And the coffin swishes behind the curtains, and the flames begin to run around the panelling, and soot the polished brass. Oh poetry!

That's strange... I feel their heat too....

J.S. Goss (V).

Joint Prize Winner.

"A Lonely Impulse of Delight"

A month! Trapped for a month in ward seventeen! It was a long low room lined with beds and sick people and tiny dirty windows overlooking dingy walls. What was more, there appeared to be a rule in the hospital that only nurses over the age of fifty could work in that ward, with perhaps a further qualification of brutal unsympathy. Recuperation!

And why couldn't I recuperate at home? That room, it was clear, would become hell, with weeping, wailing and gnashing of teeth and sweaty insomniac nights. Why wouldn't they turn the heating down? Feed us anything but boiled swede and dry cauliflower? Or open a window to let in air?

Thomas came to see me on Saturday. He came through the door at the far end of the ward, dressed for some reason in a suit and carrying a scrawny bunch of flowers. He walked slowly down the room, morbidly examining each contorted patient.

"Hello, Billy boy," he said on reaching my bed and tossing the flowers onto the side table, "how are you?"

"How do I look?"

"Dreadful."

"You've got to get me out of here," I gasped, sitting up violently and grabbing at his sleeve. "It's hell. Hell. I mean it. Satan lives on earth as a nurse called Miss Moxon. Bring me a crucifix, my friend..."

"Calm down, Billy boy," he soothed, "another few weeks and you'll be out. It's only a question of time."

I fell back onto the pillows.

"How are things at the office?" I asked wearily.

"Same old thing: dull. Take my advice: enjoy the rest." I sighed. "There's a guy filling in for you."

"Is there?" I asked suspiciously. "What's he like?"

"Oh, some boy. I haven't really seen too much of him. Probably doesn't really know what he's doing. He's very nervous, you know, always there early and so on."

"Early?"

"You know how it is, Billy: even a small blot looks bad on a brand-new copy book." He chuckled.

"How's Mr Drover?"

"In a foul temper, shouting at everyone: things have been going a bit haywire."

We talked a little more and he left.

When, a week later, he returned I asked him how the new boy was getting along.

"Oh, him," he replied. "He's turning out to be a bright spark, all right. He went to Cambridge, you know, Billy boy, and Harvard. He's been telling Mr. Drover about the latest developments in, well, something: it's all a bit above my head, I'm afraid. Witty chap, too. God knows he makes us all laugh. Miss Bland's quite in love with him."

"What? Miss Bland?"

"Why are you so surprised, Billy boy? He's charming. Oh! And he's found a way of making Mr Drover's coffee machine work, you know, the one you said was past repair. Drover's over the moon."

The visit left me frustrated and angry. Some smart-suited sycophant boy, bookish brat, was dazzling those fools with flattery and smiles. And Thomas! I'd thought he was stronger than that. Witty! His wit, I bet, a wealth of dirty jokes and bluntness. Drover blundering into superlatives just

because the techno-brat can mend coffee machines. And I here, imprisoned, gaoled for that born-with-crime: a weak constitution.

When Thomas next came I immediately asked him how the golden boy was doing.

"The golden boy?" he said, as if uncertain whom I meant. "You mean Peter? Fine, excellent. He's a real worker: first to arrive in the morning, last to leave at night, eats lunch at his desk, takes piles of work home with him. He's even produced a twelve point plan for improving office efficiency, streamlining and that sort of thing. I think Mr Drover wants to sign him on permanently."

I was horrified. "Permanently?"

"Yes. What's the matter, Billy boy? The firm needs men like him — that's what old Drover's always saying, anyway, talking about the new talent taking over from the old and infirm. Social Darwinism, Billy boy, haven't you ever heard of it?"

"Infirm?" I asked, trembling nervously. "What do you mean? This new boy's having my job?"

"I'd hardly call him a boy. But no, he's only filling in for you. When you get back he'll find another slot. Don't worry, we're looking after your interests." His voice sounded hollow. "Look," he said hurriedly, "I must be going."

"What other slot?" I asked ominously.

"Something. I don't know. See you next week."

I watched him leave. The door swung shut. I felt like a ship in a bottle, trapped by the narrow neck, the hard glass sides, able to see out, able to hear, but helpless. I couldn't breathe. I could neither eat nor sleep, except uneasily, with disturbing dreams.

The hospital was being welded shut by hordes of ogre Miss Moxons. I was alone in the ward, which was little bigger than my bed. Thomas' face with an enormous nose, appeared at the window: "Don't worry, Billy boy, we're looking after your interests. I brought you this." He handed me a coffee machine. "Billy boy," said a voice behind me. I leapt round. The Golden boy, dressed with impeccable elegance, was sitting by the bed, a bunch of paper flowers in his hand. Mr Drover, sweatily dressed in a dirty blue boiler suit, was polishing his shoes. The Golden boy smiled broadly, shafts of bright sunlight shining out between his teeth and Charles Darwin, who was standing behind his chair, handed him a large pair of scissors. I suddenly realised that I had an umbilical cord, emerging out of the centre of my stomach and coiling out of one of the windows. "Don't cut," I shrieked, "please don't cut. Mr Drover, don't let him cut."

Mr Drover was ironing the golden boy's trousers.

"It's in your interests, Billy boy," said a voice from the window. The blades of the scissors opened. The golden boy stood up, taking the cord in his left hand, and saying, "One small cut."

And "don't cut," I yelled into the blind darkness of the ward. Soft, sick breathing only disturbed the silence. Panic-stricken, I threw off the damp blankets and swung my feet onto the cold invisible floor. My head was confused and hot. My clothes

were in a drawer under the bed which I pulled fumblingly open. I groped about with the fabrics, sweat prickling my skin.

Trousers — I pulled them on over my pyjamas. Jacket. Shoes, clammy with no socks, unlaced. I stumbled with hopeless clumsiness towards the door, knocking something over that crashed and rattled. I had to go to the office. I pushed the door open, stepped out into the harsh light squinting, tripping over my feet. Miss Moxon sat at her desk, reading. She looked up.

"What do you think you're doing?" She said, haughtily headmistress-like.

"Going to work," I mumbled feverishly. The floor began to undulate. She calmly pressed the button on her desk and within seconds Dr Walbarger appeared.

"Return to bed," he ordered.

I noticed that I had my trousers on back to front, my jacket inside-out.

"Go on," said the doctor, "and no more trouble. It's not my fault you're ill." I shuffled away, whispers of despair permeating the thick blanket of sleep that had fallen over my mind.

With his next visit, Thomas was nervous.

"I don't know how to tell you this, Billy boy," he said, "but Drover wants to give Mr Eliot your job."

"Mr Eliot?" I asked dully.

"The new man. Things are really looking up because of him."

"I knew this would happen."

"It's not confirmed, yet," he added. "Mr Drover wants to speak to you as soon as you get back."

When he had gone I lay silently for a few hours. That was that: no more to build on there. But all the wasted hours! I wanted to cry out, say "I am here!", be strong, but only struck the mattress feebly with my fist, finally escaped my thoughts and fell asleep.

The next afternoon, flat and warm, Miss Moxon brought me a letter. "This was left for you," she said crisply, "while you were asleep." I took it. Drover couldn't wait to see me in person: he had to get rid of me now: what efficient artificial selection!

I opened it. It was not from Drover.

"Billy boy, (it said) some news for you: Eliot's been sacked! (Caught rifling Drover's confidential files at seven in the morning — dishonourable discharge).

See you next week,
Tom"

Amidst the miseries of the ward I felt a lonely impulse of delight. How lovely Miss Moxon looked, conscientiously pursuing her duties. The sun was shining in warm bars across the polished floor. Outside the birds were singing and lunch, of the most wonderful cauliflower and swedes, would be absolutely delicious.

D.I.G. Szalay (VI).

GAVIN MAXWELL JUNIOR ESSAY PRIZE

Junior Prize Winner.

"A Lonely Impulse of Delight"

A lonely impulse of delight sprung up out of the arid cracked plain, an infinitely minute movement in a parched soul-cape. It registered briefly in my mind, and then drifted back, discouraged by the suffocating clouds of depression.

But delight and joy are as infectious as sadness; even while agony and suffering run wild — leaving behind the milestones of endurance planted by the mind.

This tiny impulse, transmitted by an already overloaded nerve, floated over the plain on the dusty winds of my soul, settled and stuck.

Suddenly, where before there had been only dry, desolate dirt, there grew up an oasis where sweet scents of flowers and cool drops of water were prolific — an oasis upon which the focus of my being rested. Then my tired, scorched mind drank from the dark water. These smooth, refreshing draughts awoke me to reality.

My eyes were bleary and heavy; my face muscles paralysed and my mouth dry and rough. Light pierced my swollen eyeballs and tore through the retinas, searing and burning into my mind. It struck the waterless dust there — silently — white lightning on a shimmering horizon, already inflamed with tongues of pain.

Distantly, while my every reserve of consciousness grappled with the agony — a white hot ball, that had to be wrestled and shifted — I felt my head move.

Again, light; not glaring white, but softer, cooler green. Dews of the haven of nature soaked in, as I deciphered a blur into the form of stem, leaves and petals. With a shock, every detail of the plant by my bed rushed into focus: the very hairs on the leaves, the tiny drops of moisture and the trickle of silvery water down the stem. And as my mind flashed over the plant, capturing fractured images of it in a fraction of a second, there was another shattering surge of pain, and the soothing images receded briefly into darkness, before resurfacing in the pools of my mind. They remained there, but the merciless pain dragged my consciousness out into the plain again, into the blazing light, spoiling for further combat. Tortuous agony swelled, and I was losing my grip on both consciousness and sanity.

Another impulse of delight, bursting from the dry soil, rose and drifted to the oasis. It caressed the heavy skies, the harsh light, absorbing and soaking up the depression. The plain began to shrink: infinite horizons became finite; sky joined earth. Everything contracted, drawn in towards the forest of delight which was now growing and splitting dense foliage from its branches.

The soft, sensuous hand continued to move gently up my unplastered leg. At the top of my thigh, it

stopped. Then I felt the touch of fingers again on my arms, my shoulders — swirling and exciting nerves in my skin. They brushed my neck, jaw, and then my chest. Pleasure splashed onto the flaming ball of suffering and huge patches of darkness smouldered on its surface.

My stretched and distorted mind began to relax and regain its natural shape. The hurt was almost gone, and the hands rested briefly on my arm. I could not have noticed the tiny prick of the needle.

Quickly, cool damp darkness descended over the forest and the leaves darkened. Shadows of pale grey and silver crept in and out of the tangled trunks and over the tranquil surfaces of the pools.

Reason and deepest thought awoke, creeping out of the shelters that they had sought from the blinding light of pain.

The Nurse smiled, stroked my brow, her hand just touching the bandage around my head.

"You've done well. That leg should be out of the plaster by next week."

I tried to remember: but instead of recalling anything my mind refused and was blank. I looked back at the Nurse again. She reached across to adjust one of the traction supports.

And as I watched her delicate, pretty fingers pulling the strap, she briefly brushed my arm with her hand. The tingle of pleasure reminded me of somewhere, far off...

I frowned, confused. My mind remained blank. Shrugging inwardly, I closed my eyes and began to fall back into the dark.

S.G. Edenborough (V).

Drawing by Fay L. Shelton (VI)



Runner-up.

"A Lonely Impulse of Delight"

A lonely impulse of delight, how well I remember it. A day born in darkness ending in an implosion of light. It all began, as so many things do, with my address...

Arvind E. David,
1A, River Vale Road,
462800, Petaling Jaya,
Selangor,
Malaysia,
S. E. Asia,
The Earth,
3rd Planet from the star Sol,
The Milky-Way.

I looked at what I had just written. The ink was seeping through the paper, turning into a collection of illegible black lines. Clearly the top right hand corner of "The New Straits Times" was not intended for deep deliberations on my personal relationship with the universe.

I read it through again. It doesn't help.

It is about 9p.m. and I am alone in my house which is big and comfortable and empty. It is raining. Some time ago — hours? days? — this house had been full of people: my Family: Father, Mother, little Brother, Sister. We're no model family, we get in each other's way, we fight but we're strong where it counts, and we enjoy being together. Together.

But now I'm alone.

I don't know where they've gone or when they left. I was asleep and when I awoke the house was empty. An irrational fear, low point of a week-long depression, filled me. I told myself not to be silly. I'm sixteen years old and there's nothing to worry about. That didn't help either.

I look at the blots of ink on the news-paper, trying to understand my motivation in writing down my address. Something to do with "Why?", something to do with "Destiny" and "Ambitions" something to do with the "Future" and with the "Past". Concepts that float around in the abstract sea of my mind; achieving little, meaning less. I need, I need an anchor, something firm I can rebuild myself around.

I switch on the TV, searching for something to snap me out of this state. The news; I watch for a few minutes, trying to concentrate. I switch it off. Listening to the problems of others does not seem to help me forget — or even identify — my own.

The fear stirs restlessly within me, demanding attention. I have to face it. Taking a firm grip on the loose bundle of confusion and opinion that I am, I look at it. I see it — a snake. Its eyes bore holes into me. It knows me. The serpent sees into the minds of men — beyond them. I am very, very scared.

The serpent strikes! It's twin fangs of self-doubt and idleness pierce my soul, sucking me out of myself,

marrow out of a bone until I am empty. Empty. I'm crying and I don't know why.

I run blindly up to my room. Slam the door, trying to shut the hurt out. It does no good. The pain is within, a vacuum, a nothingness bigger than me, bigger than everything. I snap on my 240 watt Hi-Fi system. I don't recognise the song that blares out, but it's loud enough to drown out the world. For now that's what I need most. Posters on the walls of my room. Invariably they are of girls. They are all beautiful, and they all look — happy? I search each perfect face, each nubile body for the secret of contentment. I will them to pass it on to me. They cannot help, they are only so much glossy cellulose. They are not real, they do not exist.

I rub my eyes fiercely, challenging my tears. My gaze rests upon a framed page of text which hangs above my bed. It is a copy of the *Desiderata*, found in St. Paul's Church, dated 1692. Given to me by my Grand-mother, it hangs there only as a courtesy. I certainly have never read it. Now I do. For a while, nothing. Some nice prose, but nothing.... Then suddenly:

"Do not distress yourself with imaginings. Many fears are born of fatigue and loneliness."

I do not for a moment doubt that this ancient piece of writing, by a man centuries dead, is addressing itself directly to me. But, though this may diagnose my ailment, what of the cure?

"You are a child of the universe, no less than the trees and the stars; you have a right to be here. And whether or not it is clear to you, no doubt the universe is unfolding as it should."

Wham! Totally unprepared, I'm hit by a fundamental, yet immensely reassuring truth. I hear an angry hiss from within. The snake doesn't like this, a creature of darkness, it withers under the light. I return to the top of the page and begin reading again:

"Go placidly amidst the noise and the haste and remember what peace there may be in silence." I reach out and turn off the Hi-Fi. For a little while the silence is loud and oppressive, then a bird cheeps outside. I hear a strange thumping sound. Searching for the source, I realise what it is and laugh. The sound of my heart-beat should be reassuring!

"Avoid loud and aggressive persons, they are vexations to the spirit... If you compare yourself to others you may become vain and bitter; for always there will be greater and lesser persons than yourself." With each phrase I feel myself being filled up with something warm and wonderful, the hunger is receding.

The last lines: "With all its sham drudgery and broken dreams it is still a beautiful world. Be careful, strive to be happy." The serpent gives one last angry hiss and disappears in a puff of faith.

Here, alone in my room a cheeky impulse of delight fills me, I wave good-bye to the serpent. I give a happy smile to the *Desiderata*; a single page; instructions for living. Condensed from — where? I make a silent resolve to read the Bible. The

emptiness is gone. I have found my anchor. I will never be lonely again, even when I'm alone.

Then I do something I have not done since I was six years old. I kneel and pray, easily and without reserve. It feels good, I feel good.

Much later, I hear a car door slam. I hear my father's deep laugh, my mother's voice, the quick footsteps of my brother and sister. My family has come home.

I rush to greet them.

A.E. David (V).

BOOK REVIEWS

Anthony Meredith

Summers in Winter:

Four England Tours of Australia

Kingswood Press, 1990. £14.99.

Such is the nature of the Ashes battles that, for some, Hell might well consist of endless reruns of England collapses against Australia. Anthony Meredith's fascinating account of past odysseys in the Antipodes throws into relief the dismal depths trawled by last year's England party, which was not so much defeated as deflated 3-0 in the Test series, and lost virtually everything else. Total was that team's failure of will and abject surrender to the oldest enemy. From Ashes to dust.

Mr. Meredith selects four campaigns, from Lillywhite's private expedition in 1876-1877 (which inaugurated the notion of 'Test' cricket against Australian Combinations), to Mike Brearley's triumphal progress of 1978-1979. The other excursions analysed are the M.C.C. epics led by Pelham Warner (1903-1904) and Gubby Allen (1936-1937).

Summers in Winter depicts the changing face of the game, from Victorian eccentricities to modern-day declensions: vulgarity, commercial hype, 'Packeritis' *et al.* It also chronicles something of the social and political background to the wars for the Ashes. Warner's tour, for example, takes place against the backdrop of the Abdication Crisis and the countdown to Munich. Lest I give the wrong impression, I must stress that this is not a dull treatise buttressed by statistics but an engaging book, at once objective and humorous, rich in cricketing detail yet attentive to wider issues. The portraits of 'World Historical' personalities blend into contexts of professional and cultural rivalries. The vicissitudes of travel over sea and desert, the gruelling schedules, are vividly described, alongside the poor Australian sportsmanship, the howling partisanship, and the favouritism of home umpires. As Tony Lewis writes in the Foreword, Mr. Meredith's balanced perspective 'loses nothing in candour or entertainment'.

We observe a cricketing history marked by pride, stupidity, mismanagement and sordid pecuniary machinations. The first *de facto* Test match was probably subverted by a Melbourne gambling conspiracy. The vexed process of captaincy and team selection, sponsorship, amateurism and Press hostility are themes treated in the marvellous discussion of Warner's tour. Mr. Meredith particularly enjoys writing about the Edwardian 'Golden Age'.

It is interesting that Warner was involved as selector and manager in the Jardine 'Bodyline' tour of 1932-1933, and one wishes Mr. Meredith had included that too in his itinerary. Certainly, what needs to be dispelled is the time-serving fog that has obscured the truth and blighted the reputations of Jardine, Larwood and Co. The diplomatic ructions resulting from the 'Bodyline' controversy brought about political interference in team selections throughout the Thirties. Indeed, this book subtly affirms the perennial inseparability of sport and politics, that cricket has seldom been free from politicking.

Indubitably surviving the politicians, however, is the sublimity of the cricket itself: the grandeur of the occasions; the heroism of a Hammond or Randall; the brilliance of the left-arm spinner Hedley Verity, described thus by Neville Cardus: 'He seems to bowl in a vacuum, for the quality of his art is not related to finite and vulgar things such as boundaries or wickets. Here is bowling for bowling's sake, seen under the conditions of eternity' (p.167).

