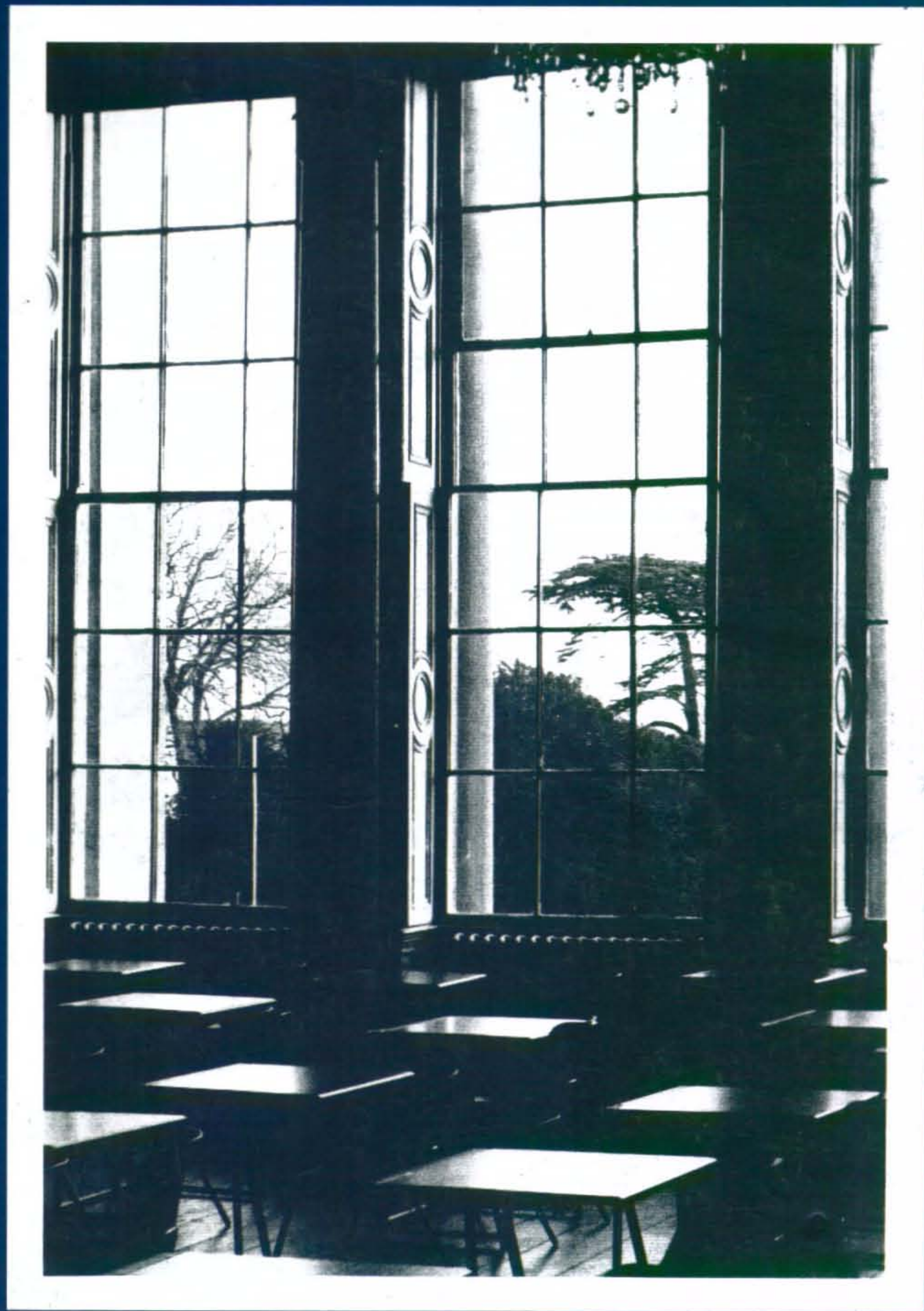


THE STOIC



May 1992

Number one hundred and eighty-nine



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*Photographs: Front Cover
by M. O. L. T. Wilson.
Inside Front Cover and
Inside Back Cover by
Natasha Gilchrist*

THE STOIC

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EDITORIAL

The School Election, which preceded the April General Election, perhaps threw up an example of what Stoics value as 'individualism'. Those standing represented many parties, ranging from the mainstream (Conservative, Labour, Liberal Democrat) to the Anarchist and the fringes beyond. There were in effect two 'Monster Raving Loony' parties, and its Revolutionary wing (who promised everything under the moon) won by a large majority. Or was this wayward result a symptom of a present complacency sometimes perceived in Stoics by their peers? Does indifference masquerade as jocularity?

We think such views refreshingly countered by many displays of Stoic commitment and personal vision, and a genuine individualism.

We look to the achievement of S.T. Abbot, whose original composition 'Song Without Birds' was performed in Spring Term.

We note that P.J. Davies received a major national degree award from Shell U.K., while W.R. Wynne won the top Gold Medal Award in the Open National Physics Challenge Competition 1991-1992. Among other academic successes, J.S. Goss gained entry to read English at St. Hugh's, Oxford; G.E. Underwood (O.S.) won an Choral Scholarship and will study Biology at Magdalen, Oxford; and T.A.D. Crawford was accepted by Cambridge for Economics.

Philippa A. Haines won selection from Operation Raleigh and will, with a substantial sponsorship from the Old Stoic Society, work in Chile after her A levels. Timara G. Kay, again supported by the Society, will next year teach in Zimbabwe. Victoria C. Thompson has received the Duke of Edinburgh Gold Medal, and T.A.F. Lindsay and M.D. Sadler will walk 'in the steps of Christ' to Jerusalem. With such patterns in mind, we have no doubt that 'individualism', that key Stoic virtue in Roxburgh's 'School for individuals', is better defined in active achievement than in any posturing 'type'.

Stoic triumphs were additionally evident in the excellent Congreve production of Thornton Wilder's **Our Town** and in the Drama Festival. Equally memorable are the Choral Society's **Requim** by Verdi; the Blues Concert; the visit by the Old Stoic rock band The Edge; and the recital of Mozart and contemporary classical music. Another enduring achievement is **New Vistas**, a collection of current and recent Stoic poetry, published in May.

Stowe is individual and unique for being identified with a place of historical glamour and international attention. An article inside, 'A Work to Wonder At', examines the work of the National Trust in the conservation and preservation of the Landscape Gardens. A Conference held jointly at the School with Oxford University on the future of the Grounds was another testimony to the importance of Stowe. The next edition will carry a report of the Conference proceedings.

We bid farewell at Easter to Mr Hack, whose *Vale* will follow in the next issue. We wish all the best to Mrs Wagland, who retired after twenty-five years of sympathetic and dedicated nursing in the Sanatorium. We welcomed Mrs Martindale, who is filling in for Dr Orger during his sabbatical; and Mr Denton, who returns for the Summer Term to the Modern Languages Department.

Finally, we announce with pleasure the engagements of Mr Taylor and Miss Cowling, and Mr Akam and Miss Bell; and we congratulate Dr Collins on the birth of his daughter Rosa.

The Editors

The Prefectional Body consists currently of the following:

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

SCHOOL DISTINCTIONS

Paul Davies (Side VII) has just won a major national degree sponsorship award with Shell UK Ltd. He has now only now to secure his place on one of the Chemical Engineering degrees for which he has applied through the UCCA system. There were over 500 applicants with only a few awards being offered. The sponsorship is to the value of £1300 per annum with pro rata pay during Gap Year or university vacations starting at about £10,000 per annum. Paul had to undergo a gruelling two days of interviewing and testing before being offered this major award. Well done indeed!

William Wynne (SCEB) has won one of the top Gold Medal Awards in a new Open National Physics Challenge Competition 1991/92 for pre-GCSE candidates. William sat a written test of physics at Stowe and was one of 21 National Gold Medal winners in equal first position. Other schools with Gold Medallists were Eton, Bryanston, Harrow, Lancing, Westminster, Radley, Aylesbury Grammar and Portsmouth High for Girls. Well done William! And GLP, his Physics teacher!

S.O.C.

A.R.P. — IN MEMORIAM

Anyone who attended the Memorial Service for Anthony Pedder in January this year and joined the great gathering of past and present teaching colleagues (including no less than four Stowe Headmasters), administrative and domestic staff, Stoics and members of his family, could not be in any doubt that we were paying tribute to a great and much-respected member of the Stowe community. For most of us the abiding memory of that occasion will be the powerful and moving address by Maurice Stanton-Saringer, former Chaplain and Chemistry Department colleague, which so perfectly captured the character that was "ARP", and reminded us of his great strengths in his heyday, as well as his less happy latter years.

Those of us who made the journey to Cumbria in November last year to attend his funeral will remember too the farewell the Lake District gave one of its sons, with the shimmering blue sky, snow-capped hills and the final flourish of Nature's autumn paintbox providing a backdrop of spectacular beauty and tranquillity, as Anthony was laid to rest in the churchyard of his home Parish Church. With the striking peacefulness broken only by sound of bleating sheep carrying across the hills and the babbling brook nearby, one could not but reflect that this was how he would have wanted it to be when his time came. The great tragedy was that this sad occasion followed so soon on his early retirement from Stowe at the age of 52 just over a year before.

So there is particular poignancy and sadness in the fact that this obituary now follows the comprehensive tribute to his working life at Stowe which appeared in these columns only 3 issues ago. Then and since, in address and in the School newspaper "The Voice" immediately following his death, much has already been said about Anthony's distinguished career at Stowe, inter alia, as Head of Chemistry, Housemaster of a junior boys' House (the original Nugent), Head of Science and finally Senior Tutor. Much, including many amusing personal reminiscences, has also been said by his friends and colleagues about him as one of the memorable Stowe personalities. As a very private and shy individual, he would, one feels sure, have been appalled at all this "fuss", and been surprised and embarrassed to discover the extent of affection and regard in which he was held.

Thus it seems appropriate not to endeavour to repeat here much of what has gone before, but just to distil some of the essence of it for the record, and I am indebted to my colleagues for allowing me to borrow freely from their own tributes. Anthony will be remembered above all as a formidable figure in the classroom, where his love of the traditional test-tube chemistry of bangs, flashes, smells, colours and bubbling, fizzing concoctions blended with a relentless pursuit of intellectual rigour and the expectation, from himself as well as his pupils, of the highest standards of work. His legendary 'Pedder Preps' challenged his sixth formers to realise their full potential, and his comprehensive typed notes became sought-after currency in the School. Chemistry with Anthony was fun AND academically demanding.

Pupils and colleagues alike remember him especially for his kindness and genuine interest in their welfare. His success as a gifted teacher derived as much from the fact that he liked his subject as the fact that he also liked his pupils and enjoyed their company. This endeared him to them, however daunting and demanding he might have appeared on occasion, for they knew that he was fair-minded and concerned for their welfare. His tutorial Side gave him particular pleasure, and the many hours of personal attention he gave them enabled him to shepherd them through to the next stage of their education with astute advice and masterfully constructed references.

Anthony's sharp intellect enabled him to see to the heart of the matter in a trice. As we all knew, He was the one to try out a bright idea, or not-so-carefully thought through schemes. His powerful logic would soon spot the flaws, but his criticism was invariably gentle and constructive. He was happy to put his own point of view, but his natural diffidence prevented him from imposing his opinions forcibly, and he hated confrontation.

In the Common Room Anthony was a valued companion whose wide knowledge of world affairs, gained from extensive travel, and sense of humour, brightened many a social hour. His delight in the

absurdities of life enabled him not to take himself, or others, too seriously, and to deflate the pompous with impish relish. He was, in short, jolly good company to those who knew him well, but sadly his natural shyness and reserve meant that in later years, as many of his contemporaries left, this circle began to grow ever smaller.

Like many of us, Anthony found the changes in the school science curriculum, heralded by GCSE, not to his taste, with reduction in content and the increased burden of a great deal of mindless paperwork threatening the rigour which had characterised his teaching life. This caused additional stress which contributed to the decline in his health, and he decided, after seeing in the new regime, to call it a day and retire early. The wrench of leaving the Stowe community in which he had been so happy for most of the 28 years of his working life was partly compensated by the prospect of setting up a new home in his beloved Cumbria, and the relief of being out of the mish-mash of change thrust upon us in the world of education in general, and in science in particular. Although he foresaw the coming of the National Trust, the transformation this brought to Stowe and to the life of the resident community was another change which he did not relish.

Anthony had begun to enjoy his retirement relieved of the burdens of school administration, though he would always miss his classroom teaching. He still cared very deeply about Stowe and maintained a keen but discreet interest in the progress of the School and his past pupils. Although academic excellence had always featured high on his agenda, he knew that Stowe offered a great deal more in terms of education and opportunity than could be gauged from exam results alone.

It was evident that in the second year of his retirement his health had begun to fail rapidly, but it was nevertheless a shock that reverberated around Stowe when he died suddenly in November last year. His contributions to Stowe life over the years extended beyond the laboratories to the Beagles, Clay Pigeon Shooting, Fishing, Signals in the C.C.F. and Monday Extras. He was one of those members of staff that old Stoics returning would always seek out. He will be greatly missed by them and by all those in the Stowe community, past and present, who had come to know him as someone with a generous spirit and an endearing humanity.

B.H.O.



"Our Town" G. J. Scrase

Photograph by M. T. Y. Wreford (LVI)

DRAMA

Senior Congreve — "OUR TOWN" by Thornton Wilder

Our Town might have been a great success in the USA fifty years ago, but no great reputation has lingered in its wake in after years. To our sceptical generation, saturated in ironic reflection, *Our Town* might seem too home-spun to articulate contemporary preoccupations.

Small town activity, domestic routines, typical family concerns, the endless cycles of birth, marriage and death do not sound exciting matters. Interesting — perhaps; but enthralling...? Yet Jonathan Kreeger's choice of Congreve production was triumphantly vindicated by a performance which was not only highly entertaining, but also made the play live — not as some dusted-off curio — but as an absorbing spectacle, which brought the everyday details of living into humorous and touching prominence.

That a play's potential is only fully realised in performance is a truism which *Our Town* underlines more than most plays do. After all, Thornton Wilder eschews portraying any exceptional individuals, any unusual events, any compelling ideas, whether political, sociological, aesthetic or metaphysical. Mr Webb frankly admits that Grover's Corners is a dull

place. However, the admirably sensitive performances of the Stowe cast under the astute direction of Mr Kreeger made *Our Town* a theatrical success which simultaneously gave the audience an insight into the dramatist's craft.

To begin with, there is Wilder's Stage Manager mediating between the action and ourselves. By turns confiding, expansive, challenging, he appears variously avuncular, Socratic and god-like. Gerry Scrase acted the part with authority, and his speech excellently caught his character's tonal shifts: there was showmanship, poetry and the moralising of the compulsive story teller.

The rhythms of quotidian life were beautifully enacted by the cast. Mrs Gibbs and Mrs Webb (Emilie Goldstein and Halima Fraval respectively) invested domestic routines with particular grace. There are almost no props but the poetry of *movement* was everywhere apparent in the cast's skilful mime: for example, in Rupert Atkinson's (Howie Newsome) attention to his horse. Invisible? No — established in the audience's imagination.

Brilliant casting had Mark Chamberlain as Dr Gibbs. Hence the good Doctor's lugubriousness emerged effortlessly; well rumped, yet wise, his laconic manner expressed infinite experience of human foibles and an Olympian detachment. His counterpart, Mr Webb, the newspaper editor, suggested endless good natured resignation. But humour lurked throughout and Andrew Macdonald's superbly natural performance transmitted it in his surprising counsel to his prospective son-in-law: "George, I was thinking the other night of some advice my father gave me when I got married.... he said, start out early showing who's boss.... So I took the opposite of my father's advice and I've been happy ever since".

Grover's Corners came alive in one performance after another (too many to mention all of them). Alexander Cole, as Simon Stimson, captured the barely suppressed desperation expressed in Stimson's frenzied conducting of the town choir. Later, we saw the private unhappiness of the town drunk, lurching helplessly down dark streets. No cosy corner for him. Similarly, Oliver Schneider's glinting spectacles and unstoppable delivery communicated the quiet fanaticism of the academic expert in his lecture on the history of Grover's Corners.

The central story is, of course, that of George and Emily's courtship, an affecting compound of awkwardness and lyricism, as George, at the soda fountain, is awed by discovering that in their stumbling dialogue Emily and he have somehow plighted their troth. Philippa Haines' portrayal of Emily captured her confident intelligence and unsure awakening into womanhood. Jonathan Crawford's George aptly articulated a masculine confidence ensnared by the dual awareness that he is smitten but not smart.

Their story, of course, provides *Our Town's* most poignant effect. Although Mrs Gibbs'

apostrophizing of the moon might seem, typically, to bring it down within domestic orbit, Thornton Wilder's intention is that *Our Town's* last act will provide a transcendental overview of humble events. The dead are made to speak. The living come under their remote, disinterested — finally uninterested — gaze.

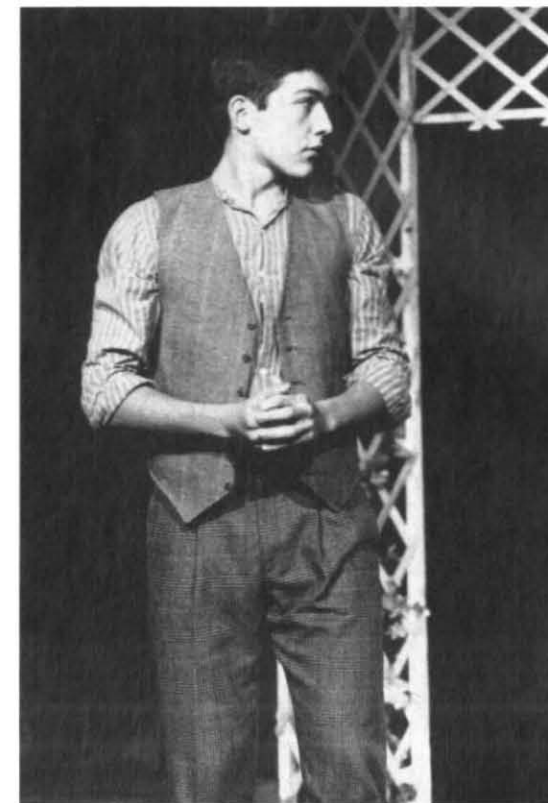
Frankly, the Stage Manager's articulation of a mystical, cosmic meaning continuing our existence 'elsewhere' is, I think, the least persuasive thing in the play. But the perspective played on human existence from the other side of the grave has a particular resonance. Emily dies in childbirth. Not yet reconciled to her new mode of existence she returns briefly to her past. She realises her mistake:

"(Life) goes so fast. We don't have time to look at one another... So all that was going on and we never noticed... Do any human beings ever realise life while they live it? — every, every minute?"

Thornton Wilder shows us ordinary life in its absorbing hours and minutes. He also presents it looking forwards and backwards over many years. Ironies multiply and loss is inevitable, as the prostrate figure of the grieving George reminds us. With quiet audacity Wilder tries to show us our time-bound lives from the vantage point of eternity. The entire cast and crew of this splendid production made it happen.

E.S.T.

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (V)



"Our Town"

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (V)



Photograph by N. B. Tissot (V)

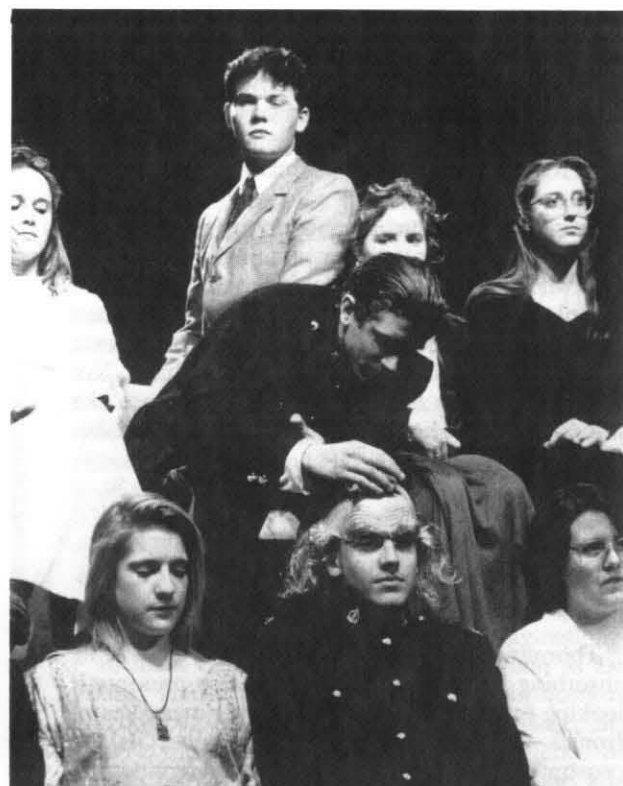
"Our Town"

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (V)





Alex Cole — Lyttelton



"The Sneeze"

Robert Mills — Grafton

Photographs by N. B. Tissot (V)



SIX SHORT STORIES
by contemporary
CHEKOV

THE BEAR

DRAMA

THE SNEEZE

THE PROPOSAL

ALIEN CORN

GRAFTON HOUSE
in the Dobinson Theatre
Friday 7:30 Saturday 2:30

SWAN
SONG

Grafton House Play

"THE SNEEZE" By Anton Chekov

It is difficult to approach Grafton's "The Sneeze" with an eye to reviewing it. I could simply laud all the many fine performances, or present an analysis of the plot. The first obstacle is that the six plays comprising "The Sneeze" were written by "contemporary" Chekhov (now what on earth did Grafton mean by that?). Chekhov is literature and therefore Chekhov must be good. The problem with this is that I for one left Grafton with a peculiar feeling of dissatisfaction, one which it is hard to blame Grafton for. The problem was that after five hilarious plays, there was unfortunately a sixth.

The structure was Chekhov's. Five brilliantly witty sketches, and then the desperately grim, morose "Swan Song" — a powerful piece of writing, but totally out of place.

The other five were, simply, superbly professional (to use a word often carelessly applied to amateur dramatics), presented in fine Ham-Hitchcock style by Nick Spencer, compere and director. They showed the decaying world of Chekhov's aristocracy, surrounded by hordes of various footmen and retainers (Daniel Parker, Peter Brown, and Matthew Sadler), by comparison, chronically underpaid, and as Daniel Parker excellently proved, and nothing to say apart from "No Sir". In the space of an hour was shown the whole vast range of these landowners and officials. The first three plays were essentially lighter-hearted: "The proposal", "The Alien Corn" and "Drama".

The first treated us to Alex Lindsay as the manically strange Chubukov, trying to marry his daughter to his rival neighbour, Lomov (Simon Wade). Rebecca Mellor, as the spoilt brat Natalya, played the part for every gutsy screech and choking surprise possible, and the audience loved it. The problem was the contrived, frankly silly ending device, with Wade required to suddenly fall foul, momentarily, of his necessarily over-stated palpitations.

"The Alien Corn" was essentially a two-hander between a dignified Tayo Erogbogbo and Barnaby de Berry as his bigoted employer. This was the first to introduce a note of sad emptiness into its otherwise flimsy story.

"Drama" was the third, and funniest. It was very reminiscent of an old "Morecambe & Wise" sketch, with the arrogant, overbearing Murashkina (Jessica Callan) arriving with a play "wot she wrote" at the house of writer Robert Mills, who was forced to endure it. His reactions to her truly appalling play were a joy to behold, especially his "twist in the tale".

This was followed by the most admirable of the plays, "The Sneeze", carried almost entirely by William Bolton as the hapless junior official who has sneezed on his senior's bald head. Taking place entirely in mime, his amazing range of facial expressions provoked anxious hysteria as his every move placed him in ever growing trouble...



Katherine Farrants and Sam Edenborough

Photograph by G. T. Bird

"The Bear" was the best "Play Play", as widow Popova (Katherine Farrants) is reluctantly courted by boorish landowner Smirnov (Sam Edenborough). The characters here were especially strong, and the story was surprisingly touching, owing to the efforts of the two players, as Smirnov's arrogant behaviour provoked Popova to challenge him to a duel. The affection that developed between the two was carefully handled, thanks to the direction, and praise must go to Matt Sadler's shock appearance with a pitch-fork.

Then came "Swan-Song". It is hard to know what to say about this without offending a very talented cast. (Chekhov undoubtedly wrote it to inspire pathos in the fading of an old actor (Simon Wade). Unfortunately, no matter how well it was staged, the sudden switch between five comedies and a tragedy was just too great. This member of the audience was still in the mood for something to laugh at, and consequently felt cheated. No matter how hard Simon Wade laboured, with occasional additions by Nicholas Ingram — and his acting was remarkable — it was hard to get in the right mood.

It is a tribute to Grafton's director that this was the only false note in an otherwise brilliant set.

J.S. Goss (UVI)

CHATHAM HOUSE
PRESENTS

DIRK
GENTLY'S
HOLISTIC
DETECTIVE
AGENCY

BY
DOUGLAS
ADAMS

DOBINSON
THEATRE
14 -15th

SAT: 7pm
SUN: 9pm
MARCH

Chatham House Play
**DIRK GENTLY'S HOLISTIC
DETECTIVE AGENCY**

by Douglas Adams (adapted by A.E. David & J.S. Goss)

Despite the conviction with which Arvind David, as Dirk Gently, dictates that his services arise from a belief in the "fundamental interconnectedness of all things", a comparable 'interconnectedness' could not be found in the Chatham house play this year. This would be a serious complaint in normal circumstances, but in the direction of 'Dirk Gently's Holistic Detective Agency' by Justin Shasha and Arvind David there was no apology for this.

Combining their skills as directors with James Goss's care in adapting the original Adams novel they managed a pacey, intense, if "unholistic", hour and a half of drama.

If I might dare a summary of events, it went something like this: a cataclysmic bang starts the world off. We are then whisked on "several billion" years to a Cambridge College dinner in honour of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The bumbling Professor Chronotis, Regius Professor of 'Chronology', manages a conjuring trick for a very young guest who for reasons known to herself — and some in the audience — is in distress. This idea of conjuring ushers in a whole realm in which time can be shifted, turned on its head and cackled about. Despite being vaguely rooted in the twentieth century, the audience by the end of the play finds questions like, "Are you saying you told your story to Samuel Taylor Coleridge?" perfectly acceptable! Then there is this young blues singer whose tutor at Cambridge was Chronotis, and he, by climbing through a window into his girlfriend's room (he was trying to make up for being late for a date by surprising her) is accused of murdering the said girl's brother. This murder triggers all manner of baffling problem-solving opportunities for Dirk Gently, the Holistic Detective (who uses a dictionary which misses out everything from "herring" to "marmalade").

