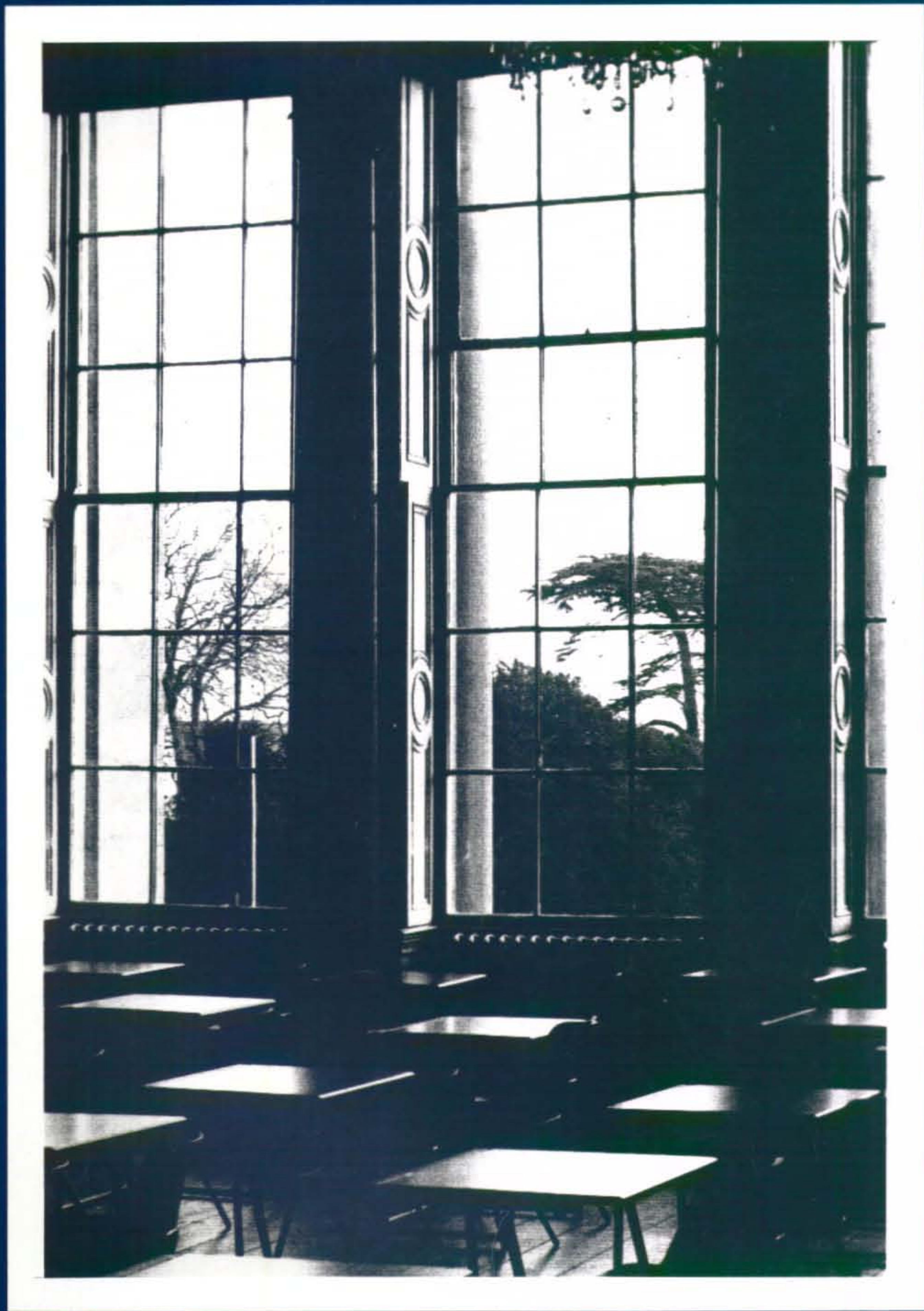
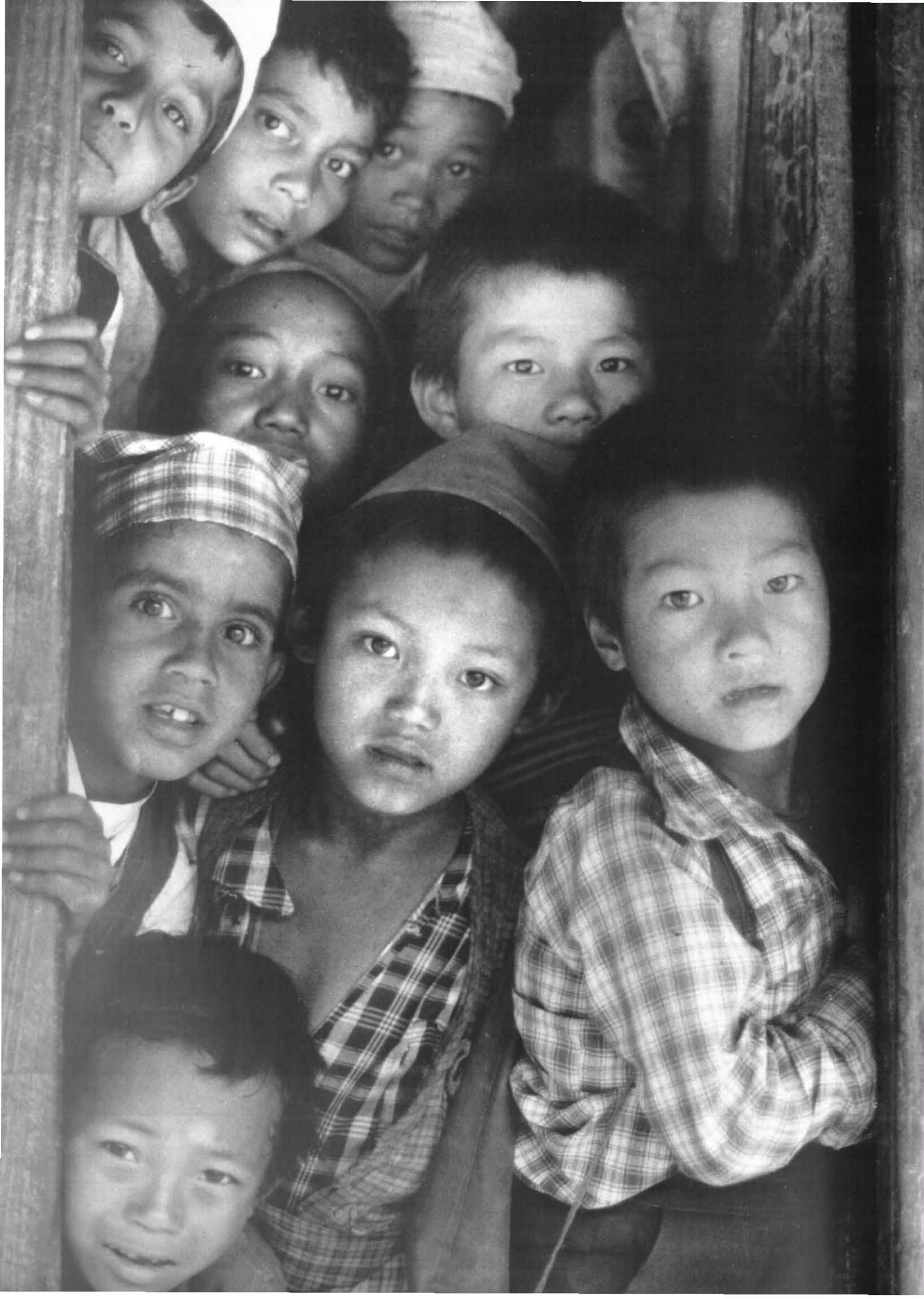