Cricket's mystique evokes much literary passion. The corpus of celebratory poetry (by Herrick, Blake, Wordsworth, Byron, Francis Thompson, Alan Ross and Ted Hughes among many others) is a far cry from Henry Newbolt's awful 'Play up! Play up! and play the game'. (Of interest to Classicists may be George Chapman's digression into cricket in his translation of Homer's *Odyssey*, 1614-1615). And it has attracted the finest sports-writers. Another of the pleasures of *Summers in Winter* is the number of quotations from the literate, witty and lyrical prose of Cardus and C.B. Fry. An aspect of the present sadnesses, as Mr. Meredith acknowledges, is the disappearance of such master craftsmen of the pen-stroke. We live in a cricketing Bronze Age in more senses than one.

T.A.O.

Michael Bevington

Templa Quam Dilecta: Stowe

Nos. I-X, Capability Books, 1989-1991.

As Alexander Pope famously states in Epistle IV ('To Burlington'), Stowe is a wondrous product of nature and time, a Work of Art as literary, picturesque and emblematic as an Augustan painting. It is in part an 18th century 'poetic garden',

a concept originating in the imagination, among others, of Temple, Addison, Walpole and Pope himself. Organised along literary lines, the visual effects were connected to verbal structures, so that natural scenes might denote both meaning and form, in monochromatic compositions of texture and shape, stone and trees, placed against water and sky. The garden thus came, in Shenstone's words, to 'resemble an epick or dramattick poem'. The Temples of Ancient Virtue, Modern Virtue and the British Worthies in the Elysian Fields are juxtaposed to move much like the witty or mock-heroic tableaux in narratives such as **The Rape of the Lock** and **The Dunciad**.

Michael Bevington's monographs in progress succeed with expertise and charm in placing Stowe's monuments into their literary and historical contexts. Mr. Bevington follows in the tradition of home-grown (Old Stoics and Staff) historians and connoisseurs of Stowe: G. Wilson Knight, Laurence Whistler, Michael Gibbon and George Clarke, whose fine pioneering work often appeared in **The Stoic** (see the issues, March 1967 — July 1977). **Templa Quam Dilecta** deals severally and individually with the garden buildings (and other major features), ranging so far from the Corinthian Arch to the Bourbon Tower. These booklets, at once stylish and informative, will bring to a larger audience the particulars behind Stowe's reputation for beauty and its significance as a living landscape. Popular but not popularising, they serve the scholar, the student and visitor alike, and attest to the crucial rôle played by the School, between 1923 and 1989, in preserving and renovating, as far as possible, its inheritance.

In A4 format, the design by James Ewens is both apt and satisfying, with a transparent title-page, a colour frontispiece based on a reproduction from J.C. Nattes' **Views of Stowe**, and drawings on the covers deriving from Vertu, Seeley and Bickham. The numerous other illustrations are equally superb: contemporary photographs, prints, engravings, maps and diagrams, taken frequently from the School's Archives and Library. They tell visually the story of each temple, while enhancing the pleasure of mere browsing.

Mr. Bevington's frames of reference are extensive and erudite: each edition stems from a synthesis of much antiquarian or architectural research and a wide diversity of sources. The method employed is essentially and descriptively historical rather than analytical. Inevitably, the need for each booklet to be self-sufficient prevents a continuous development of argument, and at times the different areas of the same pattern remain discrete.

Those are minor criticisms, however, for **Templa Quam Dilecta** is a landmark, rehearsing for our day the national and international importance of Lord Cobham's gardens, and their affinity of aesthetic Sense and Chance. The nice epigraphic touch, quoting on the title-page from assorted writers and observers (including Whately, Browne Willis, Mrs.

Montagu and Samuel Boyse) testifies to the enduring age-old attraction exerted by Stowe. We rightly anticipate with eagerness the forthcoming issues on the Temple of Concord and Victory and the Elysian Fields.

T.A.O.

(These titles are available from the Stowe Bookshop: Numbers I-IV at £2.00 each; V-VII at £2.50; VIII-X at £3.00; plus p&p).

THE STOWE BOWL *Templa Quam Dilecta*

Designed and engraved by Simon Whistler.

The grounds and temples of Stowe form one of the country's greatest works of art. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that their beauties have inspired the creation of numerous other artistic productions in a variety of media from poetry and painting to architectural and landscape copies. What joy it is to find such exquisite delights now captured so perfectly in yet another medium, the refined elegance of glass engraving, and what a tribute to many who have come to love Stowe as pupils or staff of the School.

The Stowe Bowl, or *Templa Quam Dilecta*, is 'large and remarkable', in the words of *The Times*' review of 7th December, 1990. It is large enough to depict 43 of the garden buildings at Stowe. It is certainly remarkable in the way that they have been pictured right around the sloping surface of the Bowl and at approximately the correct points of the compass for the centre of the Bowl to represent an imaginary viewpoint from the South Front lawn. *Templa Quam Dilecta*, the Bowl's title, is the punning family motto of Sir Richard Temple, later Viscount Cobham, who created Stowe's landscape garden with its numerous buildings or 'temples'.

The engraving and its design are the result of three months' concentrated work by Simon Whistler, an Old Stoic who has never lost his love for Stowe. He had to contend with problems of perspective imposed by the curvature of the Bowl. As it was impossible to use a common scale for the different buildings, he instead treated each Temple individually so as to balance the overall impact. He has succeeded with a brilliantly diverse yet harmonious scheme united by images of Stowe's lakes, trees and paths. Even the ghostly outlines of five buildings long destroyed are included. A neat touch is the way in which the Queen's Temple seems to face the Temple of Friendship, while the outline of the Temple of Bacchus slightly overlaps the view of the Temple of Concord and Victory. The design, first drawn on paper and then traced onto the glass, was engraved both by hand with a tungsten carbide point and electrically by a rotating carborundum point.

Not only do Simon Whistler's techniques owe much to those of his father, Laurence Whistler, himself an Old Stoic, but also the shape of the Bowl itself is Laurence's design. They have together created a masterpiece and a fitting complement to their five windows and engravings in Stowe Church.

The Bowl was finished last autumn and was then on display at Asprey's in London. John Asprey, another Old Stoic, generously waived the commission on the sale of the Bowl prior to the Christmas Exhibition. It had been purchased by a group of sixteen people who together have had over 340 years of association with Stowe, as pupils, masters and their wives, and parents of Stoics: James and Nicholas Kenally-Smith, Brian and Biddy Stephan, David and Marian Donaldson, Muir and Margaret Temple, Andrew Vinen, Richard Theobald, Roger and Fiona Potter, John and Jill Dobinson, and Chris and Philippa Atkinson. Sally Coles, for nineteen years the Headmaster's secretary, played a key part in bringing the donors

together and in organising the luncheon on 24th November, 1990, to mark the gift of the Bowl to the School. It is now on permanent display in the Blue Room at the School. The illuminated glass cabinet is beautifully made from yew wood and incorporates a revolving base to show the Bowl to best effect. Its pyramidal shape was partly inspired by the former Egyptian Pyramid, one of the buildings depicted in ghostly outline. The cabinet was made by John Scorer and presented by the Headmaster, Jeremy Nichols, and Simon Whistler himself. The Bowl was first placed in position on Speech Day, 25th May 1991. Alex Eve, another Old Stoic, is constructing the supports to fix the case to the wall.

The accompanying four photographs were taken by John Passmore, an Old Stoic. Number 1 is available from the Stowe Bookshop in the form of a postcard.

Michael Bevington.



Number 1: (From left to right) the Gothic Temple, the Second Duke's Obelisk, the Bourbon Tower, the Palladian Bridge, the Congreve Monument, the Temple of Friendship, Pebble Aleeve, the East and West Lake Pavilions beyond the Octagon Lake, the Corinthian Arch (with the Chackmore Fountain, no longer extant, in outline against the left pier), the Artificial Ruins and Cascade, the Temple of Venus, the Hermitage, Queen Caroline's statue.

Number 2:
 The Artificial Ruins and Cascade, the Temple of Venus, the Hermitage, the Urn by the Eleven Acre Lake, Queen Caroline's Statue, the Closet, the Entrance Gateway, the Rotondo, the Oxford Bridge, the East and West Boycott Pavilions, the Gothic Umbrello, (the outlines of Nelson's Seat, the Sleeping Parlour and the Temple of Bacchus), the Temple of Concord and Victory.

Around the base of the Bowl is inscribed:
TEMPLA QUAM DILECTA.



Number 4:
 The Equestrian Statue of King George the First, General Wolfe's Obelisk, the Fane of Pastoral Poetry, the Temple of Ancient Virtue, Captain Grenville's Column, the Temple of British Worthies, the Queen's Temple, the Doric Arch, the First Duke's Urn, Lord Cobham's Pillar, the Gothic Temple, the Second Duke's Obelisk, the Bourbon Tower, the Palladian Bridge, the Congreve Monument, the Temple of Friendship, Pebble Alcove.



Number 3:
 The Rotondo, the East and West Boycott Pavilions, the Gothic Umbrello, (the outlines of Nelson's Seat, the Sleeping Parlour and the Temple of Bacchus), the Temple of Concord and Victory, the School Shop or Menagerie, the Grotto, Captain Cook's Monument, the Shell Bridge, the Equestrian Statue of King George the First (with the outline of the Egyptian Pyramid), the Seasons' Fountain, General Wolfe's Obelisk, the Fane of Pastoral Poetry, the Temple of Ancient Virtue, Captain Grenville's Column, the Temple of British Worthies, the Queen's Temple, the Doric Arch.



The '60s Fashion Show

Photograph by C. E. M. Mash (MVI)

THE '60's FASHION SHOW

Three days before the performance and the morale of those in, and producing, the show was low and disintegrating. The cassette with the music that had been timed perfectly for each sequence had been lost. The exhibitioning that had been such fun, when parading up and down the Temple Room during the auditions eight weeks before, was developing into an anxiety about the expectations of our peers.

Yet, three days later, the show (produced by Mel Bourne and Claire Morkhill) was a resounding success. It was both technically professional, thanks to Mr McKillop, and creatively original (in part owing to the last minute contributions of Tom Jenden). Miss Lockton proved a helpful and yet unobtrusive advisor. Mrs. Reid, too, had contributed, although her pregnancy obviously made these contributions more theoretical than practical.

The clothes, provided by Lotti Erwin, looked remarkably undated. The skill of Mr McKillop transformed "The Roxy" into Carnaby Street. A black Mini and bright yellow Beetle completed the metamorphosis. The models (all members of the Sixth Form) strutted down an elongated zebra crossing, to the appropriate music of such legendary musicians as "The Beatles".

Rumours that there were photographers from "Harpers and Queen", or "Tatler" circulated around amongst those both backstage, and in front of house, but were soon dismissed.

The money was being raised to enable five Stanhope girls (including Mel Bourne herself) to take their production of "Shakers" to the Edinburgh Fringe. The other girls were Camilla Squirrell, Lucy Potter, Lorna Struthers and Gerry Mitchell-Smith. (Their production had been acclaimed in the Inter-House Drama Festival of the year before).

The support and enthusiasm of all those involved backstage created an atmosphere that helped to return to the performers that previous sense of excitement and confidence.

A criticism of the show, voiced amongst several members of the audience, was that in comparison to the one two years earlier, the '60's Fashion Show was far more amateurish in style. However I think such criticism not only disregards the enthusiasm of those involved, but also misinterprets the nature of the production. The intention was to stage an enjoyable performance, without extravagant expense. Indeed, excess money raised was donated to charities.

Clare M. Cox (VI).



Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)

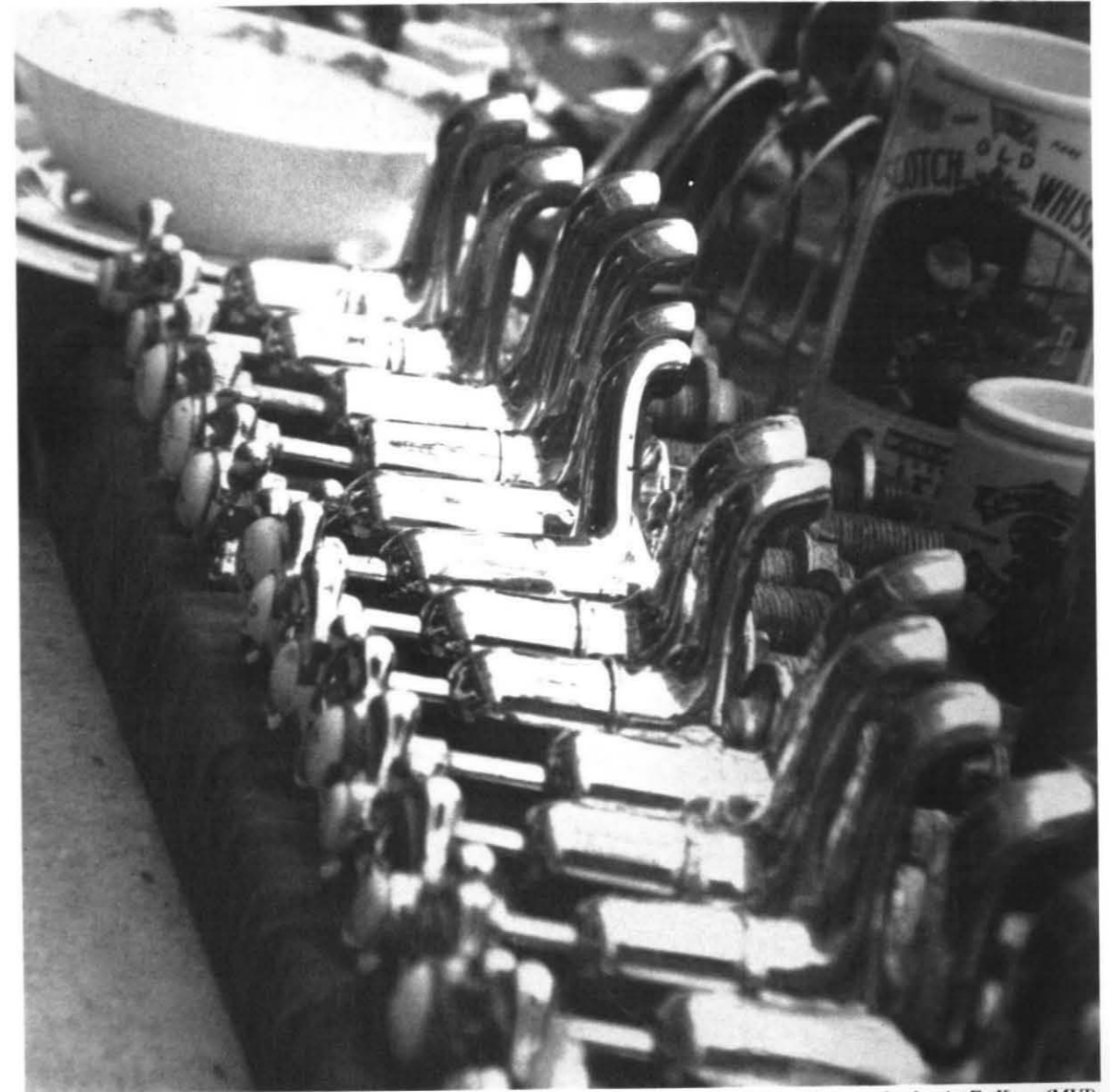


Photograph by S. G. Pelly (MVI)



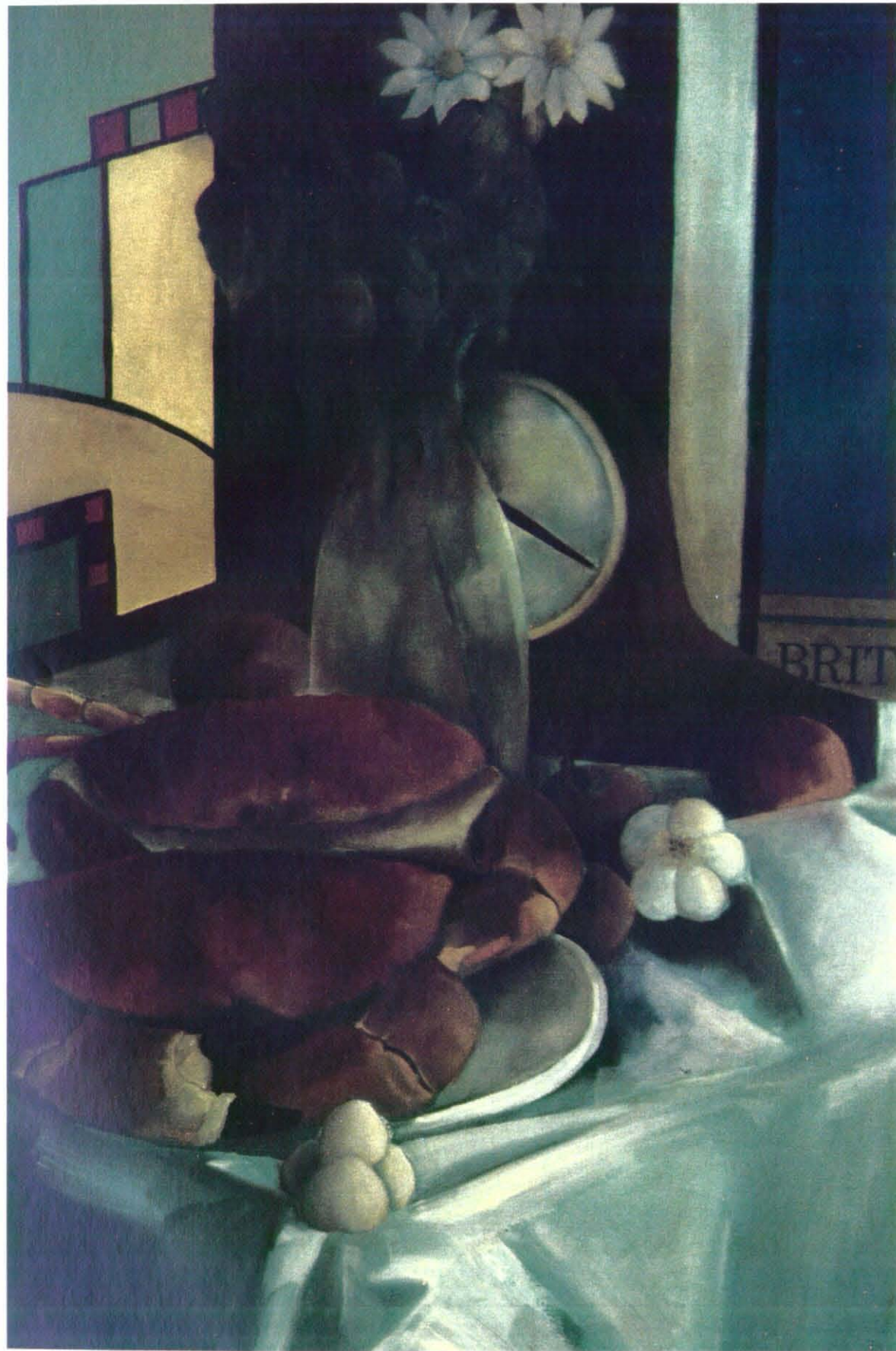
Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)



Photography by A. E. Kaye (MVI)