Then there is the horse trapped in Chronotis' bathroom. That's very important.

Lastly, there's the Poetry Reader — Justin Shasha — who keeps everything meaningful with bits of 'The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner'. It all comes together in the final minutes when Dirk understands that, like the Ancient Mariner, The Rt. Hon. Michael Wenton-Weakes has to tell his tale in order to survive. It is all pretty straight forward, really.

What this 'structure' provided the cast with was an opportunity to exercise its considerable skill in timing witty, often hilarious quips; and the tempo of their execution was masterfully achieved throughout. David Lewis' Chronotis was not easily rivalled with the timing of his whacky jokes; his admiring underling, Richard MacDuff (Charles Clare), waving hands excepted, managed the befuddled youngster with such zest, such confidence, that one was forced, not unwillingly, to consider the directors both uncannily skilful and very lucky.

Dirk Gently himself was similarly confident; indeed some of his ploys were used with such aplomb and slippery ease that I began to think him painfully smug. Lucky that is what he was meant to be: smug, too clever by half, witty, exuberant and super-confident. He was hilariously offset by the altogether less 'clever' Sgt. Gilks (Oliver Bengough), whose whining, street-wise complaints about Gently nicely highlighted the lofty realms of holistic detection.

The evening was a resounding success: a slick professionalism oiled all parts of the play, the 'smaller' parts committed themselves wholly to their

tasks, the stage changes were simply done and the sound, obviously important at the outset and when time was 'tinkered' with, boomed majestically to make us think what followed important. We had to think that what went before us was significant, somehow valuable. The message, something about Holism — complete with literary resonance in the ardent Coleridge — had to evoke the alluring sense of seeing something of import.

This is the point you see, the audience was played with: never sure whether to take what we heard seriously we were never given enough time to think. This game could never have been played by a less committed, careful, relentless and directed company. Doubtless it worked.

S.H.C.R.

DEAD RINGER



Presented by Bruce House
In The Dobinson Theatre
On Friday 13th and Saturday 14th March
at 9.00 p.m. at 7.30 p.m.

Bruce House Play
DEAD RINGER
by Charles Ross

Adapted from Logan Gourlay's *Prime Pretender*, this play is similar to, but unconnected with, the film *Dead Ringers* (1989), which features Jeremy Irons as identical twins who share everything: face, job and woman. Staged just three weeks before Mr Major's election victory, *Dead Ringer* could hardly be more topical, for its *mise-en-scène* and point of attack are precisely a Prime Minister at 10 Downing Street, on the eve of a General Election.

In Randolph Bolton (portrayed by Duncan Atherton, mark 1) the leader, the party and the government are united in what the media term the

'Bolton Charisma'. Popular with the electorate, he is clearly quite dislikeable as an individual, and more than *primus inter pares* in his Cabinet. A man of destiny, he stands on the threshold of a mandate for a 'new world with justice and freedom and' ... a fatal heart attack. To retain their hold on office, the senior Ministers Frances Cowdray (Frederick Hall) and Dick Marr (Ross Atherton) induce a look-alike actor, Gerry Jackson (Duncan Atherton, mark 2), to impersonate the deceased Bolton for the campaign's duration. A 'ringer' is in horse-racing parlance a substitute double, while 'dead ringer' means idiomatically an exact resemblance, with an apt pun here.

The election is won, the miracle enacted and a tame doctor makes the fix. But the momentum of events sucks Jackson into the maelstrom of a power struggle, though he is aided by the 'unexpected bonus' of Bolton's estranged wife, Eva. A wife can always tell the difference, of course, but love intervenes and Jackson continues the charade.

The dramatic plot, in line with the political plotting, becomes increasingly complex and desperate. The motive forces of acting and politicking are steadily confused, the comedy imitating the probable and necessary actions of men, characterised as ridiculous in their follies and foibles. Jackson, who has a background in provincial rep, doing 'Strindberg or Coward' (either one a useful experience for high office) comments that there is 'more acting going on at Downing Street than at the National Theatre'. The intrigue unfolds every cliché known to political melodrama, briefly summarised as follows: M.P., M.I.5., M.I.6., C.I.A., I.R.A., K.G.B., P.M.; treason, assassination, exposure, cover-up. Any perceived cock-up theory was really no more than a drawn-out conspiracy.

The brothers Atherton were excellent, interpreting their duplicate and multiple personalities with a blend of strength and subtlety; Marr's guile contrasting with Jackson's naivety. The 'women' were equally marvellous. Fred Hall's Mrs. Cowdray, in tweed, twin-sets and pearls, by turns empathetic and decisive, came almost too close to expectation. Andrew Bates realised Eva as a disingenuous tragedienne, Jackson's sleeping partner and secret service sleeper. Francis Wallis astonished with a superbly comic performance as the oleaginous lackey whose slow strangulation in the dark by Marr was much appreciated. Robert Bush brought to his part as Turnbull, a bluff, no-nonsense, North Country straightness. Colonel Hardacre, pretending to be James Whithead, dutifully hid his bemusement under the stiffest of upper lips. Further praise is due to the directors Alex Michael and Duncan Atherton; and to the backstage artisans Gordon Bird, Luke Smith, and Mark Williams.

All the actors were convincing as the convictionless politicians engaged in Machiavellian duplicities: corruption, adultery, betrayal,

blackmail, deception, murder; in short, the common currency of much political life. The cast never short-changed the audience, as they pulled back each seamy layer to reveal the festering heart of things.

Dead Ringer is amusing because it suggests many rigid and ludicrous congruities between the actual and the theatrical. If this is satire, I failed to see its corrective plane. It is rather an old-fashioned farce with the classic ingredients, down to the predictable surprise-ending. At any rate, Bruce got my tactical vote for being spot-on in its historical timing. **Dead Ringer** proved that what counts in politics, as in drama, is playing rôles rather than opinion-polls, psychology and not psephology.

T.A.O.

Cobham House Play UP AND UNDER

Cobham's contribution to this year's Drama Festival was the rather surprising choice of Godber's "Up and Under", which examined the effect upon individual members of a more than inadequate Northern football team, of working as a team for a common goal. Rather dissapointingly performance I watched on the night was not as impressive as one felt it could have been. The effect of the play was reduced by the actors' uncertainty of their lines. However, despite an initially tentative beginning, the actors (perhaps aided by the intimacy of the unimimidatingly small Dobinson Theatre) gradually relaxed, and their acting subsequently became more convincing. The audience appeared to respond particularly well to the younger members of the cast. (The cast did represent a good mixture of years, and thus perhaps fulfilled one of the purposes of the Festival rather better than some of the other houses).

George Passmore had the unenviable task of both directing and acting. I felt he had more success with the first, since he was not entirely convincing in his rôle as Reg Welsh, the smug manager of the rival and far superior football team. Peter Straker played the manager of the football team around which the play was based. Although he seemed a little ill at ease on the stage, he did relax as the show progressed, and maintained his accent admirably. Hugo Reoch was the player Steve, and as such, lost none of his usual confidence, warming to the audience, and achieving an obvious rapport, which acted as an incentive to other, less self-assured members of the cast. He interacted particularly well with Angus Cambell and Tom Harper, who played the team members, Tony and Frank respectively. Angus contributed an enormous amount of energy into the play. Tom too, proved to be a definite asset to the production. His facial expressions were especially noteworthy, and he (as with the rest of the cast), produced a remarkably good Northern accent. Both Paul McSweeney (as player Steve) and

Eloise Corbett (as Hazel) managed to provide contributions which were invaluable, without monopolising the audiences' attention. Eloise did have greater success during her soliloquies, than when interacting with the other actors.

I felt that it was a poor choice of play, meaning that the actors (although they fulfilled their personal abilities) had an immediate disadvantage. The storyline was simple, but perhaps inappropriate for an audience whose experiences were generally remote from those of the characters being portrayed. Similarly the language, although fitting for the plot, was not necessarily ideal for the younger members of the audience.

Clare M. Cox



Lyttelton House Play ON THE RAZZLE

Anyone daring to put on Tom Stoppard's **On the Razzle** is courageous to say the least. With, I should imagine, well over the half the house in the cast or working behind the scenes Lyttelton's production was a heroic achievement even if at times it was not entirely successful. Stoppard is a wizard with word-play and the strength of this otherwise unremarkable farce is in its brilliantly sustained torrent of puns and *double-entendre*. The action takes place in Vienna when two employees decide to take time off without permission and inevitably have to engage in a great deal of disguise, deceit and deviousness to avoid detection. Fatally, almost all of the cast

performed their lines in varyingly strong German accents which meant that your reviewer was conscious throughout the production that he was only catching half the jokes, almost all of which are dependent on precision and clarity of delivery. What was appropriate (and indeed somewhat inevitable) in "a foreigner" played by Leonard von Metzler, was a major drawback for the production as a whole. That is not to say that we didn't enjoy ourselves. There were numerous occasions where the visual humour was strong and the play went forward at a great pace. Alex Cole, who was directing as well as taking a leading part, deserves special mention, and although it is probably invidious to mention individual names in a play like this with a 'cast of thousands' this reviewer must salute in particular two third formers, Ben Bateman and Alex Ratur, for the self-abandon and gusto of their performance — the one as a rollicking coachman and the other as an unbelievably attractive maid! My thanks to everyone involved for introducing me to **On the Razzle**. I shall make a point of seeing it again as soon as possible.

Timothy Stunt.

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (V)



Grenville House Play:
M. Chamberlain (LVI) & S. H. D. Emery (III)

Grenville House Play THE BROWNING VERSION

Plays about school life lend themselves to institutions like School Drama festivals as they appeal to a certain voyeurism in all of us. The strength of Rattigan's play which has made it a time-honoured favourite at Stowe is that the characters are convincing even if we haven't met anyone quite like them. Grenville House's production responded excellently to the challenge and we were treated to an evening of first-rate entertainment. Jonathan

Crawford as Frank Hunter could have stepped out of any Master's Common Room and Sam Emery did indeed step out of a Junior Common Room and achieved an entirely credible performance as Taplow — the schoolboy mystified and yet troubled about the way his classics master's mind operates.

Pride of place must go to Mark Chamberlain who directed the production, for his very well sustained playing of the principal role, Crocker-Harris, the tortured school-master who over the years has increasingly taken refuge behind a mask of cynical detachment. This was very convincing as indeed was was Alex James, his heartless and self-centred wife — can anyone tell me why the part of Mrs Crocker-Harris always seems to be taken by charming and friendly girls who are so far removed in reality from the character they have to play? Negative type-casting perhaps? George Pendle as Headmaster was perhaps a trifle over-ponderous while Simon Murray and Kerry Ives were appropriately awkward and gushing as the Gilberts. The Grenville House Room (formerly the Aurelian Room) is well suited to plays of this sort and this was one more in a line of thespian successes which the House has produced in this location.

Timothy Stunt.

Grenville House Play: Alexandra S. James (LVI)

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (V)



MUSIC AT STOWE

It would be all too easy to write a list of the concerts performed over the past few months, mentioning a few of the works performed and at the end of it the reader may have gained some impression of the work of the music department at Stowe — but not a complete picture. Concerts are important but they should be judged from their educational merits as well as aesthetic accomplishments. We are a school and therefore our work is primarily concerned with the education of the pupils in our charge. Music is such a vast subject and we must continually ask ourselves if we are providing a wide enough range of experiences for the Stoic. For those who wish to perform we have two orchestras, choral society, chapel choir, jazz band, wind band, rock and blues bands and numerous small instrumental groups. For the listener over the past few months we have had three rock concerts, two jazz concerts, an early music concert, three organ recitals, two choral society concerts, two orchestral concerts and weekly instrumental and ensemble recitals.

Not only has Stowe tried to provide its own pupils with new musical experiences but it has taken the initiative of providing other schools with facilities and expertise through instrumental workshops. The workshop for twelve year olds and under, last October was exceedingly successful. Wendy Max, who is renowned for her work with young string players and now heads the string teachers' course at the Royal Academy of Music, took charge of the strings assisted by Robert and Gillian Secret. In a matter of only a few minutes Wendy had these sixty young string players, all below grade 5, and she had never met before, producing a most wonderful sound. Our own Paul Harris and Bram Wiggins respectively took charge of the wind and brass players with a team of helpers.

Only two weeks later Stowe played host to a gathering of young oboe and bassoon players. Organised by our oboe teacher, Melanie Ragge, the British Double Reed Society held master classes for advanced players given by such distinguished performers and teachers as William Waterhouse, Tess Miller and Irene Pragnell. Then in February we held the second of our instrumental workshops, this time for those at an intermediate level.

In addition to these events the North Bucks Guitar Society have met every month at Stowe and these meetings as well as the workshops, have been open to our students. Finally in January we hosted a conference for string teachers in independent schools which was addressed by Angus Watson a former Director of Music at Stowe. Mr. Watson is now director of music at Wells Cathedral School for specialist musicians and we were delighted that he was able to be with us and that he was able to bring with him two of his students, as well as the school's head of strings.

How schools approach their music teaching in the classroom has dramatically altered in the last few

years mainly as a result of the influence of the new GCSE syllabus with its emphasis on performance and creativity. This has led us to rethink our method of teaching in the third forms. No longer do classes sit passively in one room but now all are involved in groups composing or learning to play an instrument. Since October all third formers have learned how to use computers for composition. The techniques of multi-track recording using sequencer packages and multi-timbral synthesizers have become a regular part of the music lessons at Stowe. These techniques are invaluable for GCSE work and soon a complete paper in music technology will be available as an option at 'A' level.

The emphasis on composition at GCSE level has led to the development of many young composers in this country and more pupils offering it as an 'A' level option. In December we were privileged to hear the first performance of an impressive work by one of our sixth formers, Simon Abbott. The work entitled "Songs without Birds" is in three sections and written for piano, clarinet, flute and violin. The first section contains pure birdsong sounds, the second a combination of birdsong and music and the final section, the song of a mythical bird. We are also fortunate that two members of our full-time music staff are distinguished composers, Paul Drayton and Paul Harris, with many publications to their credit.

In the last year or so there has been an increasing involvement of Stoics in singing at all levels, taking its place along side the excellent instrumental achievements of which the school is justifiably so proud. Regular chapel practices and a commitment and enthusiasm from this community has given us strong congregational singing which has done so much to enhance our worship. The chapel choir, now around seventy strong, has been continually raising its standards and gaining in confidence. The candle lit carol service with its moving congregational singing, matched by beautiful carols from the chapel choir, was much appreciated by those who were able to attend. The choir also gave a concert in the Autumn Term showing that they had now established a large repertoire of anthems from which they could now draw. We were also delighted to hear that two of last year's members of the chapel choir have gained choral scholarships at Oxford: Emma Hornby at Worcester College and Giles Underwood at Magdalen. The choral society, thanks to the support of some houses, is enjoying a revival and therefore more Stoics are taking the opportunity to learn how to express themselves through music. The concert at the end of the Autumn Term included Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana". Both choral society and orchestra coped extremely well with Orff's dramatic changes of mood and metre and the sometimes complicated rhythms. The exquisite soprano soloist, Jenny Arkhurst, particularly deserves mention and we hope she will return to Stowe on a future occasion.

The standard of our instrumentalists remains high.

We were very proud that a wind trio consisting of Sam Edenborough (clarinet), Mark Holt (flute) and Robert Mills (oboe) got through to the semi-finals of the National Chamber Music Competition. In the Buckingham Festival our pupils won the following classes:

Woodwind fifteen years and under, and the eighteen years and under, as well as the cup for achieving the highest mark in all woodwind classes — Mark Holt.

Concerto class — Sam Edenborough.

Brass fifteen years and under, and the Brackley Brass Band Cup for achieving the highest mark in all brass classes — Angus McCarey.

We have also been very pleased with the large number of Stoics taking the higher grades in the Associated Board and Trinity Examinations, as well as the advanced Performer's Certificate.

The Clarinet Quartet and Jazz Band are finding themselves much in demand to perform in the area and further afield. Recently the Clarinet Quartet performed very successfully at a dinner in the Guildhall which was attended by the Lord Mayor of London. On two separate Sundays we have had a String Festival and a Wind and Brass Competition (which is written up elsewhere in this issue). It was very encouraging to hear that the strings are developing at Stowe and that two of this year's music scholars Angus Havers (St. Paul's) and Angus McCarey (Christ Church) are making such an impression on the 'cello. The playing was all judged by the violinist Pauline Lowbury, whose warm personality and helpful comments made this such an enjoyable day.

It is very encouraging to see so much music making going on at Stowe in different styles and at all levels. It is also immensely satisfying to find that music is so much an important part of the life of this great school and there is a considerable enthusiasm being generated by both teachers and Stoics alike.

J.C.G.

THE BLUES NIGHT

Saturday 11th January saw Stowe's first Blues and Rock concert since the summer of 1991, when Lee Harris was at the forefront of the school's "Rock scene". The show was well produced and performed by both Stoics and members of staff, and kept the small but intimate audience entertained for 1 hour and 40 minutes.

The audience was not as large as one might have expected for a Blues concert in the Roxburgh Hall. However, with Nick Conlin (drums), Richard Rajkowski (bass), Carleton Royds (guitar), Sam Edenborough (saxophone), James Williams (trumpet), Dan Moulthrop (harmonica), Nick Bishop had all he needed to give his all, which he did with remarkable style, effort and feeling. It

has to be said that this young 5th former will go on to be one of the finest guitarists the school has seen for a long time.

The first half provided various renditions of those well known Blues tunes such as B.B. King's "Beer Drinking Woman", and the excellent, if not somewhat distorted version of Billy Joel's "New York State of Mind", played superbly (although hampered by a faulty microphone) by Mr. Drayton on Piano.

Nick Bishop addressed the crowd between songs, relieving the tension with his great sense of humour, reducing nerves and producing an excellent atmosphere. This helped the second half to go much more smoothly. Unfortunately, Seb Hennessey's talent was not shown to its full potential, because of a slight technical hitch!

All in all, the whole evening was a success; the bands were excellent, and to those who missed it, I can only say: bad luck! Well done and congratulations to everyone, especially to Nick Bishop, for a great evening's entertainment.

B.W.T. Llewelyn (MVI)



C. W. R. plays the Blues Photograph by G. T. Bird (LVI)

CELEBRITY CONCERT

"His Majesties Sagbutts and Cornets".
Stowe Chapel, 18th January, 8.00pm.

The group of seven musicians made their debut at the church of St. Martin-in-the-Fields in September, 1982. Since then their career has quickly developed, and they have an impressive track-record that includes a recording of Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo* with the Monteverdi Choir and John Eliot Gardiner.

The name stems from a collection of music by Matthew Locke called "the five part things for His Majesties Sagbutts and Cornets", and written for the coronation of Charles II in Westminster Abbey.

The players performed a comprehensive programme of music written during the Renaissance and early Baroque eras.

It was fascinating to see and hear replicas of the original instruments; a 'cornet' is an early form of trumpet. It is wooden, and is like a long, slightly curved recorder in shape. It has no keys or valves, but uses a trumpet's mouthpiece.

A 'Sagbutt' is most similar to the modern day trombone; however the 'Bass Sagbutt' is about six feet in length!

The instruments, together with a pipe organ, produced a very brass-like sound, which was extremely refined in balance and slightly harsher than a modern trumpet's tone. This I think, explained the invigorating and exciting feel of the music.

The setting of the Chapel and the excellent ensemble playing (and, indeed, the virtuosity of the solos) combined to make this a most enjoyable evening.

S.G. Edenborough (LVI)

NEVER PLAY LOUDER THAN BEAUTIFUL

The Woodwind and Brass Prizes 1992.

Occasionally, in our relatively routine (though rarely prosaic) day to day lives, something rather exciting takes place. Such an event, perhaps somewhat surprisingly, was this year's Woodwind and Brass Prizes. Excitement manifests itself in many forms — and it is indeed the lucky person who is receptive to these many forms — a place, a painting, a person, a piece of music, or poetry, a physical experience, the sudden understanding of some conceptual thought — just some of so many potential excitements available to all. But why the Woodwind and Brass Prizes? The performance of music — which some have argued, is the purest form of human expression — can be achieved to a very high level at almost any standard. We were indeed lucky, those of us who attended all day, to hear some performances that truly aspired to these heights. And the performances were further stimulated by the

presence of an excellent adjudicator, Alan Taylor — my own teacher and still very much the charismatic Director of Music at Haberdasher's Askes' School. Music is such a fascinating art, and one capable of an infinite variety of meanings. The particular excitements of the day were partly due to the excellent performances — performances that often displayed a profound musical maturity, and partly to Alan's perceptive comments.

From time to time I spend hours pondering the elusive question: what makes a great performance? Apart from the obvious, I believe it to be *humility* — an integrity of purpose that leads to direct communication via the performer, from composer to listener. I felt Alan also believes this; many of his comments suggested it. But my favourite comment of the day, and one that I shall continually repeat to my pupils was: 'Always remember — however loud you must play, never play louder than beautiful.'

P.D.H.

Sunday March 22nd, 1992

Verdi Requiem

Ingrid Attrot — Soprano
Linda Hibberd — Mezzo Soprano
Julian Gavin — Tenor
Christopher Parke — Bass

Stowe Choral Society
Buckingham Music Society
Queen's Temple Singers

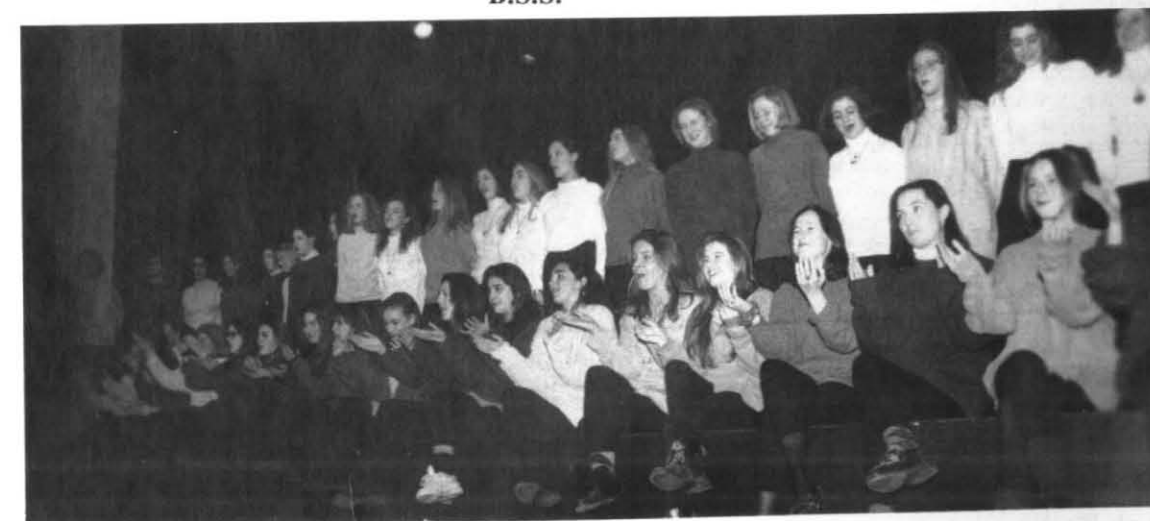
Conductor — John Cooper Green

The Verdi *Requiem* has been performed twice here within recent memory, under Angus Watson in 1963, and David Gatehouse in 1980. It seems possible that last term's performance was the most impressive for sheer grandeur; with three choirs at his command John Green had an immense volume of sound at his disposal; in fact, the Chapel may be thought too restrictive for sound on such a scale; on the other hand, its acoustics, like the Albert Hall's, have the merits of their defects, producing a warmth and immediacy that could be lost elsewhere. Moreover, the decibels were distributed and an illusion of greater spaciousness created by the customary practice of siting a section of the brass elsewhere, in this case in the organ loft. This is a work of violent, sometimes sudden contrasts of tone and mood, requiring the most carefully disciplined response from orchestra and choir in particular, and on this occasion the response was magnificently sustained. Apart from the obvious example at the outset of the pious prayer rudely shattered by the turbulence of the *Dies Irae* there was the superbly dramatic effect in 'Rex tremendae maiestatis' where a 'tremendous' descent of the basses from *ff* to *pp* in three bars is followed by a *pianissimo* repetition

of the words on a repeated three part chord: this was beautifully done and very moving. In fact, all the choral work was sheer joy to hear. Of the soloists, the soprano and mezzo-soprano seemed to me the most effective. Ingrid Attrot had an effortless clarity and sweetness, reaching even the highest notes with a purity not unlike Heather Harper's in the 1963 performance. In striking contrast were the weightier, more measured tones of Linda Hibberd in her one solo, the sombre, menacing *Liber Scriptus*, with the muttered *pppp Dies Irae* as a recurrent counterpoint. The bass, Christopher Parke, in his two solos seemed a little lacking in power, and less happy on the lower register than the upper. The tenor, Julian Gavin, was too strident and flamboyant (for my taste) even for this quasi-operatic work. Even with the text in front of me I could hardly follow him. Why is it that most performances of choral works, secular or liturgical, assume one of two premises (or both): either (snobbishly) that the audience is already completely au fait with the text or (cynically) that the words do not matter anyway? However, one of the most luminous moments of the evening was the Quartet's rendering of the Offertorio, in particular the exquisite passage 'sed sanctus signifer Michael... lucem' and the closing bars of the whole section.

In contrast with other equally well-known *Requiems* this must be one of the most challenging and rewarding for the orchestral players, especially with its strong writing for brass and percussion. Except for a little occasional uncertainty in the strings the orchestra finely complemented the choral work, with admirable vigour and precision. I heard that some thought the tempo rather slow; it did not seem so to me, nor indeed to be much slower than that suggested in my copy. A large audience, which included many from the local community, was warmly appreciative of the performance, and our thanks and congratulations are due to John Green and all those who had worked so hard with him for our delight.

B.S.S.