THE STOIC



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Photographs: Front Cover

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Inside Front Cover

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THE STOIC

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EDITORIAL

On the quincentenary of Christopher Columbus, the abiding impression left by 1992 is one continuing achievements and discoveries by Stoics, within and without the School. A Christmas trip to Romania will extend Stoics' sense of international duty and charity into the heart of Central Europe, where Sixth-Formers will work in hospitals to alleviate the plight of desperate people. Closer home, 'A' level artists have been commissioned to paint a large mural in the Great Ormond Street Children's Hospital.

Expeditions to Nepal, Palestine and the Pyrenees have also testified to the range of Stoic ambitions. No less exciting will be the Chapel Choir's summer tour of the United States.

Within the School, the production of *The West Side Story* is a culmination of a stupendous musical season at Stowe. We delighted in a series of Celebrity Concerts which included, among others, George Melly, Evelyn Glennie and Marisa Robles. And we report with especial pleasure Stowe's successful participation in the Buckingham Festival of Music and Drama from which Stoics came away with top prizes in various categories.

The Middle Sixth Enterprise Conference brought into focus the subjects of Business, Finance and Industry and helped also to consolidate Stowe's friendly relations with the Royal Latin School. Stoics were further exposed to the workings of diplomacy and current international issues, through the Oxford University Foreign Service visit.

The Junior and Senior Debating Societies fiercely examined the controversial topics of euthanasia and feminism in well-attended and well-received meetings during the Autumn Term.

If all this paints a picture of Stoics as adventurous and caring, talented and curious, then it is accurate enough. We hope that the new Sixth Form Centre, opened in November, will become a centre of cultural, as well as recreational activity.

We said farewell in July to: the Rev. Drury, the Priest in charge of Stowe Parish and member of the Geography Department; Brigadier Pulverman, the Bursar since 1986; Mr Ghirelli, in the Geography Department; Miss Bishop, in the Mathematics Department; Mr Burns, the first Paradina Stowe-Harvard Fellow; the Modern Languages Assistants Herr Jahn and Senorita Cantero; Mr Royds (O.S.); and to Mr Denton and Mrs Martindale, who taught for one Term in the Modern Languages and Chemistry Departments respectively. We shall be thanking them properly in valedictories in the next edition.

In September Stowe welcomed: Mr Fraser as Financial Director/Bursar; Mr Jackson as Assistant Chaplain; Mr Dillow into the Modern Languages and Mr Murray into the Geography Departments. Mr Hecht came as the Paradina Fellow and Herr Althaus and Mademoiselle Triolaire joined us as respectively German and French Assistants. We offer our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Akam on their marriage in August.

Stowe gave thanks this Term in Memorial Services for the lives of Mr A.G. Archer, a former Master, and the Lord Cheshire. *The Stoic* would like to remember Leonard Cheshire's dynamism with a letter from a contemporary of his now in Australia. In the daring boy was much of the later hero and man.

The Editors

from Dr James Roche F.R.A.C.O.
Temple 1934-38.

Dear Sir,

As a pre-senile geriatric Old Stoic eye specialist I read about the death of Leonard Cheshire with great interest. He was older than me and in Chatham. After he left Stowe he became involved with Raymond Mays and motor racing.

One Saturday afternoon he came down to Stowe in a noisy ERA sports car. I was playing cricket in the 1st XI on the North Front and we were fielding. Visiting Old Stoics had a tendency to show off. Cheshire got in the car, revved it up and shot around the grass of the North Front. Passing "George" he lost control, narrowly missed the statue and shattered the cricket sight screen nearby. J.F. was not amused — "My dear fellow, must you really?"

I wonder how many of us in that cricket team are still extant.

Yours sincerely,



Prefects

J. M. P. Shasha	Head of School
M. Chamberlain	Second Prefect
Kerry A. Ives	Head Girl
A. H. L. Michael	Head of Bruce
O. J. Schneider	Head of Temple
J. L. Nash	Head of Grenville
R. S. Plumridge, ma	Head of Chandos
A. J. C. James	Head of Cobham
O. Bengough	Head of Chatham
F. T. Erogbogbo	Head of Grafton & Prefect of Chapel
P. W. Little	Head of Walpole
N. P. Leith-Smith	Head of Lytteleton
Kerry A. Ives	Head of Nugent
Nicola Dewar-Durie	Head of Stanhope
D. D. Atherton, ma	Prefect of Defaulters (Boys)
J. M. Crawford	Prefect of Sanctions
S. G. Edenborough	Prefect of Grounds
Alexandra Herrington	Prefect of Defaulters (Girls)
C. A. K. Murray	Middle and Lower School
A. T. Mustard	Prefect of Club
G. J. Pike, ma	Prefect of Shop



Army Air Corp aerial photograph

SPEECH DAY 1992

The Headmaster's Speech

What a lovely day and how pleased we all are to welcome all of you here: Old Stoics, parents, friends. It was on a day like this that a colleague in HMC, feeling inspired and elated, said to an old man on a park bench, "Spring in the air"; the morose reply came: "Spring in the B... air yourself"! No such riposte here I hope! We are very sorry that Lord Cheshire, one of our finest and most distinguished alumni, has had to cry off. He wrote me a wonderfully warm, if tragic, letter indicating that his health had seriously deteriorated and that he felt unable to make the journey nor sit on the platform. It is good to remember him. It is also good to have Sir Richard Luce here in his stead and I would like to welcome you and thank you for so generously and graciously stepping into the breach at such very short notice. We have strong links with the University and it is a fair prospect for them to be nurtured in this way. May we also congratulate you on your appointment, and the new Chancellor, Mrs. Thatcher, too: a fine team you will make though I hope, Sir Richard, you are deft and delicate on your feet to be alert to and evade the handbag!