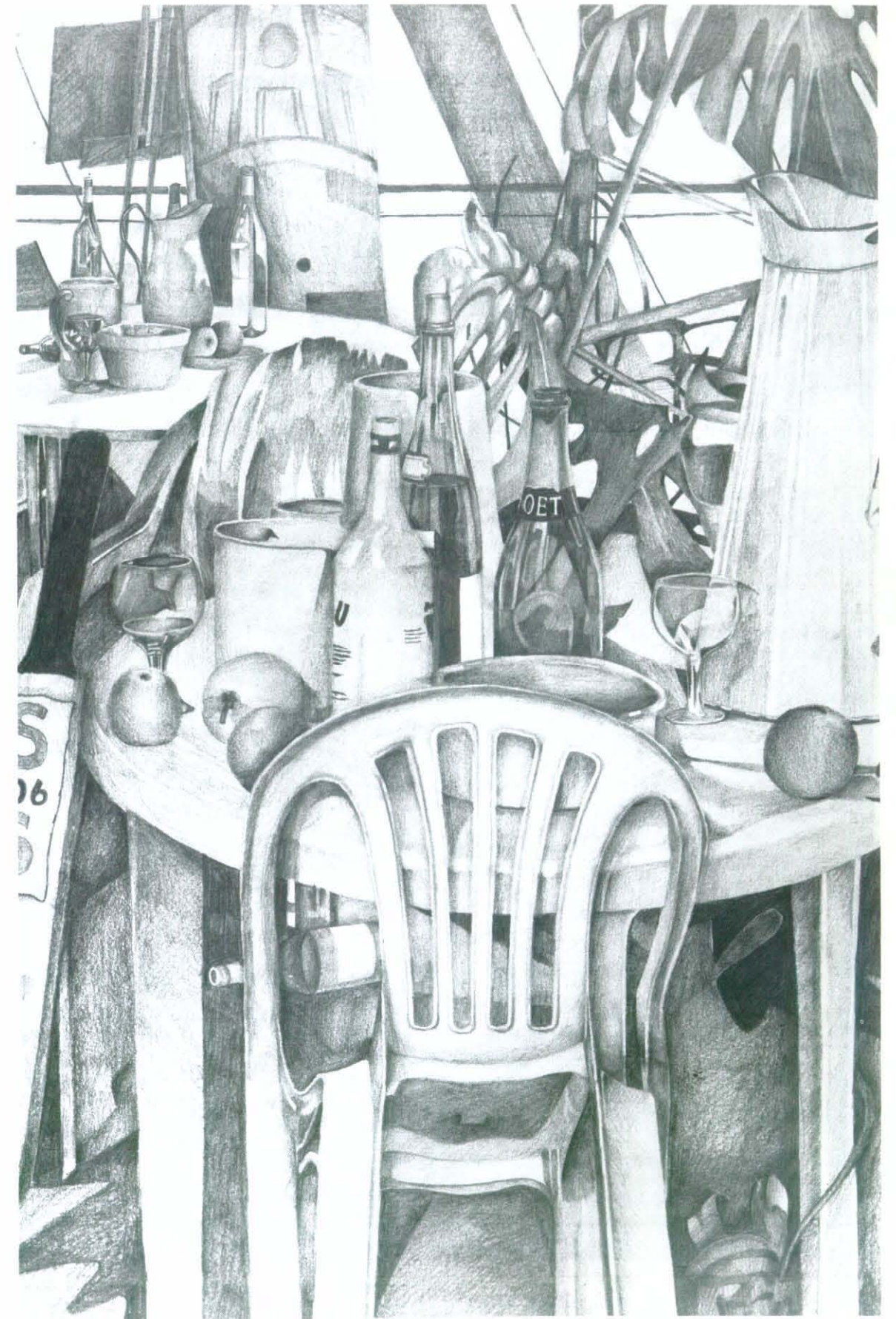




Painting by Laura Farr (VI) 'Brit'

684

Photograph by M. O. L. T. Wilson (MVT)



By D. R. Rayne (VI)

685

'How still it is...'

How still it is; the signal light
At set of sun shines palely green
A thrush sings; other sound there is none
Nor traveller to be seen."

All was peaceful. Perfect. My busy thoughts
were brought to a standstill as
the quiet pervaded my mind. The
pure, white snow dampened my
worries; the lively thrush my
only link with the passage of
time. Alone with myself at last.

The day was complete, the track
had grumbled its last train
past the station. The bustle of
morning had passed, and any
trace of commotion had been
swathed in winter's swaddling
clothes, exaggerating the dwindling
red fireball as it sank gracefully
into the far off oceans.

Streaks of ruddy cloud obscured the
grey sky; tiny pinnacles of
light boldly reconquered the
heavens to bring that curiously
abstract image of the silent
toil between day and night.

The thrush darted up onto a
silhouetted tree, and was itself
engulfed into the blackness. Silence
now reigned unchallenged. The
cold breeze caught my cheek
and transformed my warm
breath into a stream of wintry fog.

Bathed in an eerie green light the
platform drew up grotesque
creatures; a ten foot man, a
curiously writhing shape spread
ominously over his head.

That was the threat which hung
over me, and indeed every living
thing. It was present even in
these surroundings of tranquility
and beauty. The unknown. The
ultimate Life purpose.

Winter's beauty under the starry
canopy changed to an evil
force. Dark winds arose with a
victorious roar, biting into my
frail form.

I lowered myself onto the hard
platform, and sank into a
laboured sleep. Dreaming of a
perfect world I slipped away
into the black spirit of night.

J.M.P. Shasha (LVI).

Day

A strangulated quiet
On every bolted mouth was cast,
The stagnant buildings
Wallowed in the mist.
Condensation blurred the glass
On the marble landscape,
Polishing the trees and grass,
For the sunlight of the day.

The resplendent sun
Picked out the lethargic houses.
The vivescent grass
Recalled those throaty blades,
The collage of blooming flowers
Painted the garden,
Embellishing the line of trees,
Until the sun died down.

The evening laid its hand
On the bustling assiduous day,
The chanting of the birds
Coloured the flowing air,
An inquisitive sparrow eavesdropped
On the deep blue dusk of day,
Guarding its emboîtement from
The perils of this calm.

S.G.B. Cairns (LVI).



Photograph by M. O. L. T. Wilson (MVI)

OTHER WORLDS

In rural England today it is possible to see two worlds, in utter contrast to each other. In fact, if one is in either of them, the other appears to be a whole world away.

With the poems following, I aim to capture a glimpse of these two 'other worlds'.

A Portrait of Somerset (I)

O far hills, green, brown, grown of flatlands,
Straining against horizons, as the seasons fade
their tones

Over your crests
And wash down your valleys.

Here, the roads wind amongst rustic fields
Or over veinous streams:
Thirsty trees cluster their banks, suck,
And flourish their branches laden with apples or
blossom.

Stony villages crouch into
The valley's cradling, gentle folds
That lend their life force
To the foetal dwellings.

And Mother Somerset, labouring her
Offspring into the clear light of day
Gasp a breath that rushes through her foliage,
And reclines, flowing with subtle blends of colour.
Light breezes high up in the pure airs
Sweep the clouds across the aqueous blue of the
heavens,

And their shadows silently scour
The land below.

White fluffs of sheep litter the hillside,
Stationary in a glance from far off.
The air's rushing and blustering buffets the ears,
The only sound in a silent landscape.

Now, an orange glow softens the hills and
woods,

Fiery sun's expiring bid for dominance.
Rippling valleys cast off soft rays,
Settling into the cool, dark embrace of Mother
Somerset's night.



Photograph by A. E. Kaye (MVI)

A Portrait of Somerset (II)

Slowly, heavily, shadows push —
Fracturing onto concrete, brick, mortar,
The town's diseased heart.
People, faces that don't linger
Push, hurry, wander
Within crowds of their own reflections.
Pubs: tingling with rough beer,
Rough people.
Don't go out after nine o'clock.
Life here is no joke...
Strained, tired couples argue
How many in this terrace?
Leaden traffic forces through
The congested heart
Whose coronary
Is being resurfaced by the council.
The traffic cells spread, separate,
To take their places amongst the dead tissue
That used to live and breathe
In the bosom of the ravaged
Mother Somerset.

S.G. Edenborough (LVI).



Photograph by A. E. Kaye (MVI)

THE LIBRARIAN

Weep for Professor Tigernius,
There's dust upon his head.
Mourn Professor Tigernius,
He wishes he were dead.

Buffy Pruffy Tigger, without a scrap of hair,
Lurks in the libraire.
Buffy Pruffy Tigger, he looks quite a scare,
Grumbling in his lair.
Buffy Pruffy Tigger, with such a stare,
No-one knows what he does in there.

Weep for Professor Tigernius,
There's dust upon his head.
Mourn Professor Tigernius,
He wishes he were dead.

Professor the Leatherman;
Leatherskin, leatherscalp,
Leatherbrain, leatherjacket,
Leatherbound.

Weep for Professor Tigernius,
There's dust upon his head.
Mourn Professor Tigernius,
He wishes he were dead.

The Professor to his Gods, awoken:
"My books, my books, cold, hard, but beloved.
How neat are your stern, crisp, starched hearts,
Embossed with old, black desire, intents
That captivate, enthrall, a timeless hold —
Now crumbling away into dust."

Weep for Professor Tigernius,
There's dust upon his head.
Mourn Professor Tigernius,
He wishes he were dead.

A dusty, bookish rain of deadened lust,
A crumbled, fallen sense.
Gathered by decay and must;
Useless knowledge, dense.

Weep for Professor Tigernius,
There's dust upon his head.
Mourn Professor Tigernius,
He wishes he were dead.

The library has many books, struggling,
Held in cages, warmed by light.
Lingering, neglected gathering
Of Wallflower poets,
Moribund novelists, wretched tragedarians,
Frozen-views slumbering and dried,
Undisturbed but by vacant momentarians,
And touch-sensitive leather pilgrims.

Weep for Professor Tigernius,
There's dust upon his head.
Mourn Professor Tigernius,
He wishes he were dead.

O thou paperback,
Well-thumbed numbjack,
Basterdised of drunk hack.

Weep for Professor Tigernius,
There's dust upon his head.
Mourn Professor Tigernius,
He wishes he were dead.

Sobbing he climbs atop a pile
Of surveys, tracts,
Sober dreamings of the Nile,
Journals of useful facts
Holding all but style;
Fine and worthy mortal acts.

Weep for Professor Tigernius,
There's dust upon his head,
Mourn Professor Tigernius,
He wishes he were dead.

"O Gods in earthly service,
You die unobserved,
A silent spectacle,
Feebled like their brains,
Fit for nothing but my offer;
Noble, empirical, pyrrhic sacrifice."

Weep for Professor Tigernius,
There's dust upon his head.
Mourn Professor Tigernius,
He wishes he were dead.

The reading flame browses consummary,
Works military, literary,
Lives notary, Oxford English Dictionary,
Learned finery, summary and contemporary.

Weep for Professor Tigernius,
There's dust upon his head.
Mourn Professor Tigernius,
He wishes he were dead.

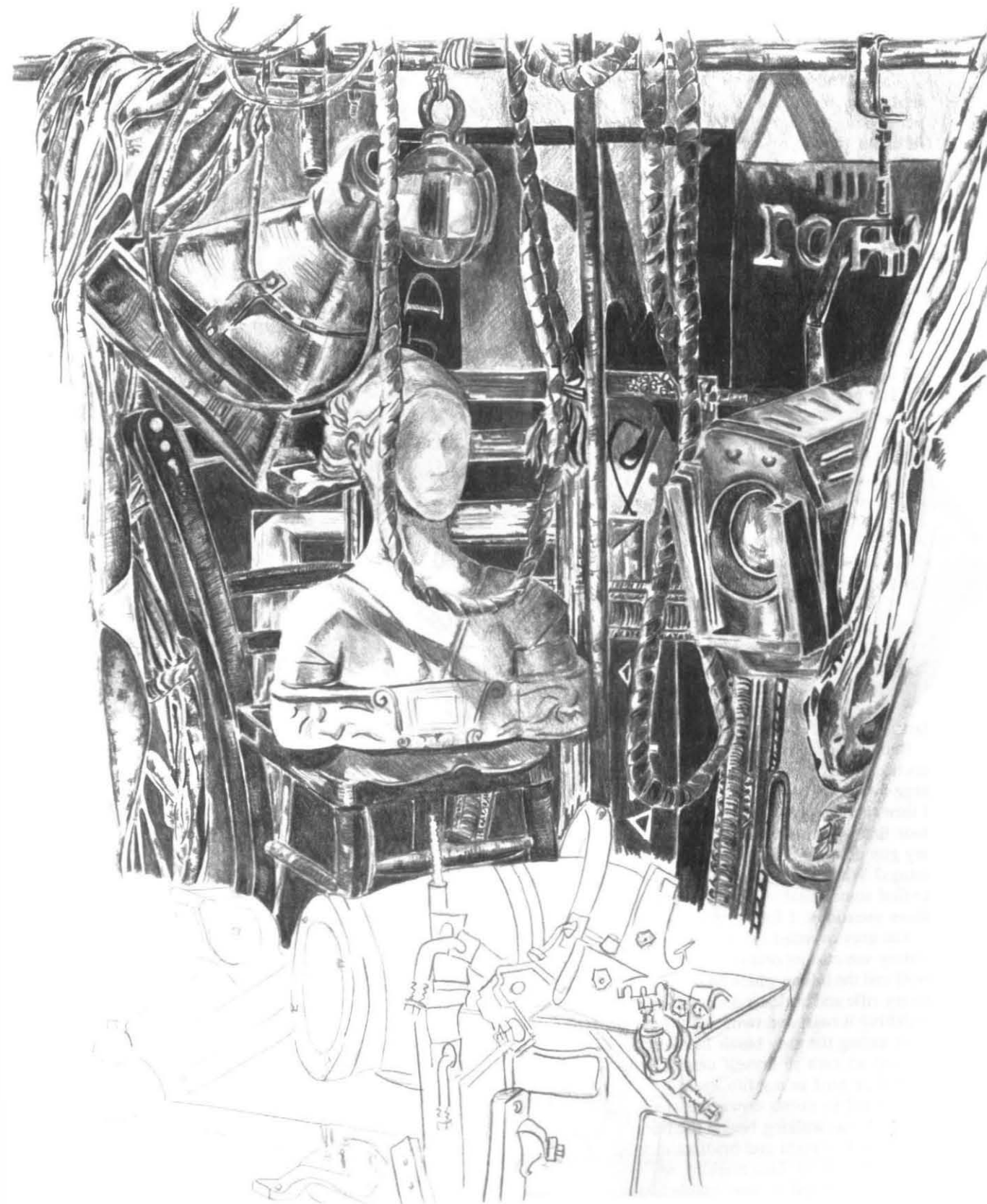
Turning unread pages, darting
Word to word,
Line to line,
Chapter to chapter,
Volume to volume,
Shelf to shelf,
Cupboard to cupboard,
Room to room,
On to doom.

Weep for Professor Tigernius,
There's dust upon his head.
Mourn for Professor Tigernius,
He wishes he were dead.

Paper, leather, ink
All when burned
Stink.

Weep for Professor Tigernius,
There's dust upon his head.
Mourn Professor Tigernius,
Now that he is dead.

J.S. Goss (LVI).



Picture by Harriet M. Foster (VI)

THE JURA WOLF

The thick smell of tobacco smoke lingered densely across the bar of the inn. It was like a mist clearing from the dawns of Dartmoor.

An old adventurer sat by me and asked the innkeeper for a jug of ale. He had grey hairs penetrating through his black beard. He was a man of about fifty-five years of age and had the belly of a hippopotamus.

His booming voice started to tell me a tale. "I was on the Isle of Jura, in Scotland" he said, "doing a bit of walking, stalking and some fishing", he chuckled showing a set of tobacco stained teeth and then took a huge gulp from his jug. "I was stalking a stag on top of a crag; I had crawled through bog and burn and eventually I was just one hundred yards from my target. I lifted my loaded rifle, turned the safety-catch off and placed my right eye against the lens of my sights. Suddenly, the stag darted to the left and ran down the steep slopes beside the cascading burn. I placed the rifle beside me onto the thick, wet, heather and paused to think that something must have scared that beast away, because I am sure it's definitely not me." I placed my binoculars to my eyes and started to scan the area. I started looking in the opposite direction from which the stag ran to and then made my way down the fast-flowing water of the burn. I was expecting to see a poacher chase after his prey, but I saw nothing of the sort. But I did see something. Something that amazed me, something that confused me...."

He paused, took a sip of his ale before his scarlet lips moved to tell the fascinating part of the story.

"There standing on the face of the hill was the last of the Jura Wolves."

Being a man who has been shooting for most of his life, I lifted my rifle and aimed at the wolf. Some urge inside my mind was shouting "Kill it! Kill it!". I then saw the grey twinkle of its eyes, it gave that look that softens the hardest man's heart. I placed my gun down and started to think, "Why do I kill things? What harm have they done to me?" I tried to find some suitable explanation to answer one of these questions. I found none.

The grey overcast sky was clearing away and the setting sun cast its orange westerly beams onto the wolf and the hill on which he was standing. I picked up my rifle and hurled it down the steep valley sides, watching it twist and twirl and then break into two after hitting the grey basalt face of the valley side. I made an oath to myself never to shoot another animal or bird in my life again.

I started to climb down the steep slope of the valley. I was walking beside the burn, for evening had turned to night and brilliant moonshine shone across the Isle of Jura marking my way home, to a warm heart and a comfortable chair.

Where the burn met with a tributary, again, ten yards in front of me, I saw the great wolf lapping the clear, cool, fresh water that glistened and shone

like diamonds in the moonlight. It ran up the hill aware of my presence and I made my way back home."

He finished his ale, put the jug on the bar, and left the small Oban inn.

S.C.S. Ridley (IV).



Photograph by C. E. M. Mash (VI)



Photograph by M. O. L. T. Wilson (MVI)

Photograph by A. E. Kaye (MVI)



PINEAPPLE FAIR

After last year's highly successful Pineapple Fair, a repetition of the event in Stowe grounds on Sunday, September 15th, was again blessed by a day of brilliant sunshine.

The aim of the Fair is to raise funds for the London Boys' Club (so called after the disused pub in which it was originally situated), which Stowe has supported since 1927; almost, in fact, since the foundation of the School itself. Such financial help has become even more vital since the abolition of the Inner London Education Authority deprived the Club of much of its income. Under the general direction of Mr Atkinson and Mr Murray, the Stowe community at all levels, from the Headmaster (offering rides in his vintage Bentley and submitting himself to be 'soaked') to the youngest new boy, took part in providing a wide variety of stalls, competitions and other entertainments to appeal to all ages and interests.

The nerve-centre of the day was the Chackmore bus, from which everything was controlled. There were no less than fifty varied attractions and two hundred prizes given by well-wishers from all over the country. Those eager to flex their muscles could participate in the various tugs-of-war or toss the caber: one was sadiistically invited to 'bat the rat' or, more humanely, get the better of one's friends at pillow-fighting or wellie throwing: more skilfully, one could engage in laser clay shooting or target golf, or participate in other activities more or less energetic. When exhausted, one could browse at the book-stall or take refreshment at one of the many food stalls.