House Singing Competition: Nugent

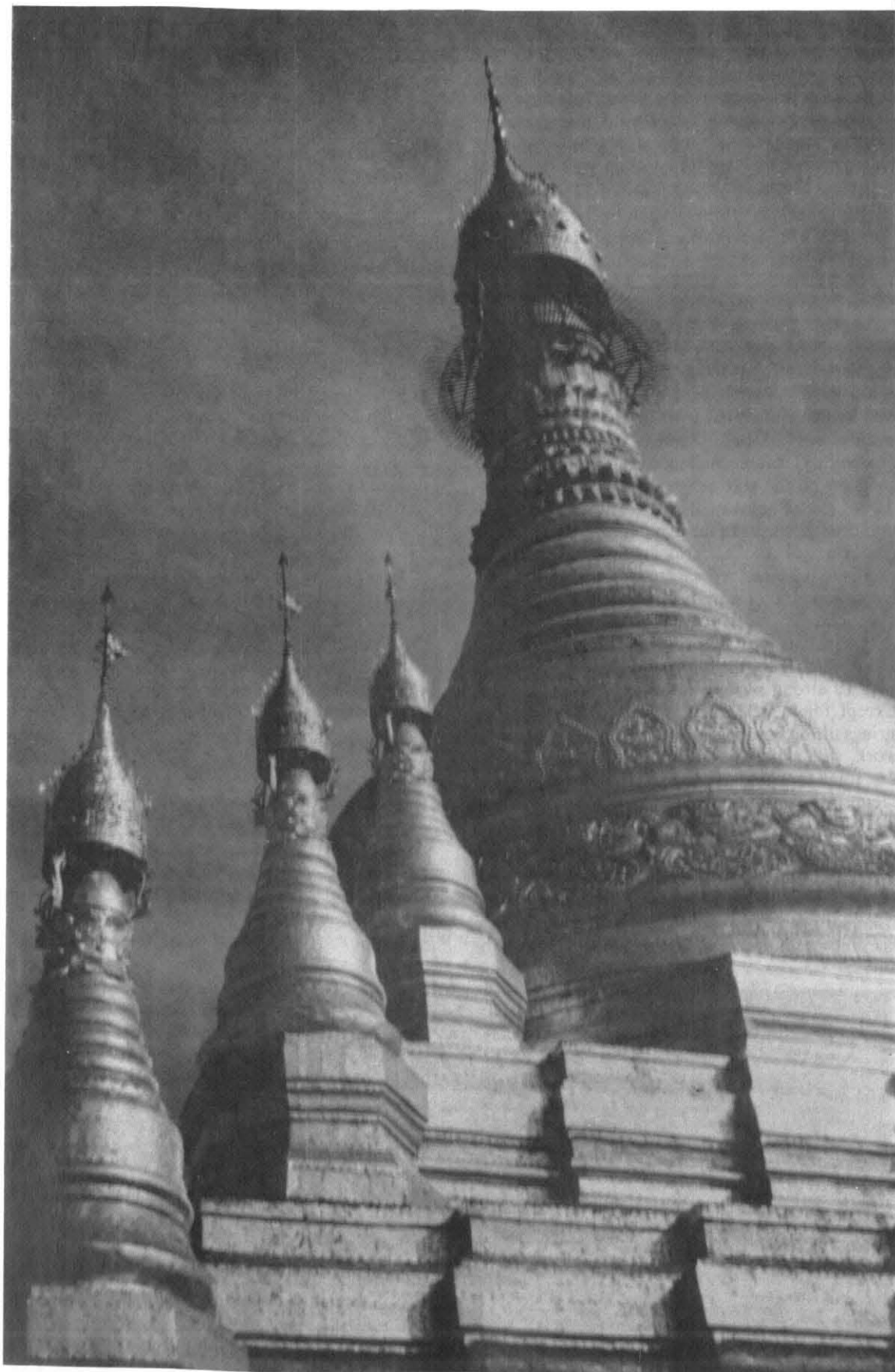
RECITAL

by Sam Edenborough and Nicholas Smith in the
State Music Room, 8 March, 1992

The School's senior pupil clarinetists, Sam Edenborough and Nicholas Smith, gave an exciting recital warmly received by the audience, who thoroughly enjoyed the sheer musicality of the performances. The varied and demanding programme of pieces, ranging from Mozart's much-loved Clarinet Concerto to modern compositions by Reger, Arnold and Jolivet, amply displayed the expertise and sensitive alertness of the two principals. Both clarinetists performed Reger's Sonata in A flat, enabling the lay audience to deepen its acquaintance with the challenging chromatic angularities of this piece. Nicholas Smith's playing of the contrasting composition by Krommer (Concerto in E flat major) impressively displayed his involvement in the composition and a technique directed to that end. Everyone in the audience will have particular memories, and for this writer these include the two Fantasies by Arnold and Jolivet. Sam Edenborough showed fine understanding of the structure of these compositions, exhilaratingly so in his unaccompanied performance on saxophone of Jolivet's *Fantasie-Improvisation*, which deftly captured the rhythmic variations and melodic/harmonic exploration of the piece.

Thanks must also go to Richard Heyes' piano accompaniment — integral to the evening's musical entertainment — and, of course, to Paul Harris for arranging this event, and to the Music Department for the many performances they provide through the year, as entertaining as they are educational.

E.S.T.



Photograph by W. P. Boswell (MVI)

THE EYE OF THE NEEDLE

*"Tis most true
That musing meditation most affects
The pensive secrecy of desert cell,"*

Milton, *Comus*

Guru Ben-Tobi sat atop his thin metal pillar and talked to God:

"So God, who is this Michael Jackson anyway?"

The reply was a long time in coming.

While he waited, Guru Ben-Tobi surveyed the landscape from his small metal platform on top of the high metal pole on which he had sat for nearly twenty years. Contemplating.

He was a mystic. Most mystics of this kind sought their pillars in the raw desert. Unfortunately, the Brotherhood of Shah-Gadrak, to which Guru Ben-Tobi was attached had never had that sort of money. Consequently his communing with God was done in a small field just outside Basingstoke.

He had rarely received visitors, apart from the daily ministrations of the Brotherhood, which consisted of filling and emptying various buckets he lowered to them. The only other visitors, until now, had come in search of enlightenment.

Guru Ben-Tobi's present visitor was a journalist from the "SUN."

The Guru peered down at the man, observing with some distaste his sharp suit and pony-tail. In his day reporters wore trench-coats and asked pertinent questions. The Guru felt his talents were being wasted.

He sighed; for twenty years he had pondered the nature of existence, solved the meaning of life, and decided that God did not exist. However, he had found no-one else with whom to have an intelligent conversation.

The answer came back from God. Michael Jackson had apparently walked on the moon, and sang pop music, a bit like 'The Beatles'. Well, not much like 'The Beatles', but Guru Ben-Tobi was terribly out of touch.

He looked down at the reporter and called "No, I'm afraid that the answer to your question is that Michael Jackson is not the Messiah, I'm afraid".

"Sure?"

"Absolutely"

The "SUN" reporter smiled, and noted this down. The Guru had proved very useful to him. He helped him complete the small boxes of interesting information that regularly filled up space. He was known to the staff as "Swami Barmy", for reasons which had long since ceased to be amusing.

"Guru," cried the reporter "What does God think of the others, like Kylie. Yeah. What does the Almighty think of Kylie?"

Kay-Lee? This was a new one. Was this another, fellow mystic, also plumbing the depths of the human soul and providing profound insights?

"Kay-Lee?" he queried.

"Yeah. She's Australian," the reporter added. Australian? He hadn't even realised they believed in God in Australia. Things had changed.

The journalist shrugged. "She's a singer and actress. She was in 'Neighbours'. A Soap."

"A soap? Oh, as in a soap-opera. Yes I remember those. There was one on that I used to watch before I joined the Brotherhood. It had been going five years, but was running out of steam already. Perhaps you remember it 'Coronation Street'?"

"Ah."

"Ah?"

"It's still going."

"Good grief. Somethings never change. Tell me, is there anything else you want to know for the day?"

"Yes, Guru. We've been featuring you for so long, we thought we'd do a little feature piece on you."

"Really?"

"Yes. Many readers are so inspired by your divinations that they want to know more."

"It sounds as though you have a very erudite inquisitive readership."

"So, Guru — when did you first decide to do this?"

"What, you mean renounce the world and get closer to God? Twenty years ago, or so. I used to scratch off the days on this platform, but I ran out of space. I decided to do it because I felt unsatisfied with my spiritual being. I wanted more. I wanted to understand everything."

"And do you?"

"Oh yes."

"So why don't you come down?"

"Because the Brotherhood won't let me. They're frightened I might tell people about the important things. All this is small fry. We're talking about Creation, Existence, Lord Lucan..."

"Lord Lucan?"

"Sorry. Trade secret. No, I'll stay here till my dying day — which won't be far off. Every other ascetic gets to sunbathe, and all I get is fog, rain and sleet — it plays havoc with my sackcloth, I'm telling you."

"Do you feel it's been worthwhile?"

"Hmmm. Tell me something. Stand still, stare at the sky and just let the thoughts enter your head."

Ten minutes passed.

"How do you feel?"

"Bored."

"You've got it. Imagine twenty sodding years of it. No-one to talk to but an unimportant being who very probably doesn't exist anyway. Of course you get the odd revelation. Bound to, if you've got nothing to do, and long enough to do it in. Worse still is the fact that I never could stand heights."

The reporter coughed, and shuffled uncomfortably. He'd heard a bit too much truth, and not enough about sex.

"Thank you Swami," he said, "that'll do for

today." He shut his dog-eared notebook.

"Pleasure to talk to you. Or anybody for that matter." The Guru stroked his flowing white beard slowly, mournfully.

"Any last tips?"

"Yes. 4.15 'Runner Boy'. Can't lose."

J.S.Goss (UVI)



Photograph by W. P. Boswell (MVI)

JOYRIDER

As the setting sun descended into the western sky, a lone figure stood silhouetted against it. He wore an expensive leather jacket, a Sekonda watch and sickly leer. A rictus of a grin spread across his plump face, made featureless by a diet of convenience food. The hunter had found its prey.

A new Porsche sat languishing like a fat Persian cat in front of a house much like the one Lee had emerged from not half an hour before. Vivid images of fast driving from *Classic Cars* and *Top Gear* raced through the mind of the lone figure. He approached the Porsche slowly, stealthily, until he stood parallel with it on the pavement. It was a hot summer evening and a smell of luxuriant leather emanated from the car's half-open window. In what could be construed as a gesture of respect, had it not been for the splintering crash that followed, Lee lovingly caressed the car.

Several minutes later, the shattered plastic of the Porsche's ignition lay strewn across the pavement. Lee climbed into his new acquisition, the first smells of autumn sweeter than fine honey in his nostrils. He would show those pussy test drivers a thing or two tonight. With a deep sigh, he gunned the purring engine into explosive life, its resounding roar shattering the serene quiet that surrounded it.

A black and white Ford Sierra sat discreetly in a lay-by near junction 9 of the M4, its presence masked by the cloak of darkness. Special Constable Asher yawned; late night motorway duty was becoming too much for him. The remaining hair under his cap was daily gaining a whiter pallor, and

upon the dashboard rested a picture of his grandson giggling in his cot. As he looked at it, his thoughts wandered and sentimental pride filled his tired mind. Suddenly, preceded only by a low roar, a black shape shot through the night along Asher's stretch of motorway. Asher, instantaneously roused from his reminiscences, fumbled for his radio. The words 'O my God, its not working' raced through the Constable's mind at breakneck speed: he knew only too well their implication. Reluctantly, Asher's hand reached for his ignition. The chase was on.

As Lee heard the distant siren and saw a blue light flashing angrily in the distance, his soul was in turmoil. Fear, anger, apprehension wracked him and the seconds seemed like an eternity. The eternity was terminated in the twinkling of an eye. That which had driven him to steal a car and drive it to its limits, drove him to ignore the approaching policeman as a challenge. Resolutely, his sweating palm gripped the pulsating gearstick and he eased the car into 5th gear. His eyes were glazed in ecstasy: he was the king of the midnight road.

Asher squinted against the glare thrown out by his headlights, his eyes aching from their constant search for cars other than the object of his pursuit. His heart beat faster, faster. The Sierra was already shaking, pushed way beyond its safe speed limit. At 120mph on a lonely motorway at midnight, a grandfather fought with his senses every bit as much as he fought with the driver in front of him.

Lee's ecstasies ended as they had begun — in an instant. He was approaching the Chiswick flyover and he had passed his last escape point. Panicking, he slammed his foot on the brakes, producing an ear-splitting screech. Having stopped, he stared ahead for a moment, indecisive. His adrenaline flowed, he sweated profusely, the lust returned: drive, faster, stunt. Having executed a near perfect three point turn, he sped off in the direction from whence he had come.

Asher watched in horror as his quarry turned and headed towards him. 'Why? What should...' such questions re-echoed through his mind, numbed by fatigue, and added to his confusion. Meanwhile Lee's ecstasy returned as he realised that he could make this pig 'go chicken' to avoid a collision. Proud with his theory, he calmly increased his speed until even the Porsche engine was protesting against his recklessness. The car's drew ever nearer, Lee sure that his enemy would 'chicken'; Asher was lost in indecision.

Asher suddenly snapped out of his quandary, and his survival instinct took over. He wrenched the wheel to the left, tugging at it with all his strength. Lee sat watching, motionless. Ecstasy distilled instantaneously into dread. A fraction of a second later a fireball erupted across the Berkshire countryside that could be seen twenty miles away. The joyride had ended.

S.J. Farrant (V)



Painting by D. R. Rayne (MVI)

JUST AN ESTATE AGENT

The red, polished Golf GTI drew up in front of a bleak suburban box, one of an endless row of human packing cases. 'Not quite unique, but a good pied a terre for someone wishing to remain anonymous', mused the grey pin-striped purveyor of fine houses, as he affectionately thought of himself while emerging from his chariot with a well rehearsed ease.

Scarcely had this perfect exit been achieved when a filthy Ford Cortina pulled up behind the Golf. The door was flung open and a demure, dusky gentleman hauled himself up onto the pavement, 'Slightly less than spotless, but efficient and economical', thought the pin-striped figure, principally regarding the Cortina, with fractionally more than a fleeting reference to its owner.

Mr. Patel slammed the door of his Cortina and shambled down the street to where the purveyor of fine houses stood aloof by the door of number forty-six Leighton Avenue, the sun glinting appreciatively off his painstakingly polished shoes.

"Mr Houghton?" enquired Mr. Patel, almost overpowered by the odour of Fahrenheit as he drew close to Mr. Houghton, who by now had adopted his tight, 'professional' smile.

"Mr. Patel, good morning. After an extensive search by my agency, I think I can safely say that we've found what you're looking for", exclaimed Mr. Houghton. As he paused for breath, his trained cheek muscles heated his smile slightly, for as he always said after his second G and T in the Red Lion, it is the small gestures in life that count, although the cheery looking barmaid never more than nodded at Mr. Houghton's inebriated philosophy.

Having made the standard greeting, Mr. Houghton slid an expensively manicured hand into the pocket of his Harvey Nichols suit and produced, clasped in fingers adorned with an Aspreys cygnet ring, the slightly rusted door key.

Mr. Houghton proceeded to stride up the path with an athletic vigour followed by Mr. Patel, who, from his loping gait, made it obvious that his usual method of transport involved the Cortina. Upon reaching the door, Mr. Houghton paused for a moment, with what in any other type of person might be labelled apprehension, but estate agents were not allowed to possess such 'green' emotions, and so, as he stood momentarily indecisive, Mr. Houghton set his mind at rest by putting it down to politeness.

Finally drawing breath, Mr. Houghton, with familiar ease, flamboyantly inserted and turned the key, and in the same motion flung the door open wide, as if presenting gold to a king. Then, he looked inside, and instantaneously a shiver of Armageddon passed down the back of his expensive grey suit. It was a shambles and professionally suicidal phrases like 'bombsite' and 'utter tip'

flashed through his mind.

Having regained his composure within seconds, Mr. Houghton proceeded in professionally descriptive manner. "This house, as you can see, has an inviting, lived-in look and with a little cosmetic work here and there, it can be transformed into a real dream-house." Having completed his sermon, the purveyor of fine houses added as an after thought, "Would you like to take a look round?"

To Mr. Houghton's stunned surprise, Mr. Patel did not exhibit the signs of someone shocked by the house's appalling state, but merely remained expressionless.

Thus the purveyor of fine houses mused, when he considered this self-bestowed title in the light of his latest job: everyone has their off days. As he strode from room to room, the spring gradually drained from his step, and his repertoire of carefully phrases slowly subsided: the pokey rooms seemed to become worse and worse. Meanwhile, Mr. Patel's expression never altered and his deep eyes saw little and noticed nothing.

At length, the pair arrived on the doorstep and, just as Mr. Houghton was considering whether it would actually be an insult to his client to ask him if he wanted to buy the house, Mr. Patel spoke up in a remarkably assuming voice for someone of his lowly stature: "I'll take it."

With remarkable suddenness, a multitude of phrases such as 'madman' and 'he must be blind' shot at breakneck speed through Mr. Houghton's mind. However, at this point, training took over and he merely nodded with rehearsed grace and remarked that his office would be in contact soon.

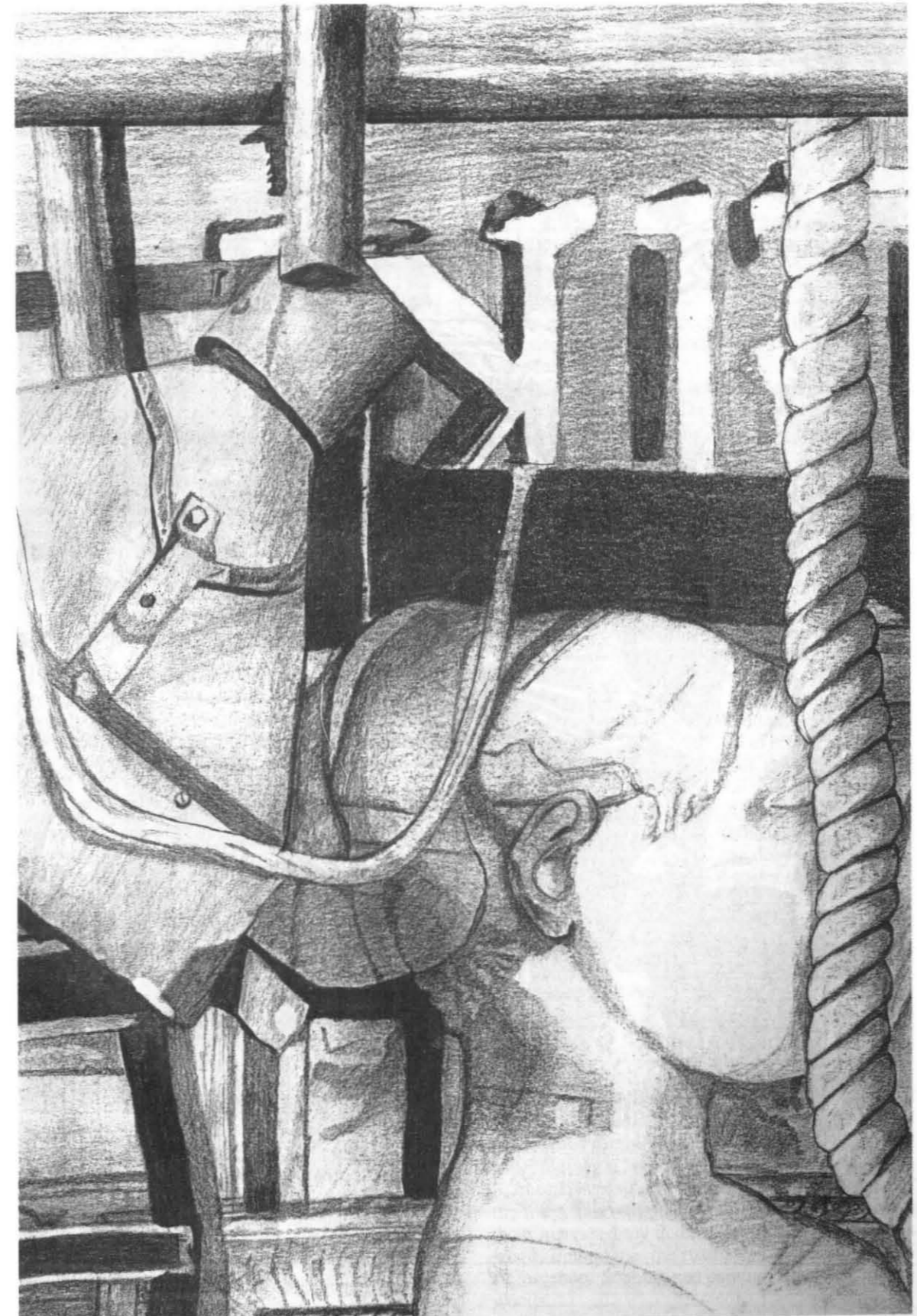
Ten minutes later, as Mr. Houghton drove his GTI slightly too fast down a dual carriageway, a pang of guilt flashed through his mind and he wondered if he shouldn't have pointed out some of the faults as well as some of the virtues of his latest 'fine house', but he consoled himself with the thought that he was 'just an estate agent'.

S. F. Farrant (V)



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

Dyslexia Institute National Competition "As I See It"



Drawing by T. Hope-Johnstone, winner of Intermediate Section



By Nick Mason. Drawn from a photograph

RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF



I

His eyes look weary, his hair tangled, his face is wrinkled and his lips are chapped. On his face a scratch covers his right cheek and he has bags under his eyes from days without sleep. He is a castaway on a small secluded island in the Pacific Ocean, and he has only one companion, the sea.

After three years on his own the man has learned to hate nothing and live on what has been provided for him by Mother Nature.

He speaks to himself and in his mind he has composed a melody that describes the island. He knows that no one will ever hear it.

G.R.E. Cahusac, mi

II

Once he had been rich, not extravagantly wealthy, but rich. He had lost that. His upturned face resembled his life; he was now what he had resented, a beggar, and for that he resented himself and the chaotic world which enclosed him. His puckered lip and snarled glare gave him his unsavoury presence, this and the pungent odour which followed him. The wretch was awesome! His mesh of hair showed how he lived, unmanicured or shaved, things he was used to. He longed for a bar of soap; a razor or scissors were dreams beyond his capability, but he looked for anything.

Still, he was a good beggar, his eyes penetrated his victims, they froze whilst their conscience melted. He scavenged a living that way. But now it was lunch; he sat on the floor, the wall propping him up, and scanned the waves of possible money before him as he nibbled his chocolate. He looked up to them, full of hate and spite.

C.D.H. Clare

Dyslexia section ends here.

SUSPENSE IN THE WOODS

The wizened old face peered out at me. "He lives in the middle of the woods" was the answer to my question.

A few minutes later I was strolling along the path through the woods. The tints of the landscape immediately surrounding me made it clear that it was Autumn. The afternoon sun shone faintly through the pattern of trees, which was strangely reminiscent of something I had once read in a novel.

That old woman had said that the signpost would be somewhere fairly near the east side of the woods, but it seemed to have disappeared without trace.

Half an hour later I was still searching for the signpost, except now the dark was drawing in and everything was bathed in an eerie half-light. Again and again I told myself it was nothing more than a trick of the light, but failed to do this convincingly.

Quarter of an hour later, I was cutting my way through the tangle of foliage and fallen trees. I had decided to give up my search and return tomorrow.

But the path proved almost as elusive as the signpost and, reckoning I was only quarter of an hour ahead of total darkness, I quickened my stride.

I had not proceeded far, though, before the rise and fall of voices stopped me dead in my tracks. As I stopped, a twig snapped under my foot and the voices died away. "Excuse me", I called out, "where's the path?" No answer came. There was a low throaty whisper to my right, followed by a rustle of leaves behind me. As my unease deepened, I felt something wet on my forehead and could not help calling out. "Is anyone there?" I cried, but all I heard in reply was another rustle of leaves. I broke into a run, with leaves rustling in my wake.

I knew that the sound behind me was caused by the rain, but I could not help thinking that someone was chasing me. My foot connected with a root and I stumbled, but the pause between sprawling and up sprinting again was as short as possible.

Ahead of me I saw the dark looming shapes of the trees: the souging sound of the wind through them increased my determination to get out of this wood. Behind me, the rustling of leaves built up to a crescendo. Sobbing and panting, I burst out of the woods.

C.R. Merton (III)

STOIC TRAVELOGUE



From St. Mark's Venice

Photograph by Mr Melber

On the Grand Canal, Venice



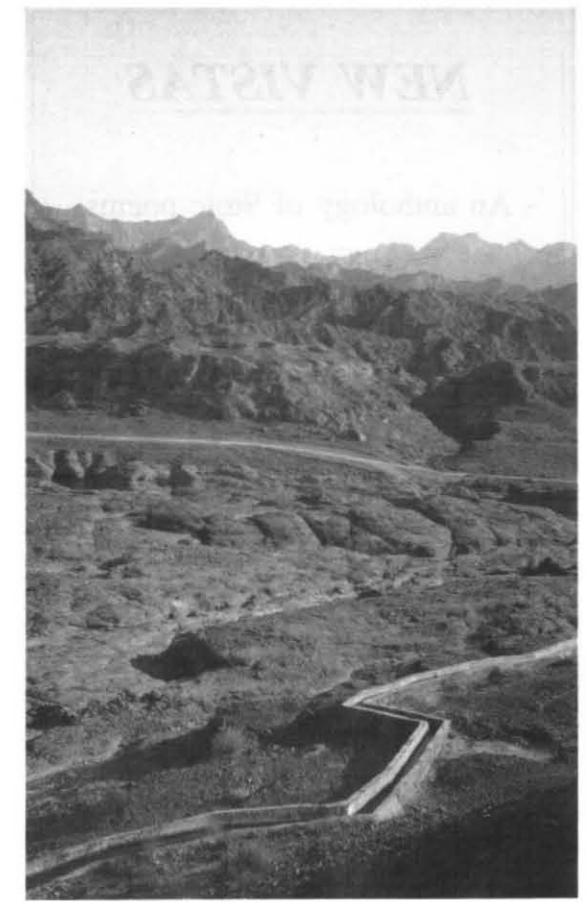
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Photograph by Mr Melber



Kenya

Photograph by Chloe Lederman



Dubai/Oman border

Photograph by Zara Y. Hearn (MVI)



Art Trip to Venice

Photograph by K. M.