When we met here a year ago the world had just undergone some cataclysmic changes in the previous twelve months and must, surely, have seen some of the greatest upheavals since the Second World War. In Russia, Eastern Europe and South Africa,

the wave of liberation was followed by a new tide of violence and confusion and by January we had found ourselves at war in the Middle East. The ripples of such changes will be felt for decades, if not centuries, to come. The year between has been no less hectic. Here at home we have had the turmoil and uncertainty leading up to the Election and have now had to adjust to a new Secretary of State — to join the other three over the last four years — all carrying different messages to the bemused teachers. For instance, a few months ago a directive suddenly arrived telling us that spelling was once again important! The debate over spelling goes back a long way and I suspect that Shakespeare, as an A-level candidate, would, in this regard, have had to have special dispensation as suffering from mild dyslexia!

1992 and the single market are now upon us and we are still feeling the reverberations from Maastricht, recent directives about passport controls, the standardisation of retirement and pension age, the Common Agricultural Policy and so on. Thanks to our forward-looking Modern Languages Department, and the satellite dish which now graces our roof, and to the Assistants that we now have in place — Herr Jahn, from Frankfurt, continuing the fine initiative and academic, intellectual input of Stefan Stohl last year, and Signorita Begonia Cantero, our second Madrid University graduate — we at Stowe don't find it hard to see ourselves as part of Europe: we acknowledge

the need to open our minds and gates to that. As the Chairman has outlined, the enormous explosion of job opportunities, investment and potential for leadership must form a keystone of our future thinking and provision. John Bennetts, our Director of Humanities, is actively exploring opportunities for pupils to exchange and, perhaps, gain work experience at schools and organisations on the Continent. We have just joined an organisation in Germany run by Frau Barbara Glasmacher to increase links and awareness between Stowe and German schools. Language skills will become an increasingly important part of the citizens of the 21st century and I am sure that the language skills developed here will be greater than those of a boy whose end-of-term French report ran: "By the time he is able to express himself adequately in French, he is likely to be too old to cross the channel!"

Europe now extends a good deal further east and I hope it will not be long before we have greater contact with Eastern European countries. Sadly our recent group trip to Russia had to be aborted in the light of the recession and the cost. Looking West, we are also delighted to have enjoyed our first Paradina Stowe/Harvard Fellow, Jim Burns, who has had, I hope, a great year with us and, certainly, we have benefited enormously from his presence and input, energy and scholarship, as well as his leadership of this year's Himalayan trek. We wish him well as he begins his M.Phil at Oxford. Next year's Fellow comes from New York and will doubtless invest our community with a different series of abilities and attributes, but I hope with the same commitment and influence.

Recent events on the world stage have been so enormous and numerous that they make any account of School events seem rather parochial, but the efforts and achievements of those at School remain of the greatest importance, for it is here in this School, and in countless others, that the future is being made. "When schools flourish, all flourishes" (Martin Luther). In a confused and conflicting world, the capacity for clear objective thought and the willingness to engage with problems and find intelligent solutions are the keys to civilised progress and it is here at school that these qualities must be developed.

Much has been written, discussed and observed about league tables and the final contribution to the debate must be that no amount of juggling with purely raw data and detail can possibly give a proper assessment of a School. Since league tables appear to be here to stay, then we must try to convince the compilers and voracious appetites which consume them to try to find a way of measuring what is *valuable* rather than merely valuing too quickly what is easily measurable. Our new publication 'Stowe's Year' will, I hope, give greater insight into the debate of prospective parents as to which school to send their children. Education is all about building confidence and the bottom line of any school must be its ability to provide academic confidence for all

its pupils. High flyers need to be taught to fly even higher — and we have had our share of Oxbridge successes over the years. Actually, I learnt in a previous incarnation that it is much easier, as a professional, to teach clever children because it is exciting and demanding and inspiring. But we, as a nation, must also ensure that those with more limited aspirations academically do their best and pass their best: we do that magnificently at Stowe. All that raw data league tables do is judge the level and selection of the intake. I am pleased that at Stowe we admit a very broad spectrum of ability from the very cleverest to those who struggle to reach 50%, because *everybody* needs to be given the opportunity to find the confidence of being good at something. Self-confidence is gained from pursuing a talent and interest which may, indeed, have absolutely no relevance to career choices or job destiny but will, because of its central importance in the individual Stoics development, form some integral part of the future in leisure time or in patterns of thought, or, indeed, purpose of life. And confidence also in social terms: to learn the importance of relationships and how they work, the recognition of strengths and weaknesses in others, of why certain relationships work and why some fail, that there is a time for growing and a time for reassessment, a time for indulgence and a time for abstinence. These — academic, self and social confidence — these are the educational issues in their broadest sense and each refers to, and interacts by osmosis with, the others. I am pleased with our performance in the mere evaluation of raw data: our pass mark at A-level of 92% of all papers taken and 79.7% at GCSE of all papers taken seems to me to be highly respectable. There are those schools which will pull students out, and block entries, and be highly selective to appear successful in league tables: that seems to me to be a denial, and a diminution of stature in an institution.

On the academic side, there have been some exciting changes in this last year and more envisaged for the future. The programme for the introduction of Review and Professional Development for all teaching staff at Stowe is well under way. RPD, as it has become known, involves much more than appraisal of teaching performance. As well as recognising and supporting effective practice, and identifying ways of building upon teaching strengths, RPD, we believe, will increase self-confidence and job satisfaction. It will offer realistic targets for the development of teaching skills and provide a framework for career planning. It will clarify teaching roles and help us to match more precisely in-service training provision to the specific needs of individual teachers. We believe that RPD will help us to sort out our priorities in an even busier and demanding programme of work and activity, but, above all, we recognise its potential to enhance the educational opportunities of all our pupils and enrich their learning environment. Reviews in Departments as a unit are currently being

carried out and then, next year, we will begin individual review. I am sure that meetings and discussions will, in Dean Acheson's words, lead not just to conclusions but more importantly to decisions. Another positive and productive development is the provision of Junior Tutors throughout the GCSE years as well as the A-level specialist years and the possibility next year to make A-level choices from a 4-column structure to allow for greater flexibility and subject choice. These changes will, I hope, increase the possibility of Stoics doing what they do well and interestedly, and be instrumental in exhorting them to strive harder, to seek self-motivation within the structure of supervision and assessment.



Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)

Just as things have been exciting and distracting on the world stage, it cannot have been said to have been an easy year at home either and we are all too aware of the problems facing many parents at Stowe and elsewhere over keeping their children at Independent Schools at a time of continuing inflation and deep recession. We can only hope that, as the Chancellor is constantly reassuring us and as interest rates are pegged, that the worst point has now been passed, or at least will be by the end of the year.