Particularly striking were the colourful, highly popular hot-air balloon, a fearsome creature called Bouncy Castle which hovered menacingly over the scene like a Trojan horse and was a special favourite with the very young, and a Japanese kite which seemed to soar into the depths of the heavens. No such occasion is complete without a Punch and Judy show and a Tombola, and an extra draw was a raffle which would bring the winner a family holiday in France. A touch of special Stowe interest was at hand in the House Soccer Finals.

As on the previous occasion, the Fair attracted a large number of people from the Buckingham area and beyond, whose enjoyment and generosity made it all worthwhile, and raised the sum of £5,800 in aid of the Pineapple Club.

B.S.S.

PINEAPPLE DAY

'A House Representative's View'

"Great! I'm on the Pineapple Committee. I can really do my bit for this excellent cause and do my utmost to help the day of the fair go with a swing".

This is, I believe, what we all, as house

representatives, felt on receiving notification of the first (of many) Pineapple Meetings. Our enthusiasm was there throughout the planning, although, admittedly, there were times when we were all wondering why we had ever become involved and longed for the day to be over so we could resume our normal lives without thinking of hoopla rings and rotas.

Luckily, Stanhope had democratically chosen to run 'easy' stalls — sweetie jar, face-painting, hoopla and golf-pitching — so the setting-up process on that fateful Sunday did not take quite as long as some houses' stands. Despite our all being out working on the South Front at nine fifteen prompt, last minute adjustments were still being made to the stalls as the first punters arrived at two o'clock. All of the preparations were finally over and, except for a few last minute traumas (such as my forgetting the necessity of clubs in a golfing game, and subsequently barging in on an influential member of Temple's staff, mid-ablution), all appeared to run smoothly.

Inevitably there were small hiccups in the planned order of the afternoon — when the BMX bicycles broke, when the pancake makers ran out of batter, when people "didn't realise" that they should have been running a stall — but basically the afternoon went smoothly and with much animation. All the effort which had been put into the fair by the organisers was more than rewarded by the enjoyment which people gained from the stalls. We raised a very creditable amount of money for the Pineapple Club. We, as representatives, also gained great insight into the logistics of such a large-scale event...it is certainly not an occasion which could be run without a large team of devoted, assiduous organisers and helpers, or the public, who supported us so unstintingly.

Victoria C. Thompson (UVD)



Photograph by M. O. L. T. Wilson (MVI)



The Headmaster taking it like a man
Photograph by M. O. L. T. Wilson (MVI)



The staff taking a soaking
Photograph by M. O. L. T. Wilson (MVI)



Photograph by M. O. L. T. Wilson (MVI)



Photograph by M. O. L. T. Wilson (MVI)

McELWEE PRESENTATIONS 1991

This year's presentations were given on Saturday September 28th, 1991, in the Music Room. The winners, James Goss and Oliver Wilson, began the evening with a truly amazing resumé of their journey in Asia Minor in search of the Seven Early Churches mentioned in Revelation. The effectiveness of their lecture relied more on James Goss's wry observations of the absurd and bizarre aspects of Turkish life and society than on the well composed and breathtaking slides. The intrepid travellers did cover much ground, however, as they travelled round many sites, finding some, like Ephesus, horribly commercialised, or like Philadelphia, unspoiled and interesting; and visiting places other than the churches, like Aphrodisias (perhaps the most evocative) and Troy. Clearly they enjoyed their stay, despite the occasional crises arising from the food or the buses.

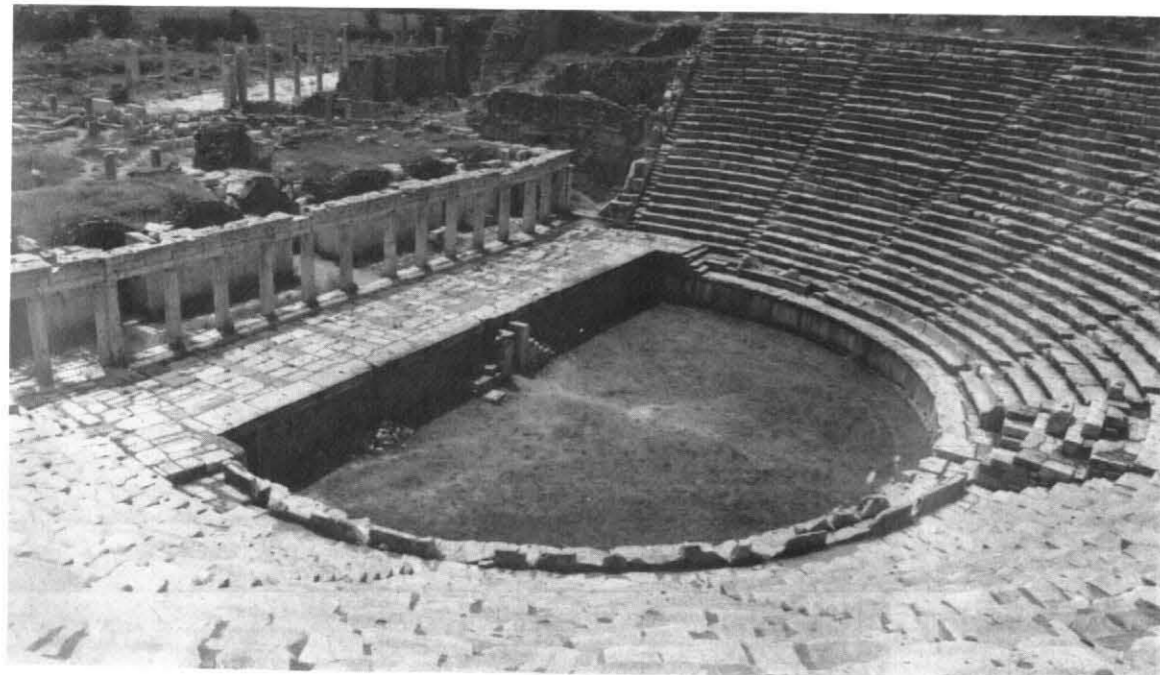
The runners up, Dan Campbell and Richard Larcombe gave a nicely contrasted talk on "Cézanne and Provence", which was polished and well-presented antiphonally. They, too, were short of slides, but managed to cover a good impression of Cézanne's upbringing and background. His ambivalent and often contradictory feelings towards his father helped make his paintings look as if they were struggling to convey something of the solidity and pitilessly bleached feel of the landscape around Aix. The intrepid aesthetes clearly showed Cézanne's art to be a product of his surroundings and his family. They also gave us some of the more amusing episodes of their trip such as the waiters in different cafés each claiming that "Cézanne sat here" — shades of Elizabeth!

A select audience was much impressed by the scholarly approach of both lectures besides the undoubted skills shown in putting over their information and expressions. I hope that next year will see an even wider variety of thoughtful and effective candidates whose winning lectures will be the equal of the vintage year of 1991.

A.A.V.R.



Photographs by M. O. L. T. Wilson (MVI)



In Search of the Seven Churches of Asia Minor?

I had firmly intended it to be a spiritual journey. I had fully expected to come back from Turkey having discovered not only seven churches named by a disciple of Jesus, but also a faith in God.

I failed.

The churches were easy enough to find (or not) — either laid bare for every passing tourist with money in his bermudas, or buried — by earthquakes, fires, high-rise flats, or orange trees.

But somehow I never actually managed to find God. Olly was faithfully prepared to convert me, whenever I had the inclination, but I never felt able to. There is a nagging suspicion, even when you are clinging to a crumbling mountainside, that perhaps there is no God, and that even if you do reach the ground safely, it might not have been through divine intervention. I only really managed to sustain faith for thirty seconds whilst sliding down a tortuous shaft, but that was only through motives of blind fear.

Wherever I went, I envied the Turkish people their simple faith, often evident in the local Mosque, with its Minaret Spire, from which the priest, with a T-Shirt and megaphone, would howl and shriek to the faithful, five times a day.

Everything that went wrong — even the death of a Turk, run over by two English Tourists — was put down to "The Will of Allah". In all Turkish

transport there is a sign which says "Bismillahirrahmanirrahim" — simply "There is a God" — a comforting thought as it is considered foolish to take a corner on more than two wheels.

Of course, in some places, belief is a more involved matter — we would occasionally visit towns where to be a non-Muslim was unthinkable, and stern efforts were made to convert us.

It would be interesting to know if that is what happened to the Early Christian communities patiently waiting for the return of Christ — did they eventually just convert to Islam?

Looking at the Churches themselves, gradually surrounded by houses, hotels and restaurants, it seems possible, and begs the question — will the natural Turkish culture be similarly converted into the cheap, pseudo-Westernism that plagues so many developing countries?

Of course, there were lighter moments: attending a rock concert in a Roman amphitheatre, surrounded by 20,000 eager Turks, merrily mispronouncing the band as "Jeythrew Tool", as they bounced around vast balloons and learned the delights of "The Blue Danube Waltz".

Equally diverting was the historic first meeting between the Heir Apparent to the Turkish throne and Oliver Wilson, of Stowe School, in which the Heir Apparent was mistaken for a gardener. His Highness was not amused; he was delighted.

J.S. Goss (VI).

Photograph by M. O. L. T. Wilson (MVI)



ART TRIP TO FLORENCE MAY 1991

This year the party visited Florence, as part of their study of History of Art, seeing the Renaissance architecture and art which greatly dominate Florence.

Mr Melber was the tour guide, and he enhanced the trip tremendously with his presentations of 'Melber Awards' every night, over our supper of delicious pasta and glasses of Tuscan wine.

On the first day, we visited Santa Maria Novella, where we saw Masaccio's Holy Trinity, and Stoics had to imagine that they were 14th century illiterate peasants when they saw this.

Following this, we visited the Brancacci Chapel, where we were lucky enough to see Masaccio's 'Expulsion' without the fig leaves which had been recently removed.

Having seen the work of Masaccio in the morning we climbed Giotto's Bell Tower, and then made our way through the streets to the Bardi Chapel at the Church of Santa Croce, to visit Giotto's frescos.

On the following day, we visited the Uffizi gallery where we were able to see many of the paintings we had been studying earlier in the term.

Two days into our visit to Florence we drove out to Sienna, and this was probably one of the most memorable days for many. We visited the Cathedral, which had the most amazing facade, and also the little Piccolomini library inside. We then climbed to the top of Mangia tower, where we received the most breath-taking view of Sienna and the surrounding countryside.

Sienna more than anything else brought to life for Stoics the reality of a Medieval City in the heart of Tuscany.

Unfortunately at the end of the week we had to return to School. The party did not, however, leave without visiting San Manio where we saw Fra Angelico's frescos, and the Academy, where we were able to see Michaelangelo's 'David'. Nothing could have ended more perfectly this wonderful trip to a very beautiful city.

Nanette L.H. Rasch (MVI).

THE GREEK VISIT MARCH 1991

It was what we'd all been talking about at school — well, some of us. Finally the plane landed at Athens airport in the early hours of the morning. Thankfully we were woken up by the humorous voice of Mike Slade, "your Cosmos Tour courier". After the remnant of that night in the Hotel Alkistis, I think the whole party was ready to set off and explore Athens' classical treasures. Mr Bevington and Mr Kreeger led the way efficiently and confidently.

The next few days consisted of gallivanting across half of Greece with Costa, our man at the wheel. We were helped by some beautiful Greek sunshine. The ruins at Olympia gleamed with history. But the weather turned on us. Though the sanctuary at Delphi looked "mystical", to quote Michael Foster, the torrential rain and swirling clouds did not help. Not all our time was spent doing work, however. We listened to our Walkmans on the coach or went to the bar and listened to even more music, with the help of "Trucker" Goodwin-Hudson and his guitar antics.

Watford Girls Grammar School also joined our expedition but always seemed to be one step ahead of us. The tour finished back in Athens and the Hotel Alkistis, set in a part of the city that was an eye-opener to many. Expectations of a sun-splashed Parthenon were dashed by cold and windy weather; the museum seemed to go down best with everyone! The last night was spent at the son et lumière followed by a local taverna, where I provided some "entertainment", as naturally did the one and only Christopher Goodwin-Hudson — a jolly time, I must say.

Everyone left the plane at Gatwick with a valuable experience behind him. All thanks to Mr Bevington and Mr Kreeger for a very worthwhile trip.

O.P. Bishop (MVI).

Olympia (or the Temple Colonnade?) 'Damn Fine Columns'
Photograph by J. H. S. Pratt (VI)



NEPAL EXPEDITION

At the end of the Easter term, an élite crowd of the LVI populus, James Dare, Jamie McAllister, Marcus Cronan, Arnaud Morrel-Coll, Tom Eatock-Taylor, Richard Larcombe, Sarah Coombes and Vicky Thompson, could all be found in Mr Taylor's flat. We were preparing the last minute arrangements for the forthcoming trip. We, with a doctor and 'World Challenge' leader in tow, were off to Nepal.

Katmandu affected us all as soon as we landed — the heat; the unusual smells; the crowding children demanding rupees, pens, balloons (anything for which they knew the English word). The hotel in which we stayed was unexpectedly civilised, with hot water and cold beer. On the first evening we went into Thamel, the trekkers' haven, where the majority of tourist shops and the more hygienic restaurants were situated. Buffalo steaks were on the menu, a delicacy which we should, perhaps, have sampled, as meat became a great rarity once we began the trek. A memorable ride was taken that evening, when returning to the hotel. We all piled into two motorised rickshaws which proceeded to race one another through all the smallest and bumpiest back-streets, and then out onto the main roads, along which they drove on the wrong side at high speeds. They slowed only slightly, when we were within inches of killing a man and his goat as they attempted to cross the road.

The transfer to Dumre, the town where we started our trek, was in a very rickety bus, with our bags piled high on top. The roads were sinuous and narrow, but our driver insisted on hurtling along them, causing a few of us a bit of ill-ease. Mila, our Nepalese guide, told us that the last time he did this journey, the bus fell off the edge of the road and two thirds of the passengers were dead when the shell of it was found at the bottom of the ravine — a reassuring thought! The porters and cooks, who were travelling with us, got out a small drum and began to chant to it. We rapidly became accustomed to this, and went to sleep each night to the same dirge being repeated enthusiastically, over and over again.

The completion of the prestigious "Annapurna Circuit" was the main aim of our trek — 140 miles through magnificent mountains and up a beautiful river valley, from Dumre to Pokhara. We did not have to carry our own packs, put up our tents or cook our meals. All of this was done for us by a team of porters, amazingly strong men and women, who could lift three of our packs, while we struggled with just one. Some have said that they believed we were exploiting the natives, but this was their livelihood. Despite earning a measly £2 per week, many of our porters were their family's bread-winners. They all smiled a great deal, infectious grins which really were an example to us all at one time or another along the trek. We could not have completed the trek without their massive contri-

bution. The food became monotonous after a while — the same stodgy, inch-thick pancakes, the chapattis, rice and everything conceivable cooked in batter — battered bread, battered potatoes, battered beans, (and so it goes on!) It was, however, high carbohydrate food, and so we were provided with the necessary energy. I will never forget Mr Taylor's face on the last night when the cooks, who had been slaving for hours to prepare a good meal for us, presented us with chick-pea pizza — totally incredible!

We all fell ill at some stage along the way, some rather worse than others. Our ascent to the base camp on the Thorung, a pass (17,500 feet) had to be very gradual in order to acclimatise to the very high altitude. At that altitude, only half of the oxygen which you would find in air at sea level is present, and so breathing can be made quite difficult. Richard and Jimmy were showing the preliminary signs of Acute Mountain Sickness, nausea, headaches and lethargy, so rather than risk potentially fatal oedema, of the brain or heart, developing, we delayed our tackling of the pass by a day, and had a rest-day at Thorung Phedi.

At 2.00 the next morning, we were all to be seen in thermals, sweaters, down jackets and head torches, packing up our gear and preparing for the long haul to the pass. By 2.30 we were on our way, and by 2.45 it was realised that Jimmy, who was still nauseous, was not capable of the walk in his condition. He was left with the doctor at a lodge, while the rest of us, morale slightly waning, continued our ascent. The views at the top of the pass were spectacular, but we could not rest there long as people were feeling unwell and rapid descent is the only remedy for AMS. The whole day's trek took fourteen hours and we were all exhausted when we finally reached Muktiनाह, a centre for Nepalese pilgrims. We were not expecting to see our two missing members until at least another two days down the trail, yet they stunned us all by sauntering into the meal tent during supper. They had made it over the pass about two hours after us, and had had to battle through a blizzard.

Once back in Katmandu, we all began a fanatical shopping spree, having gorged ourselves first, in one of the best restaurants in town. A wide variety of goods were available — jumpers, jackets, trousers, wallets, bags, carpets, jewellery, and so it goes on. A fairly representative selection of Katmandu's wares travelled back to England in one or other of the party's bags. Some people hired bicycles in order to see more of the city; the beautiful "Monkey Temple"; the "Temple of the Living Goddess"; Durbar Square, where row upon row of almost identical goods are laid out by traders who pester you religiously to look and eventually purchase. We all became shrewd hagglers by the end of our two day extravaganza and could buy goods for less than half of the original asking price.

Nepal is a country of great diversity — the purity and tradition of the mountains and their settlements,

and the polluted, corrupted existence in Katmandu, a city sadly spoiled by tourism. We were very privileged to be given an insight into both sides of life in this enchanting country. The group got on very well indeed, and this, combined with the very nature of our surroundings, led to what Mr Taylor would have described as an altogether "Magic" trip.

Victoria C. Thompson (UVI).

Photograph by Victoria C. Thompson (UVI)



Photograph by T. H. Eatock-Taylor (VI)



SOCIETIES

CHAPEL REPORT

It may seem to be a statement of the glaringly obvious, but a school chapel is not a parish church! Yet it is surprising to discover how many intelligent people find this observation amazing, since they somehow feel that both institutions should perform the same functions in, something approaching, similar ways. After all, there seems to be so much common ground: clergy hymns, sermons, choirs, prayers, alters, candles! But appearances can be deceptive; the similarities are superficial. Instead, note the differences.

A parish church ministers to the faithful few (or many) who choose to worship there. It can adopt its own theological flavour, particularly in the town or city, safe in the knowledge that those who do not like one particular style of worship or teaching can go elsewhere to find another. If St. Freddy's is too modern and St. Bernadette's is too high there is always safe old St. John's. A parish church should contain people of all ages and those from right across the social spectrum. (Although, in all honesty, far too many churches are middle class, middle aged to elderly, and female!)

Not so a School Chapel. Both midweek and on Sundays there are few present who would choose to be there. This means that special attention must be paid to the "unwilling" majority who should be seen not as a threat but as a welcome challenge. A School chapel is full of teenagers, the section of the community most notably absent from most churches. Those who are holiday church goers who attend school chapel may come from a whole range of different traditions. Clearly there are needs to be met that are quite different from those of a normal parish environment.

Nevertheless it may well be that ultimately the way of meeting these needs may be very similar. Christianity needs to be shown to be genuinely relevant in a modern, changing world. More importantly, it must be shown to be true, and if the truth of Christianity is not scientifically provable (which it is not) it must at least be shown to have intellectual credibility and integrity. The heart too must be touched and the will directed as the mind is challenged. In this way a chapel can fulfil its true role within a school, acting as a "Pole Star" to the community, an unchanging assured point of reference and guidance. Or to change the metaphor (and to be more Biblical) acting as salt. Adding taste. Preventing rot. For as in chapel, so in church, witness is being born to God and that of course is what the two have in common!