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NEW VISTAS

An anthology of Stoic poems
1987 — 1992

Edited by
Dr. Anthony Ozturk

Published by
The Corinthian Press

Available from the Stowe
bookshop:
£3.50 plus post and package

CONCENTRATING

Frustration steams inside
one's shallow concentration
when the limit is hit,
which is so much lower
than every-day challenges.
Then one's mind is drowned
in recognition of our
stupid little actions.

Swiftly squashed all ideas
back into that dusty room
with the frustrating view
of those enviable blue skies.

Thoughts of oneself,
so distant and so deep,
fearfully grasp us like
a test of character.
It is then we experience
madness, more gripping
and swifter than our sanity.

N.W. Bishop (V)

A YEAR'S HARVEST'

A plough tears at the face of a field
Scarring summer's green to autumn brown,
Swirling gulls form a billowing gown:
All preparation for next year's yield.

The long brown furrows are disturbed again,
Churned up by the red seed drill
Dragged clanking complaining up the hill.
Dusty soil softens to gently falling rain.

Frosty nights lead to freezing days.
Blizzard-winds turn rain to snow,
Snow that smothers all trying to grow,
Turning dull browns to dazzling greys.

Spring thaws winter's frost
Trickling brooks begin to swell
Winds blow forth spring's earthy smell
Tender green shoots in a sea of mud are lost.

Brown turns to green as spring pushes on
Green shoots now grow tall and straight
Weeds are entangled in the woden gate
Days get warmer as spring pauses and is gone.

Golden stalks of corn wave in summer's breeze
Land a patchwork quilt of yellow-brown,
Silence broken by the clatter of a distant town
As sunlight makes patterns through the trees.

Field is awakened by the farmer's return
Gate is thrown back to reveal a sea of gold.
Harvest is a hurry, the grain must be sold:
The cycle re-starts having run a full turn.

S.D. Nicholson (V)

ME, MYSELF, AND I

Now that I cannot hear, I hear better than ever,
Now that I cannot see, I can see better than
before.

Here I drift in a void of nothing,
In another dimension.
Not as matter, or force, but as thought,
From within you.
I guide your thought and govern your deeds,
And you will thank me.

For those moments that you enjoy, you will
praise me.
And for those moments that you resent, you
should thank me,
As they will teach you new things.

From here I look down upon you.
I see black and white,
The smog is dispersed with snow drops,
Against this we must fight.
I see love and hate; joy and sadness; lust and
timidness.

I died that you may learn from my life.
Respect me as I am you, and your ideas are
mine.

C.D.H. Clare (V)

Photograph by Natasha Gilchrist (LVI)



HOPE'S END

Bitter winds blowing,
The grey skies glare.
A coast of no promise,
A beach unveiled.

Weathered canvas heads skyward,
A chain pulled taut.
The stretched netting still as ever,
A shadowy figure lights a torch.

Bound hard the ship's steps rise
Leading only to a hopeless gold.
The food is sparse and the water salty,
And the boat moored for eternity.

R.D.J. Rajkowski (V)

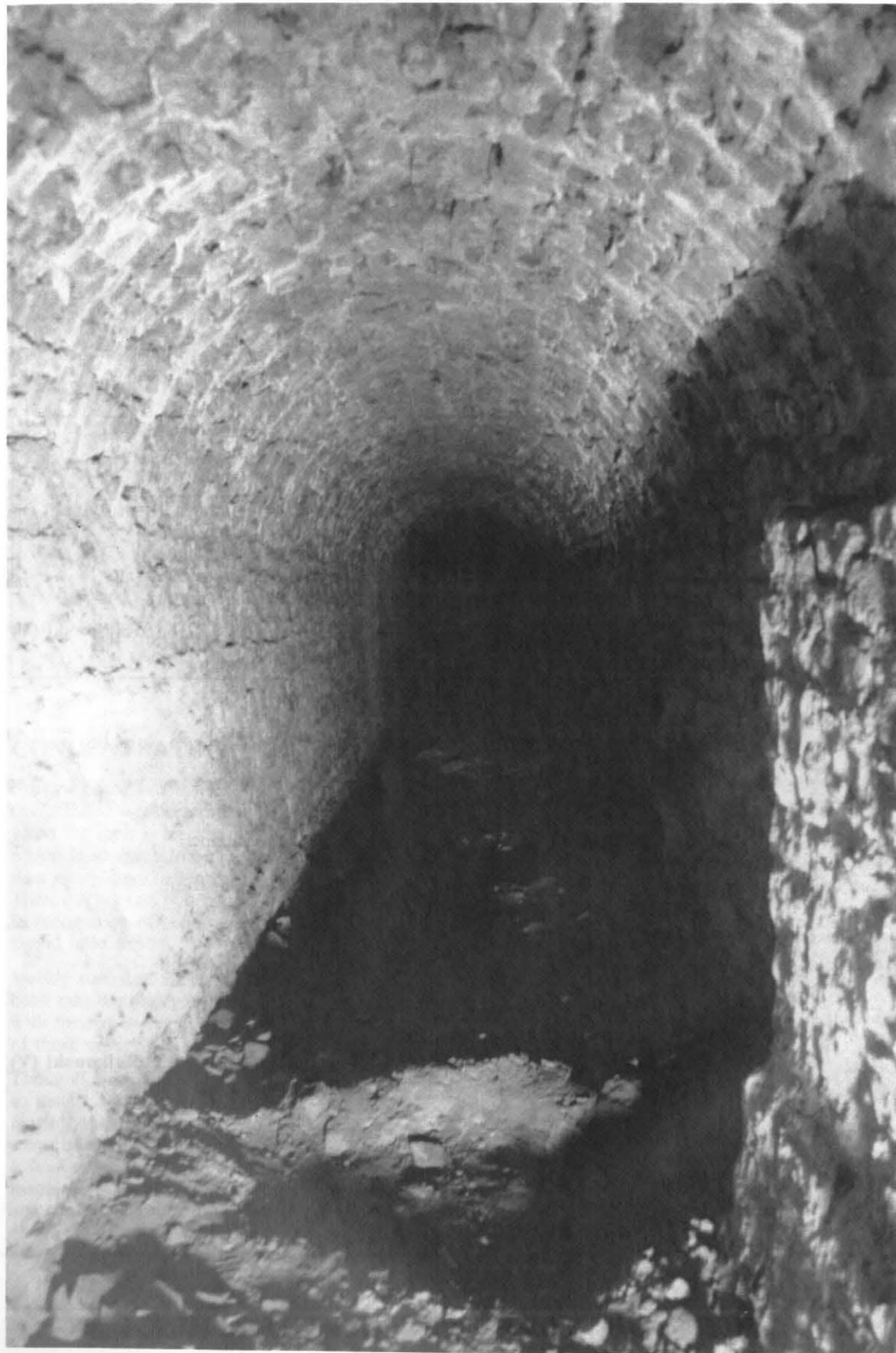
COLOURS

The colours start to fade
as darkness seeps through
my ears and mouth. Voices
reverberate a stony silence.

The inane design of the once
intricate world is blown
away as grains in a sand-storm.
Life's meaning is weathered
and torn from my spirit.

Expressionless faces wonder by
on the street outside
casting cutting glances
towards my curtained windows.

R.D.J. Rajkowski (V)



March 1992. C&V basement peristyle vault South side, looking West.

Photograph by M. J. B.

“A WORK TO WONDER AT”

Alexander Pope's description of Stowe has rarely been more apt than over the last year. Not since the garden's construction in the eighteenth century has so much been done both to the buildings and the landscape. Residents and visitors alike have had cause to wonder at and admire the impressive progress of the National Trust's vast programme of restoration.

Half a dozen temples have already been repaired or restored. *Seasons' Fountain*, the first in the programme, was completed in October 1991 and now just awaits its pair of flanking wooden seats and two drinking bowls. The architrave has been restored with an additional frieze and the white marble has had a clean, although the old problem of unsightly algae has yet to be solved. On the opposite bank of the Alder River *Captain Thomas Grenville's Column*, also part of the first phase, has emerged from its cocoon of scaffolding and plastic sheeting to boast some newly carved rostral prows. The badly weathered stone of the main column has been consolidated with a lime treatment, a process originally developed for the west front of Wells Cathedral, and the fading inscriptions have been deepened. The lead statue in the guise of a muse has returned to her watch-post on top of the column, newly painted in a stone colour, although she required three coats of paint once 91 pounds of gritty honey had been steam-blasted from under her skirt.

The second phase began with the nearby *Temple of Ancient Virtue*, now almost fully repaired and already looking superb. Its dome had been renewed by the Stowe Garden Buildings Trust in 1988. The National Trust has now rebuilt the two flights of steps on concrete foundations, reinforced the entablature with a concrete ring-beam and consolidated the surface of the columns. Inside, cleaning and new plaster has greatly enhanced the fine coffered ceiling, although it is not planned to restore its gilding. Casts of the four statues made for the niches by Scheemakers will follow, it is hoped by the end of 1992, thus restoring this exquisite Temple as one of William Kent's finest works of architecture. Meanwhile the portico of the *Temple of Friendship* has been re-roofed and its tall northern facade has been given a face-lift. After experiments with a slightly shocking shade of orange, the rendered wall has returned to a suitable stone-colour and a replacement ball-finial completes the new look. Once the central doors have been repainted and unfastened the superb vista towards the Queen's Temple will again be framed as intended. Not far away the traditional visitors' approach through *Bell Gate* has been restored. The new pair of wooden gates, copied in the main from the drawings and hung from the rebuilt stone piers, now open onto the historic and most spectacular entrance into the garden. Close by the old shed has

been re-roofed to provide a new base for the Angling Club. The other buildings tackled in this and the next phase (3A) of the National Trust's ten-year programme have included the little *Closet* beside Warden Hill Walk, now re-slatted and secured with a new wooden window grille and locked door, and the entrance passage-ways to the *Grotto*, which is also to be secured from entry, this time with iron gates. Fragments of two inscribed stones were found in the eastern approach wall, one with *OLO* and the other *YHMNIA*. These, I suggest, could well be remains from pedestals for the statues of Apollo and the nine muses, one of whom is Polyhymnia, which once stood near the Doric Arch until they were removed, perhaps when these entrances to the Grotto were added.

The third phase of the restoration, for the year from Spring 1992, is to include three main buildings, two in the garden and one at the entrance to the park. The flaking columns of *Queen Caroline's Statue* will be consolidated. Not far away, the *Temple of Venus* will have its wing domes and central doorways rebuilt from their present state, the result of the first Duke's alterations, into what is presumed to have been Kent's original plan. The result will be a 1730s reconstruction set in a landscape naturalised several decades later. The *Entrance Gateway* and the *Oxford Lodge* will be the final part of the third phase. Soon the gateway will boast a pair of new iron gates, made by Mr David Renwick, an Old Stoic. They may have no immediate function, however, since the County Planning authorities want the portakabin for the security officer removed. If it migrates to a site near the Science Laboratories then the new gates will probably be deprived of their purpose. It is to be hoped that an inconspicuous diversion and small hut will be sufficiently screened to be both practical and aesthetically pleasing.

The fourth phase and the two subsequent ones — i.e. the financial years from 1993 to 1995 — will be devoted almost entirely to the most exciting part of the ten-year restoration project: the reconstruction of the Temple of Concord and Victory. This is the largest and most impressive of Stowe's three dozen temples. At present emergency conservation work on the surviving plaster ceilings of the peristyle and pronaos are being carried out by St Blaise Ltd.

Other changes around the grounds have included a smart new fence in the form of park railing across the end of the North Front Lawn. The road behind has been surfaced again with golden gravel, although it still stands proud of the adjacent lawn by up to a foot. All Stowe staff who regularly have to drive to the Bourbon playing fields are grateful for the new surface, at least as far as the temporary National Trust carpark, on the first stretch of this notoriously pot-holed track. Not all their driving, however, is as serpentine as the contractor's who laid the tarmac. The Corinthian Arch drive now looks splendid with its new surface of golden gravel chips and presents unwary motorists with the challenge of some thrice-enlarged sleeping policemen.



March 1992. C&V basement North side of main vaults, looking West

Photograph by Michael Bevington

The newly-revealed wonders of Stowe's gardens have been attracting the attention of the press and television, especially any items to do with the chambers constructed below several of the Temples. Some indeed have seen this as confirmation of the old rumours of underground passages but this still remains a legend. One Chamber, of course, has been explored by many generations of Stoics, that under Friendship. Below the centre of the floor in the main room is a rectangular vaulted cellar, walled with brick and covering over 46 square feet. It has a vaulted passageway approaching it from near the main doorway and originally was reached, no doubt, by a twisting wooden staircase in the north-eastern corner. The floor is now covered deep in rubble and water. It may have been added when the Temple was rebuilt in the 1770s but no evidence survives showing its use for eighteenth-century "wild parties", as the *Independent* claimed. If Horace Walpole's accounts of staid and damp repasts in the Grotto are anything to go by, it is unlikely that Earl Temple would have strayed so far from the comforts of his house for a chilly feast.

The discovery of the vast chamber under the Temple of Venus was reported in *The Stoic* of May 1991. Over 23 feet high and over 260 square feet in area, it probably housed a water-wheel and hydraulic pump to supply fountains in the once formal garden. The line of the inlet seems to lead straight to the corner of the Eleven Acre Lake nearest to Venus at a height near the surface of the water-level. Mr Angus Wainwright, the National Trust archaeologist, has explored the stone-built exit tunnel west and north from the building, following the line of the former ha-ha towards the cascade at the dam, until an old collapse made progress impossible. The brick-vaulted chamber was probably emptied and walled up when the Temple was altered by Earl Temple in 1763 or, to its present appearance, by the first Duke in 1827. It should

make an interesting feature for visitors after the building above has been restored.

Before the restoration of the Temple of Ancient Virtue was completed, Waymans' workmen broke through the centre of the paved floor inside the cellar. As one would expect for a temple raised on a podium and copied from Roman examples, underneath was found a chamber roofed by a shallow dome of rough stone blocked by a small brick plug. Its floor is compacted sand and gravel, the subsoil under much of Stowe. A similar but much more extensive system of vaults was then revealed within the podium of the Temple of Concord and Victory. On Friday, 13th December, 1991, National Trust workers were the first to break into these vaults since the original workmen had departed. The vaults, partly of brick but mainly of stone, are purely structural, supporting the naos walls and peristyle above. They rise in places over eight feet from the rough ground and form an outer passage around a large central chamber divided internally by one longitudinal and two smaller cross supports. In addition, to take the weight of the 1750 alterations, an extra cross wall was built within the earlier vaults. The original workmen left behind the bones of their last packed lunch along with a clay pipe and a length of rotted rope. Despite the small size of the aperture cut through the paving inside the naos of the temple the damp basement has already begun to dry, causing cracks to appear. This tunnel-like world covering nearly 2,500 square feet should at last solve the old problem of providing lavatories and other facilities for audiences attending concerts in the Temple above, and doing so a little more discreetly than the present portakabins.

One other building's foundation has generated some interest. In preparation for the construction of the five new staff houses between Nelson's Walk and the existing Home Park development, partly to replace the accommodation formerly available in the

Corinthian Arch, the mound covering the remains of the Egyptian Pyramid is being excavated. So far the base for the old outer pavement surrounding the pyramid, the southern steps and the interior walls of the room inside have been located, exactly conforming to Fairchild's plan published in 1763. Earl Temple, of course, had most of the Pyramid demolished in the 1770s. The new houses are designed to avoid impinging on the site, although the remains of Vanbrugh's heavy memorial monument might add a novel feature to someone's back courtyard.



Feb. 1992. 11 Acre Lake looking North from East of Sailing Island

Photograph by Michael Bevington

Other structural discoveries have included very low, rough stone vaults under the floors of the western quadrant of Venus and the eastern loggia of Friendship. Black glazed pantiles, dating presumably from the early or middle parts of the eighteenth century, have been found on the main House as well as at Ancient Virtue, Concord and Victory, Friendship and the Grotto. Clearance of woodland beside the Grecian Valley has revealed what may be the bases of up to five statues. The Alder River, meanwhile, produced the remains of an eighteenth-century horse and the Eleven Acre Lake, along with numerous oyster shells, the tip from the obelisk once on the urn near the Artificial Ruins. The bed of this lake seems to reflect the shape of the former stew ponds shown on the bird's-eye view of the 1720s.

Some parts of the press which should know better have mischievously suggested that the National Trust's survey has identified the remains of Dido's Cave and the sites of the Temple of Modern Virtue, the Saxon Deities, the statue of Hercules and Antaeus and the Egyptian Pyramid. This, however, would mean that the Trust had temporarily lost these sites given to them three years ago which are known to residents of Stowe and located on numerous plans of the garden published since 1739!

The most striking feature of the last eighteen months has been the transformation of Stowe's landscape. The revolution has been much more rapid and extensive than any since the garden was originally laid out, even compared with some areas

reclaimed by the School in the 1950s. Seven lakes have been restored, a process begun by the School four years ago in response to the Reservoirs Act. Three lakes — the largest pond in the Japanese Garden, Lower Copper Bottom and Lower Oxford Water — have been completely cleared of silt. Four others have had reeds, weed and vast quantities of mud removed from the edges and bottom: the Alder River, the Worthies River, the Octagon Lake and the Eleven Acre Lake. Thousands of tons of silt have been dumped in the old gravel pits behind the British Worthies, near the Oxford Bridge and behind the Temple of Venus, while the rest has been spread over fields in Great Hawkwell and next to Warden Hill Walk. By the last stage of work techniques had been refined to the point where a geo-textile mat laid directly on the soft grass around north-western side of the Eleven Acre Lake could be removed with its covering layer of gravel to leave very little damage.

The appearance of the lakes is now superb. Many views not seen since the 1950s are stunning, such as the Grotto reflected in the placid Alder River from near Seasons' Fountain. Other vistas have yet to be fully revealed when a little scrub is cleared, such as those from the main eighteenth-century approach along the present Buckingham road over Lower Copper Bottom and Lower Oxford Water, or of the Rotondo reflected in the Eleven Acre Lake from the main doorway of the Temple of Venus.

There can be few other gardens or parks where a team has been in almost constant action for fifteen months in succession with up to two dumper trucks, one 360 degree tracked excavator, one bogdozer which has churned its way through and sometimes all but under the foul slime of seven lakes and one effective but noisy water pump. The latter not only kept the lakes as dry as necessary but also pumped the water back into the Worthies River within a few days to impress the visitors at the start of the winter holiday opening. Mr Christopher Wallis has been involved in rebuilding some of the dams, such as the one holding Lower Oxford Water and James Brown's Cascade above the Palladian Bridge. Meanwhile the original plans have helped in repairing the third Duke's hydraulic ram beside the Eleven Acre Cascade, last used by the School to supply the Egyptian lavatories with rather weedy spring-water.

Even more dramatic than the changes to the lakes has been the transformation of a large part of the garden's woodland. Some 3,000 trees have been felled, mainly the softwood planted by the School in the 1950s, but also some hardwood. Others, especially yews, have been carefully trimmed to prevent uprooting during gales. Even twenty teams of tree surgeons swarmed over the avenue lining the south-eastern end of the Queen's Drive on Saturday, 7th December, 1991, to remove dead wood. They were all volunteers at the first country-wide work-in during National Tree Week. The greatest concentration of clearance has been along both sides

of the Grecian Valley, including the restoration of the Grecian Diagonal to Lord Cobham's Pillar, and in Wick's Quarter. Other areas have included the poplars in Duchess Dale, near the Oxford Bridge and on the site of the former Duckery, the plantations around Lamport Lodge and beside Spinney Hill, and many trees growing on the edges of lakes or close to garden buildings.

Whilst Stowe's temples, lakes and woodlands have been undergoing such impressive restoration, Land Use Consultants have been employed by the National Trust to undertake a year-long survey of the garden. They have not only identified and tagged the surviving old trees, with the help of the Stowe National Trust Volunteer Group, but also brought together information from historical sources, including some of the thousands of documents now in the Huntington Library in California. Not surprisingly this has proved an almost endless task, but it is hoped that the final version of their weighty results, originally destined for last October, will soon be published. It is also hoped to include this report on a new computer database along with those of the architectural and archaeological surveys carried out for the National Trust in 1989. Once transcriptions of the many accounts in the Huntington Library have also been added, along with visual images from old engravings, photographs and maps, a novel and impressive tool will have been created for future scholars of Stowe's history. These reports will form the basis of the restoration plan to be agreed by a working party consisting of the architectural and gardens advisers and regional land agent of the National Trust together with Mr George Clarke. For this purpose the garden will be considered as six areas of differing character. It is likely that the main aim will be almost identical to that of the School's restoration plan until 1989: to restore the garden to its state in the early nineteenth century but without adopting a single precise date. This should allow the *ad hoc* selection of the "classic moment" appropriate to each area and building, since many have accumulated several "overlays" during their gradual evolution to their present state. The areas of park owned by the National Trust are also to be restored following similar principles, although it may prove the case that the park reached the height of its development in the middle of the last century, a little later than the acme of the garden.

Many Stoics and conservationists have expressed concern about the issue of nature conservation as opposed to restoration of the historic garden. *The Voice*, the School's internal broadsheet, even devoted the whole of a front page to the subject in a recent number. It is obvious to any layman that the number of owls and bats around Stowe has declined significantly over the last few years. Some have regretted the dredging of the Octagon and Eleven Acre Lakes during the nesting season of the great-crested grebes, for many years welcome visitors to Stowe and the emblem of the School's

natural history magazine; they should, however, be pleased that the likely nesting sites may eventually be safer from predators like mink. Similarly some of the badger and fox setts may be re-occupied in due course and the stickleback, with their unusual parasites, may yet return to the Alder River. Some mature hardwood trees have admittedly been felled to improve vistas, but in time others will be grown in more suitable locations.



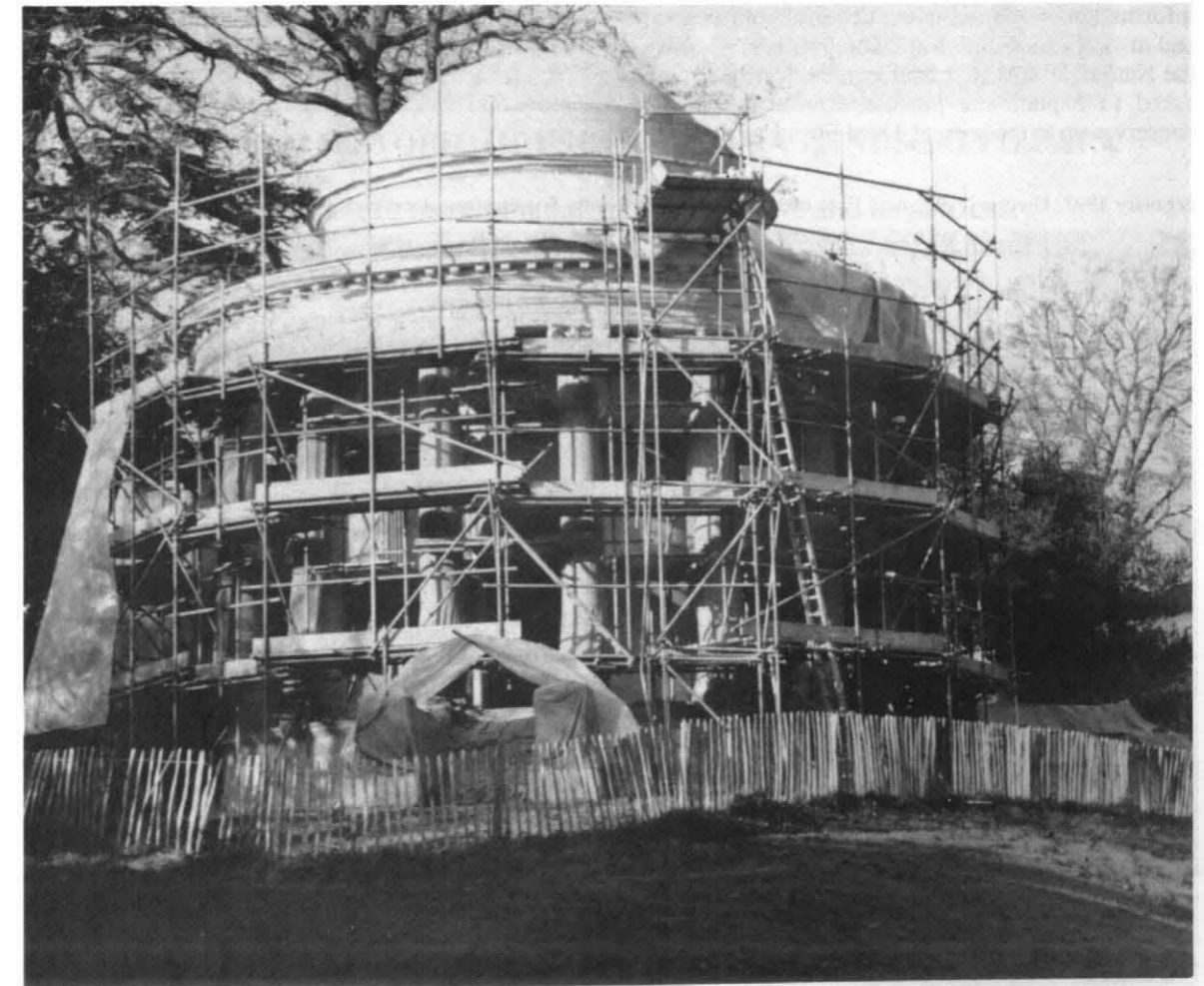
Photograph by Michael Bevington

Much more discussion and information is needed to enhance people's understanding of the means of restoring an historic landscape and how this relates to the importance of conserving its varied wildlife. On the one hand the National Trust rightly prides itself on being the country's largest conservation organisation, yet where there is a conflict between restoring the historic garden and conserving the natural habitat, as Mr Mike Calnan, the National Trust gardens adviser, has said, restoration must take precedence over conservation. Indeed the governors of the School gave the garden to the National Trust so that the buildings should be restored by the year 2000. Clearly conservation *per se* does not usually include restoration, whereas restoration can and often does include conservation. It is, perhaps, the nature of the garden which creates the complexities in this issue. For inanimate objects like buildings, conservation in the form of preservation is an option, as is also restoration to include conserving all or part of the remains. For the living species and habitats found in any garden, however, conservation or maintenance often has to adopt destructive means on occasion to ensure regeneration. All this is well understood. What needs further consideration is the nature of a landscape garden where plants, trees and natural habitats are not essentially individual features to be fostered in their own right, as they would be in most other gardens; instead they have importance primarily in their role as features in a carefully contrived landscape. Not without reason is the subject known professionally as landscape

architecture. The temptation, therefore, is to restore the landscape as one would a building, removing any tree which obscures a vista or does not fit the chosen "classic moment". It is true that in the 1950s the Governors viewed parts of the woodland as potentially productive and had many trees planted for cash crops, but it is not so obvious that usual forestry techniques of clear-felling whole areas are ideally suited to restoring a landscape garden of 250 acres in which many belts of trees are only about 70 yards wide. The issue is further complicated by the fact that Stowe was made a Conservation Area in July 1990, but the National Trust, in its role as a conservation group, has sensibly negotiated an arrangement whereby no specific application need be made for each felling or trimming during the restoration. In contrast, the School still needs to give the usual six weeks' notice for tree work within its remaining woodland to allow for objections. To many conservationists of the 1990s the slowing of the landscape's restoration programme would be preferable to the widespread destruction of existing natural habitats. Under the School's management, for aesthetic and conservation reasons as well as

financial ones, restoration of the garden was conducted at a relatively slow pace and limited to specific areas at any one time. In the last nine months it has been the speed and means of implementing the changes which have caused the greatest comment, although all would admit that the sooner the heavy work is finished the sooner the heavy machinery can be removed from the garden. Perhaps more should be learnt from Capability Brown. As Head Gardener at Stowe during a similar period of rapid change to the garden, he developed, it is said, a device for moving semi-mature trees, thus largely avoiding the appearance of newly-planted woodlands.