In these conditions we have done our best to help where it is most needed in the form of bursaries, though funds for these, of course, are very limited. In some cases we have been able to enlist the help of and support from educational trusts and external sources, but they too are under great pressure as a result of the recession. Parents will remember that I wrote last term with some preliminary information about the ways in which we intend to adjust and control pupil 'extras' — expenditure by pupils and parents extra to boarding and tuition fees. Thank you for all the helpful comments and suggestions which you made in reply to my letter. I am pleased to say that I have now received the final report of a working party which I asked to look critically at the whole range of 'extra' charges. It is a comprehensive report and time today precludes anything more than the briefest of summaries of its recommendations, but what it all comes down to is more information for parents on the choices available to them, more opportunity for parents to control spending on extras, the removal of unpleasant financial surprises 'on the bill' and earlier, more effective, warnings of pupil extravagance. The details of the changes envisaged should reach you before the start of next term. Good education is expensive! Whilst talking, if you will forgive me, of financial matters (and balancing the books) we were enormously grateful to the 1991 Leavers' parents for their generosity in donating 130 books on a wide variety of subjects to the Library. It is a splendid way of recording and acknowledging a Stoics time here and we are very grateful.

The national figures for Independent Schools show the growth in the number of day pupils, some increase in weekly boarding and a decline in what is called full boarding. Judging by the strong list of future registrations and interest, we, at Stowe, seem to match the preference and needs of many parents. I think we have struck a good balance with facilitating regular contact with parents; many pupils can get home fairly frequently and keep in touch with their families. I am sure that full boarding school education represents good value. It is, ideally, a five year process and to keep that pot boiling we should not keep taking off the lid and looking into the cooking. I suppose the main benefit of boarding is that education is a continuum which reaches far beyond the classroom or laboratory. It is learning to develop social relationships and individual skills, to create a balance between them as an individual, as a member of the family and as a member of society, a citizen of the world. Education is a process not a product; as Henry Newman said, it is what survives when what has been learned has been forgotten. No league tables will measure that! Here, I suppose, it has to have something to do with what a great predecessor at Stowe, J.F. Roxburgh, said about beauty being with us for ever. Certainly it is wonderful to have so many Old Stoics, distinguished in every sphere of public and private life, here today to be a witness

to that. I don't like the word 'extracurricular' since everything we do here — our services in chapel, the tutorial system, plays, concerts, meeting of school societies, community service (25 years old and a founder member of Schools C.S.), the C.C.F., the D. of E. and a whole range of sports and activities — is part of the curriculum in its proper sense. In the public schools there was a time when sport was in danger of dominating the whole curriculum, but now in most of our schools it is balanced by many other worthwhile pursuits. It remains, however, a vital ingredient for most young people in the process of growing up and those in boarding schools are lucky to have the opportunities on their doorstep. Those of you who are leaving early, just look at what you will be missing — the opportunities for exploring new sporting activities and developing the camaraderie and esprit de corps of team sports and, indeed, the sense of common purpose and the discipline and practice involved in all communal enterprises will be sadly lacking and missed in their change of course.

Ever since schools like Stowe began, people have tried to peer ahead and speculate about their future. My own view is that the future is not fixed by some combination of economic and social trends, but that it remains open and depends wholly on how good an education a school gives and how valuable it is seen to be. At present there are some who take really rather a negative view of the future of independent schools, pointing to the challenge from improved schools in the maintained sector, particularly the new grant-maintained schools. I believe that good independent schools will only benefit from greater competition. No school is ever good enough, and if there is a strong challenge it should only lead to improvements in maintained and independent schools alike. To repeat Martin Luther — 'When schools flourish, all flourishes' Above all, this challenge should prompt us to think again about what it is that matters most in the education we provide. Of course it includes good academic standards from a high level of activity and fine results on the games field — all the things that Headmasters like to trot out on their Speech Day platforms. But there must be something more, more valuable both to the pupils and to the world in which they will be living for the rest of their lives. Independence is fine as a condition of freedom to think and plan and develop; but *inter*-dependence is finer and schools like this and parents like you need, above all, to impart the knowledge and give the experience that 'no man is an island entire to himself'; that each has a part to play in the gradual step-by-step creation of a safer, fairer and kinder world.

One of the more memorable of many sermons preached in chapel this year was a housemaster from Shrewsbury telling us about his prison visiting, and the moving account of a particular prisoner whom he had visited, ending with the observation that a major loss of freedom in prison was that there was

no chance for giving and generosity. Schools and prisons are different in many ways (I hope) but also in this: that schools can provide an extraordinary capacity to respond and give to others and our real aim as parents and teachers must surely be to provide the framework and the encouragement for that experience of response and giving. The speaker reminded us in simple terms that one of the keys to education is compassion and that a school is only worthwhile and worthy of survival if it promotes that feeling alongside the need for developing clear minds and crisp powers of judgement to meet the years ahead.



Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)

Stowe, as always has had an exciting and busy year. You will have seen 'The Voice' display. 'The Voice' has grown from strength to strength and I was delighted earlier this week to be shown the certificate from The "Daily Telegraph", not always the most impressive of our supporters! Stowe reached the final stage of the "Daily Telegraph" National Schools Newspaper Competition and won great plaudits from the panel of judges for the three issues that were submitted. (I, personally, can't imagine how there could be three better finalists for the short-list!) The Editorial panel, this year, has been remarkable in its industry and application and, indeed, in its achievements, the most notable, perhaps, the interview with Terry Waite which was a scoop for Carter Murray, and a fine article from Sam Edenborough where he displayed his challenging wit in his article on "Attitudes." Both these and all the many other contributors can view their achievements with justifiable pride and it is remarkable that they have managed the delicate equation between information, criticism, wit and impertinence, gossip and solidity, a chronicle of

events and a lively interest in outside issues with the remarkable poise that they do. It is fitting that we have determined that there should be a special Cup, 'The Voice' Cup, which will shortly be presented to Mark Chamberlain, another stalwart, for the best article of the year. Another good publication, apart from the perennially good 'The Stoic' (read the Editorial for a full account of what has been happening), is *New Vistas*, an anthology of poems from Stowe in the last 5 years: the Muse is very much alive and kicking at Stowe.

Another innovation is the inception of the Stoic Council, a body which is elected by Stoics to represent the views of the student body and to make helpful suggestions and recommendations on some of the issues that concern us all. I very much hope that this never descends into the organised ear-bashing of the Headmaster of similar bodies in other schools, (it was disbanded at Radley) and I would very much like to feel that its energies and direction will be constructive and informative and that the members of it, in their turn, will carry back to the School some of my views and those of others who take responsibility for decision-making. It can and will make a notable contribution to the smooth and sensible running of the School and provide me with the information, views and support that are always needed.