So it is that as Maurice Stanton-Saringer has left Stowe to minister to the people of Sherrington he will find, as I have found coming from city centre Oxford, that much is different but the fundamentals never change. Stowe will be the poorer for his

absence but Sherrington will undoubtedly be the richer. Maurice's final term saw the biggest confirmation in his eight years and a number of fine preachers including the Rt Revd Peter Walker, former Bishop of Ely and the Very Revd Michael Mayne, Dean of Westminster. Maurice's astute financial mind also ensured that a new system of gathering chapel collections was in place before he left. (Without resorting to threats and bribes, collections have tripled under a planned giving scheme).

As I have taken up the reins my gratitude to Maurice is enormous for ensuring as smooth a hand over as possible. I am also indebted to MDD and JML for their warm welcome and invaluable assistance.

As one sets out on a new venture one inevitably sees new opportunities, new challenges and areas that one considers ripe for change, but this should never be seen as a comment on the past. The past is always that upon which we must build. The present will always be clamouring for change. It is the very fact that change is possible that makes it the present!

T.M.H.S.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The Society continued to thrive with distinguished speakers addressing a large audience of Sixth Formers and staff in the Music Room. The speakers were entertained to supper with members of the English Department and the Literary Society Committee in the Blue Room before the lecture.

Dr Peter Swaab, from University College, London, addressed the first meeting on Shakespeare's comedies, with particular reference to the second historical tetralogy and to "Twelfth Night".

Later in November, Dr Helen Barr, from Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, delivered a brilliantly refreshing and provocative feminist angle on Chaucer's "The Merchant's Tale".

On 18 January, 1991, we were honoured to have the distinguished poet, John Heath-Stubbs, in our midst. Despite his blindness and his advancing years, he recited many of his own poems in a way which fascinated his youthful audience.

On 22 February Dr Valerie Sanders, Head of the Department of English at Buckingham University, combined vividness and scholarship as she spoke of crime and violence in "Great Expectations".

On 26 April, Mr George Myers from the Manchester Grammar School spoke on "A Passage to India" and the final lecture of the academic year was presented by Mr Peter Farquhar, Head of the English Department at Stowe, who introduced a revision evening on "King Lear" with a talk on "King Lear: Gods or no Gods".

Mr Michael Crick, former ITN correspondent in Washington and currently a presenter on BBC's "Panorama", presented a brilliant and challenging beginning to our meetings in this current year with his talk to a combined audience drawn from the Lower and Middle Sixth forms, on "Television Journalism in the Nineties".

We are very grateful to David Szalay who acted as an unusually efficient and dedicated secretary throughout the last academic year and we were delighted that he gained the top place in English admissions to Brasenose College, Oxford. Our special thanks go to the catering staff for all their efforts and the excellence of their cuisine.

P.A.S.F.

ANACREON

Although the Society enjoyed some excellent and interesting meals under the secretarial guidance of Hannah Baker, it has had to undergo a transformation from a large, somewhat uncommitted, membership to a smaller group of real enthusiasts. If the first, vegetarian Indian, meeting of the year is anything to go by the transformation will have been a success.

G.M.H.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

There have been four meetings of the Historical Society since the last update in the Stoic. All the meetings have attracted large audiences of both Stoics and masters, including many non-historians.

The 165th meeting was held on the 7th May 1991: Dr C.S.L. Davies spoke on the 'Strange death of Catholic England'. Doctor Davies' talk was well received and provided stimulating discussion from the MVI whose course dealt, in part, with this topic.

The 166th meeting, held on the 7th June, was the last for the 1991/92 academic year and given by Dr Ingram of Brasenose College, Oxford, (not Brasenose College as a few were led to believe). Dr Ingram gave one of the most interesting talks in my experience of the Historical Society, entitled 'Popular Culture and the Exclusion Crisis'. The talk centred on the role of the lower classes in events, and the reasons behind their actions — a facet of history much ignored by historians. Dr Ingram provided plenty of humour and anecdotes to keep even the 'trendy' LVI interested, especially when the topic of brothels in London cropped up!

The first meeting of the Autumn term, the 167th, was given by Prof. Beckett of Nottingham University on 'Stowe and the Sale of 1848', a subject most Stoics must have at least a glimmer of interest in. Judging by the turnout many do, and Prof. Beckett spoke to a packed house. The most recent meeting was held on the 8th October by Prof.

C. Emsby on 'The impact of the French Revolution on Britain'. This talk was directly relevant to both the Lower and Middle Sixth 18th century historians and was well attended by both, as well as many other Stoics, some even of lower years, which was encouraging to see.

The Historical Society has recently enjoyed lectures of the highest quality which have been reflected in the large audiences and quality of discussion after the lectures. Let us hope this trend continues. To sum up, this historian was pleasantly surprised if not quite shocked, to hear one hardened LVI former leave a meeting saying the immortal Stoic line: "Actually, it was quite interesting.....wasn't it?"

J.E.G. Spanier (MVI).

SCIENCE SOCIETY REPORT 1991

The new academic year started with a joint meeting with the Biological Society at which Dr. Graham Richards of the University of Oxford brought us up-to-date on 'Computer-aided Drug Design'. He began by placing his topic in an economic perspective, pointing out the multi-million pound earning capacity of modern drugs in worldwide use and the pre-eminence of British pharmaceutical companies amongst the world's top businesses.

With the development of a new drug from laboratory synthesis to market place taking almost a decade and tens of millions of pounds, Dr. Richards illustrated the role of powerful computer techniques modelling the shapes of, and contact between, small drug molecules and the complex sites in living systems, which could help to cut down on development costs. He emphasised that the main use of the computer was not to generate 'pretty pictures', impressive though the examples he showed us were, but to calculate the energy involved in the interactions between molecules and show how it could be optimised.

Pictures of a more conventional kind were the subject of the next lecture by Dr. Sam Milner of Kodak Research, who gave a detailed account of the development of colour photography in 'Chemistry in Pictures'. His great enthusiasm for his subject, together with some spectacular demonstrations of colour mixing and development, was thoroughly enjoyed by all the scientists and photography enthusiasts present.

Having had our term's ration of lectures, the final 'event' of term will be a trip to the annual Chemical Society Schools' Lecture for Sixth Formers at the Open University in December. This year's title is 'Explosives', so no doubt the trip will be over-subscribed, by Chemistry staff, if not Stoics!

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

COMMUNITY SERVICE

1991 has seen Stowe Community Service expanding again under the leadership of Mr Barr and our secretary Tom Eatock Taylor. We have about ninety Stoics involved in visiting, gardening and decorating for O.A.P's. Several Stoics visit the mentally handicapped, which is very rewarding and enjoyable for all involved.

At Stowe's Fireworks Night we again welcomed the mentally handicapped from Buckingham and Winslow homes, and, following the display, 15 Community Service volunteers laid on a successful party with the help of Mrs. Orger.

We will be having our annual Christmas party this December. We are expecting about 150 O.A.P.'s to attend. Father Christmas has also been invited!

As the Christmas party is always such a success it was decided that we would invite the O.A.P's for tea at Stowe last summer, the sandwiches and cakes being made by Stoics in the morning. It was a great success and we will be doing the same next summer.

Field Day activities in the past year have included Stoics going to various junior schools in and around Buckingham. We now have four Stoics visiting these schools on a weekly basis.

Recycling, one of Community service's new ventures this year, started with aluminium cans and now we are recycling A4 paper and newspapers. It is great to see so many Stoics getting involved in the fight to save the environment.

This year we welcome two new members to the Community Service Committee: Matthew Sadler and Alex Lindsay. Camilla Benyon, a former committee member, has been in Romania helping in the orphanages. We hope she enjoyed her trip. Best wishes and thanks must go to the committee members who left last July for their instrumental and vital work in running Community Service.

1992 will be Community Service's twenty fifth year and is set to be our most successful yet. We will have an exhibition on Speech Day to celebrate this. We are looking forward to diversification, which will include publishing a letter for the O.A.P's and fitting out a museum in Buckingham.

T.A.F. Lindsay (LVI).

GO

During the Summer Term, both the Schools Tournament (5th May) and the Youth Championship (23rd June) were held at Stowe. We managed to raise one team and narrowly lost against Brackenhale and Furze Platt, who won the whole tournament.

In the Youth Championship, it was unfortunate that one of our players was on work experience in London, so only Jason Cheng and Danny Fontaine managed to attend this Championship. Jason Cheng

did well in winning 3 out of 4 and became the runner-up for the U16 champion. He was also promoted to 9 Kyu. Danny Fontaine won 1 out of 4.

In the Autumn Term, there was the Milton Keynes Tournament on the day of the House Dance (21st Sept.) and Jonathan Cheng attended. Mr Eve managed to win 2 out of 2, winning a nice bottle of white wine and a place in the 1992 Candidates Tournament whilst Jonathan Cheng won 1 out of 2.

Jonathan Cheng and Richard Plumridge attended the Shrewsbury Tournament on Sunday the 6th October. Both Mr Eve and Jonathan Cheng managed to win 2 out of 3 and Richard Plumridge 1 out of 3. It was unfortunate that some of our team members could not attend this tournament owing to Field Day which was the day after.

The club is now held in a cozy and relaxed atmosphere in the photography room down in the Design Labs with Mr Eve every Thursday from 4.30pm onwards until supper. Everyone and anyone are welcome to join. We have some hi-tech computers to help along the progress of GO in this school, which is producing some strong players. It is fun and not as hard as people think. The Captain for 1991/1992 is Jonathan Cheng; Vice Captain is Jason Cheng.

J.Y.F. Cheng (Captain).

BRIDGE

We won the School match against Radley and Bedford, but were beaten by the Masters' team (which included Miss Cowling), and by Bedford B. The small number of players makes it difficult for the first team of 4 players to get the training they need. Mr Edwards is hoping to join us regularly on Tuesdays to help with this.

We eventually played our heat of the E.B.U. Schools Cup at the Owl and Pussycat Bridge Club in Wood Green. It could at least be said that we had an instructive afternoon against some excellent London schools, and failed to qualify.

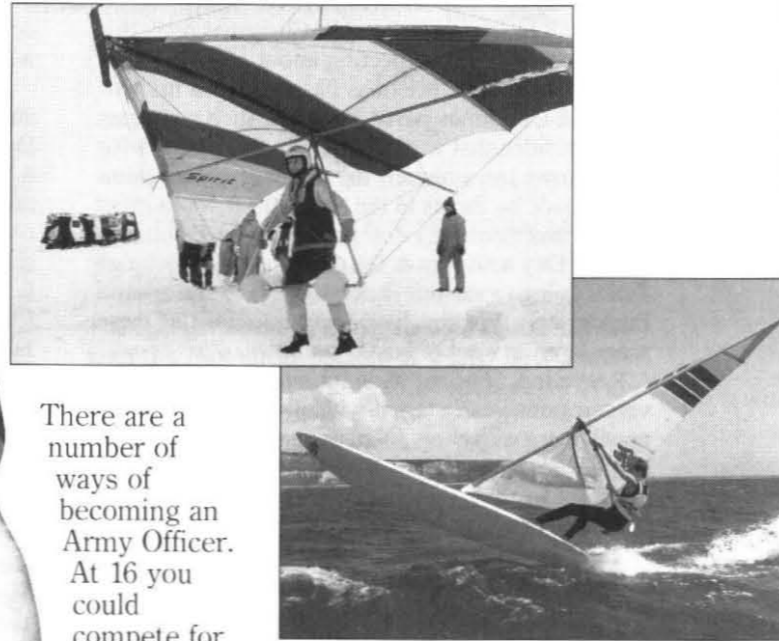
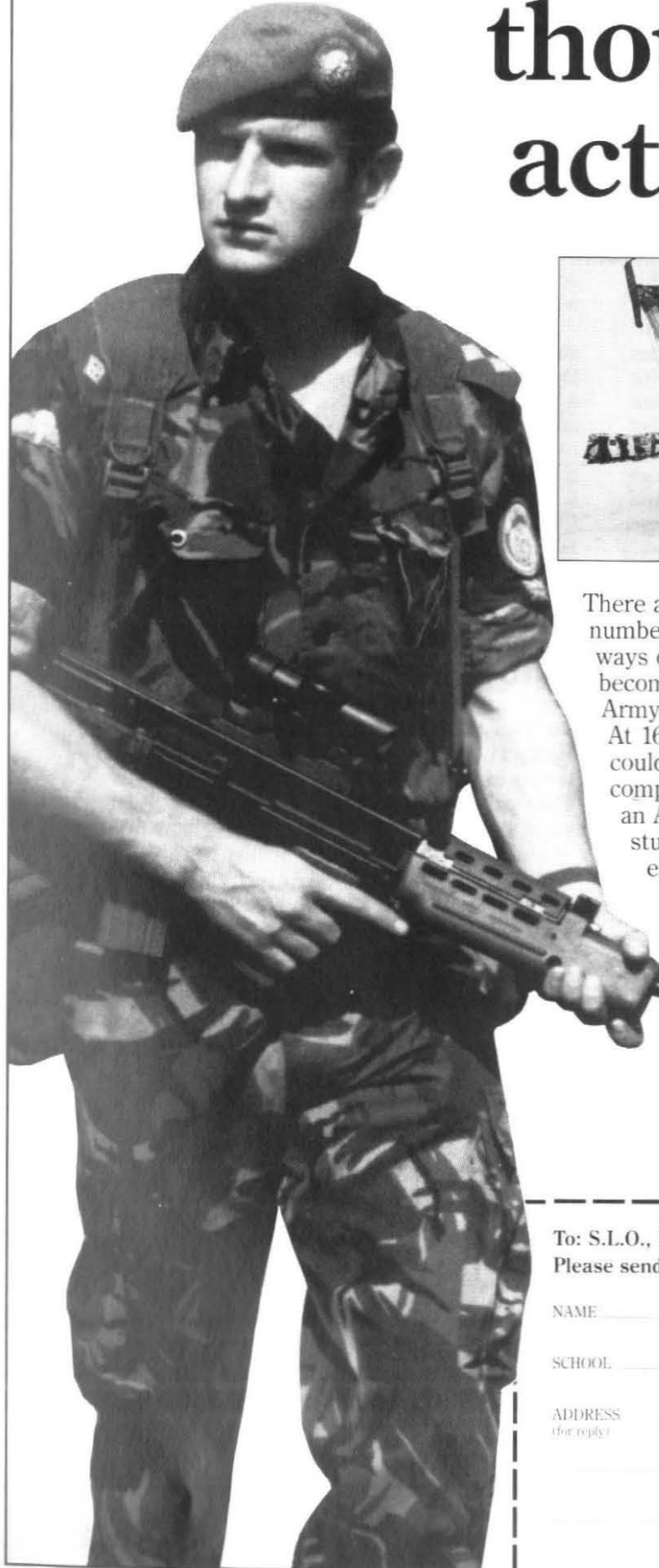
Both the House Pairs and House Teams were won by Bruce.

Officials for 1990/1: Simon Whitehead
Emma Hornby

Officials for 1991/2: Matthew Wreford
Jonathan Cheng.

G.M.H.

Leadership – where thought and action meet.



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SPORT CRICKET

Weather conditions were by no means as ideal as in the two previous seasons but, despite hurt limbs and digits, almost the full programme of matches, and much good cricket, was played at all levels. Against schools the First XI won five and lost only one of its nine term-time matches; the Yearlings A won four and reached the semi-final of the Bucks section of the Lord's Taverners' Trophy; and A.J. Scott-Gall, the Secretary, was selected to play for The South against The Rest in the H.M.C. Schools' trial. Considerable improvement was seen in the wickets as the policies of new Grounds' Superintendent John Mullen began to take full effect, and Catering, Bursarial and Clerk of Works staff all played their part willingly and effectively to ensure that the programme ran smoothly. The Easter Coaching Course was well-attended and, thanks to the ministrations and wisdom of our own Mike Harris and those of Harold Rhodes (Derbyshire and England), Harry Latchman (Notts and Middlesex) and Alan Jones (Sussex and Glamorgan), many of the Stoics who attended derived success and enjoyment from their season's endeavours. The contribution of their term-time mentors must not be forgotten either and grateful thanks are due to the members of staff who again gave selflessly of their time, patience and skill to ensure that our traditional high standards on the field of play were maintained.

The landscape is not one of total peace and tranquillity, however, and there are some clouds looming. Early exams, a short summer term, the rigours of GCSE course work and the pressures of 'A' level, all conspire to make the striking of the right balance between work and sport a difficult feat to achieve. But it is pleasing to record that enthusiasm and commitment are high and earnestly to be hoped that the challenge of "doing both" will continue to produce young men of balanced outlook. Practice time has now been cut to the minimum required to produce good performance and the bowling machine, allied to the skill of the Cricket Professional, has enabled batsmen to face in ten minutes as many good deliveries as they would in an hour in the nets. Bowlers take note! Long hours on the the greensward every day may now be a thing of the past but, provided the exam boards do not bite harder, we shall still be able to produce players with ability and an appetite for the game.

FIRST XI

While readers of this column in recent years will be well equipped with the scribe's belief in the dictum "Bowlers win matches", they will be less familiar with his contention that, in school cricket, one good spinner is worth any number of medium-paced, or faster, bowlers. Two good spinners,

therefore, are a jewel beyond price and a brief glance at the bowling averages will show that Raynor, the Captain, and Scott-Gall delivered the lion's share of the overs bowled and took 72 of the 103 wickets which fell to Stowe during the course of the season. There is no doubt that the early season success of winning the first four school matches in a row (and it could have been five if the last St. Edward's pair had not defended so well for ten overs) was entirely owing to the pressure they were able to exert on opposition batsmen. Only Radley, amongst schools, and the men of Free Foresters and MCC had the power and footwork to get on top of this formidable pair. Amdor, Jones, Morris and Westinghouse supplied the medium-paced accompaniment and each was able, in his turn, to provide the steadiness required to support the main thrust of the attack. They were assisted by fielding that was always competent and enthusiastic, with some good catches held, by the lively wicketkeeping of Bellew and, while Bellew was injured, Eshelby.

Considering the results, it might appear unfair to label the batting 'fragile', for, in term-time, only the totals against Radley, Free Foresters and MCC were insufficient, that against Rugby being explained by an over-enthusiastic pursuit of quick runs during the last ten overs of a rain-interrupted game. Nevertheless the substance of this comment is fair, in that only Amdor and Scott-Gall compiled sizeable totals during the season and, if they did not succeed, it was never certain from whom the necessary runs would come. Capability and determination, as can be seen from the length of the list of the batting averages, extended some way down the order, but the patience and selectivity required to build a big innings too frequently eluded all but the top two. The runs often had to be fought for and grabbed, and the pavilion was not a place for the fainthearted on more than a few occasions! It says much for the competitive spirit of the team, however, that they usually managed to get there in the end, and much credit is due to Bellew and Scrase at Winchester (turning 150 for 9 into a winning total of 193) and to Morris against Bradfield and S.A.C.S. (providing the vital 20 to 30 runs on each occasion), all of whom epitomised this never-say-die approach and provided the chance of victory. The style of a team is shaped by the man who leads it on the field, and much of Stowe's success this season stemmed from the captaincy of Raynor. Adept in the placing of his fields, cool and reasoned in the moments of pressure, and always looking for the opportunity to attack, he made the best of his resources and always gave the opposition a run for their money, even when circumstances were not in his favour. He led always by quiet example, whether in the nets, in fielding practice or on the middle, was quick to praise and encourage, but ever slow to accept second best. This approach owes much to the influence of Mike Harris, whose first season as sole manager of the First XI must have given him great pleasure and encouragement. It was no small

task to undertake, and when it is allied to the considerable responsibilities of coaching and advising players and staff at all other levels, all of which were undertaken with customary dependability and enthusiasm, it is no small wonder that his contribution to the well-being of Stowe cricket is considered immeasurable.