None the less, genuine attempts at nature conservation have been made at Stowe. Nearly ten years ago the School introduced a management plan for grassland, whereby sensitive areas such as the Elysian Fields would not be mown until after all the wild flowers had seeded. This, however, is not wholly effective since rotary mowers leave the dead grass on the surface; much more productive has been the taking of a hay crop from the Grecian Valley, Ladymead and Stowe Avenue. A duckery was



Temple of Virtue

Photograph by M. J. B.

established and dead trees were left to decay naturally so long as they were not dangerous. It is hoped that the National Trust will soon be able to build a small pond in the area specifically delineated as the Nature Reserve. This will be managed primarily for its wildlife and not its landscape value. It will partially replace the habitat formed by the extensive reed bed which was lost when the Lower Oxford Water was cleared. The nesting island, rebuilt by the Trust in the Lower Oxford Water, has already become home to a pair of swans. Concern about upsetting the nesting season has also persuaded the Trust to postpone the draining of the Higher Oxford Water originally scheduled to start this March. It is, perhaps, significant that the National Trust Advisory Committee for the garden at Stowe has included five or more members particularly interested in history and architecture but none primarily concerned with nature conservation. In fact it has been the School's representatives on the Committee who have spoken up for the latter cause. It now seems likely, however, that this will be rectified and that the National Trust's restoration and nature conservation plan will be re-drafted to take into account the findings of the biological survey conducted two years ago and possibly soon to be published. As always, dissemination of this information would remove much of the unfounded and mis-informed criticism. Moreover Mr Wheeler, the National Trust Regional Land Agent, has been asked to explain the process of restoration and conservation to the present Third Forms so that they

can take a knowledgeable interest in what they see happening around them. Replanting with some 2,600 shrubs and nearly 600 trees started during the last winter, to the delight of those at Stowe who have been pressing for this to begin. The National Trust has, in fact, established a nursery with 800 plants so that when the restoration plan for each area is agreed it can be implemented quickly.

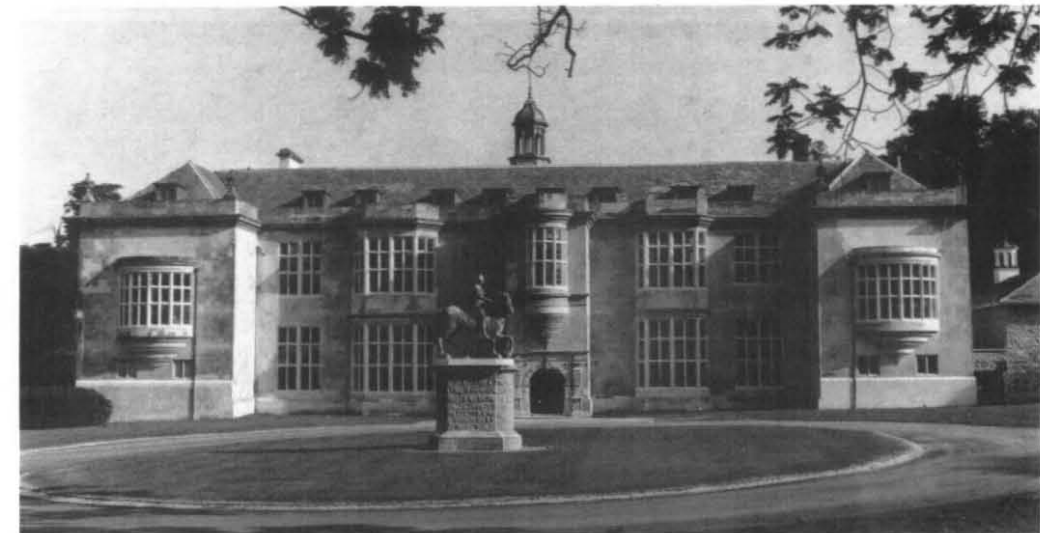
Vigorous discussion between those who favour the artifice of man and those committed to the cause of nature is nothing new to Stowe, of course. Stowe was one of the first gardens to adapt art to nature by introducing the freedom of landscape gardening. In 1742 Samuel Boyse entitled his encomium on the new naturalistic changes in the garden "The Triumphs of Nature", although almost all he had to praise was still in the traditional formal style. By the beginning of the next century tastes had changed again and even the naturalisation by Brown and his successors was too tame; Marshall complained in 1803 that "art has evidently done too much at Stowe" and Loudon in 1829 that "nature has done little or nothing; man a great deal." It was Alexander Pope, himself a keen amateur gardener, who even before Brown's arrival understood the "Good Sense" of respecting the natural "Genius of the Place" and of waiting on the restorative powers of time itself: "Nature shall join you, Time shall make it grow/A Work to wonder at — perhaps a Stow".

Michael Bevington

February 1992. Grecian Valley near Fane of Pastoral Poetry, looking South across Hornbeam Avenue Photograph by M. J. B.



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.

For further details and table reservations
please telephone Aylesbury (0296) 747444.

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STOWE ELECTIONS INTRODUCTION

The Stowe Elections were held in the Easter Term, several weeks before the real General Election. Monday March 2 was Polling Day, with a great deal of effort being put in by the candidates in the preceding fortnight of the campaign.

Party Campaign Posters began appearing after half term, with many entertaining and a few thought-provoking slogans, the most inspired of which was perhaps The People Power Party's "Don't Be A Sheep — Vote PPP".

The posters were professionally produced, with most being designed on the school's desktop publishing software.

Two Opinion Polls were conducted in the weeks before Polling Day in order to see which of the eight parties was in the lead. The Labour Party, capably co-ordinated by Carter Murray, won the first Poll with 22% of the vote, closely followed by David Lewis's Green Party.

To prove that "A week is a long time in politics" the next Opinion Poll was very different, with the cleverly executed campaign of The Monster Raving Loony Party, under Screaming Lord Edenborough, gaining the lead with a formidable 24%, followed by Simon Murray as Conservative Candidate with 16%. However, the largest jump in the Poll was 10% for Alex Lindsay's Revolutionary Party. This was accomplished by a carefully targeted leaflet which was sent out to all third and fourth formers, advising them that the party stood for "peaceful revolution" within the school in order that pupils should have a greater say in School affairs.

With profiles of each of the candidates and their policies being published in THE VOICE, the next major publicity event was The Roxy Debate, in which each candidate gave a speech and then took questions from the floor.

Over 500 people voted the next day and, surprisingly enough, The Revolutionary Party was victorious, winning 125 votes and beating off its nearest competitor (The Monster Raving Loonies) by 40 votes. Tom Wright's Liberal Democrats came third, Labour fourth, The Green Party fifth and the Conservatives a disappointing sixth with just 42 votes. The PPP and Anarchists came seventh and eighth respectively, with the results being announced in a swiftly produced VOICE the next day.

Whilst the Stowe Election was not intended to mirror the General Election it was nonetheless an enjoyable exercise, which allowed many Stoics a chance to "vote" for the first time.

J.M.P. Shasha (LVI)

The School Election: A REVOLUTIONARY VIEW

The election campaign began in earnest just after half term, for most parties. In the Revolutionary

Party we did not start our campaign until the Tuesday before polling. We had a well prepared campaign, using the old tactic of a late surge in campaigning.

The first opinion poll put us on just 6%, second last. This was not as disappointing as it seemed as we had not done any campaigning. The next week we were second with 16% in the polls. The reason for this turnabout was our carefully targeted leaflet campaign, which started the Friday before polling. Our candidate, Alex Lindsay, sent a letter to every third and fourth former outlining his vision of the future.

Our poster campaign was described by one Stoic as "somewhat negative". This is perhaps a fair description. We used our posters to attack the other parties. We renamed the Peoples Power Party (PPP) the no Principles, Policies or Power Party. We also renamed the Monster Raving Loony Party the Monster Raving Loser Party. We used posters to warn the electorate of the similarity of the Labour and Conservative Parties and of the risks of voting for the 'ego' Labour party.

Perhaps our greatest advantage over the other parties, apart from our policies, was the fact that we had Revolutionary Party mugs to give out. The mugs were a tremendous boost to our campaign. Also we gave leaflets to most electors as they entered the polling station.

On polling day itself we were in buoyant mood and hopeful for a good second place. Not until the very end did we think that we might win. In the end our majority of 40 votes was larger than we ever expected.

It just leaves me to thank my campaign managers, Matthew Sadler and Philip Page, and, of course, the Stoics that voted for us. It was a highly enjoyable campaign and allowed for good discussion of the future of the School and nation.

T.A.F. Lindsay (LVI)

OFFICIAL STOWE MONSTER RAVING LOONY PARTY

Campaign Review

The O.S.M.R.L.P. kicked off their campaign with a set of posters whose content ranged from the sublime (pictures of the party members) to the ridiculous (pictures of the party members). The campaign was aimed to make people aware of the fact that most of us are very silly. We found many recruits, of course, amongst Stoics — staff and pupils alike.

Mark Chamberlain (campaign manager and general right-hand codpiece) and Screaming Lord Edenborough (candidate) discovered that the school does, in fact, have a sense of humour, and were accorded a handsome tally of 85 votes. When we heard that the Revolutionary Party had won with a very clear lead, our suspicions were confirmed: the

really mad people had been confused by the Revolutionary policies and voted for total 'loonacy'. We realized that our policies (like our promise to abolish the economy and end the recession) were simply quite sensible when compared to Mr. Lindsay's.

Nevertheless, we consoled ourselves with the thought that we were ahead of both the Main Parties and the Liberal Democrats who were hot on our tails.

Much of the credit for our stunningly successful 2nd place must go to Desmond, my political advisor and Teddy Bear. He has one of the sharpest brains in the party and masterminded the whole campaign. We are convinced that his brief but rousing speech won us many votes, along with our slogan: "Desmond knows the bear facts — that's why he's behind the M.R.L.P."

The campaign was tremendous fun, and we decided at our victory celebration party (the night before polling day) that it was lucky we didn't take it all too seriously.

As the National Election approaches the Loonies at Stowe look forward to Lord Sutch's crushing victory that seems imminent. Our thanks go to all our supporters and the Grafton Lower Study Passage cookroom toaster.

S.G. Edenborough (LVI)

Campaign posters used in Stowe Elections.



SHE'S GOT LABOUR ON HER MIND

LABOUR CAMPAIGN POSTER

IT'S OFFICIAL



ANARCHY DOES NOT WORK.



Sunday Times

2/2/92

Chaos theory exploded

DONT WASTE YOUR VOTE ON
ATHERTON. VOTE FOR REVOLUTION,
VOTE FOR ALEX LINDSAY.

REVOLUTIONARY PARTY



AT LEAST WE ADMIT
WE'RE MAD!

VOTE
 SCREAMING LORD EDENBOROUGH
Official Stowe Monster Raving Loony Party 1992

LIBERAL DEMOCRATS

The Liberal candidate was Tom Wright, whose campaign was managed by Alex Mustard.

Our campaign was based on a series of posters but we relied mainly on the speeches, as these would probably carry most of the weight of the votes.

The party did not do particularly well in the opinion polls run before polling day. However, our

speech laid down our policies in a comprehensive way.

Unfortunately the campaign manager missed the speeches because the minibus he was in broke down whilst returning from a rugby match!

Our posters were down to earth, and told the voters what our policies were in a direct way. We did not rely, like some parties, on the "slag-off" method, nor did we simply put photos up of ourselves and expect automatically to get votes as another party did.

The third method by which we gained votes was by word of mouth. Ben Jarret and Giles Leadbetter were most persuasive public relations men.

I think that third place, beating both Conservatives and Labour, and only three votes behind second place was a respectable and well deserved position.

A.T. Mustard (LVI)

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

There are those who might think I have an infernal cheek to write again under the Conservative banner, after managing to do so very badly in the polls. It is true — I do not shy away from the blame — that under my candidacy the Conservative Party managed to lose, I believe, for the first time since 1945.

I tried to run an honourable, elegant and serious campaign, in the hope that people would vote for the party which, arguably, offered the policies which best suit the Stoic situation in life, and dare I say it, their inclinations.

As I said in my speech, many times I had people saying to me that they would vote Conservative "If it were a real election", but they were not going to this time, "because it does not mean anything". This became my electoral brickwall. I lacked the image-changing posters of the Labour Party, the inherent madness of the Loony Party and the free gifts of the Revolutionary Party. No-one would vote Conservative while they had the "opportunity" to vote for something different and in an election which, in the electorate's eyes, "did not matter anyway."

However, I would like to congratulate Alexander Lindsay and the other Parties for providing such arousing posters, and to congratulate the effort of the Revolutionary Party put in behind the photocopier, and of course, their spectacular success at the polls. I must also thank the Conservative voters, the loyal core which saw through the image-problem besetting my Party from the outset, to the sense of right behind.

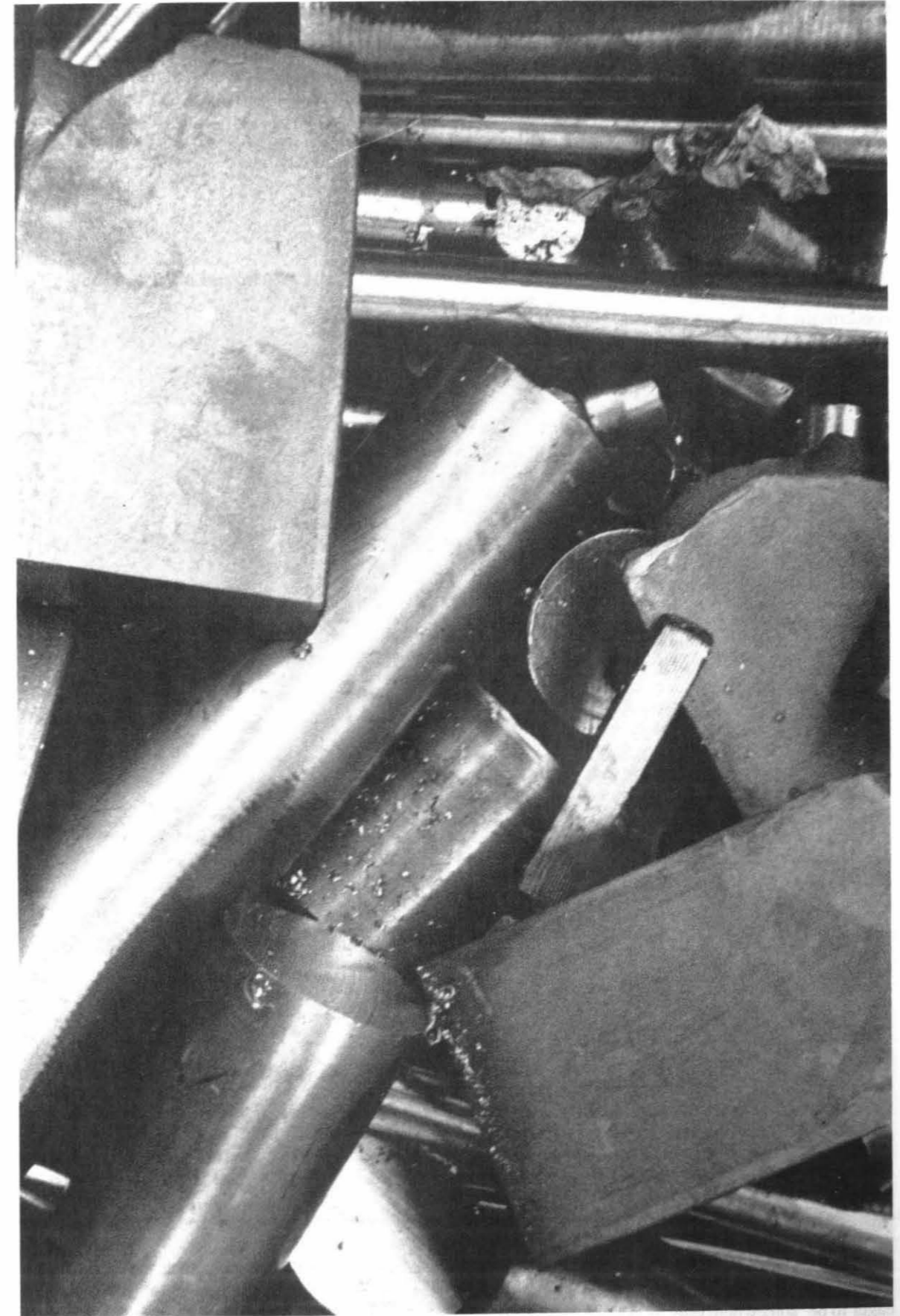
S.P.G. Murray (LVI)

STUDENT COUNCIL

Preliminary calls for a Student Council to re-inaugurate itself first emerged in the Autumn Term 1991, when interest in the Council appeared in the pages of 'The Voice'. Investigatory meetings held in the Spring Term of this year revealed that there were indeed some committed founders, and details of the Council's possible structure were drawn up and approved by the Headmaster. These consisted fundamentally of each house running its own committee, involving one representative from each year in that house. Each house committee would then select, from its number, a reliable "negotiator" who would sit on the core council. This elected member would present his or her ideas for discussion with the Headmaster at core council meetings, which should occur once either side of half-term. Rather innovatively, it was felt that the meeting should be in two-parts: the first half being for a general clearing process, to tidy up the format of the main discussion, which would be held in the second half, at which the Headmaster would be present.

The initial signs are extremely encouraging and, if anything to go by, point to a potentially successful Council which will create an invaluable opportunity for Stoics to become involved in making choices directly affecting their time here. With luck, it is hoped the Council will be up and running by the Summer Term 1992.

T.A.D. Crawford (VI)



Photograph by G. A. Thompson (LVI)

SOCIAL BEHAVIOUR

Many argue that Stowe is a microcosm of society at large, and the social behaviour of its members certainly confirms this. Just as there are specific events and places in communities where the socially aware clamber to be seen (Ascot, Henley, Glyndebourne etc.) so are there places within Stowe, where those concerned with their social standing cluster. (The North Hall in Winter after supper, the South Front in the Summer and the Marble Hall in Autumn).

The socialising, in reality the exchange of everyday banalities and pointless trivia, mainly concerns the two Sixth Form years, but also includes some of the more confident and 'interesting' members of the fifth form, coasting into short-lived limelight on the backs of LVI girls!

As for meals, tea is a time when all the conventions of Stowe society are broken down. Tea is a prime opportunity to be loud, to be arrogant, to be noticed and to eat toast. At other meals, Stoics maintain a rigid form of self imposed segregation. Broadly speaking the MVI and others eat in the Garter Room, and the LVI in the State Room. There are, of course, exceptions to this rule, yet there are generally exceptions to everything at Stowe. However, at tea, all the years assemble in one dining room, making the pressure to 'chill out' even greater. This involves either a front of relaxed indifference to the world, or a chance for some more meaningless conversation. Tea can also be a chance for the girls to vent their 'stress'. For those poor individuals unfortunate enough to be afflicted by this terrible disease, 'stress' involves the normal everyday events of Stowe being enhanced into a nightmare of paranoia. Life becomes nothing but grief and hassle, for at least an hour (or until everyone stops taking notice of you) and a forgotten word, neglected look, or (dare we brush against this clearly tender subject) a broken fingernail, becomes a heart-rending tale of mind-numbing proportion.

At tea, people congregate at an interesting forum, and tables designed for ten are suddenly able to accommodate a further dozen, in order for those around to share in the discussion, or rather to be 'seen' with others of comparable social standing. It can be said therefore, that tea is a veritable maelstrom of social conflict.

The aforementioned social-standing in general divides itself into three main groups. The 'chilled', 'the metrioi' (our pretentious word for those who are in the middle), and the decidedly 'luke-warm'. The 'chilled' — generally people who have shared a table with 32 other people at some stage — flock together to worship in their own image. The 'metrioi' blur against the outer edge of such events, reading notice boards and pretending to 'belong'. Then there are the 'luke-warm', basking in the elegance of their School shop jackets and always eager to be 'somewhere else' — nobody quite knows where, and nobody is really bothered.

To turn finally to some of the 'exceptions': rather an elite than a defined group. There are those that are simply so cool that they disdain to be with any of the above groups. Rather like the 'luke-warm', it is not exactly known quite what these people do or where they go. It is true that they are few and far between, but through their sheer solipsism, they achieve a status that is enviably unique: untouchable. Stowe overall is such a complex equation that it can only be fully appreciated by a well funded anthropologist armed with a puffa jacket and plenty of toast.

C.M. Cox & W.J. Manning (VI)



By M. J. P. Hancock (O.S.)



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

SOCIETY CHAPEL

One of the great opportunities afforded by a new job is gaining an insight into the many varied aspects of the job that within weeks become so familiar and routine that you foolishly begin to take them for granted.

The Chapel flowers, for example, arranged by a dedicated band conducted by Annie Nichols, appear without fail each week. The unseen hands who do them, lavish enormous amounts of unnoticed time, effort and energy on their work. They can be assured that it is always appreciated.

The work of the Chapel Prefects, Tom Eatock Taylor and Bill Cahusac: arriving early for every Service, putting up hymn numbers, tidying up chairs and hymn books, welcoming visiting preachers, organising collections, and generally "holding the Chaplain's hand" to ensure that he makes as few blunders as possible! My thanks to them are enormous.

The time, commitment and dedication of many members of the Common Room who are willing to publicly speak of what they believe and what they hold to be important — their willingness to talk at our midweek Chapel Services, having taken so much time in thought and planning — is exemplary. I know of no other school of this size where the Chaplain can rely on such a large body of active support. Thank you!

Or how about the sound system operators and the choir? What do they have in common? This — that people tend to notice them most of all when something goes wrong! John Green's work with the choir has been wonderful to behold and he is slowly crafting a most impressive signing unit. Ian McKillop's advice and help and Matthew Sadler's organisation have ensured that the sound system is gradually being mastered!

But all of these things are so easily missed. We fail to notice so much because we are too tired, too busy or too interested only in ourselves. Part of the Chapel's role is to challenge all three of these phenomena and to correct them. The Christian message seeks to refresh ("Come to me all who are heavy laden and I will refresh you"). It seeks to make us stop, think and reflect ("Be still and know that I am God") and to turn our vision outward to God and others.

The more public, more obvious events are easy to chronicle; it is less easy to find words that express sufficient appreciation or admiration!

The candle-lit Carol Service provided an incredible climax to the Autumn term when we somehow managed to squeeze 900 people into the Chapel to sing carols with gusto, to listen to lessons read with power and clarity, and to enjoy the fine singing of the choir. Both worshipful and moving, it also bore testimony to the Stoic temperament. At one point a third former was seen to turn, during

the singing of 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing' and notice a candle dripping on the right shoulder of his suit jacket. He looked at the candle with disdain, then back at his jacket and then went on, without moving, to continue singing praises to the new born King.

The Lenten addresses provided another spiritual high point this time (surprisingly!) during the Spring term. The Revd Jonathan Jee, an old friend from Oxford who is now a Curate up in Chesterfield, enthralled and inspired almost 200 Stoics over 4 nights as he spoke with disarming clarity, yet irresistible logic, of the Christian faith.

Indeed, we have had so many fine preachers in Chapel over the last two terms, including Alistair Burt, Conservative MP for Bury North; the Very Revd Colin Semper, Treasurer and Steward of Westminster Abbey; the Revd Michael Bourdeaux, Director of Keston Research and world-acknowledged authority on the church in Russia; and Richard Field Esq., a Housemaster at Shrewsbury whose dynamic sermon, drawn from his experiences of prison visiting, held the school entranced!

The next major date in the Chapel calendar is Confirmation on 17th May. It promises to be the biggest for years, with our 50 candidates joined by candidates from Thornton College and two other parishes. Already, our candidates have been away in a Retreat which they all seemed to greatly enjoy. Led by the Revd C. J. Davies, who was assisted by two ordinands who included Edward Coombs (O.S.), it was a time of reflection, discussion and American football! It really was a most valuable time.

So, thank you to everyone. To preachers and speakers. To organisers and helpers. To flower arrangers and prefects. But above all, to the Stoics, who listen attentively and sing with enthusiasm. More than one visitor has commented on how attentive and receptive Stoics are. I, for my part, can vouch for that, having preached at several other schools. It is a pleasure and a privilege to minister among a mob such as this!

T.M.H.S.

THE LIBRARY

Since the last report on the Library in the May 1991 issue of this magazine further steps have been taken to make the room a more comfortable venue for study. For the first time for many years an acceptable level of heating has been achieved by the provision of two free-standing radiators which seem able to withstand even severe cold. A carpet in the central area adds a further touch of elegance and also helps to keep things quieter. Stoics concerned with the traditions of the School may regret the sale of the Samurai sword, but must console themselves with the thought that the money thus raised will be put to good use.