It is not just at home here at Stowe that Stoics develop and broaden: this year's two pairs of McElwee prize winners, Alex Lindsay and Matthew Sadler, will be travelling in the Holy Land for their project 'In the Steps of Our Master in Palestine,' and Christian Mahood and Simon Murray will be visiting the First World War battlefields in Flanders. This year's Myles Henry winners, Panos Karpidas and Jonathan Crawford, will cycle across the Pyrenees from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean coast. Adventurous indeed! The Old Stoic Society has generously awarded two GAP year scholarships to help fund creative and exciting ventures: this year's winners are Phillippa Haines, who has gained a place on Operation Raleigh after an extremely demanding selection weekend and in competition with many other applicants from all over the country, and Timara Kay, one of four Stoics chosen by Schools' Partnership Worldwide to assist teachers in two schools in Zimbabwe. (If they care to see me afterwards I will give them an envelope to their advantage!) We are most grateful, as always, for the immense support of the wider Stowe family and, in particular, of the Old Stoic Society for all their support, encouragement and positive contribution to the life and welfare of our young people.

We have seen some notable performances in the dramatic sphere this year, in particular, the Congreve Production of Thornton Wilder's 'Our Town': enough has been written and read about this, but I would like to congratulate, again and publicly as the year draws to its close, the Producer, Jonathan Kreeger, all the company, as I wrote in my letter of congratulation to them, and, in particular, I would

like to pay court to the performances of Gerry Scrase, Phillippa Haines, Jonathan Crawford and Halima Fraval. It was, indeed, most moving and memorable. We also had a wonderful House Drama Festival last term and the Staff Play, 'Half-a-Sixpence', at the beginning of this term. What a wonderful vehicle for a display of the enormous talent that exists in the staff and which, clearly has an impact upon the fine quality of our drama generally. The work in the Paul Dobinson Memorial Theatre and the theatrical side of the Roxburgh Hall continues to flourish, both technically and organisationally under the happy aegis of Ian McKillop, who has fashioned a most effective and enthusiastic team of Stoics around him. Even the sound system in the Chapel has seemed far better! The Junior Congreve production of 'Tartuffe' sounds as if it is coming on well and we look forward to the ambitious 'West Side Story' as next term's Senior Congreve.

Last year I eulogised about the Art Department and I am not sure that that can be improved upon. As always (and, not least, by the work of the Director at present on exhibition in the Art School) the work is of an enormously high standard and stands, in my opinion (not so humble!), pre-eminently at the forefront of all independent schools Art.

Happily, Music has continued to grow and flourish exponentially under the directorship of John Cooper Green. The Concert that we all heard this morning, with its enormous diversity and great energy and expertise, is ample testament to the musical activity and instruction here at Stowe. I hope you had the chance to listen to the Jazz Band (we have a magnificent Bix Beiderbecke in James Williams). Part of the wonderfully up-lifting experience of both the Carol and the Confirmation Services has much to do with the increasing stature and excellence of the Choir and I should publicly like to applaud them for all the hard work and rehearsal time and commitment that they have shown: the strides that they have made in the last two years and the lead to the rest of us in the body of the Chapel: their ambition and achievement are little short of miraculous. The Wind and Brass centred in the Queen's Temple have again produced wonderful sounds and results and their recent Northern Tour of Prep Schools received glowing plaudits and rave reviews from all who heard them. These internal achievements are under-pinned by a most enjoyable and varied diet of Celebrity Concerts and outside players and it was a joy to see so many of you there: I think the progress that has been made in recent years is very gratifying and exciting.

This year has seen some changes in personnel and we have welcomed with warmth and admiration, the enormous contribution made by the new Director of P.E. and the Chaplain. The former has done a great deal in increasing the games provision here with its variety and diversity and, whilst his ideas on sartorial elegance have not always met with the

most enthusiastic of responses amongst Stoics, he has increased greatly the general desire to participate in physical activity, awakened new enthusiasms for sports like basketball and, I hope, increased our sense of the needs for physical well-being and given us a new awareness of the importance of leisure time pursuits. The new pool, which incidentally he closed down within two weeks of being here, has given fresh impetus and encouragement to the competitive swimmers (James Smith has recently broken the School Record for the 100m free-style; he is a fine all-round swimmer). It has also returned to us all the opportunity for recreational swimming. His organisation of pupil activities under one umbrella and the re-introduction of a balanced P.E. programme into the curriculum are major milestones in his first year with us. He has been very impressed by the tremendous spirit Stoics display in matches win or lose. The Yearlings Cricket team won a notable victory this week in the first round of the Lord's Taverner's Cup and, whilst on cricket, I would like, in his absence, to acknowledge and applaud one of our Heads of School — who, as Captain of Cricket, is doing battle on the North Front — on being selected for the Southern Schools last year and who will, we hope, play for English Schools this year. He is a walking 'Wisden' and it would, indeed, be nice for his name to grace its pages regularly in the future.

Anyone who attended the Carol Service or, more recently, the Confirmation earlier this month, must have recognised Tim Hastie-Smith's natural, sensitive and intelligent ministry here, and he has very quickly made a deep strike into the ethos, mores and character of the place. His energy is inexhaustible and, not only did he coach the 'Rev's Ravers' IIIrd XV in the Autumn, but has taken on the organisation of the Leavers' Ball at the end of this term and will be producing the Senior Congreve, 'West Side Story', next term. He teaches the growingly successful Religious Studies courses and some Classical Civilisation.

Two others of our arrivals deserve congratulations and acknowledgement: the School Marshal, Michael Chitty, who has made great progress in organising our internal communications systems and has contributed strongly to the teaching of our hugely successful Politics and Economics Department, and Tony McDaid who, next term, will be taking over the running of the Rugby here, besides contributing strongly in his turn in the Mathematics department with the less mathematically gifted and able — and there are a few!

During the year we have seen the departure of Anton Hack, whose sets always achieved very good results and who was always available for Stoics and gave them endlessly of his time. At the end of this term we shall sadly say goodbye to a few members of staff: Cathy Bishop leaves us after a year and a term to return to New Zealand as her visa dictates; she has contributed much, apart from starring as the female-lead in the recent production of 'Half-a-Sixpence'.

Sadly we say goodbye to two stalwarts: Michael Drury, who has been Vicar or Priest-in-Charge of Dadford and Stowe and Assistant Chaplain since he came to us 10 years ago from Canford. He has run the Parish with the help of Sarah, his wife, and Stowe owes a great debt of gratitude to the Drury family for all they have done in keeping the Parish Church at the centre of our community life. He was a fine games player at Rugby, as a boy, and at Oxford: much of the recent success of the Golf team at Stowe is down to his leadership and sensible handling and expertise: we have won the Micklem Trophy 7 times in the last 9 years! In the classroom Michael has taught Geography and Religious Studies. But, above all, it has been Michael's consistent warmth and friendship, humility and wisdom, that have been universally appreciated from the dulcet tones in the pulpit where the battered exercise book has provided him with the cues for his engaging and easily accessible sermons, to the sorry sight of him currently wobbling about on a dicky knee as he charges and cajoles the Golf team to even greater feats. We wish him, Sarah and their family every happiness in their new ministry in Lincolnshire.