FESTIVAL AT REPTON

Limited over cricket is very unlike the normal game. It exposes batsman, bowler and fielder to entirely different circumstances and pressures and possesses an immediacy, an excitement and an atmosphere all its own. Given the fragility of our batting, already documented, given the absence of a main batsman and opening bowler, and given the fact that our spinners would not be allowed to bowl the majority of the overs, there was little to inspire optimism in the hearts of the cognoscenti as the minibus and the Golf wended their way north. With Stowe at 86 for 6, and with 30 minutes' play to come before lunch, it appeared likely that all the worst predictions were going to come true. Morris, at first patient, in the afternoon belligerent, and, finally, reckless put the show back on the road, ably supported by the diminutive Bellew.

Overs cricket is often a game of 'might have beens'. At 26 for 2 off 12 overs, the Repton supporters were quiet, but no further wicket fell and, by the end, they had regained their voices! One down but a good contest! With 15 overs left, Wellington were 95 short of victory and had lost 6 wickets. They had won their first two games, and Stowe had made a nonsense against Bedford on day two. There was going to be some consolation! Nobody had reckoned with a wicketkeeper, the middle of whose bat held a magnetic attraction for the ball, as did also different portions of the mid-wicket boundary. Consolation, there was none, but thrills and spills had abounded. Stowe drew comfort from the knowledge that several inexperienced Colts, Burrough (83) notable among them, had tasted the rigours of First XI cricket and not been found wanting, and that, two years previously, at the first Festival of limited over-cricket, three defeats in three days was the bitter pill of Bedford. In all sports you are only as good as your next game, and to that we look forward with some anticipation.

G.A.C.

Results

20th April	Berkhamsted Stowe	153 all out 154 for 1	Scott-Gall 4 for 26 Amdor 74 n.o. Scott-Gall 73 n.o.
			Won by 9 wickets
27th April	Stowe Winchester	193 all out 135 all out	Amdor 74 n.o. Raynor 7 for 48
			Won by 58 runs
28th April	F. Foresters Stowe	227 for 6 decl. 166 all out	Amdor 62 lost by 61 runs

4th May	Bloxham Stowe	81 all out 82 for 2	Scott-Gall 4 for 12
			Won by 8 wickets
11th May	Bradfield Stowe	166 all out 169 for 8	Scott-Gall 5 for 37 Scott-Gall 75
			Won by 2 wickets
18th May	Stowe St. Edward's	159 all out 95 for 9	Scott-Gall 5 for 43
			Drawn
19th May	M.C.C. Stowe	196 for 4 dec. 145 for 9	
			Drawn
25th May	Stowe Old Stoics	184 for 6 dec. 170 for 8	Amdor 74 n.o.
			Drawn
1st June	Radley Stowe	256 for 5 dec. 135 all out	Scott-Gall 65
			Lost by 121 runs
8th June	Northants NCA Stowe	124 all out 128 for 3	
			Won by 7 wickets
22nd June	Rugby Stowe	152 for 4 dec. 117 for 8	
			Drawn
30th June	Stowe S.A.C.S.	166 all out 146 for 7	
			Drawn

Festival at Repton

1st July	Stowe Repton	213 for 6 214 for 2	Morris 94 n.o.
			Lost by 8 wickets
2nd July	Stowe Bedford	99 all out 100 for 2	
			Lost by 8 wickets
3rd July	Stowe Wellington	203 for 8 204 for 7	Burrough 83
			Lost by 3 wickets

Bowling Averages

	O	M	R	W	Ave.
Raynor	231	63	578	36	16.06
Amdor	60.2	16	170	10	17.00
Scott-Gall	267	77	671	36	18.64
Jones	97	20	320	11	29.10

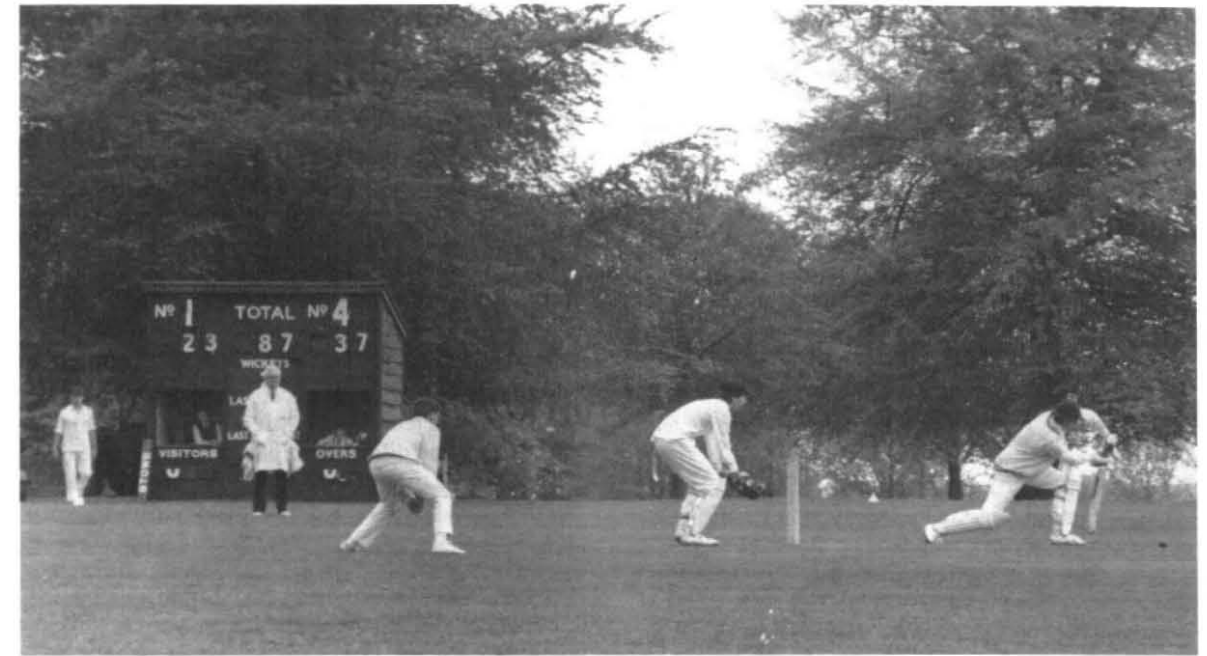
Batting Averages

	Inns	NO	Runs	H.S.	Ave.
Amdor	11	3	353	74no	44.13
Scott-Gall	15	2	475	74no	36.14
Bellew	7	3	108	34no	27.00
Burrough	5	0	123	83	24.60
Bazeley	12	1	267	48	24.27
Morris	10	2	169	94no	21.13
Green	14	1	233	48	17.22
Westinghouse	9	2	115	23	16.43
Raynor	12	0	119	46	9.91

Team: J.G. Raynor (Capt)*, R.J.Q. Green*, A.J. Scott-Gall*, W.L.C. Morris*, A.R.B. Bellew*, T.H.P. Russell*, D.J. Amdor*, W.D.H. Jones, M.P. Bazeley, G.J. Scrase, T.R.J. Eshelby, D.H. Westinghouse.
* denotes Colours.

Also played: D.S. Beveridge, S. Forro, R.D.S. Burrough, M.G. Bell, C.J. Howie, J.L. Nash, G.H. Passmore.

Scorer: T.P. Foss-Smith.



Stowe 1st XI

Photograph by S. G. Pelly (MVI)

SECOND XI

As the results suggest, this was not a memorable season but there were events to savour. Asnani's leg spin was a constant delight but the batsmen rarely gave him enough runs to spare. Rory Burrough's big hitting in the Old Stoic game was enjoyable but for the wrong side! The best match was against Bloxham where all four results were still possible as the last over started. Cazalet was a very hard-working and conscientious captain and I thank him for his support.

2nd XI colours were awarded to M.M. Asnani, J.A. Cazalet, S.A. Marr and W.R. Nicholl; 3rd XI colours to G.J. Pasley-Tyler, J.R. Andrews, R.C. Samuel, S.J. Denning, M. Chamberlain and R.S. Plumridge.

Results

Berkhamsted	29 all out	
Stowe	30 - 0	WON
Winchester	174 all out	
Stowe	92 all out	LOST
Bloxham	123 - 7 dec.	
Stowe	119 all out	LOST
Stowe	72 all out	
Bradfield	74 - 1	LOST
Stowe	123 all out (Denning 49)	
Bedford	124 - 0	LOST
Stowe	144 all out (Beveridge 45)	
St. Edward's	81 - 8 (Asnani 5 for 42)	DRAWN
Old Stoics	201 - 7 dec. (R. Burrough 65)	
Stowe	125 all out (Smith-Walker 45)	LOST
Stowe	87 all out (Nicholl 44)	
Radley	88 - 0	LOST
Stowe	151 all out (Eshelby 39)	
Rugby	129 all out	WON

M.E.

COLTS 'A'

At the start of the season, the Colts XI looked a well-balanced team, with some talented all-rounders in key positions, and their performance in the early matches seemed to confirm this assessment. Westinghouse and Nash opened with a century partnership against Berkhamsted (a match abandoned by a snow storm!) and Burrough (95) and Bell put on 124 for the fourth wicket against Winchester. It was then Passmore's turn to shine with a spectacular spell of 6 wickets for 4 runs to dismiss R.L.S. Buckingham.

Thereafter, progress was erratic. Too often promising periods of play or individual performances were not sustained and results were less impressive than they should have been. The importance of tight bowling was demonstrated in the next two matches. Both Bedford and Bradfield were set similar targets; the former were never troubled by Stowe's listless bowling and won by seven wickets, whereas Bradfield were contained and ultimately beaten by an inspired Howie who took 7 for 60. An equally significant lesson was learnt by batsmen in the St. Edward's and Radley matches; in the former, Bell (73) and Burrough (41) were well supported by others and in achieving the highest total of the season deserved a victory, especially after Milligan's 5 wickets for 11 runs. At Radley, however, after a promising start of 105 for two with Burrough, again, and Passmore in very fine form, both were out needlessly and the remainder collapsed to hand the initiative and the match to the opposition. The final match against a very strong Northants Junior County XI was a one-sided affair over which a veil will be quietly drawn.

It was therefore a modest season in terms of results instead of a spectacular one. In retrospect

one looks back on a few excellent individual performances, a number of promising periods of play and a few disappointments. The team as a whole approached each match with commendable determination but, if the same attitude had been applied during practices, a more consistent performance and a more impressive record would have resulted. Nonetheless your correspondents enjoyed the season during which they saw sufficient potential to predict a bright cricketing future for all this year's Colts and next year's 1st and 2nd XIs.

C.J.G.A. and A.G.M.

JUNIOR COLTS 'A' XI

Snow frequently interrupted and, when common sense prevailed, finally ended play on the first day of the season at Berkhamsted: on the last day of the season, the winning boundary was struck against Rugby as storm clouds broke over the Lower Bourbon. In between those two extremes of an English summer, a further seven matches were played, of which two were lost and the rest were drawn. Statistically, this was not a record of success, nevertheless much good cricket was played and, more importantly, enjoyed.

The backbone of the side was undoubtedly Smith Walker: with three scores of over 50, including 74 out of a total of 105 against St. Edward's he was not only a reliable accumulator of runs but also a vital steadying influence in a middle-order which too often threatened to collapse. Indeed, there was batting talent a plenty in the side but apart from individual flourishes from Denning (62 v. Bedford) and Gerard (37 v. Radley), none of the other recognised batsmen played innings of significance. They should, however, have learned much from Milling's successful promotion from the lower-order to opening bat, a promotion occasioned by his willingness to drop anchor, concentrate, and play each ball on its merits.

If the main fault of the batting was its lack of depth and consistency, then the major fault of the bowling was its lack of penetration. Smith Walker, with his immaculate line and length, could always be relied upon to close up one end for 10 to 15 overs at a time, whilst Denning, Rogers, Milling and Carling were permutated, with varying degrees of success, at the other end. And at times they were very successful. Denning's medium-pace, supported by a wickedly deceptive slower ball, produced figures of 7-40 against Bradfield and 6-7 against Rugby; Carling's off-breaks put the brakes on and saved the day against Radley; and Milling's leg-breaks frequently took wickets at vital moments. Nevertheless, the captain, Gerard, was rarely lucky enough to find himself with more than one of his bowlers on form at any one time, and in those circumstances he had to work very hard to make the most of a limited attack. That he managed to do so, was testimony to the growing assurance and

thoughtfulness which he displayed in his leadership of the team as the season progressed.

Long after the team's statistics have been forgotten and the analysis of its strengths and weaknesses have faded, several images and incidents from the season past will persist and, for this writer at least, capture the character and quality of the cricket played this summer. Chief amongst them would be Elwes' dogged and determined support of Smith Walker in a stand which seemed to go on for ever against St Edward's; Scott's alert, enthusiastic, and energetic presence in the field, always a catalyst when those around him were beginning to flag; Clare, behind the stumps, cheerfully fielding everything his team-mates threw at him; Lee-Steere and Birt patrolling the leg-side boundaries, wondering if they would ever get a bowl and not complaining when they did not; McSweeney's very fast, very hostile, and stump-shattering opening over against Northants Young Cricketers; Temple's dramatic, but alas unsuccessful, sliding catch in the same match; Rogers' spectacular one-handed catch to dismiss Rugby's last man in the last match of the season; and finally the efficiency and reliability of Williams, the team's scorer. In more ways than one, a memorable and pleasing summer's cricket.

R.A.C.

YEARLINGS 'A'

The inability both to score quickly and to bowl sides out was always going to be a handicap to this side, and as a consequence most games were drawn. However, the depth of the batting was such, that seemingly impossible situations against St Edward's and Bedford were retrieved and draws obtained. Had the batting order been reversed it would have made little difference to the course of events in most matches, given that Winter scored 50 vs Bedford at No. 8, and Harrington 50 vs Winchester at No. 10!

Many of the batsmen were physically small and although able to occupy the crease for long periods, they found run scoring difficult. However, they should by the 5th year, have developed into consistent run scorers. The bowling is a problem with only Stevenson and Branch being consistent, but with experience and practice others will improve.

Swainston captained the side with much thought, and backed up by Lane's enthusiasm the fielding rarely became slack, although fleetness of foot was often missing. The catching was adequate although often half-chances were not attempted.

On the positive side, Smith and Winter opened innings and played straight, although the former needs greater patience. The latter occupied the crease for long periods and scored careful runs. Swainston, Roberts and Harrington all played with substantial knocks whilst Konig with greater patience will improve his regular double figures with

large scores. Millbank, Inglefield, Branch were adhesive while Lane, although struggling to find form, often showed glimpses of potential. Although Stevenson was the most improved batsman of the term, his bowling was his main asset.

D.C.M.

Results

Berkhamsted	131 - 4 dec.
Stowe	132 - 6 (Swainston 30) WON by 4 wks.
Stowe	161 (Roberts 66)
Bloxham	28 (Stevenson 5-14) (Lane 4-14) WON by 133 runs.
Stowe	158 (Harrington 50)
Winchester	123 (Konig 6-25) WON by 35 runs.
Stowe	118 (Winter 50*)
Bedford	82-3 DRAWN
Stowe	133 (Winter 37)
St Edward's	121-4 DRAWN
Bradfield	183-6
Stowe	106 LOST by 77 runs.

Radley	143-4
Stowe	67-7 Drawn
Rugby	214-1
Stowe	Abandoned due to rain
Northants U14	130-1
Stowe	68-8 (Swainston 36*)
Lords Taverners	186-6 (Swainston 51, Winter 43)
Stowe	71 (Winter 4-34, Branch 4-7)
John Radcliffe	
Dr. Challenors	129 (Konig 3-28)
Stowe	125-9 (Harrington 74)

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ATHLETICS

Stowe continued to enhance its athletics reputation during 1991. G.C.S.E. examinations again caused a restriction in our fixture list but we still managed to hold eight inter-school matches, the County Schools and AAA Championships, a relays meeting and the usual collection of inter-house competitions.

The senior team won six of their eight matches, losing only to Radley (by 4 points) and to Oundle, when we were badly hit by illnesses. The junior team was also very successful, beating six of the seven schools they competed against. They lost only to Oundle, and that by the narrow margin of 4 points, all of which could have been recovered by the relay team — who dropped the baton. Pride of place, however, must go to the Intermediate team, who won all their eight matches, the majority by a very wide margin.

Throughout the year groups we had marvellous team spirit and all the competitors were prepared to do extra events whenever the team required it.

We were rather weak in the senior sprints events but our strength in the middle distances with M.V. Cronan, O. Carlo, M. Macintosh and S.A. Brittain and in hurdles with L.H. Ferrand and K.S. Reed more than compensated for this. Our main strength in the senior age group was in the throws where E.P. Kavindele, G.C.E. Underwood and J.G. McAllister gained us valuable points.

Our strength in depth in the Intermediate age group was impressive with two athletes, F.T. Erogbogbo and H. D. Baird breaking senior school records in the triple jump and high jump respectively. We also had age group records from E.T. Rogers (Shot and discus) and O.J. Selway (1500m). There were also more impressive supporting performances from J.W. Nicholson, R.C. Oldham, C.A.K. Murray and W. Bolton.