Through donation and purchase the Library has

recently acquired a large number of interesting and valuable books. Outstanding acquisitions are a set of 17 volumes on Persian Art presented by Mr. and Mrs. Alam, a superb example of the printer's art, a further donation from the Hellenic Foundation, a very fine book on Sinai Treasures of the Monastery, and the latest edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, bringing with it a 10 volume encyclopedia of the Visual Arts. Leavers' donations for the Summer Term 1991 are enabling us to extend our range far beyond the limits of our normal budget, and we are also very grateful to Andrew Kennon for a generous gift in honour of his father, the late Chairman of Governors.

Books by Old Stoics range from one on *The Somerset and Dorset Railway* by a railway 'buff' from the School's early days, Robin Atthill (Chatham 1925) to an imposing Volume 1 on *Picasso* by John Richardson (Chatham 1937) and a more recent publication *Romanticizing Vietnam*, by Justin Wintle (Chatham 1962). The Library is now officially open to the public during the holidays, which enables those interested to view some of our valuable books and documents hitherto slumbering unregarded on their shelves.

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

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The penultimate meeting of 1991 saw the return of Mr. G. B. Clarke (former head of English) to Stowe to give a lecture entitled "The Lady with the Squint". (In the words of one worried attender, "But I haven't read it!"). The lecture, illustrated with a large number of slides, proved to be an investigation into the reasons behind one of the female statues, on the main building's roof, having a squint. Using the symbols, political tendencies and fashions of the day as clues it solved the puzzle. The talk was both amusing and accessible proving very well that symbolism is practically universal.

The final meeting was addressed by Mrs Lucia Turner, who spoke on "The Franklin's Tale". This talk took in many aspects of the tale, looking at Chaucer's modern appeal, his reasons for writing, his lively interpretations of his sources. It also referred to detail included in his original sources (most notably Boccaccio) to shed further light on the meaning and purpose of the tale. In many ways it is a shame that the talk took place in the less-than-intimate atmosphere of the Music Room, for it was almost lost on the distant members of the audience, owing to the room's unhelpful acoustics.

The meeting of the Spring Term was addressed

THE STOWE BOOKSHOP



Come and see the widest selection of prints, pictures and publications relating to Stowe and Stoics published and produced between 1739 & 1992.

Also fiction and non-fiction, art materials, greeting cards, stationery, music, honey, fudge, chocolate, china etc.

by Mr J. R. Burns (our Paradina fellow from Harvard) who took as his subject Shakespeare's "The Winter's Tale". Mr Burns provided a coherent background to this difficult play, employing the ironic assumption that "Shakespeare never did anything unintentionally" to help explain the differences between "Pandosto" (Shakespeare's source) and the play itself, and attempting to extrapolate the causes of these differences. Mr Burns' talk suggested much useful material for those members preparing to write on this play during the Summer exams.

J.S. Goss (UVI)

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Historical Society has held three meetings since the last issue of *The Stoic*. Professor Emsby from Oxford University gave a talk on **Art and History in the Italian Renaissance**. Professor Emsby used slides throughout his talk, which was much appreciated by both the historians and the many art students present. The talk concentrated on the psychological importance art could provide, or be given, in the period and also some of the tricks the artists used in painting their pictures. It was a fascinating evening and produced a lively debate afterwards.

There have been two Balloon Debates for the 18th century and 16th century historians. These involve members of the LVI making speeches on behalf of historical characters they have studied, the object being to defend their record so that the audience votes for that person to remain in the hot air balloon, while the others get thrown off to enable the balloon to clear some mountains.

Both debates went very well, the standard in the 18th century being slightly higher. Some of the characters involved were Kings George III, Henry VIII and Lord Darcy Wyvill. As it turned out, in the 18th century Catherine the Great, aka Mark Chamberlain survived, though with close competition from Alex James as Frederick the Great and in the 16th century Henry VIII won easily through Kevin Bishop's unusual but highly effective defence.

Congratulations must go to all the LVI who took part and made the debates work so well. The Summer term looks set to be another very good one for the Historical Society and there are even promising signs that a meeting of a distinctly 'barbecue' nature may occur.

J.E.G. (MVI) (Secretary)

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

The Classical Society has taken full advantage of the recent spate of quality Greek theatre productions, providing Stoics with plentiful opportunities to see tragedies by Euripides and Sophocles, and a comedy by Aristophanes.

The first such excursion was to Stratford-upon-Avon to watch an excellently executed production of two of Sophocles' Theban plays, *Oedipus at Colonus* and *Antigone*. Both plays were rendered with keen dramatic insight, and the pathos was subtly conveyed.

On Tuesday, 4th February, the Roxburgh Hall was the venue for the Shoestring Theatre Company's production of Euripides' *Bacchae*, his last play — a vivid dramatisation of the story of the triumph of the god Dionysus over unbelievers. It was bravely, and for the most part, convincingly performed by an all-women cast, which worked well with regard to portraying the latent effeminacy of Bacchus, but made rather a milksop of the hubristic unbeliever, Pentheus.

On 28th February, by way of an interlude before the final trip, Dr P.V. Jones of Newcastle University was entertained to dinner. He later delivered an enthusiastic lecture in the Dobinson Theatre — designed to "Bring light to your Homeric darkness" — in which he discussed Homer's various and frequent uses of dramatic techniques in selected books of the *Odyssey*, and made acute observations on the ancient code of "guest friendship".

The Society's most recent outing was to the Shaw Theatre, London, on Tuesday 10th March, for matinee productions of Sophocles' *Antigone* and Aristophanes' *Wasps*. The heavy traffic resulted in missing some of *Antigone*, but since some had already seen it at Stratford and others had studied it as part of their A level course, the delay served no great hindrance to our enjoyment of the tragedy. Aristophanes' comedy *Wasps* was in marked contrast to the heavy tragedy that preceded it and was given an hilarious and enthused rendition, which was well received by a large appreciative audience. The use of contemporary costume perhaps also made both plays more accessible to a younger generation of Greek theatre-goers. The Classical Society realises that dramatised productions of Greek plays are a sine qua non when it comes to furthering our appreciation of the set texts and to understanding their dramatic possibilities.

N.D. Smith ma

THE BIOLOGICAL SOCIETY

This year, due to illness, we have not been able to fit in as many meetings as in past years. However, we have had some very memorable lectures.

An Old Stoic, Fletcher Morgan, started the year by telling us about his adventures in Sulawesi. His post 'A' level summer was spent trekking through jungles, helping scientists and building schools. It gave the future Old Stoics an idea of what can be done during the summer before university.

We were very fortunate indeed to be addressed in the Spring Term by J. Z. Young, who was Professor of Anatomy at University College, London for many years and wrote many

authoritative texts including 'The Life of Mammals' and 'The Life of Vertebrates'. Much of his research has centred on octopuses and on this occasion he spoke to us on 'Octopus Memory'. It is amazing just how intelligent these shy animals are. They can be taught to count, recognising shapes and to remember the skill afterwards.

On Field Day last the Biological Society took to the road and went to the Carlsberg brewery in Northampton. The fascinating tour of the factory site and inner workings was made complete with a free sample of "probably the best lager in the world!" The afternoon was spent at the other end of the digestive system, the sewage works at Banbury! I have to admit that when told that it was not smelly compared with the old works I was shocked. However, it was very interesting and the final product was certainly clean enough to release back into the rivers.

The new 'A' level Biology syllabus has an Applied Plant Science option, so to support this work a group of us visited Longdon Hill Nurseries near Evesham to see how modern greenhouse technology is helping to increase crop yields. The most spectacular technique on show here was undoubtedly that of hydroponics where plants can be induced to grow in an irrigation stream rather than in soil. The results are impressive with tomato plants being persuaded to grow thirty trusses with a resultant yield of thirty to forty pounds of tomatoes per plant.

In our last meeting of the year Dr. Steven Pickton, from Nottingham University, gave us some insight into genetic engineering and the way it can be used to help farmers grow resistant or improved strains or soft fruit with a longer shelf life.

We would like to record our thanks to everyone who made our lectures and visits so worthwhile.

Natasha Gilchrist.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

The Junior, Senior Science and Nucleus Societies have been very active since the last Stoic report. Towards the end of the Autumn Term David Lorimer M.A., the President of the Medical & Scientific Network, gave a most stimulating and awareness raising talk on "The Nature of Consciousness and the Near-Death Experience." His organisation researches issues that are at the boundaries of current, scientifically-accepted theories. Clearly these areas of uncertainty at the frontiers of knowledge fascinate the young mind more than the well-trodden paths of conventional Science. The large audience of over 50 and the quality and length of the Stoic question session were a tribute to the enormous natural interest in and fascination with his presentation.

The Spring term has seen two popular Astronomical presentations to the Junior Society by S.O. Collins entitled, "All you ever wanted to know

about: The Solar System and The Rest of the Universe". There were demonstration experiments, slide and video illustrations and a wealth of amazing facts. The Sun loses mass at a rate of 4 million tonnes per second; our galaxy the Milky Way is about 80 thousand light years across and contains about 100 thousand stars, probably with a supermassive Black Hole at the centre! Many of the young scientists impressed through their knowledgeable questions.

The Nucleus Society enjoyed the annual Presidential address on "Quarks and Gluons", and were amazed by the almost unreal view that Modern Physics Theories have of the nature of energy, particles, the vacuum state and the deepest constituents of nuclear matter about which we currently know — the quarks and the exchange particles which bind them — the gluons.

The term ended with the most popular of all presentations, which drew a packed audience of over 70 with several unlucky Stoics having to be turned away! The title was "Coming Face to Face with the Martian Mystery".

Altogether it has been an active and lively time for Stoics with a scientific interest.

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

THE THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

On Tuesday 10th March 1992 there was the first ever meeting of the Stowe Theological Society. There seem to be no records of a previous society investigating theological matters, so it could have been somewhat of an historic meeting.

We were extremely fortunate to have to speak to us the Revd. Dr. David Atkinson, who is the chaplain of Corpus Christi college Oxford. He is also a member of the society of ordained scientists. The society is one of the most exclusive groups in the Church of England with only fifty members.

Dr. Atkinson spoke to us on the often controversial subject of 'Christianity and science'. He spoke for about twenty five minutes and then answered questions on various matters arising from the talk. There were several extremely interesting questions including one on the accuracy of Genesis and another on the morality of testing on animals. The meeting finished with the chaplain thanking Dr. Atkinson. We will be meeting again next Term.

T.A.F.Lindsay (LVI) (Secretary)

CROSSFIRE REPORT

Crossfire has gone from strength to strength this year as Sixth Formers have taken an ever increasing role in the planning and organisation of the meeting, and as the main Friday meeting has spawned other smaller meetings: House Bible Studies, Prayer Meetings and Discussion Groups.

Every week, about 60 Stoics gather in the Temple

Room for a time of singing, open prayer and to hear a visiting speaker. Sometimes, numbers have reached as many as 100, at others they have dropped to almost 20, but this is more a reflection of the pull of other conflicting events rather than any comment on who the speaker is on any particular evening.

Our visitors over the last two terms have been many and various, and have included three Old Stoics: Nicholas Bewes, Jonathan Bewes and Giles Inglis-Jones. Giles recently swam the Channel which, of course, equipped him well to speak about the story of Jonah! We have also heard from two doctors, Rachel Baker and Alex Duncan, one of the Chaplains at Eton, the Revd Kevin Mentzel, and our own Chaplain's old "boss", the Revd David Fletcher, Rector of St Ebbe's, Oxford. We are very grateful to all of them for giving up their time to come to speak to us.

We are also most grateful to Mr Larcombe who has so ably organised Crossfire for the last year and a half. In December he handed over the leadership to Mr Hastie-Smith, our new Chaplain. We are also very thankful to the other members of staff who give up so much of their time for Crossfire, most notably Miss Cowling and Mrs Masters.

We look forward to the coming term with great hopes and expectations, encouraged by the large number of regular Crossfire attenders in the lower school.

T.H. Eatock Taylor & H.W.J. Cahusac, ma.

ANACREON

Anacreon was a poet, most of whose work was concerned with pleasure. He is said to have been fond of wine, women and song. His death at an advanced age was caused by a grape pip sticking in his throat. The Anacreon Society tries to keep up his tradition (excepting women).

We have had six meetings since the last issue of *The Stoic*. These occasions have ranged from formal dinners to squatting on bean bags. The meals have also been very varied: a Guy Fawkes party (crossed with Corinna Brabazon's seventeenth birthday, complete with chocolate cake) and other culinary delights: fondu, Chinese, Spanish, Italian, and a Sunday roast. All meals were of course served with the appropriate wines.

My thanks go to the members: Penny Mason, Sarah Coombes, Corinna Brabazon, Natasha Gilchrist, Sarah Warrington, Tristan Nesbitt, Tim Hart, Ian Goodchild and Carleton Royds. Also we wish to thank the members of staff who have let us commandeer their kitchens: Mr and Mrs Masters, Ms Bishop, Mr and Mrs Hirst, Mr and Mrs Nichols, Mrs Smith and, especially Dr Hornby, for organising shopping sprees to Buckingham.

We have all learned that it is possible to cater for dinner at only £5 a head, which at first seemed an impossible task. To the Lower Sixth I would say: join Anacreon next year; we all had great fun and

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learned a lot about food, wine and life.

Catherine T. Olsen (MVI)

ENTERPRISE CONFERENCE

Any opportunity to experience an industrial business simulation, even at a very limited level, is one that always seems useful once one has been through it. The three day conference served more as an exercise for increasing one's awareness of industry, than for recruiting, and took the form of simultaneous business scenario simulations in the manufacturing industry. With each day full of aims and deadlines, the competing groups of Middle VIth Stoics quickly learned to work with their Royal Latin team members to produce entertaining, as well as educational lectures, presentations and business ideas. The conference ended with the team coordinators, each one a representative from industry, getting together to select winners for various categories of the business simulation competitions. That concluded what had been an exercise in which, gratefully, one could get as much out of it as one wanted and, hopefully, reap the benefits when one comes to choose a career path.

T.A.D. Crawford (VI)

COMMUNITY SERVICE

Since the last edition of *The Stoic* was published, Community Service has held only one major event: the Christmas party.

The 1991 party took place on the last Sunday of the Christmas Term. It was the largest event of its kind in recent years. We welcomed just over one hundred and fifty old people from Buckingham and the surrounding area. The most encouraging aspect of this year's party, apart from its size, was the many Stoics who voluntarily gave up their Sunday afternoon to come and help. Also we were very fortunate to be able to welcome back to Stowe, for the afternoon, Mr. Theobald, a former master at Stowe who first began Community Service twenty-five years ago in 1967. Judging by the large number of 'thank you' letters that were sent to us, I think we can safely say that we held what was probably the most successful Community Service Christmas party for a long time.

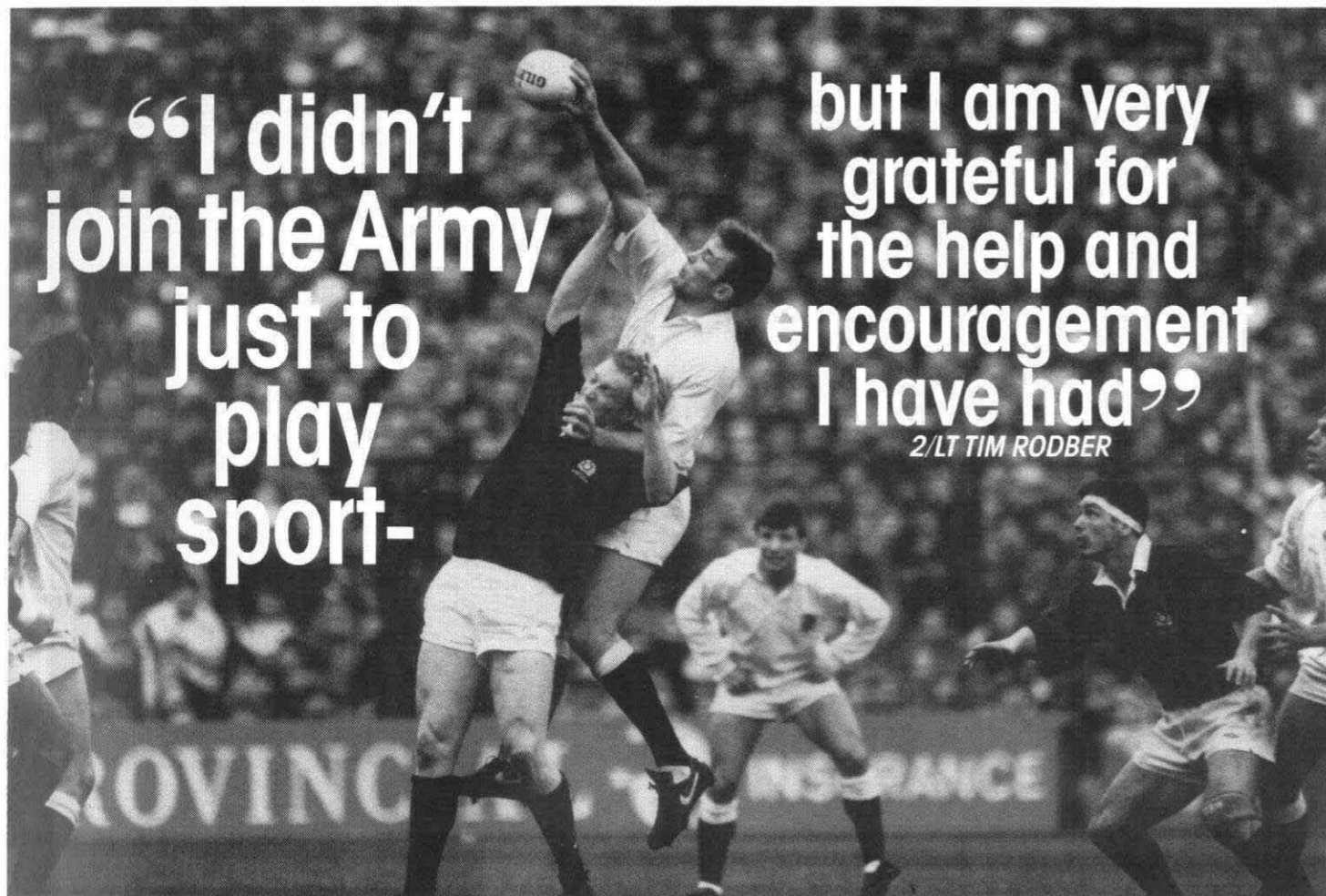
We have continued our visiting commitments this Lent term. There are now about seventy Stoics visiting old people and, for the first time ever, Community Service had to turn away keen Stoics, as we were over subscribed!

It has been a very successful few months for us. On Speech Day there will hopefully be a Community Service exhibition to mark our twenty-fifth birthday. If you are at Stowe on that day we hope you will be able to take time out and have a look at our exhibition.

T.A.F. Lindsay (LVI)



Photograph by N. J. P. Strunck (LVI)



“I didn't
join the Army
just to
play
sport-

but I am very
grateful for
the help and
encouragement
I have had”

2/LT TIM RODBER

Tim Rodber outjumps the Scots in England's win at Murrayfield – January 1992.

He joined the Army via a Sixth form Scholarship at Churcher's College and a Cadetship at Oxford Polytechnic.

His words could be echoed by many others because sport is encouraged in the Army along with many adventurous pursuits. Such activities help to develop personal characteristics which the Army requires such as physical fitness, team spirit, nerve, determination and the ability to overcome challenges.

Few can expect to reach the high, international standard achieved by Tim although a good many have. There have been numerous participants in the Olympics (remember KRISS AKABUSSI?) and many famous explorers such as JOHN BLASHFORD-SNELL who set up Operation Raleigh (now Raleigh International) or JOHN HUNT who led the first successful Everest expedition. However, the chance to benefit from the opportunities available and the sort of help which Tim received is open to all.

Of course being an Army Officer is about much more than sport or adventure training. If you would like to know just what the job does entail, please write to:

Colonel P.R.S. Smith, Schools Liaison Officer, Parsons House,
Ordnance Road, Aldershot, Hants GU11 2AE.

SPORT

RUGBY

FIRST XV

From the very first day of training in the pre-term camp in Galashiels, it was clear that the nucleus of the 1st XV squad was keen, eager to learn and improve and, most importantly, ready to enjoy their rugby. Two encouraging warm up matches against the hosts did a great deal of good for the confidence and team spirit, even though several senior players were missing.

When back to the real world of the domestic rugby circuit we were soon to experience, first hand, the folly of slow and unthoughtful starts to a game. Abingdon scored virtually from the kick off (*à la* England v Ireland) and it was extremely difficult to develop tactics when faced with a side in top gear from the outset. Following matches against Uppingham and Radley, again, we suffered heavy losses, for although we defended bravely we were outplayed in every department. Beating John Cleveland College was a boost, especially as some excellent tries were taken. Success against Oakham was followed by a disappointing narrow defeat at the hands of Pangbourne which was all the more painful as the sides were closely matched and it was mistakes which cost the game. Indeed this became a feature of the first half of the season. Too often we would play well with the forwards rucking superbly and the backs squandering the few opportunities offered.

The draw against Bedford Modern produced probably the most exciting game of the season. In the dying seconds Erogbogbo sprinted from his own 22 metre line to score between the posts with the conversion levelling the scores. What a thriller! In all the games, however, the play was intense. The competitive spirit hardly faltered even when facing overwhelming odds, and the boys provided much entertainment. It is a great pity that more boys in the school do not witness the exciting encounters on the North front.

Will Jones captained the side very maturely and demonstrated devastating defensive qualities on the blind side. Off the field as well as on it, his reliability, honesty and diplomacy were very creditable and a lesson to all. He was ably supported in the forwards by Nicholl, Emery and Scrase who all provided a solid scrummaging platform. J. Pratt, J. Doxford and the injured Leigh-Smith shared the hooking role and all played with great determination. In the second row Hewett was tireless with Dare, Marr and Smith all showing good skills and bravery.

“Exocet” Symes must have had his own in-built heat-seeking device as regards aiming tackles at the opposition. I do not think I have ever seen a boy make so many tackles during a session. Macintosh

and Hall likewise, had good games, always hunting for the loose ball tenaciously.

The promised half-back pairing of Williams and Denning never really functioned until the latter end of the season when they both demonstrated what match winners they can be. Unfortunately too often less advantageous options were taken by both, like an attempted blind-side “break” through four defenders, when a winger was unmarked, or one dummy too many, with an overlap looming.

Amdor and Little developed a centre partnership of superb defensive quality. Their tackling was extremely sound and brave — though even they would admit the Bedford centres took some handling! K. Giblin and Erogbogbo on the wings ran very fast and defended well, their ball handling skills and general positional sense improving during the course of the season. Mustard, Linker, Crawford, Russell, Lambourne, Bell all played commendably in various positions too.

My grateful thanks to Ken Melber, for help, encouragement and laughter; to Will Jones, a man among boys; and to Bert Nicholl for his reliability, efficiency and affability as secretary. Well done to the whole squad for maintaining, on the whole, a very high level of competitive spirit when faced with difficult situations and for providing so much entertainment on the field.

L.E.W.

Colours awarded to: D.M. Amdor, J.A. Dare, M.W.H. Emery, F.T. Erogbogbo, K. Giblin, D.S. Linker, P.W. Little, M.B. Macintosh, S.A. Marr, J.H. S. Pratt, G.J. Scrase.

SECOND XV

I write this article on a dark and windy November Saturday night. My mood is quiet and sombre. Well, O.K., England did play well in the second half and now Australia are the rugby world champions. 12-6 was, as they say, a “fair result”. But, on the same blustery day, we were privileged and proud to watch the Stowe 2nd XV notch up their fifth win of the season so far. Like Australia, our tackling was relentless and (along with Wouter Manning's penalty kick) won us the Oundle match 3-0.

The drawn match at Pangbourne once again saw the most gritty never-say-die spirit. Stowe make a very confident start and after 15 minutes Sam Murray pounces on a scrum halves' mistake to score. Wouter converts. However, with just a few minutes to go we find ourselves losing 10-6, until in the dying seconds, the ball is passed at pace to winger Marcus Cronan who jinks through 2 covering tackles to score. Wouter misses the conversion, a difficult one, by a whisker. 10-10.

The first match of the season at Abingdon, who boast a useful side, is a revelation. How nice it is to see such aggressive players, playing as a team and wanting to win. The ubiquitous Johnny Pratt proves to be an able hooker and provides clean line-

out ball. He scores a superb try finishing off a Fiji-like move involving all of the forwards and most of the backs. Tayo Erogbogbo scores a brilliant solo try too. His elusive running causes countless problems for their backs. Both Johnny and Tayo earn a regular place in the 1st XV. Abingdon 0 - Stowe 13. The John Cleveland fixture saw a completely new approach by our backs. It's always a good sign to see the wingers scoring tries. Jamie McAllister (2), Wouter Manning (2) and Nick Spencer got in on the act with a hat-trick of tries.

Apologies to all the other guys who scored but I couldn't keep up with it all! Anyway, we won convincingly 36-0.

The match against Radley was played on the North Front in pouring rain. Thank you to all those who came (and stayed) to watch. We made a poor start and were down 8-0 after ten minutes. That was the final score, for thereafter Radley were completely demoralized by the most aggressive assault by the forwards, and our backs, soaked through to their blue and gold shirts, tackled everything and everything wearing red and white. The robot-like machine of Radley was taken apart. They had a very unpleasant afternoon and even suffered the humiliation of having one of their players sent off for a piece of foul play against fly-half Dan Westinghouse. If only we had scored early in the second half, which we so nearly did, I think we would have won the match too!

The Oakham match was not really much of a competition at all. The blues and golds of Stowe annihilated both forwards and backs and scored 32 points. To be honest we "coasted" for much of the match and should have won by much more.

The match on the South Front against Rugby, still on their "World Cup, William Webb Ellis, Sweet Chariot" high, was eagerly awaited. The hard training session the day before paid off. We looked like England, they looked like Wales (on a bad day!). For the first twenty minutes the poor Rugby 2 XV just did not know what hit them. They were outclassed by brilliant forward skills linking effectively with dynamic running in the backs. After fifteen minutes we had scored as many points and we eventually won 21-6.

The Eton game, coming so quickly after half-term, was one to be forgotten. We had, on paper, the best side to date. Sadly we lost some key players at the very last minute. Even so, despite playing our worst game yet and very much against the run of play, we were 6-3 up at half time. We lost in a dreary second half 15-9. The only try of the match came from a blue and gold shirt, that of Alex Mustard, the 2nds leading try scorer. The mood immediately after the match was as dark as the weather conditions! Thank goodness that the Eton "Tap" raised spirits (and a few beers) on the way home.