And we say goodbye to the Bursar from the beginning of next term. When I arrived at Stowe, I was immediately struck by the elegance and poise of Tim Pulverman and the delightful contributions to life at Stowe made by Nicola, his wife, whether on horseback or on the switchboard or arranging flowers. Tim's time here has seen enormous changes and he has surmounted the challenges, (which have increased almost daily), with diligence, aplomb and spectacular results. He has overseen the transfer of much of the control and budget from Allied Schools' central office; he has coordinated the warding off of the threat to the outer landscape from Steeley Quarries; he has overseen the transfer of the Estates and the Garden Buildings to the National Trust; and he has established study-bedrooms where none existed in all the Houses. Great achievements, indeed, and we all wish him very well in his retirement, though I know that he will be working hard and, what is more pleasant, living close to us so that we won't lose contact with him.

The National Trust has been galloping ahead with its designs and plans for restoration of the estate and buildings. You will have seen enormous flurries of activities and advancement amongst the scaffolding and earth-movers and tree-fellers. It is both exhilarating and slightly daunting: exhilarating because it reveals the glory of the place as it was intended to be, and daunting to residents and the community used to the comforting happy wildness and mystery. This symbiosis with the School is, of course, to everyone's benefit and I am delighted that English Heritage have acknowledged our commitment to the main mansion with some tangible support. It has also prompted the survey into the use that we make of the space within our buildings and some exciting prospects have emerged: the provision

of a Sixth Form Centre in the heart of the School, a central music site and increasing the geographical integrity of Temple House, as a first tranche. The gifting of the Garden Buildings to the Trust diminished our staff housing resources in the Corinthian Arch and elsewhere, and, in recompense, plans for building some new staff accommodation near the school are well under way. I am pleased about this since it will allow more of our staff to live on site and in the heart of the community. The desire for change within, and the necessary evolution of, any great institution is, as I said before, very exciting and slightly disconcerting but it is vital. As Matthew Arnold says, "There is nothing so unnatural and so convulsive to society as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is in eternal progress: and the cause of all the evils in the world may be traced to that natural but most deadly error of human indolence and corruption that our business is to preserve and not improve.... It is the ruin and fall alike of individuals, schools and nations."

You have been most patient, most kind in listening to me. To conclude, I would like to thank many people who have made this such a good year: The staff, of course, for all that they do, individually and together, in Management, Departments and Houses, at Stowe and abroad, in class and out, before midnight and after, to ensure Stoics always get the very best.

To the Stoics, themselves, for being young and concerned and involved and energetic and kind and tough, to the Prefects and monitors who do a grand if tough job, particularly to 'The Team': Tristan, Clare, Alastair and Will.

To all the support staff: the whole catering side (for all they may say, Stoics are magnificently fed), the Matrons, the San Sisters (and we sadly say goodbye to Sister Wagland after 25 years), the Maintenance and Grounds staff (the place really is looking more kempt and kept), the House staff (we have a new Housekeeper and Head Houseman), the Bursary staff, the Shops' staff, the technicians, the secretaries who are the unsung heroines of any institution — well I sing them!; and last, but by no means least, the Governors, who work and worry tirelessly on the School's behalf. Thank you, too, and I fear for the last time, to Peter Northey, General Manager of Allied Schools, Clerk to the Stowe Governors, who, for the last 11 years has watched over the fortunes of the school and to whom all the Allied Schools owe such a debt of gratitude. Thank you, too, to the Chairman for all his sage counsel and support, a great friend both to me and to the School.

Lastly, thank you to you parents for producing the children whose aches and growing pains, aspirations and 'grouches', idealism and irritations, enthusiasm and youth inform the whole enterprise. I hope you are proud of your young stock, of what you have done, of the people they are turning out to be, of their work in all the many splendid exhibitions that are on view today, of the spirit that

they contribute to this fine school, of giving them the privilege of being Stoics.



T. A. D. Crawford (Head Boy) & Clare Cox (Head Girl)
Photograph by J. M. L.

THE GUEST OF HONOUR:

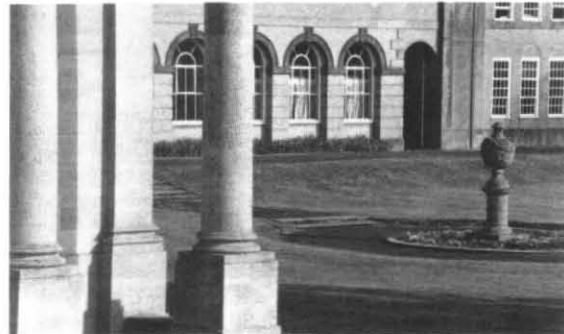
Sir Richard Luce

Chairman, the Headmaster, ladies and gentlemen, even a former politician knows when his time is up, because you've had two wonderful speeches this afternoon: from your Chairman, and a remarkable report and account to the school from your Headmaster. I think that was wonderful the way he wanted to get across to you the wide range of achievements of Stowe, and that was the important speech of the afternoon, not mine.

Now, at the University of Buckingham there is a Law School called The Denning Law School. That of course is named after Lord Denning, and there was an occasion when, as Master of the Rolls, there was an advocate in front of him who was going on for a long time and the advocate said suddenly, realising that he was taking a long time, 'I'm sorry to be taking up so much of your Lordship's time.' The Master of the Rolls said, 'Time, Mr Smith, you've exhausted time and trespassed upon eternity'. I know if I'm not very brief I shall lose you very quickly indeed, because you've had the important speeches. But I want to tell you what a privilege it is to have been invited by the Headmaster to give those prizes away, and I want in particular to congratulate all the students of the school for their great achievement in winning those prizes. There's a great deal of reading that they've got to do this coming weekend.

I am very proud in only my fifth week as Vice-Chancellor to have as one of my first engagements a link with Stowe, and the links I gather between the University and the school over many years have been extremely strong. I am very grateful to Stowe for all the help they give us, and I hope that they find the exchanges we have between our masters, our teachers, our lecturers, are useful; also our musical links, for example, through the Maurizi Quartet and the Buckingham Festival, the joining in the Stowe Choir that some of our staff and I believe students do, the use, I am glad to say, of our library by some of the Stowe people. And I am

very grateful too, if I may so, on behalf of the students, for the sports facilities that are provided here for the students at Buckingham, and indeed for the facility at the lake by the Biology Department, who use the lake for their research activities.



Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)

Stowe has a wonderful reputation. Earlier this week I talked to one of my colleagues, who along with me retired at the last election. He is something of an individualist, he is unconventional — I won't reveal his name — but he was at Stowe, and I told him I was coming here and he said 'I owe a very great deal to Stowe' and I said 'Why?' He said 'Because Stowe gives the highest priority to the integrity of the individual'. So I said, 'What do you mean by that?' He said, 'Because Stowe as a school has a great reputation for bringing out all the talents of individuals, however unconventional they may be', and he said 'that's what they did for me, and I shall always be very grateful'. That, I think, was a nice tribute to this great school, and after all, leadership in my mind, the best form of leadership, is hard to bring out the best in others. That in my view is the best way to lead other people, and that clearly is what happens here.