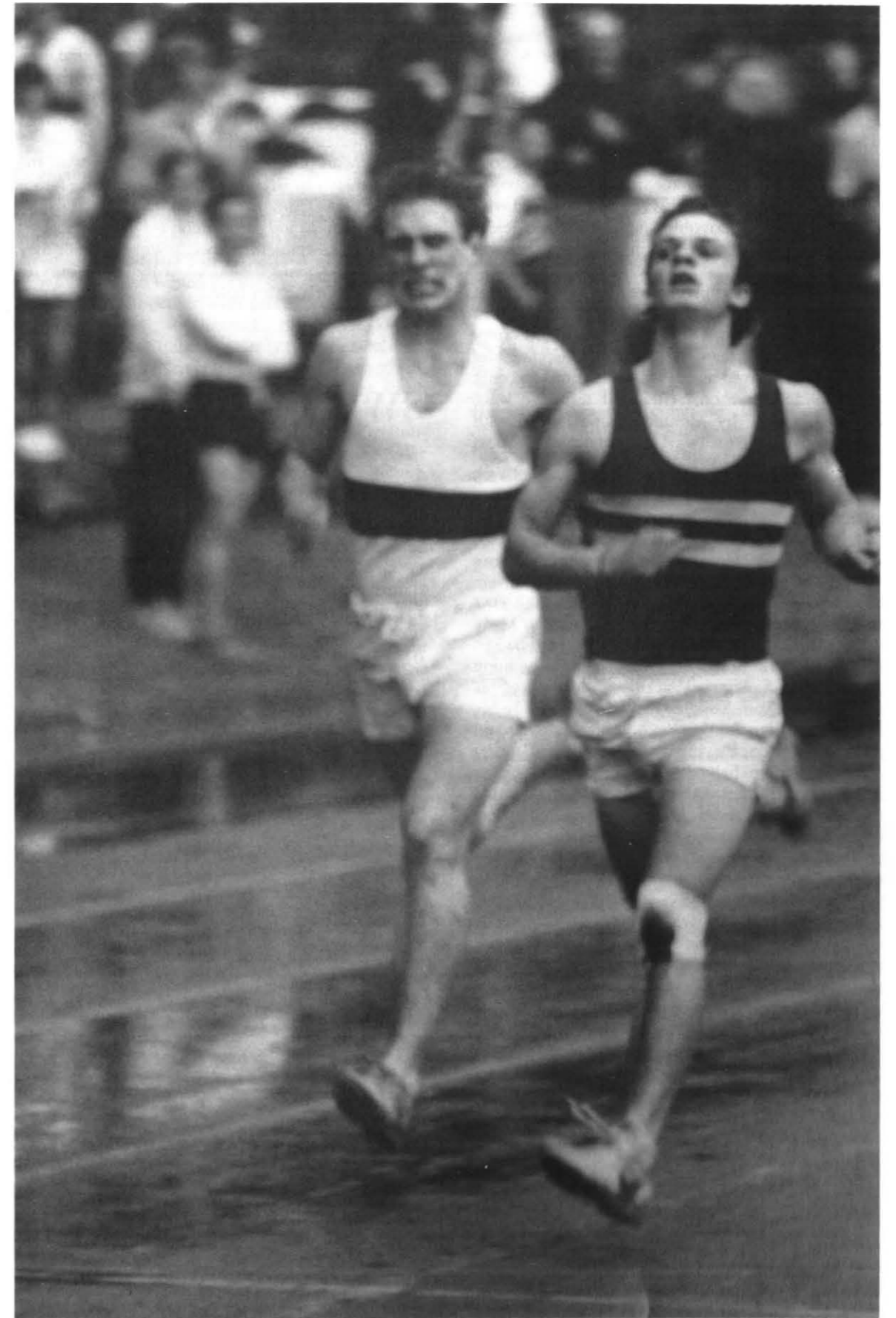
We struggled with the number of athletes we could field in the junior age group but the quality was excellent as was their commitment. Outstanding amongst them were C.C. Frampton, A.J. Christopherson and S.C.S. Ridley.

H.B.S.

F. T. Erogbogbo is jumping



Photography by J. M. L.



O. J. Carlo and M. V. Cronan. Sports Day.

GOLF

Summer/Autumn, 1991

After several years with very strong teams and much reserve strength in depth, we have reached a stage where rebuilding has to take place, and golfing standards, for a while at least, may not be so good.

There is encouraging keenness among younger players and, hopefully if this can be harnessed with coaching where possible, and with sufficient competitive golf, good results in school matches will soon follow.

In the summer term when we could pick most of our best players results were good, with wins against Radley, Cheltenham, a strong Northampton County Golf Club Junior team, St. Edwards, Uppingham and Rugby, a halved match against Bedford and only one loss against Eton. After half term we were defeated heavily by Monmouth and halved with Bromsgrove at Broadway, but managed to beat Malvern at Stratford.

Results:

	Won	Halved	Lost
School Matches	6	2	2
All Matches	8	2	4

In his last term (unfortunately leaving us a year early) James Marshall-Andrew won the Junior Daily Telegraph Competition played at Stowe and had an excellent playing record against schools, winning 5 and losing 1. Simon Hewett won all five of his matches and Tom Kappler played very well in his first year in the school, winning seven matches and only losing once. Playing high up the order Robert Samuel won five, halved one and lost four matches. John Law and Charles Gartside were both awarded their golf colours and won more times than they lost in the limited appearances they were able to make in their last summer term. Alex Saary, having captained the team with enthusiasm for most of the year, found preoccupation with 'A' levels affecting his golf for most of the summer, and played in comparatively few matches. He did, however, win the Penfold Cup decisively early in May, a tournament in which promising results were achieved by two younger players, Tom Kappler and Paul McSweeney.

Housematches this year were played as a Stableford Tournament for the first time. Bruce's strong team of Saary, Samuel and Marshall-Andrew won the Seniors with 87 points (33, 30 and 24) with Chandos runners up with 84 (Hewett 37, Gartside 29 and Loudon 18).

The Junior Tournament was played over 9 holes and was won by Grafton with 32 points (Akers-Douglas 12, Harrison 10 and Carling 10), Cobham runners up with 30 (Roberts 15, McSweeney 9, Milling 6). Nick Roberts won the junior Warrington Cup played as a knock-out as far as the semi-finals, and then as a Stableford for the final stage.

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The results in the Autumn Term have been modest, as was rather expected, with our weakest showing for some years in the Golf Foundation Team Championship Regional Qualifying, where we came 14th out of 21 schools, and a defeat by Rugby in the first round of the Hill Samuel Foursomes, having beaten them 4 nil in a 'friendly' two weeks before. Mark Godman and James Nash won the middle match by 7&6, and the bottom pair (James Harrison and Simon Schnorr) lost 3&1, so all depended on the top pair (Simon Hewett and Robert Samuel) who were dormy two down. However they managed to square the match at the 18th, only to lose at the first extra hole.

M.D.D.

SWIMMING

"Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much:- surely that may be his epitaph, of which he need not be ashamed." R.L. Stevenson.

By no means can 1991 be described as a vintage season for the Stowe Swimming teams. Indeed, for the first time in living memory the team lost more fixtures than it won. Why this should have been the case was a matter for some puzzlement, especially for our ambitious and hard-working captain, Luc Agostini. It was his sorry lot, along with his ever zealous secretary James Smith, to buoy up his often dispirited side and to exhort them to ever greater efforts. Their success in this, the hardest of all sporting tasks, could be assessed when we came to the last fixture of the season: a triangular match against Rugby and Oakham away. In an exhibition of competitive swimming and real team spirit the boy teams won the event outright. Particularly effective throughout this difficult season was a strong intermediate side: James Butterfill must win the prize for the most improved swimmer of the year. I congratulate the following on their full swimming colours: J.L.E. Agostini, J. Smith, S.D. Denning and Kirsty Stewart (the excellent Girls' captain).

Matches Lost Matches Won

Uppingham	Bloxham
Eton	Westminster
St. Edward's	Rugby
Oundle	Oakham
Harrow	
Merchant Taylors'	
Cheltenham	
Haileybury	
Felsted	
Winchester	

House Swimming Competition: Overall Winners — Walpole.

C.H.J.

CROQUET

After the excitement of last year's progress to the final round of the National Schools' Tournament, this summer's season proved to be a quiet one. Apart from a brief appearance in shirtsleeves at the beginning of the term and an easy victory in a match against Merchant Taylors, the happy band of enthusiasts spent much of the rest of the term waiting for the lawn which had had much tender loving care from the Groundstaff to grow!

While we also waited for the Croquet Association to get its act together with arrangements for this year's Schools' tournament, the usual House Competition got underway in between exams and other sports commitments. With Alex Mustard still ruling the roost, Grafton were favourites, with Matthew Wreford succeeding brother Dominic as the leader of the Bruce challenge. So a Grafton-Bruce final emerged, but not after strong challenge from a Temple side in which Oliver Schneider was partnered by a promising newcomer to the game, Jonathan Cheng. The final, played hurriedly before 5th Formers disappeared on various forms of work experience, was an honourable draw.

The season received an extended life with news that the Croquet Association had arranged the Schools' Tournament for the Autumn, so we took advantage of a trip to Oxford for some coaching at the University Club, and subsequently played, and won, a match against a (not ~~the~~ — despite the Voice's banner headline!) University team. With the Eastern Region Final taken care of at Wrest Park and some final coaching from two local enthusiasts, the team (Mustard, Wreford & Schneider) set off on the long road to Manchester for the Finals on a Wednesday (of all days!) in October. Old Stoic, Mr Kennally-Smith, kindly provided overnight accommodation near to the Bowden Club, so that the team could appear 'on lawn' bright and early the next morning.

Alex Mustard found himself the lowest handicapped player in the tournament this year, and the opposition looked less formidable, so we were in with a chance of glory. However, it was not to be. Stowe drew Ardingly in the semi-final in the morning's games and lost in a nail biting finish as the clock ticked out the final minutes of the 3 hour session. Alex, not on his best form, finally overcame his opponent's handicap advantage and won, but in close games Oliver and Matthew both found themselves down by just a point or two as time was called. King Edwards, Birmingham, easily disposed of Nailsea in the other semi-final, and went on to win the Final in the afternoon. We played Nailsea for the runners-up honour and beat them comfortably. What a pity we had not drawn them for the morning's game?!

The team newcomers, Oliver Schneider and Matthew Wreford, were awarded the Croquet Tie for their efforts this season. With the team likely

to remain intact for at least another year, we have a chance to set our sights on the Gold Medal next time. A better playing surface at Stowe will be one essential for that preparation, so that more match practice against other schools and, better still, local clubs can be obtained to gain the necessary tournament experience.

B.H.O.

SAILING

The Sailing Club has been thriving as never before. Helped by the now complete fleet of new 420 dinghies at Great Moor Sailing Club at Calvert and the staff to teach keen beginners on the Toppers on the Eleven Acre Lake at School, large numbers have been on — and occasionally in — the water during both the Summer and Autumn terms. The benefit of trapeze wires and harnesses has allowed a growing number of more experienced sailors to master an exciting technique.

The School sailing team was relatively young this year. Although it did not succeed against more experienced teams in individual matches, it did come 7th out of 13 in the British Schools Dinghy Racing Association regional heats at Farmoor in May, a significant improvement on last year. Until the majority of the team race regularly at their own clubs at home in the holidays, it is unlikely that we shall produce a highly competitive team, although it was encouraging to see some improvement towards the end of the term.

It is ironic that, at a time when enthusiasm for sailing has rarely been greater, there is now a serious threat to the continued existence of Great Moor Sailing Club. This is by far the best and most convenient location for Stowe sailors, but the landlord apparently intends to end his lease to the Club at the end of December, after 14 years. We hope that G.M.S.C. is successful in its offer to purchase the lake if the lease cannot be renewed.

We are again indebted to Mr Morris for the loan of the rescue boat. It has been a pleasure to welcome Mr Vernon to the band of those involved in the time-consuming business of supervising sailing; as usual I am grateful to Dr James, Mr Hirst and Mr Mulholland.

Team results:

Oundle	(H)	lost 0-2
St Edward's	(A)	lost 0-2
BSDRA Regional Heats: 7th out of 13 schools		
Rugby	(H)	lost 1-2
Radley	(H)	lost 0-2
Bloxham	(A)	won 2-1

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Team from: Christian Mash (Captain), Alex Curry, Simon Whitehead, Ian Thomas (Secretary), James Hunt, Jo Tozer, Sam Edenborough.

Sailing Colours: James Hunt, Christian Marsh, Ian Thomas, Jo Tozer.

Helmsman'a Tankard: Ian Thomas (Bruce)

Junior Pennant: Cameron Ross (Walpole)

Housematches: Bruce

M.J.B.

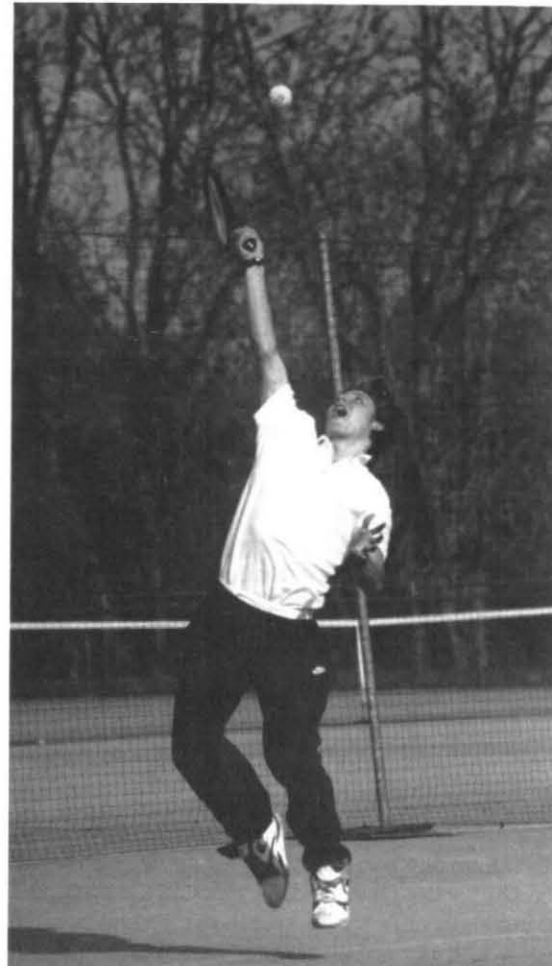
TENNIS

As was last reported, the older age-group teams started with less instinctive competence than had been the case in previous years. The results, therefore, were a credit to teams which generally fought hard. So much for the matches. Sadly, we have yet to shake off the belief that it only really counts in the match: no amount of hard fighting is going to correct the imbalance created by sloppy practice-habits. The fact that these habits are under severe attack from all coaching — and some pupil-quarters accounts for the continued respectable results.

The view that 'It's the playing that counts, not the winning' is not fostered here. Good practices should be rewarded with wins; a good season is one in which we are satisfied with at least half the matches won, and that should be our starting point.

To further this aim we have appointed a professional coach to assist each coach once a week. The skills which they have introduced, based largely upon the fact that all three of them have played or are playing professionally, have sharpened our skills and, importantly, given direction to newly acquired skills. So, not only do we have six members of staff who are supervising the practice of twelve people from each age-group three times a week, but players have access to a coach and are competing in weekly matches throughout the summer.

Mr. Foster, Mr. Hack, Mr. Akam, Mr. Scott, Mrs. Gamble and Miss Bell have, as always, been very supportive and, with their help, tennis players have excellent opportunities to make progress. Mr. Akam's Colts, given the fact that GCSE plays tyrant with practices, managed to keep up standards and, despite a lack of maturity in this year's team (an incessant procession of balls being banged into the net or out), results were kept sensible. Ward, Noton and Burrows showed notable flair but almost no match temperament. Wright tries hard but will have to wait until next year to display less erratically. Barber and Mahood, though a little sluggish, were a solid third pair. With Leith-Smith and Beevor making occasional appearances in the matches, the team performed well and, with more commitment to practices, this age-group will provide a very solid base for the 'open' Tennis next year.



Pearl in the Bradfield Match Photograph by S. H. C. R.

Mr. Foster's U14s have had a superb year. There are a number of practised Tennis players there and we look forward to their efforts further up the school. Having started the year on a competitive note with the junior singles competition, this spirited group never lost sight of the conquest idea: some vicious 9-0 wins are evidence of this. Good!

Mr. Hack (U15) started with a relatively weak group but by the end of the season they were shaped and ready for most opposition. Their season was satisfactory, winning 4 out of the 8 matches. Milne Home and Doxford were an enthusiastic and committed first pair. Not as consistent but quite as lively were Wheeler and Barham, and the Bates/Gemmell third pairing provided a solid anchor. The Junior-Colts participated in the Midland Bank Cup Competition and after a tough opener and one other loss they managed to win three matches out of five.

The 'open' group were generally sound — if our opposition are any measure of strength — but with less than usual between the two top teams the Second VI results often pleased. Indeed Mr. Scott's Second and Third VIs often won comfortably. Credit here should go to the 2nd Team's captain, Orlando Seale. The First VI managed very well, considering its starting level, and, though completely out-played by

Eton, seldom did the opposition reel-in its victories with ease. Far from it. Nevertheless, our Lower Sixth dominated team still lacks the restraint so vital in this game. Too often one was forced to watch points thrown away which could have been as easily won. (I dare say these comments could be made by any tennis coach!) The Lambourne and Godman combination was broken this year and, though they disapproved the change, it was such a benefit to the team. Lambourne with Pearl proved more aggressive — if still a touch erratic — and Godman, also more powerful, managed to improve his consistency. Perhaps the strongest racquets player in the school, Pearl, has yet to settle into a groove which satisfies his potential, but he has another year to prove himself. When on form he can be formidable; he must be so more often. Shillington and Dawson, though shifted around because of early injuries, provided much needed stability. It has been a respectable season and I am enthusiastic about next year's team: experience abounds, new blood has

apparently come in and the junior end of the game looks solid.

The team of the year, not unsurprisingly in view of the previous year's results, was the Girl's First VI. Their unbeaten season was quite excellent and Mrs. Gamble must be congratulated for team-building effort second to none. White and Butterfill were a very hard-hitting first pair and it was only against Cheltenham Ladies in the Midland Bank competition that they found their mark — Cheltenham Ladies went on to the national finals of this competition. Lowe, the girl's school captain, Delahook and Airrikala provided the much needed base upon which the team operated. It appears that next year might be as spectacular as this.

A final word: Edward Shillington's captaincy. His calm maturity as the school captain this year, his instinctive support of the coaches and his natural interest in the game proved an essential part of this civilising sport.

S.H.C.R.

Pearl in the Bradfield match

Photograph by S. H. C. R.



Lambourne in the Bradfield match

Photograph by S. H. C. R.