At Mill Hill, we were the better side by far, but it was one of those days when things were not going to go right for us.

At Oxford, St Edwards were the better side. After some relentless tackling on both sides and some brilliant attacking from Stowe and St Edwards, we went down 10-3. It was perhaps the most entertaining match of the season to watch.

In THE VOICE, Alex Mustard reported our next match against Bedford Modern School.

'For pre-match encouragement we were told that a certain Irish rugby coach was in line for "Coach of the Year" award, unless we won by more than 21 points.

After a poor start, we were 3-0 down. But after an incredible break by Dan Westinghouse, Nick Spencer scored superbly.

Following a well placed kick by Marcus Cronan, Alex Mustard was able to run in for an amazing try.

The front five won a very clean ball and Rick Burke with superb judgement set Musty away for another try. After a brilliant conversion by Paul Russell from the touchline, we were 6 points away from making Mr. Taylor coach of the year.

Then, in the dying moments, Hamish Baird, following superb all round play from the team, made a fantastic break allowing Musty to score under the posts. With terrific composure, Paul Russell put over the kick to the sound of the final whistle.

I have not mentioned every player by name (as I had originally intended). I feel this is simply because ALL the players contributions have been for their team and not for themselves as individuals. I cannot express my gratitude enough to the following players who have all given their best for the blues and golds.

The order is purely arbitrary:

W. Manning, J. Crawford, P. Little, A. Mustard, D. Westinghouse, N. Spencer, I. Hall, J. Smith, O. Carlo, J. Spanier, J. Pratt, M. Emery, T. Hart, S. Murray, N. Leith-Smith, M. Macintosh, R. Larcombe, N. Whetherly, T. Erogbogbo, H. Baird, J. MacAllister, M. Cronan, D. Rayne, M. Bell, R. Burke, T. Nesbitt, J. Doxford, P. Russell, B. Burrows, J. Dare and H. Whale.

2nd XV Results

v. Abingdon	Won	13-0
v. Uppingham	Lost	0-20
v. John Cleveland	Won	36-0
v. Radley	Lost	0-8
v. Oakham	Won	32-3
v. Pangbourne	Drawn	10-10
v. Rugby	Won	21-6
v. Eton	Lost	9-15
v. Oundle	Won	3-0
v. Bedford	Won	12-4
v. Cheltenham	Lost	0-22
v. Mill Hill	Lost	8-11
v. St Edwards	Lost	3-10
v. BMS	Won	22-3
v. Haileybury	Lost	4-28

Played 15: Won 7, Lost 7, Drawn 1

(S.T.) Coach of the Year!

THIRD XV

Once again the glorious IIIrd XV, known this year for some obscure reason as "*the Rev's Ravers*", had a triumphant season. Triumphant that is, if one measures triumph in terms more forgiving than cold, uncompromising statistics!

We certainly lost more matches than we won (lost 11, won 4) and to be honest, one of our four wins, the one against Cokethorpe, doesn't really count as a IIIrd XV win, since we only furnished 5 members of the team! Moreover, in all fairness, we must admit clocking up considerably fewer points than we had scored against us! (54 for, 280 against!)

However, these misleading and unhelpful figures really do not do justice to the spirit and character of the season! It was a terrific term! The team played with determination and enthusiasm, right to the end of the season. They met several teams considerably stronger than themselves but never gave up. They raised their game every time — Uppingham, Oundle, Radley, Cheltenham, St Edwards — all hard games. The glorious IIIrds emerged blooded but always unbowed and willing to thank the referee with genuine gratitude! In retrospect, they never had a hope of winning, but it never stopped them trying!

Certainly we lost games we could have won: Abingdon, Pangbourne, Rugby, Eton, Bedford and Haileybury; all were within our grasp, but lack of team play and — let's be honest — lack of fitness took their toll!

Against Oakham, Mill Hill and Bedford Modern the team were a shining example of how to keep the spectators gripped to the very last minute, twice almost snatching defeat from the jaws of victory.

Damion Angus was a solid and reliable captain, and Will Monk always led from the front in the pack. If Mark Chamberlain sometimes amazed us with his (very) occasional turn of speed, Dan Moulthrop impressed us by his easy move from American football to rugby (does a wing really need to know the rules, anyway?). The golden boot of Joubert Grant gave us most of our points. The crunching tackles of Panos Karpidas saved many others. Carter Murray's charges with the ball were always devastating (even if he never quite knew what to do when he stopped!). The legs of Johnny Sucksmith and Henry Whale always assured us of a good home crowd from Stanhope and Nugent.

They were a superb team to coach, and I enormously enjoyed my introduction to rugby, "Stowe IIIrd XV" style. Always good humoured, always enjoying their games, gracious in victory, unruffled and uncomplaining in defeat, the IIIrds were a fine example of true Stoic sportsmanship.

T.M.H.S.

FOURTH XV

WON: 1, Drew: 1, Lost: Some

A successful season, certainly for a Senior 100 team,

is fortunately not just about winning matches. I would rate sheer enjoyment of the game and development of an enthusiastic and compassionate spirit within a team by far the truer hallmark of success. It is a credit to the fourths that they achieved this when only scoring two tries and a penalty all term.

What about the men and the moments of 1991? The first triumph came as Spencer 'golden boot' Cottingham hoisted a magnificent penalty goal against Radley on a miserably wet afternoon. We were trailing somewhat by that stage so our (sorry 'their' — I was the ref!) cheers were mixed with relief.

This was our only score before half term and match after match we seemed to start the game full of promise but end up coming second. The problems seemed to be mainly a lack of tackling but also a lack of faith that they could actually win. This was illustrated in the games post-Bedford in which the scores were much closer even against tougher opposition.

It was fitting that the first try of the season which led to the Bedford win should be scored by the captain, Chris Christopherson. He worked hard all term, leading his men from the front and captained the side more like Lord Flasheart than his name sake, Baldrick!

The Cheltenham, Mill Hill, St. Edwards and Haileybury matches were all a pleasure to watch especially the titanic struggle against Mill Hill (4-4 draw — scorer A. Watson). Anthony Kaye at number 8 with Christopherson and Thatcher on either flank held the scrum together very well especially in the loose play. In the set pieces Jeremy Cottingham hooked excellently and occasionally threw the ball in straight!

The big guns of the front row, Goodchild and Mahood, were very effective... when they actually got to the ball. The backs were well marshalled by Guy Weller-Poley and towards the end of the term the Cottingham-Watson-James-Greaves and/or Beevor combination could actually run and catch at the same time! Nick Cleverly became a very dependable full back and I hope will continue to play after he leaves Stowe.

I would like to thank the team for a most enjoyable season.

W.E.H.V.

COLTS

Many members of this years Colts were forced to learn lessons the hard way, most of which were too late to be of value during the season and, as a consequence, the side did not fulfil its potential. A lack of pace in the back division, added to a lack of tactical awareness, resulted in points being hard to come by. However, excellent covering meant that defeats were usually by narrow margins.

Some 'stars' from previous years discovered that

at this level because teamwork is vital and correct and useful practice is essential, those unwilling to fit this requirement would be dropped to the 'B' team. As a consequence, the team, although struggling early on, had some excellent games in the latter part of the season after the newcomers had settled.

Throughout the season Smith-Walker and Rogers were outstanding both in attack and defence, the former being devastating in offensive tackling and the latter in his covering and running off the scrum. Doxford was always reliable and provided the highlight of the season with a match winning try in the final minute against Oundle. Elwes provided vital line out ball, as did McSweeney, while Birt, Muir and Wheeler worked hard and profitably up front. Denning showed himself to be a class player but his reluctance to practise hindered those outside him. Scott, Akers-Douglas and Boyd-Carpenter had their moments in attack but need to tighten up their defence, while Robertson and Black each had their own strengths and weaknesses. In the final few games Gemmell showed himself to have substantial potential.

D.C.M.

COLTS 'B'

Played 15, Won 7

A tremendous spiralling kick of a season: huge commitment, ferocious tackling, an awesome pack

(when they eventually got to the breakdown) unconventional back play and a lovely warm-up routine, got the better of many opponents. The team was driven on relentlessly by Captain Bob Temple and Bedford, Pangbourne, Mill Hill and Oakham all succumbed, Festival rugby it was; with Hunt (sponsored per try by his Dad!) and Collier (Hulking frame and strange hairdo apparently mesmerising opponents) being among the top try scorers in the school.

Several of the squad had lengthy spells in the 'A' team and this surely must have been one of the more talented 'B' squads of recent years.

Interviewed late in the season on board the luxury team bus returning from the Bourbon — site of many famous victories — the lads, led by the eloquent G. Cahusac esq., tried to pinpoint some of the reasons for their success:

"Ollie Taylor's shorts."

"Make sure your second rows are all called George."

"Write intimidating messages on your gumshields."

"Get 'Archie' Gemmell and 'Mad Anthony' Pearce angry by half time."

"Make sure 'Henry' Moore (the great sculpture) is the 'miss' part of all miss moves in his backs."

"Score so many tries that 'Will' Carling's goalkicking doesn't really matter."

So there we have it — success in a nutshell. Beware the 1st XV 1992!

R.R.A.

Senior House Rugby Final



HOUSE MATCHES 1991

Grafton monopolised the competition this year, winning both the senior and junior sections. The Senior team defeated Grenville in a hard fought final, in which Simon Denning played a crucial role. The Grafton backs were always going to have an advantage with the speed of Erogbogbo on the wing. Grenville played very well, however, and provided the match with some very exciting moments.

Grafton juniors too emulated their senior team and beat Chandos in the final, though by a much closer margin. In injury time a late try just secured a Grafton victory.

L.E.W.

House Match Results

Senior

Chandos 48	Chandos 6	Grenville 6	
Cobham 6			
Chatham 0	Grenville 14		
Grenville 30			Grafton
Walpole 12	Walpole 4		
Temple 0		Grafton 16	
Bruce 0	Grafton 12		
Grafton 30			

Housematch Final December 1991



Photograph by J. M. L.

Junior

Bruce 12			
Temple 0			
Bruce 0	Chandos 12	Chandos 6	
Chandos 38			
Grenville 12	Grenville 4		
Chatham 0			Grafton
Walpole 32	Walpole 0		
Lyttelton 0		Grafton 8	
Cobham 4	Grafton 18		
Grafton 36			

INTER HOUSE SEVENS

The Sevens followed a predictable pattern to the inter house fifteen a-side competition, in that Grafton won both the senior and junior cups again. However, the seniors had to fight much harder, as Walpole put up such a spirited rally and might well have stolen the match at the last gasp. The Grafton juniors, however, found it much less difficult with Chandos, as a couple of key players were missing. It was a fine day for Sevens and the competition provided some excellent recreational sport.

Senior

Cobham 4	Grafton 26	Grafton 16	
Grafton 20			
Lyttelton 0	Bruce 6		
Bruce 12			Grafton
Grenville 4	Grenville 4		
Temple 0		Walpole 6	
Chandos 8	Walpole 6		
Walpole 10			

Junior

Bruce 4			
Cobham 12			
Cobham 0	Walpole 0	Grafton 20	
Walpole 10			
Grafton 26	Grafton 16		Grafton
Temple 0			
Chandos 8	Chandos 6		
Lyttelton 6		Chandos 3	
Grenville 0	Chatham 0		
Chatham 10			

L.E.W.

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HOCKEY

"Funny, isn't it? The more I practise the better I get."

Gary Player.

All sport includes training, practise and competition if there is to be any measurable progress. In hockey, there is much satisfaction in acquiring a skill and perfecting it. Unlike golf, hockey is a real test of a player's skills and athleticism in the context of a team game. Coping with the cut and thrust of a fast and physically demanding sport is part and parcel of it all. Looking back on this last season, great strides were made at the very beginning of January on the basics of the game during the pre-season days and through the opening two weeks until an influenza epidemic. In previous years such illness has been shrugged off lightly, but this year it hit at the worst possible time to disrupt a very promising start. The desire to improve and to practise hard was seen spasmodically later in the term and rarely did a team come on song to play consistently throughout a school match. Touches of individual brilliance and singular courage were often evident, but the collective self-belief seemed all too elusive.

THE FIRST XI

On paper, five old colours formed the backbone of the side. A blend of strength in defence, all round control in midfield and pace at centre forward gave cause for reasonable optimism. In goal for every school match was James Dare. His instinctive, lightning reactions were sensational but his vulnerability was more often the direct hard strike. In practise, with a free circle in front of him, he seemed unbeatable, but under pressure in a match with too many players to distract, it sometimes went wrong. Gerry Scrase looked imposing at left back. Undaunted by a striker's pace he played a fearless game. The only LVI former in the side, at right back was Hamish Baird. His natural, explosive tackling was well controlled and effective. Pace and commitment helped him close down potential danger. The distribution of the backs lacked accuracy both from the free hit and in open play, which added unnecessary pressure. Jonathan Sucksmith, at left half, showed composure and good timing in the tackle. He was often lost for ideas when coming away with the ball which proved frustrating, especially for the forwards. At centre half, for the second year in a row, was Richard Larcombe. Deceptively quick in the dribble and willing to use space in all directions, he worked tirelessly at every moment. His example as Captain was superb and, unlike other senior players, his head did not drop when the going became tough. Simon Denning, at right half, remained an enigma. Flashes of class were dimmed by periods of ineptitude. The clouds were more frequent than the sunshine. So to the forwards. On the right wing was David Amdor, who

was under used, as was Harry Pearl on the left wing. Neither could persuade those around them to play a wide game in attack. Perhaps, without wishing to be unkind, the required speed was just half a pace too slow against the better opposition. The link men, at inside, were Alastair Scott-Gall on the right and Richard Burke on the left. Alastair had lost none of his former skill but temperamentally he was his own worst enemy. When the ball ran well for him it was heady stuff, but in retreat it was a sorry picture. Richard over stretched himself in desperation one moment and died a death the next. He offered threatening moves beyond the halfway line for twenty five yards and then, all too often, he faded. Piers Williams had an unhappy time, with one or two exceptions, at centre forward. Forever hoping that the right touch would come his way, he snatched too quickly at the meagre pickings. More running off the ball would have given him a bigger slice of the action. His goals were a treat. Oh, for more!

MATCHES

The home fixtures against schools went as well as should be expected — unbeaten once more. However the pattern of games during the term revealed an imbalance in attitude within the team. Credit is given to half the team who fought every inch of the way whatever the circumstances. The others, many experienced players, should have known better than to walk on to a pitch and assume that the game was already theirs. The arrogance of it! However, that was a feature seen later in the term and the opening match against Bicester H.C., just before term began, had all the signs of fresh vigour and raw talent. At that early stage, played younger emerging stars: Tayo Erogbogbo on the wing, Adrian James in the forward line and Alexander Barber at left half. Within five days of the start of the term came the Magdalen fixture. This was the most evenly balanced contest of the term, played in great spirit and a full team effort. The 'flu caused two matches to be cancelled and so weakened the performance against Bedford that the result became meaningless. Oundle, away on grass, saw Stowe take a comfortable lead only to give it away by slow marking in defence. Little determination in attack too, as against Rugby, left few options available other than a draw. Easier opposition in the form of Berkhamsted and Mill Hill were dutifully dispatched and the same should have been the case against the Old Stoics. The cutting edge was blunted; the killer instinct was jaded; the hunger had faded. Happier days were to follow in Amsterdam.

FIRST XI: J.A. Dare*, G.J. Scrase* (Vice-Captain), H.D. Baird*, J.P. Sucksmith*, R.E. Larcombe* (Captain), S.J. Denning, H.G. Pearl*, R.G. Burke*, P.A. Williams* (Secretary), A.J. Scott-Gall*, D.M. Amdor*.

*Colours.



Richard Larcombe (Captain of 1st XI) in match v Berkhamsted, 1992.

Photograph by J. M. L.

RESULTS: Played 9; Won 4; Drawn 2; Lost 3.

v. Bicester H. C.	Home	Won	2-1
v. Magdalen	Home	Won	2-1
v. St. Edward's	Away	Cancelled	
v. Radley	Home	Cancelled	
v. Bedford	Away	Lost	0-6
v. Oundle	Away	Drawn	1-1
v. Rugby	Home	Drawn	2-2
v. Berkhamsted	Home	Won	2-1
v. Mill Hill	Away	Won	2-1
v. Old Stoics	Home	Lost	1-2
v. Pangbourne	Away	Lost	0-7

HOUSEMATCHES

In the Seniors, 1st XI players took centre stage in the final, James Dare, in goal, winning it for Grenville against Chatham, despite a barrage of shots from Richard Larcombe. Chatham took the honours against Grafton in the Juniors and Grafton won the Yearlings Cup in the Autumn term. As so often is the case, non-school team players make such an impact in this keenly contested knock-out competition.

THE OCCASIONALS

This year, the Staff XI gave a demonstration in the art of winning gracefully to a mixed Colts and Junior Colts XI at the end of term. A warm welcome is extended to Mr. Michael Chitty and Miss Belinda

Evison who have given of their time and expertise in coaching school teams. Thanks are given to Mr. John Mullen, Mr. Brian Sear and the ground staff for the preparation of all the pitches which afford such pleasure and heartache (!) for so many sports' personnel.

AMSTERDAM

It all happened on this, the fifth tour to Holland: the greatest floral festival on earth, the Floriade, at Zoetermeer: the biggest earthquake since 1756 at Roermond, the historic Conservative election victory back home and, of course, incomparable Amsterdam offering culture, entertainment and even hockey. The mixed party was based at Assendelft, a charming town a few miles north west of the city. Two matches were played at F.I.T. hockey club in Kadoelen and a third at Harlem H.C. Champagne at breakfast, on the Friday, marked the political events in Britain before the opening game. This was the best contest against a young team who were their regional champions. A draw, after being two goals adrift, turned out to be a fine effort. On the second day, the visit to the flower extravaganza turned out to be a stunning experience — well worth the visit. Later that afternoon, at Harlem, an even younger side than before were easily beaten. It provided an opportunity to experiment with new skills for those who wanted to take it — too few realised this. Finally, back at F.I.T., our opposition was an older

group, who had obviously not been travelling, sightseeing or socialising for three days and they focussed on the ball more effectively. Overall, the honours had been shared over this sundrenched weekend. Our thanks go to Mr. Stephan Frenkel Frank for his organisation in Holland and to 'The Grasshopper', voted the best tavern in town, for their hospitality. The girls' team made a special contribution to the atmosphere and enjoyment — see their report for details. It was an exceedingly happy, long weekend when 'every little thing turned out to be all right'.

Tour Party: Richard Larcombe (Captain), Piers Williams, David Amdor, Jonathan Sucksmith, Richard Burke, Hamish Baird (1st XI Players): Alex Barber, Adrian James, Tayo Erogbogbo, Christian James (2nd XI Players): Robert Temple, Daniel Scott, William Wynne (Colts Players).

Tour Results: Played 3; Won 1; Drawn 1; Lost 1.

v. F.I.T. H.C. 'B'	Drawn	4-4
v. Harlem H.C. 'B'	Won	5-1
v. F.I.T. H.C. 'A'	Lost	2-5

J.M.L.



The Tour Party

Photograph by J. M. L.

SECOND XI HOCKEY

No less than 24 players were selected to represent the 2nd XI during a 'flu- and injury-hit season. With players available for practice frequently differing from those who were fit on match days, continuity was a constant problem. A record of **Won 2, Drew 2, Lost 4** was, therefore, an unfair reflection of the team's true potential. Nevertheless, some good hockey was played in all matches, several of which were close run affairs. If control could have been sustained throughout, the final pass given that moment earlier and the cover tackling that bit more reliable, it might all have been a different story.

Even so, there was no lack of effort or pride from a large number of players who were awarded their colours.

Team from: **R.J. Symes** (Chatham) — Captain before injury whose absence disrupted the front line; **N.W.S. Whetherly** (Grenville) — deputy Captain and stalwart full back; **A.J. Barber** (Bruce) — most skilful centre-half when not on 1st XI duty; **M.B.P. Champness** (Chandos) — strong going forward and received the "punctuality prize"; **F.T. Erogbogbo** (Grafton) — doubled the average team speed when not doing the same in the 1st XI; **C.E. James** (Lyttelton) and **M. Steggle** (Chandos) — two fine goalkeepers who will have a great battle for first team selection next year; **A.J.C. James** (Cobham) — the only left winger of distinction and good team man; **A.T. Mustard** (Grafton) — with more of the ball, he could be even hotter; **G.H. Passmore** (Cobham) — skilful but possessive; **R.S. Plumridge**

(Chandos) — late arrival specialising in clearances off the line; **J.H.S. Pratt** (Grafton) — training is not his strong suit but committed, even over-committed, in matches; **G.H. Weller-Poley** (Chatham) — another late arrival whose adaptability provided valuable support in the second half of the season.

C.J.G.A.

THIRD XI

Drew: 1, Lost: Some

This season did not see a lot of success for the Third XI, for right from the beginning of the season the squad was crippled by the flu virus and many of the most skilled players were promoted to the seconds. Despite the disappointing score sheet, there was no lack of commitment and determination.

Throughout the season there were a number of prominent performances. Chris James and Will Monk both kept goal with great composure and made a number of spectacular saves. James Whitehead, Mark Chamberlain, Ian Goodchild and Ben Jarrett all at different stages played very solidly in defence — The midfield machine of Robert Hankey, Alex Michael, Robert Milligan and Sam Pelly were always very sharp and ready to pick up any counter attacks. The forwards comprised Simon Schnorr, Charles Noton, Paul Russell, Sam Murray and Dave Lewis (Captain). All showed great pace and agility and were unlucky not to score more than seven times.

The 1992 Thirds had great team spirit and always looked under control but this season will be remembered as the one that could have been.

The following were awarded their Thirds colours: R. Hankey, D. J. Lewis, S. Murray, S. Schnorr, A. Michael, M. Chamberlain, I. Goodchild, C. Noton and W. Monk.

D. Lewis

COLTS

After an early and breezy start to the term's practices, plague, pestilence and not a little rain set in. Two fixtures were cancelled and another pair of 2nds matches were binned because of rain; so, we stumbled to the beginning of the season. However, what all this dithering meant was that with time the blistering explosiveness of the group gathered fervour, boiled and grew more hungry.

The Colts 1st XI season opened against Magdalen, Oxford. The game was scrappy with few skilful passing moves coming together, though towards the end play became more ordered and stubborn: dogged defence turned to attack. Magdalen took the match in the end, but by a whisper: Robert Temple's blast at goal, the end of

a sweeping attack from our half, hit the post.

The season's progress relied more and more upon precision passing and less on individual skill. This led to an unprecedented 1-0 victory over Oundle. The game was arguably the highlight of the season; but who scored — Robert Temple or Adam Carling? The debate still rages.

Training spiritedly, and occasionally with the School 1st XI, the Colts found that the second half of term was altogether more satisfactory, though it was felt that too much time was devoted to short-corner and unopposed practice. Unfortunately, Captain Giles Smith-Walker suffered the woes of an old back injury and he was replaced by Jojohn Collins. Whatever the combination — and it always included the stalwart (and talkative) Robertson — the backs provided a determined wall against attack, and were an admirable spring-board for our attacks.

The offenses were more often than not led by Denning, the experienced and replacement Captain. With apparent effortlessness he initiated many moves which penetrated deep into the opposition's half. Scott, the left-wing speed merchant, improved noticeably as the season progressed and, with Carling, Birt and Temple, provided a biting, sometimes vicious offensive.

The halves established skilful and ardent communication between back and forward. Often it was their willingness to scamper back or sweep onto attack which provided the team with its coordinated strength. With Wynne at the centre of this group, the half line-up of Boyd-Carpenter, Clare, and/or Wheeler played with the zest which had been the hall-mark of the team's success last year. Wynne was too hard on himself to think himself erratic!

Pendle's dribbled commentary in all games/practices of last year has developed into a tirade this year; but I am happy to report that there has been development in his goal-saving skills too. Countless saves through the season kept the team in winning form. The only goal he is prepared to concede was an own-goal which dribbled between his legs offs stick.

The 2-1 win over Pangbourne in the final match was a neat end to two years of ardent effort: the same match last year was a draw.

Colts 1st XI Players: Pendle, Collins, Smith-Walker, Robertson, Boyd-Carpenter, Clare, Wynne, Wheeler, Scott, Carling, Temple, Denning, Birt.

For the Colts 2nd Team the season was at first frustrating, then a little disappointing, and finally very pleasing. Ill health and rain wrote-off three matches and the next two were lost by one goal each. From then on, however, they won well. The final 6-0 win against Pangbourne (5-1 last year) was revenge on an arbitrary God who toyed maliciously with the season's start.

This was a very cheerful group for whom loss was felt keenly; so it was that they played furiously. With

Harrison, Elwes and McSweeney in the side, size was never going to be a problem and often we intimidated the opposition with sheer physicality. That is not to say that skill was lacking: many of our goals came from practiced and promptly released passes which went mostly in the intended direction. This, combined with ferocious behaviour in the opposition circle, made for exciting hockey for players and parents.

Colts 2nd XI Players: Carpenter-Couchman, McSweeney, Williams, Treitline, Tritton, Read, Elwes, Anderson, Harrison, Gerard, Bates, Paravicini.

SCORES

Colts 1st XI						Colts 2nd XI					
P	W	L	D	GF	GA	P	W	L	D	GF	GA
7	4	3	0	8	9	5	3	2	0	10	5

S.H.C.R.

JUNIOR COLTS 'A'

I believe it would be fair to say that from the outset it was clear that the team possessed neither the depth of skill nor the physical presence of many of our opponents. These facts were painfully brought home to us during an extremely bruising first match against Magdalen College School. However what the team did possess was an abundance of enthusiasm, courage, determination and, fortunately, a sense of humour — you have to be able to laugh off a 12 - 0 defeat at the hands of Rugby!