At Buckingham, too, this new University, which has pioneered the two-year degree, we pride ourselves in the attention we give to the individual; the amount of time that the Tutors give to their students, and the broad-based course, and so there we have much in common: your desire to produce rounded characters, some say that's old-fashioned — not at all. The world badly needs more rounded characters to tackle the very difficult problems that we face today, and I can see from pure observation the way in which the pupils here take such full advantage of the range of facilities. The pride, Headmaster, that you have shown in the extra-mural activities, in the Arts, in Drama and in the Choir, in Sports, and in all these many things, is something that clearly is of importance, and against that background the unique surroundings in which you all live and work; the classical 18th century park — what could be more lovely? The involvement of the National Trust, the sheer beauty which must say something to almost everybody who has a time here.

I had the privilege of being Minister for the Arts for five years, and there's one thing I am quite convinced of: Everybody, but everybody, has the

capacity to enjoy some kind of arts activity, and the growing number of people in this country who are enjoying taking up piano or painting, or listening to music or watching drama, is testimony to that. It does so much to enrich our lives.

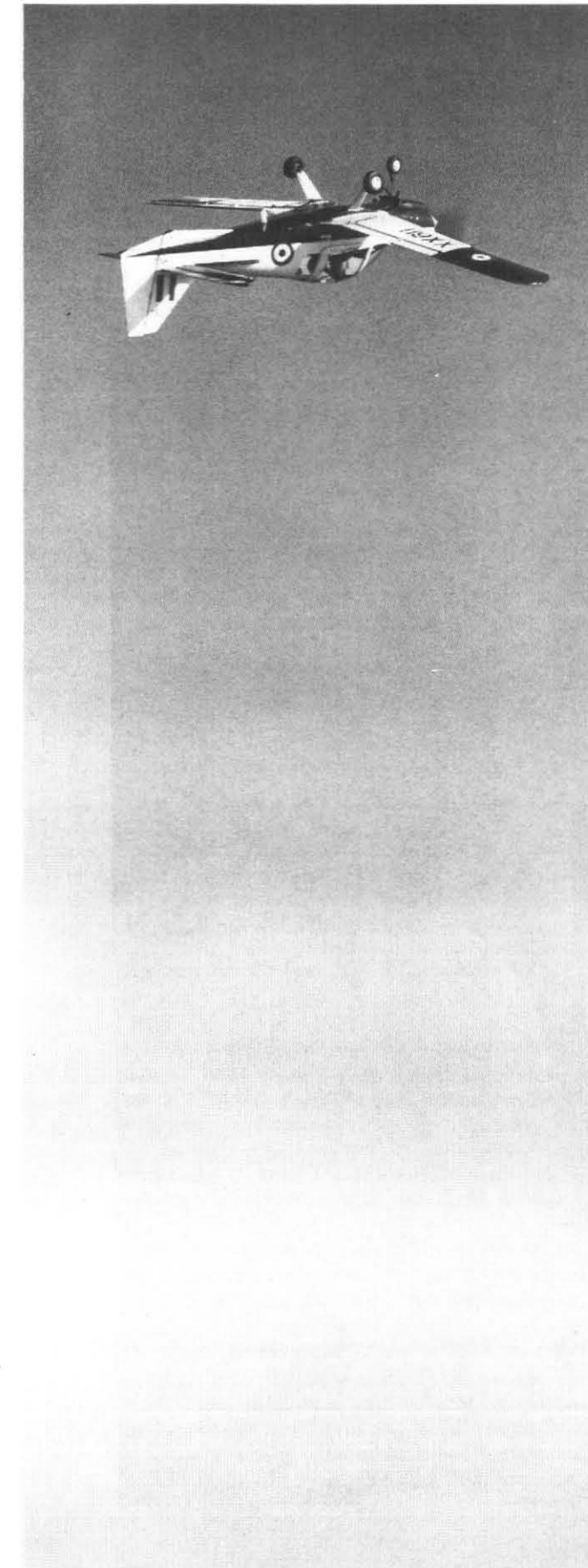
But outside there, outside this tent and outside this school, there is a world, and it's a difficult world, and it's a tough world, and either I think one can go out there and live life to the full, using all the talents, varied talents that you and I have, or we can just waste it away. But what above all, if we are to live life to the full, we need, are strength of character, and I remember when I decided to resign from the Government a decade ago exactly, I had a letter from a constituent of mine, and he said, 'I want to tell you, failing is not falling down, failing is not getting up again', and it's worth just contemplating that for anyone who is embarking on a new life. So, strength of character, self discipline: it was the German philosopher Von Hopper who said, 'Only through self discipline may a man learn to be free'. How true that is. And leadership, which you draw out the qualities here; getting the best out of others. Humility; it's not a quality that I observe is very widespread in this age, but it's an extremely important quality. And last, but not least, in order to get us through a challenging life, humour; and humour has to come out in my view when your back is really to the wall; when times are really tough. Anthony Eden as Foreign Secretary in the 1930s went to Italy on a mission at the request of the Cabinet to see Mussolini. He sat with Mussolini, and Mussolini was ranting and raving and boasting. When Mussolini said, 'If I ring this bell next to me here, I can immediately order my army to mobilise', and Eden paused and reflected and replied, 'What a pity, I was hoping I could order a ham sandwich'. And so, whatever happens, keep your humour.



Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)

And so, Headmaster, Chairman, thank you very much for inviting me. The thing that I find so encouraging is that I believe Stowe sets the pace in helping to bring out all those qualities that will enable each pupil here to live a rich and fruitful life outside.

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DRAMA

Nugent House Play

STEAMING

by Nell Dunn

The play's title may be read as a literal description of its characters, for the action takes place in a Turkish Bath where six women meet regularly to have "a good steam-up".

"I'm so beautifully warm," says one of them. "My flat's freezing" and, as winter tightens its grip, the Baths become ever more important as a refuge from the cold world outside.

Gradually, however, it becomes apparent that the women are "steaming" in another sense too. They are angry about the way that life — in more particularly, the opposite sex — has treated them, for in their various ways they are all victims of men's selfishness and cruelty. Nancy's barrister husband has left her without warning after twenty-two years; Josie's grinding poverty has driven her to prostitution; Dawn was "interfered with" by a policeman in 1965 and has been kept on tranquillisers ever since. "No" says Mrs Meadows, "Daddy didn't like anything like that talked about.... He was a gentleman.... Don't bring it up, he'd say". And so the women have, for the most part, suffered in silence. It is the warmth of the Baths that their repressed anger increasingly asserts itself.

The Baths, we learn, are to be closed down by "the blokes at the Council" and the women, for once, refusing to be victims, decide to resist. When the solitary male character, discreetly played by Sophie Sloane, who not surprisingly never appears on stage, calls to the women to vacate the premises, Josie speaks for them all, finally defying the voice of male authority:

"No", she cries, "Why bloody well should I! I'm staying!"