CLIMBING & CAVING

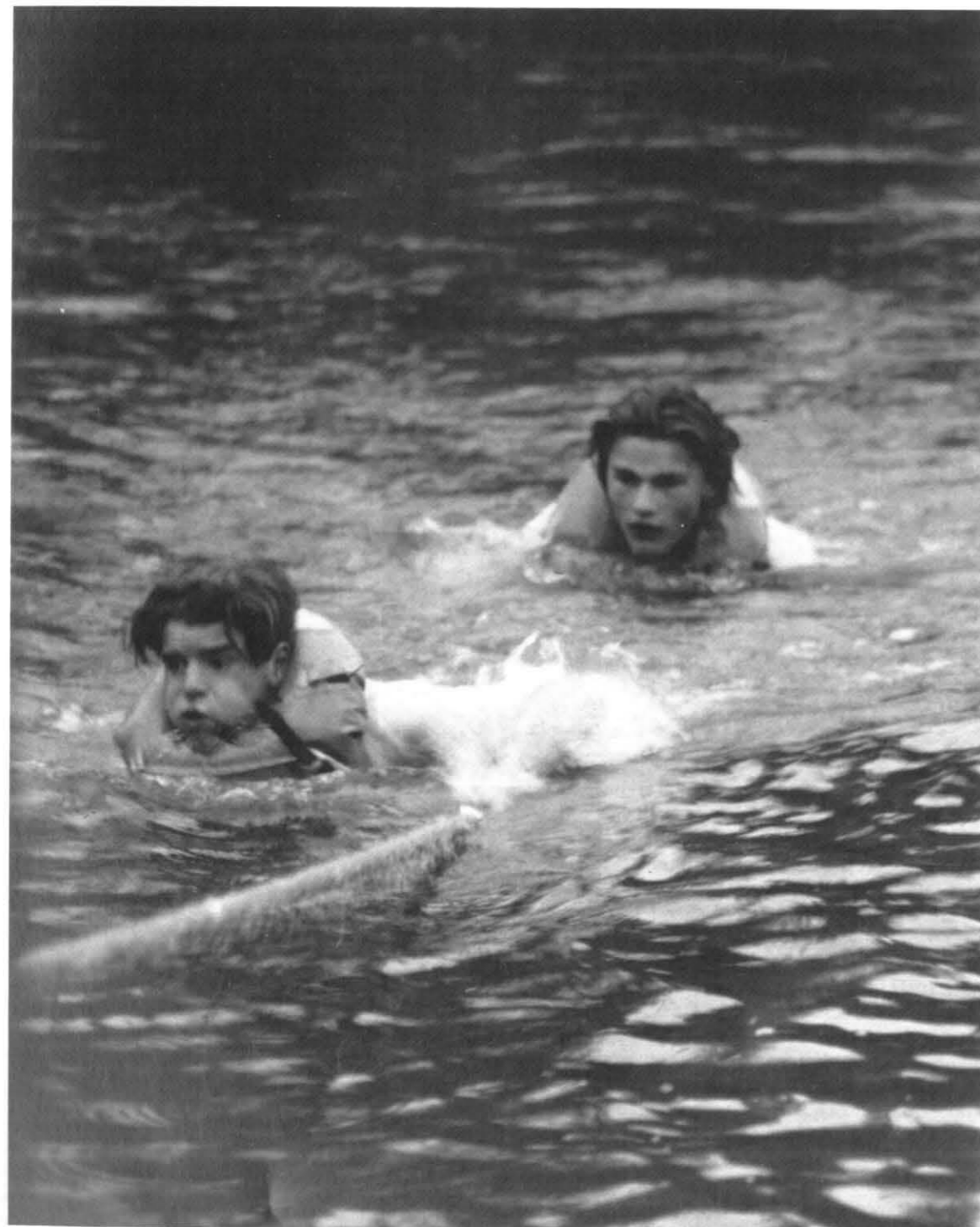
There were rather fewer expeditions than usual but the few were much enjoyed. We have visited the Bloxham Wall several times in winter to keep fit and have been to the gritstone of Stanage and Birchens. Routes up to mild VS (Crow's Nest) have

been done. We have prospected the nearer cliffs of Leicestershire — quite good value but a bit scruffy. The only caving was to Carlsark Cavern in Derbyshire; we went down the pitch and round the usual muddy circuit, but were daunted by the duck this time.

G.M.H.

Coldstream Cup: 'Shoot and March'. W. A. Bolton and N. A. Spencer

Photograph by J. M. L.



OLD STOIC NEWS

P.A. Andrews (Chatham 1955) has been appointed Guest Professor in Islamic Art and Archaeology at the University of Bamberg, 90-91. He has also published "Ethnic Groups in the Republic of Turkey" (Wiesbaden 1989) for the Tübingen Atlas of the Middle East (the first book on this delicate subject) and several ethnological maps in the same series.

A.C. Benson (Chatham 1973) has started his own company "Elmwood International Ltd." specialising in trade with Eastern Europe and the Middle East.

J.M. Bray (Temple 1975) was awarded the MBE for services at the Lockerbie Disaster and running the Army assistance to Hertfordshire during the Ambulance dispute, in the New Year's Honours List 1991.

I.G. Campbell (Bruce 1976) was granted a Royal Warrant of Appointment to Her Majesty the Queen as supplier of Fish and Poultry in 1987.

G.L. Cheshire (Chatham 1936) has been created a Life Peer in the Queen's Birthday Honours List 1991.

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

D.S. Cowper (Grafton 1960) was named "Yachtsman of the Year" at the London Boat Show in January 1991.

S. Curling (Grafton 1978) has been appointed Joint Master of the Blean Beagles.

C.R. Dimpfl has started his own company "Sporting Connections", which is involved in raising finance for and investing in sporting activities. He is also managing the golfer Jeremy Robinson (Temple 1983).

G.L.D. Duckworth (Chatham 1949) has been elected Renter Warden by the Armourers' and Braziers' Company in July 1991.

P.W. Durrant (Walpole 1977) is now Director of Corporate Finance with Westinghouse International Capital.

D.M. Edwards-Heathcote (Chatham 1973) has become Joint Master of the Catterick Beagles.

S.D.A. Firth (Chatham 1957) was awarded a CBE in the Gulf Honours List, June 1991.

J.A. Fane (Lyttelton 1980) started "Andrew Fane Conservation" a company conserving and restoring works of Art on paper. August 1991.

M. Fraser-Allen (Cobham 1953) has started his own company, "Executive Management Assignments Ltd." in 1991.

Sir John R. Freeland (Chatham 1945) has been elected a Judge of the European Court of Human Rights.

T.J.L. Gauvain (Temple 1960) was appointed Director of St. John Ambulance in September 1990.

H.L. Goodall (Lyttelton 1974) has composed the music for the BBC1 programme "2 Point 4 Children" in 1991.

R.D. Hansen-Luke (Temple 1988) has been appointed Chairman of the Oxford University Students Publications Ltd.

Sir Reginald E.W. Harland (Chatham 1938) has been awarded the Verulam Medal of the British Institute of Management in 1991.

P.T. Hirst (Grafton 1963) has been awarded an MDA, at the Royal College of Science in 1990.

G.V. Inglis-Jones (Walpole 1985) swam the English Channel in aid of Charity on 20th August 1991. He was the 400th person to do it.

M.P. Kayll (Walpole 1969) has started the Luccombe Business and Craft Centre in Dorset.

H.V. Kemp (Chatham 1931) published "Poems for Erato" in 1990, and will be publishing two prose works "Definitions of Poetry: a Survey" and "Relations with Riding" in Autumn 1991.

C.M. King (Chandos 1989) played rugby for University College 1st XV and Wasps B XV in 90-91.

R.W.C. Knight-Bruce (Chandos 1975) has become Joint Master of the United Foxhounds.

P.E. Leslie (Chatham 1949) has been knighted in the Queen's Birthday Honours List 1991.

J.A. Likierman (Chandos 1962) has been elected President of the Chartered Institute of Management Accountants in June 1991.

P.B. Lucas (Grenville 1934) published "Glorious Summer", the story of the Battle of Britain, with J.E. Johnson. Stanley Paul 1990.

P.J. Macdonald (Chatham 1980) has won a Sainsbury "Engineering in Management" Scholarship for entrance to INSEAD at Fontainebleau in 1991.

M.A. Manning-Schuitemaker (Chandos 1988) is President of Junior Common Room at St. Peter's College, Oxford.

F.D.G. Mezulanik (Grafton 1978) founded "Balance of Nature Ltd.", an environmental company raising funds for key global projects in 1990.

W.J.C. Miles (Grafton 1989) was first in the Mixed Pairs, under 19 section of the 1991 Devises to Westminster Canoe Marathon. His partner was Helen Peach.

G.J.R. Monbiot (Lyttelton 1981) presented a programme, "The Global Zoo" on Radio 4 in September 1991. It dealt with serious conservation issues.

S.D. Moss (Bruce 1970) was awarded the MBE in the Queen's Birthday Honours List 1991.

I.G. Norton (Chatham 1949) has been appointed Honorary Colonel of 1st Bn. Yorkshire Volunteers in 1989 and of Sheffield University Officer Training Corp. in 1990.

J.R. Perring (Grenville 1948) has been elected Sheriff of the City of London, and took office in September 1991.

Viscount Prestwood (Chatham 1975) has succeeded to the title of Earl Attlee on the death of his father.

P.W.R. Pumfrey (Chandos 1952) is Chairman of Lincolnshire Family Health Services Authority and also Lincoln Cathedral Fabric Fund Executive Committee.

C.J.G. Thwaites (Bruce 1968) was awarded the MBE in the 1989 Birthday Honours List for services as the Speechwriter and Military Assistant to the Supreme Allied Commander Europe, General John R. Galvin, US Army. Since November 1990 he has been the Commanding Officer of the 4th/7th Royal Dragoon Guards, an armoured regiment stationed in Germany.

Lisa C. Tustian (Stanhope 1986) sang the part of Suzanna in the National Trust's production of "The Marriage of Figaro" at Stowe in August 1991.

S.H.G. Twining (Temple 1951) was elected Honorary Treasurer of The Royal Warrant Holders Association in March 1991.

C.F. Villiers (Bruce 1976) appeared as Dr. Wright in the ITV series "We are Seven" in 1991.

J.K.H. Wales (Temple 1972) was granted a Doctorate of Medicine by Oxford University for his thesis "The Assessment and Application of Kinemometry".

G.A. Ward (Walpole 1964) was a quarter finalist in the 1990 British over 35s Doubles Tennis Championship.

O.B. Warman (Chandos 1949) became a Trustee of the British Institute (at the Royal Academy) in 1985 and was elected ROI in 1990.

A.J. Whitehead (Walpole 1956) has been made an Honorary Life Member of the International Police Association.

BIRTHS

J.N. Barnard (Grafton 1978) a son on 6th February 1991.

J.A. Barratt (Temple 1977) a son, Oliver James, on 22nd April 1991.

P.J. Barratt (Grenville 1976) a daughter, Amelia Frances, on 5th September 1991.

Allison J. Barrett (Née Whittington) (Stanhope 1977) a son, Alexander, on 8th May 1991.

D.M. Bevan (Chatham 1978) a daughter, Lucy Catherine, on 20th June 1990.

C.G. Burchill (Grenville 1975) a son, James Benjamin, on 27th March 1991.

J.M. Burton-Stewart (Bruce 1977) a daughter, Eva Jean, on 10th July 1991.

P.S. Carter (Temple 1974) a son, Alexander William Roderick, on 3rd August 1991.

A.F.M. Chance (Chandos 1970) a daughter, Rosie, on 2nd July 1990.

E.O.S. Cliff (Walpole 1972) a son, Randall Samuel Arthur, on 12th February 1991.

T.B. Cobb (Walpole 1969) a daughter on 22nd March 1991.

J.MacD. Cunningham (Temple 1975) a son, Josias Arnold, on 9th July 1985.

M.E.T. Davies (Cobham 1966) a son, Hugo Patrick Treharne, on 5th October 1989.

N.C.F. De Salis (Temple 1975) a daughter, Alexandra Claire, on 16th September 1991.

C.R. Dimpfl (Chatham 1966) a daughter, Nancy Alice Rose, on 8th August 1990.

L.L. Foux (Chandos 1971) a daughter, Dani Leigh, on 8th June 1991.

S.J. Gornall (Walpole 1975) a son, Peter Anthony, on 7th June 1991.

O.C.P. Hoskyns (Chatham 1972) a son, Fergus, on 4th June 1991.

A.J. Jessel (Grenville 1977) a daughter, Camilla Alice Louise, on 16th September 1991.

C.J. Kerry (Cobham 1973) a daughter, Natasha, on 7th April 1985.

R.N.C. Knight-Bruce (Chatham 1972) a daughter, Siena, in 1990.

N.R.A. Large (Temple 1964) a son, Alastair William Austen, on 11th November 1989.

J.B. Ley Greaves (Cobham 1975) a son, Robert Aden, on 17th September 1989.

A.A.S. Mackay (Temple 1974) a daughter, Fiona Katherine Sutherland, on 13th April 1989.

S.J. Martin (Chatham 1972) a son, Maximillian Emmanuel, on 4th August 1991.

J.B.R. Metcalfe (Temple 1974) & **Karen G. Metcalfe** (née Campbell) (Stanhope 1979) a daughter, Charlotte Cecily Penelope, on 28th April 1991.

W.L.M. Murdoch (Grenville 1977) a daughter, Olivia Rachel, on 30th October 1990.

R.S.G. Oliver (Grenville 1985) a son, Henry, in 1991.

C.H. Peacock (Lyttelton 1979) a daughter, Alexandra Charlotte, on 20th July 1990.

Maria J. Pickard (née Jarman) a son, Jack Michael Jarman, on 27th June 1990.

A.W.G. Reed (Bruce 1972) a daughter, Louisa Charlotte Weldon, on 2nd June 1991.

D.P. Scowsill (Temple 1974) a son, Harrison Edward Michael on 25th February 1991.

S.I. Searle (Temple 1963) a son, William Michael, in March 1984.

A.J. Shepherd-Barron (Walpole 1977) a son, William George Murray, on 23rd May 1991.

N.R. Spurrier (Grafton 1969) a son, Charles, on 14th August 1991.

D.M. Stewart (Chatham 1978) a son, Samuel, on 10th October 1987.

P.W. Talbot (Grafton 1979) a daughter, Camilla, in September 1991.

MARRIAGES

E.O.S. Cliff (Walpole) 1972 to Hagar Saeda Arthur on 10th April 1991.

Deborah S. Cranmer-Brown (Stanhope 1984) to Hamish Astley on 4th May 1991.

C.R. Crawford (Grenville 1982) to Susan Elizabeth Dougill on 31st July 1990.

J.MacD. Cunningham (Temple 1975) to Beverley Anne Jubber in 1983.

D.M. Edwards-Heathcote (Chatham 1973) to Virginia Ann Shield in July 1991.

W.J. Elliot (Lyttelton 1983) to Annabelle Mary Cook on 8th September 1990.

J.A. Fane (Lyttelton 1980) to Merran Wilson on 25th January 1990.

A.L.D. Hicks (Grenville 1980) to Allegra Marina Tondato in October 1990.

M.M. Ivison (Grenville 1982) to Fiona Clare Trotman on 6th October 1990.

Maria J. Jarman (Stanhope 1985) to Edward Pickard on 22nd April 1989.

M.P. Johnson (Grafton 1980) to Janet Cook on 26th October 1991.

F.J. Johnstone (Lyttelton 1976) to Jane Alexandra Crothers on 22nd September 1989.

D.deB. Kinahan (Temple 1975) to Anna Marguerite Bence-Trower on 8th June 1991.

D.A. Ladlow (Cobham 1982) to Claire Suzanne Payne on 3rd October 1987.

N.R.A. Large (Temple 1964) to Christine Jane Baxter on 15th January 1988.

A.A.S. Mackay (Temple 1974) to Pamela Susan Anne Stacey in June 1986.

A.W. McAlpine (Lyttelton 1977) to Caroline Claire Hodgson on 4th May 1991.

M.D. McCaldin (Temple 1980) to Geva Le Marchant on 13th July 1991.

J. McCarthy (Bruce 1980) to Ali Walters on 7th September 1991 (P.J. Macdonald (Chatham 1980)) was best man.

C.B. McKibbin (Chatham 1955) to Elizabeth Crummock on 4th August 1984.

Sonya F. Nightingale (Stanhope 1981) to Steven Martin on 11th May 1991.

R.C. Peatfield (Temple 1966) to Susan Charles on 28th December 1990.

A.M.G. Pelissier (Walpole 1981) to Lucy Horgan on 9th December 1989.

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

Alison Whittington (Stanhope 1977) to David Barrett on 24th March 1990.

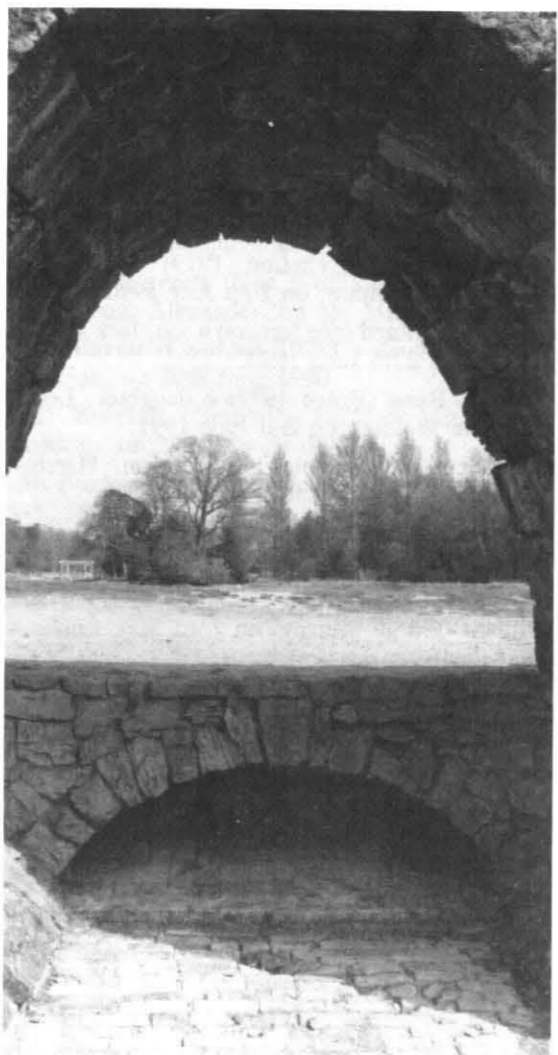
Sir Peregrine G. Worsthorne (Grafton 1941) to Lady Lucinda Lambton on 11th May 1991.

Photograph by D. J. Lewis (LVI)



DEATHS

A. Allan (Walpole 1937) on 3rd February 1991.
J.M. Ashton (Chatham 1933) on 21st October 1991.
I.C. Ashworth (Grenville/Walpole 1938) on 5th October 1991.
F.H.P. Barber (Bruce 1926) on 8th June 1991.
P.F. Bell (Chatham 1940) on 7th August 1991.
The Rev. T.C.P. Brook (Chaplain 33-41) in September 1991.
J.B. Charles (Grenville 1929) on 30th June 1990.
K.M. Chittenden (Temple 1936) on 11th June 1991.
Louise Clifford (widow of A.B. Clifford — Staff 25-57) on 28th March 1991.
C.P. Cowell (Grenville 1926) on 15th September 1991.
P.E. Dawson (Cobham 1933) on 20th April 1991.
J.A.R. Falconer (Walpole 1936) on 24th July 1991.
J.D. Fay (Grenville 1938) on 27th August 1991.
W.T. Fisher (Chatham 1934) on 22nd June 1991.
G.C. Grundy (Cobham 1929) on 21st April 1991.
R.B. Higham (Temple 1941) on 11th March 1990.
D.P. Kayll (Grenville 1934) on 17th May 1991.
G.M. Kennedy (Chatham 1941) on 4th September 1991.
J.W. Leslie (Temple 1925) on 17th June 1991.
M. Lorimer (Grafton 1930) on 3rd September 1991.
J.C. Nixon (Temple/Chandos 1926) on 14th June 1991.
J.G. North (Grenville 1929) on 19th May 1991.
C.C. Parker (Walpole 1964) on 12th August 1991.
A.R. Pedder (Staff 62-90) on 4th November 1991.
J.D.F. Penrose (Walpole 1937) on 8th September 1991.
J.H.W. Pooler (Temple 1945) on 5th September 1991.
J.D. Powell-Rees (Grenville 1955) on 13th July 1991.
J.W. Reid (Bruce 1936) on 27th May 1991.
P.S. Sutcliffe (Chandos 1942) on 18th May 1991.
M.F. Villiers-Stuart (Temple 1930) in March 1991.
P.M. Young (Chatham 1946) on 23rd September 1991.
P.A. Willies (Bruce 1929) on 23rd October 1991.
J.N. Woodbridge (Grafton 1932) on 15th October 1991.



Photograph by C. E. M. Mash (MVI)





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