Despite a conspicuous lack of success (played 8, won 1, lost 7) the statistics belie the fact that in many games we dominated play, but lacked the necessary penetration up front. T.J.C. Chambre on the right wing was fast and exciting, while on the left R. Dobbin, despite lacking the confidence to really 'take on' the defence, seldom failed to centre the ball. As inside forwards T.M. Hope-Johnston's skill and aggressiveness continually threatened the oppositions' defence, while R.B. Hudig's 'European' style of play, though 'pretty' was regrettably inappropriate in the more physical 'English' game. N.W.H. Roberts captained the team well from the centre forward position where his speed, energy, skill and command were much in evidence. In the halves Smith was a tower of strength on the right, R.F. Barber proved as tenacious and energetic as a terrier in the centre, while M.T. Newnham, T.S. Hoare and N.C. Mason shared the left with equal success during the season. In defence the outstanding skill, energy and commitment of M.J.M. Konig was an example to all. He was capably supported by first C.N.C. Britten-Long and latterly by A.J. Christopherson. In goal A.W.A. Swainston and R.S.N. Margossian established themselves as fearless and capable keepers.

The highlight of the season was, not surprisingly, our win against Mill Hill. From the first whistle the team played with confidence and poise. M.J.M. Konig and A.J. Christopherson in defence looked 'safe as houses' delivering fast ball from the set piece which enabled the halves to work it forward efficiently to the forwards. The forwards in turn looked hungry for goals frequently splitting the Mill Hill defence wide open with deep and penetrating attacks. A cracking goal by Roberts in the first few minutes gave the team the confidence they had been lacking all term and from then on the result was never in doubt.

Overall not a tremendously successful season, but if the team can learn to both play to its strengths and believe in itself, then the future is bright.

M.O.M.C.

THE YEARLINGS

"Oaks from little acorns grow"

It is hoped that good planting happens at the Yearlings' level and yields good results in four years or earlier at higher levels. This season the fixtures had been brought forward on the basis that particular lessons can be learned in a match. The scheme did not quite work because it was too soon for the basics to be there. Hockey skills do take time to acquire and there are only a few who arrive in this group with good past experience. Confidence comes with success. So it was that, after half term, the first win encouraged all players to step up a gear.

The best goal-keeper remained somewhat unresolved. Angus Campbell, who could play a quick game out of goal, was a fair choice but his lack of height proved a disadvantage. James Webster became the final choice and it is hoped he might gain a taste for the position, because he really could become a star. The most reliable full-back, William Milling, has a great future in the game with good speed and a strong hit. The side suffered when he was absent for part of the term. James Walker, sometimes back for the team's sake and sometimes half, became more self-assured as the term progressed. He is an imposing sportsman when matters are going well. Adam Riley, at centre half and captain for the majority of the matches, showed steady control and intelligent skill. He needs greater physical strength and more aggression. Christian Burgess, at half, looked safer moving forward in possession than running back in the tackle, so he favoured the right hand side. Stuart Mun-Gavin, at left half, improved all the time and a longer concentration span would do wonders for his game. James Biddulph, at half, joined the 1st XI at the end of term with great determination and whole-hearted commitment. On the wings, Tim Pearce and Rupert Searle produced fast running and well directed crosses. As their skills develop, they will become more effective players. George Alcock, inside left, was athletic and hard working. Tom Bell, inside right, who captained the last match, has tremendous

potential and wants to do well. Both these link players will be vital to the future of this year's group. Hugh Carling, at centre forward, demonstrated fine dribbling technique, fair pace and a sound strike of the ball. His limited sense of vision and team play was the cause of considerable frustration.

Personnel in the 2nd XI who deserve special mention include Ben Hennessy, centre half; Serrol Osman, centre forward; and Christopher Dixey, full-back.

Team from: J.S. Webster, A.J.M. Campbell, W.A.G. Milling, J.J.D. Walker, S.S.D. Mun-Gavin, A.S. Riley (Captain), C.J. Burgess, J.J. Biddulph, T.R.C. Pearce, T.J. Bell (Vice-Captain), H. Carling, G.W. Alcock, R.T.D. Searle.

1st XI Yearlings Results:

v. Uppingham	Home	Lost
v. Oundle	Away	Lost
v. Northants U14	Home	Won
v. Oxon U14	Home	Cancelled
v. Uppingham	Away	Lost
v. High Wycombe	Home	Won
v. Oundle	Home	Lost
v. Mill Hill	Home	Won

J.M.L.

CROSS-COUNTRY

FIRST VIII

Schools beaten: 14, Schools lost to: 3

These results are good but it is a little disappointing that this season did not turn out to be the outstanding one we hoped for. We were certainly well beaten in the County Championships and only Marcus Cronan was selected for the County Team in the National Schools Championships. Stoics should realise their potential and not ruin their chances by poor preparation for matches. A few sacrifices are necessary if we are to be the best. Late nights before a match and smoking can only undo the hard work put into training.

We were very grateful for the enthusiasm and determination shown by newcomers Simon Hewett and Graham Pike and they fully deserve the award of Full Colours.

U17 VIII

Schools beaten: 14, Schools lost to: 1

This was an excellent season for the U17 VIII. They were so nearly unbeaten, losing only to Harrow right at the beginning of the season when the after effects of the 'flu epidemic were still being felt. They also did very well to win the Intermediate Boys Trophy in the County Championships.

Fine overall performances won Colts Colours for Nicholas Tissot and Edward Hunt.

I hope those who will be promoted to the first VIII next season will consider the level of commitment needed for outstanding success, and especially that those concerned will give up smoking.

U15 VIII

Schools beaten: 6, Schools lost to: 2

A very sound start by the U15 side and we look to have some very promising runners. The future looks good! Many thanks for all the help from Stephen McCabe in organising the junior team.

Inter-House Cross-Country Championships

Girls	Winning House:	Nugent
	Individual Winner:	Natasha Gilchrist
Senior Boys	Winning House:	Chandos
	Individual Winner:	Marcus Cronan (new record)
U17 Boys	Winning House:	Walpole
	Individual Winner:	Nicholas Tissot (new record)
U15 Boys	Winning House:	Temple
	Individual Winner:	Richard Smith (new record)

The standard of competition was high and three new records was remarkable. One wonders what we could have achieved in school matches with the same level of determination!

G.L.P.

GOLF

SPRING 1992

Results in the Spring Term are never good because our opponents are mostly club sides whose players are in better practice than we are, and are also playing at home. This year our results, including the Micklem Tournament, were the poorest I can remember in the eleven spring terms that I have been at Stowe. There is no doubt that the new policy for Monday Activities introduced a few years ago is adversely affecting the standard of golf in the school. 'A' club sportsmen are no longer available for golf coaching from the visiting professional on Mondays, with the result that the number being coached in the fundamentals, and often developing a real taste for the game in the process, has been reduced from 28 or more (including a waiting list) to some 12 or 13 a term. The effects of this, I believe, are now starting to take their toll. Hopefully, ways will be found to remedy the situation.

Having said this, we actually achieved our best result for some years against Buckingham Golf Club, our traditional opening fixture, with a halved match. This was followed by a whitewash against Ellesborough, who as usual were superb hosts, and a quite creditable showing against a strong Old Stoic team at Sandy Lodge where the match was lost 4-2. The very strong Northamptonshire County Golf Club Junior Team, which included Robert Duck, recent twice winner of the Stowe Putter, defeated us 5-1 on their own course (6-2 if the two staff members' matches are included in the result).

It has to be said that in none of these matches was it possible to pick our strongest team because of the rival claims of hockey, 7-a-side rugby, squash and basketball, as well as the odd injury. However, for the match against Harrow at Moor Park our best team was picked and lost a close match 3½-2½.

A squad of seven was picked for the Micklem Tournament in the last week of term, a competition which we had won in the two previous years. The team, handicaps in brackets, was Simon Hewett (6), Robert Samuel (9), Paul McSweeney (10), Mark Godman (12), James Nash (17), Tom Kappler (17) and George Passmore (about 20). After a practice-cum-trial on the Tuesday afternoon, it was still undecided as to who should get the fifth place for the opening round on the Wednesday afternoon. Paul McSweeney was clearly out of form and Tom Kappler was not at his best. A further few holes were played on the Wednesday morning and with regret it was decided to drop Paul who was playing too erratically for the tree-lined course, and George Passmore was selected, who was showing encouraging form.

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The first round match against Rugby was narrowly lost 3-2. If Mark Godman, playing number 3, had managed to sink a four foot putt on the 18th he would have taken his opponent to extra holes. In the first round of 'The Plate' against Winchester, Tom Kappler was brought in at number five, but was not able to affect the result, though he played creditably, the match being lost 3½-1½. Simon Hewett, our captain and number one, with an excellent previous Micklem record of 4 wins, one half and one loss, never found his real form, although he fought back well in both his matches after being heavily down. This put a big load on an inexperienced side. Robert Samuel was outstanding at number two, with wins of 5 & 4 and 4 & 3, and James Nash had a good tournament, winning one and halving one in two very tight matches.

In the term as a whole Samuel (3½ points from 5 matches), Kappler (3 from 6) and Nash (2½ from 6) had the best results. Mark Godman and James Nash were awarded their golf colours at the end of the Micklem Tournament.

M.D.D.

LACROSSE

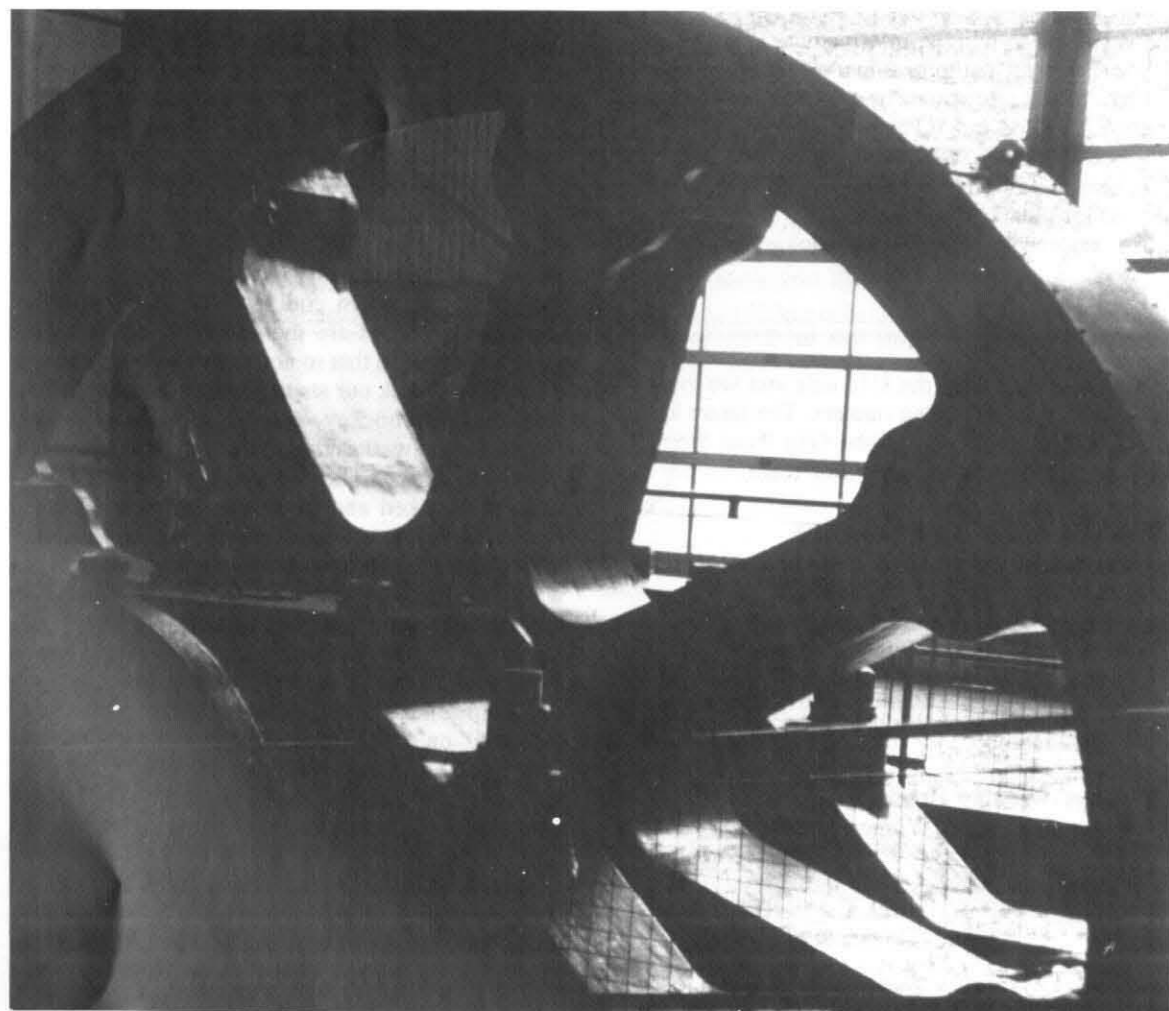
The lacrosse season started well with four girls being selected for the Bucks Junior County Team. They came second in the Midlands County Tournament.

Our team motivation was excellent and it was a pity that we were unable to make the best use of the considerable individual talents and skills owing to the team practice restrictions imposed by the 'flu epidemic.

However, we still managed some very good results, particularly when winning the triangular match against Banbury Ladies and Oxford University B Team, culminating in a thoroughly enjoyable, though tough, day at the All Schools Tournament at Milton Keynes where we scored two wins, one draw and two losses.

D.G.

Photograph of Sheffield Steel Works by Giles Thompson



Richard Barber — New Year's Day Slalom in Val d'Isère 1992

Photograph by J. M. L.

SKIING: Val d'Isère

"The stuff that dreams are made of!"

There can be nothing ordinary about a skiing holiday in The Alps. From the advanced competitor to the novice the slopes draw like a magnet, the snow tingles the senses and the eyes feast on the stunning Alpine landscape. The mixed party from Stowe stayed for one week at a modest hotel in La Daille, just below Val d'Isère. The weather could not have been more brilliant, the quality of snow could not have been bettered and the resort — well — it was busy on the lifts but on the mountain tops inviting vistas asked to be traversed.

Unfit limbs were put to the test from 9.00 a.m. to 5.00 p.m. every day, with 1 hour of good instruction each morning. The anticipation of a ski run is exciting, the experience is exhilarating and the end is usually exhausting. The desire to complete as many runs as possible in the seven hours is solely dependent on fitness.

The person and the spirit of Jean-Claude Killy was in Savoie, the very region where the 1992 Winter Olympics was to be held in February. The ace skiers pitted their wits against 'The Face' where the olympic downhill skiers would cover 1900 vertical metres in less than two minutes! Our most intrepid

skier was Mr. Michael Smith, the party leader, who joined the torchlight descent on New Year's Eve. Fireworks displayed their brilliance that evening and celebrations went on to the early hours of the morning. The New Year's Day Slalom started at 10.30 a.m.! Who was there to win a gold medal? None other than MJS, Vicky Thompson and Natasha Gilchrist — and they did! Before the end of the week Natasha had also flown from the mountain top to experience the thrill of hand gliding. Bungy jumping is on the list for next year.

As a skiing region, Val d'Isère has much to offer. It allows the good skier to take on a range of new slopes each day across the mountains that surround Tingues and as far as Le Glacier. Off piste, with expert guidance, went Richard Barber (15 yrs) showing the kind of disregard for safety that only youth will allow. The prize for the most dramatic 'wipe out' went to a brave parent, Mr Christopher Ross, and the most improved performer was David Shelton, who shot down a red run after just three days tuition — madness?! All the stories got embellished over the happy hours in 'Le Pub' each evening.

To the casual observer, skiing looks so simple. Point the skis in the right direction, lean forward and away you go! Nothing could be further from

the truth. Like the serene swan gliding across the water, with webbed feet paddling madly, so the skier glides across frozen water, with leg muscles working frantically. It is not surprising that the olympic stars of today need all the assistance they can get. Alberto Tomba made sporting history this year when he retained his Giant Slalom gold medal and to help him there was his coach, assistant coach, physical conditioner (sounds like a shampoo), masseur, doctor, ski-service man, psychologist,

manager and Cina Marchese of the International Management Group. The Stowe party worked wonders on their own, creating skiing history, with nothing more than a tot of gluvine (sp?) within and pure inspiration from without. Every member of the group contributed to an extremely convivial holiday. No broken bones; simply wonderful memories.

J.M.L.

Photograph by Natasha Gilchrist (MVI)



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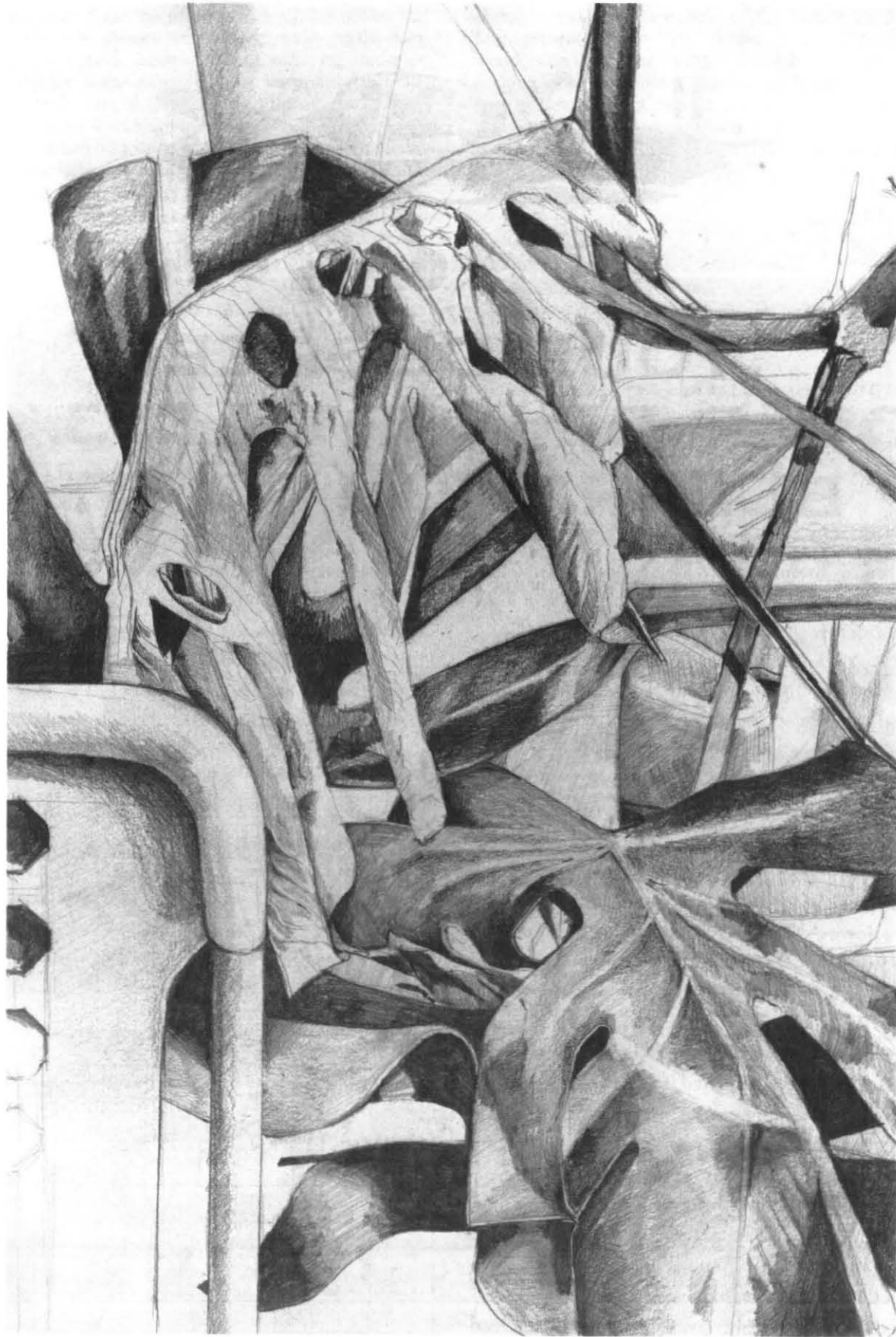
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Drawing by M. O. L. T. Wilson (MVD)

OLD STOIC NEWS

W.P. Cooper (Chatham 1954) has been elected Captain of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society for the years 1991-1993.

D.A. Eaton (Cobham 1978) was appointed Head of English at a Bristol Comprehensive School in 1991.

H.N. Gray (Chatham 1976) has emigrated to Australia to run Gray-Nicolls in Melbourne.

R.J. Maxwell-Hyslop (Chatham 1949) was knighted in the New Year's Honours List 1992.

Kate G. Reardon (Nugent 1987) organised the highly successful *Singles Ball* in aid of The Royal Marsden Hospital Cancer Appeal.

J.P. Richardson (Chatham 1939) has won the Whitbread Book of the Year Prize for his "A Life of Picasso", the first of a four volume biography of the Artist covering the years 1881 - 1906.

D.A.K. Simmonds (Grenville 1958) was elected Chairman of Liquor and Betting Licensing for Barnet and South Mimms Magistrates Division in 1990 and Deputy Bench Chairman for 1992.

C.F. Villiers (Bruce 1976) and his brother **J.P. Villiers** (Bruce 1979) appeared together in the Agatha Christie adaptation "They Do It With Mirrors" on BBC1 in December 1991.

A.C.L. Whistler (Grenville 1930) had an exhibition of his work at Sotheby's in January 1992.

BIRTHS

N.P. Armstrong (Grenville 1975) a daughter, Anna Rosalind, on 14th January 1992.

A.H. Berger (Grafton 1982) a son, Edward Bertram, on 21st November 1991.

A.D. Capron (Grafton 1972) a son, Robert, on 20th November 1991.

G.D.G. Carr (Chatham 1977) a daughter, in July 1991.

W.A.C. Cavendish (Lyttelton 1975) a son, Myles, on 25th March 1991.

E.R.G. Clarke (Cobham 1974) twins, a son, Harry David Jack, and a daughter Annabelle Sarina Mary, on 20th June, 1990.

R.J. Cooper (Cobham 1968) a daughter, Arabella Phoebe Hamilton, on 7th May 1990.

J.A. Fane (Lyttelton 1980) a son, Julian Peter, on 9th December 1991.

A.L. Garber (Chandos 1974) a daughter, Alice Finola, on 5th December 1991.

G.C. Leon (Chatham 1974) a son, Nicholas, on 22nd October, 1989.

P.N.H. Macoun (Grafton 1969) a son, Mark Stephen, on 20th November 1991.

A.S. Massie (Walpole 1977) a daughter, Joanna Claire, on 14th May 1989 and a son, Benjamin Charles, on 28th September 1991.

P.M. Neufeld (Chandos 1979) a son, Michael in November 1991.

G.C. Ponsford (Chatham 1972) a daughter, Adrienne, on 28th November 1991.

J.W.M. Ritchie (Lyttelton 1977) a son, William Thomas, on 19th July 1991.

C.T. Rolls (Lyttelton 1975) a son, Sam, on 2nd January 1992.

P.B. Salmon (Grenville 1975) a son, Charles Martin, on 16th July 1991.

MARRIAGES

A.H. Austin (Grenville 1980) to Megan Jones on 30th January 1990. **A.A. Salmon** (Grenville 1980) was Best Man.

C.J.C. Boardman (Bruce 1975) to Julia Carrick on 7th December 1991.

R.M. Coombs (Chandos 1981) to Nicola Pringle on 24th August 1991.

R.N.H. Reynolds (Cobham 1976) to Sally Caroline Rout on 1st September 1990.

J.W.M. Ritchie (Lyttelton 1977) to Philippa Dodds on 11th November 11th November 1989.

R.G. Simpson (Cobham 1977) to Joanna Laidlaw on 14th December 1991.

R.R.N. Yeoward (Chatham 1981) to Marianne Susan Dodd on 18th May 1991.

DEATHS

C.R. Allison (Staff 36-88, & Governor) on 25th December 1991.

F.A.A. Bruell (Walpole 1947) on 26th November 1991.

J.I. Crookston (Temple 1928) on 9th October 1991.

P.E.B. de Buriatte (Bruce 1953) on 21st July 1991.

T.W. Dudley (Walpole 1961) on 31st January 1992.

J. Gatty (Grafton 1955) on 11th November 1991.

J.E. Gilbey (Grafton 1948) on 15th November 1991.

D.E. Hartnell-Beavis (Temple 1935) on 27th January 1992.

J.K. Hill (Cobham 1946) on 7th January 1992.

G.W. Hird (Cobham 1928) on 10th January 1992.

W.S. Hyde (Chandos 1926) died in 1991.

E.J. Lankester (Cobham 1940) on 6th November 1991.

D.M. Mayfield (Grenville 1927) on 23rd June 1991.

Lord Moynihan (Grafton 1953) in November 1991.

A.J. Plummer (Grenville 1927) on 9th November 1991.

G. Rawson (Chatham 1935) on 7th February 1992.

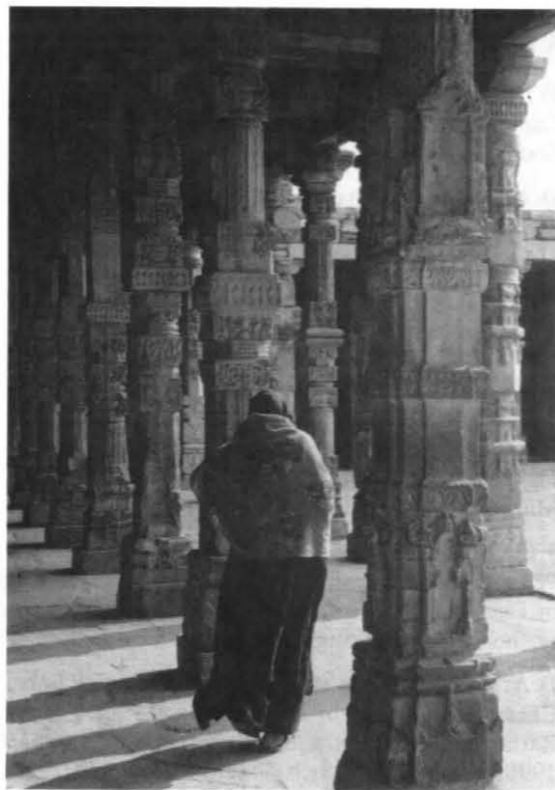
P.I. Sherwood (Bruce 1930 and Stowe Governor 56-87) on 10th February 1992.

C.J. Smith (Chandos 1969) in March 1987.

J.M. Turner (Grenville 1932) on 15th November 1991.

R.L. Walker (Temple 1926) on 23rd August 1991.

A.D.J. Watt (Temple 1935) on 21st March 1991.



Burma

Photograph by W. P. Boswell

Photograph by J. Landis



Photograph by Mrs. Diana Ozturk



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





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