"All right by me", says Violet, the baths attendant. "I'm staying with you. They can drag me out before I walk".

The blokes at the Council don't stand a chance.

The Nugent directors, Alexa Oliver and Kate Finch Knightley, wisely chose to cut some of the most polemical and repetitive passages and left us with a more succinct but equally forceful text. They also chose to stress the comic elements of the play, by making feminist drama more palatable to a chiefly male audience. All of the cast worked hard to extract the humour from their lines, but it was Kerry Ives, as the downtrodden Dawn, and Lizzie Emlyn-Williams, as her relentlessly nagging mother, who were probably most successful in this respect. They made a fine comic duo — a sort of female version of Laurel and Hardy. Kate Finch-Knightley cut a convincing figure as a middle-aged trendy while Siona Thompson shed new light on the plight of women immersed in the trappings of

bourgeois society. Anna Casdagli kept up a demanding continuous stage presence as the ageing Baths attendant. Always ready with a kind word of advice for her ladies, she extended a rather world-weary common sense. Whilst it is difficult to single out any one performance, special mention should be made of Alex James's virtuous performance as the much abused Josie. Her blend of determination and fragility was both arresting and touching: she gave subtlety and depth to a character who could all too easily have been played as a caricature.

D.S.B.

Steaming

Photograph by G. T. Bird (MVI)



Half-A-Sixpence

Photograph by L. E. W.

HALF-A-SIXPENCE

It seems that this year's Staff Production has helped to add a new nuance of meaning to the word 'busy'.

For many of the staff this performance was another huge addition to a hectic term, however it appears this did not hinder them in giving four nights of superb performances.

The show was presented by an all-star cast that included such great Thespians as the notorious JSK, playing the energetic and (eventually) fortunate Mr. Kipps.

Mr. Meredith had perfected his performance as the Jewish drapery owner, Shalford, to a razor edge of accuracy, and entertained us immensely. It is indeed a great shame that he did not stay for the final curtain as this reviewer for one would have enjoyed giving him the applause he deserves. His ridiculously strict rules were suffered courageously by Mr. Green, Jim Burns and Revd. Hastie-Smith.

The whole shop scene at the Emporium provided us with a glut of activity, ranging from some rather

embarrassing measurement taking of Herr Jahn by JSK, to a waistcoat offered to Dr. Waldman which was considered far too small.

Ms. Bishop as Anne gave a brilliantly girly performance as the lead female, and showed great versatility, not just in the choice of costume. Her romance with Kipps held the action together as the audience waited in anticipation for 'the kiss'!

AAVR provided much merriment and mirth with his jovial 'mad Scot' characterisation of Kipps' actor friend. Particularly impressive were his bicycling antics and his final 'drunken' scene.

Miss Cowling gave a stiff, very proper portrayal of the disappointed Miss Walsingham; her refined tones contrasting well with the 'H' dropping accents of the drapers' shop staff.

JML surprised everyone with a very uncharacteristic performance as the suave 'young Walsingham', who drinks, ogles at women and runs off with Kipps' fortune. However he seemed to enjoy the part!

More entertainment was provided by the Chorus who sang, danced and made merry with great skill, keeping the play moving with well practised ease.



Cast of Half-A-Sixpence

Photograph by L.E.W.

As dazzling as some of the performances was the staging and scenery manipulation by Mr. McKillop and his crew. The sets were quite frankly breathtaking, as those who saw the production will agree. From Shop Interior to Pub Scene, to High Street, to the Regatta, to Building Site.... the list goes on, yet every set was effected with speed and economy of movement.

Particularly memorable was the 'photograph' scene which managed, by a cunning slight of stage-hands, to depict a group of the cast in several original and highly amusing freeze-frame poses!

The long list of names in the programme bears witness to the vast amount of effort put into 'Half A Sixpence', including Mr. Weston's direction which ensured that it was a great success.

I am sure all who saw it would agree that it was a highly entertaining production.

S.G. Edenborough (VI)



Tayo Erogbogbo

By F. T. Erogbogbo

JUNIOR CONGREVE

Tartuffe

David Barr and Belinda Evison took a gamble in choosing "Tartuffe" as the 1992 Junior Congreve production, balancing the fresh, straightforward approach of the young actors against the academic seriousness with which Molière's comedy is often surrounded. There was always the possibility that the actors would find it difficult to convey the full import of their words, and once or twice this was undoubtedly the case. For the most part, however, the gamble paid off and the audience was reminded how essentially simple, pointed and timeless Molière's writing is. "I'm your father, and I'm older than you are", says Orgon as pompously as any modern sitcom parent; while Elmire reminds her husband wisely: "Your honour — or mine, for that matter — is not touched by what men say to me; but by the way I respond."

The early twentieth century setting of this production emphasised the continuing relevance of the play, and the result was as entertaining as Molière himself would have wished. From the opening tableau — so still that none of the actors so much as blinked as Tartuffe outlined to the audience his horrible plans to trick Orgon and his family — to the outstandingly dramatic effects of the final scene, this "Tartuffe" was great fun.

Pride of place must go to Hugo Reoch's greasily manipulative Tartuffe, for whom the phrase "two-faced" might have been especially invented. The contrast between his bland, disarming innocence, and the scheming face he turned to the audience at the beginning of each act, was excellently maintained. The only criticism from this (admittedly ageing) reviewer, was that his whispered menaces were at times difficult to hear. There was high rejoicing in the audience when Tartuffe was literally caught with his trousers down (*pace* Molière) in the company of the long-suffering Elmire. Sholto

Vaughan played this part with convincing dignity, even when clutched at by the lustful villain!

Orgon, an outstanding performance by Matthew Pichel-Juan, had until then survived events largely by will-power ("I wish it to be the truth") and by frequent appeals to heaven for strength. His panic as he at last realised that he had been deceived was truly comic — at once funny and sad. Matthew's clear, clipped tones and tense movements brought poor Orgon to life, and I particularly enjoyed the farcical moments as he chased Dorine around the sofa.

The wettest pair of lovers that the stage has seen for some time was provided by Alexander Ratut as a charming Mariane, and Ross Atherton as Valere. Their lovers' tiff, beautifully timed, was orchestrated (as was most of the play) by the admirable Dorine — pert, irreverent and argumentative. This is a wonderful part to play, and Jamie Pelly is to be congratulated on his intelligent and energetic performance which was a pleasure to watch.

Mark Meredith as the ageing Mme. Pernelle and Angus Campbell as her maid Flipote must be mentioned for their sterling services to womankind, and Sam Emery's Damis was comically fiery in the face of his father's stupidity. Cleante is never an easy part to play, given as he is to talking "such obvious sense" as Orgon puts it, but I was very taken with William Kemble-Clarkson's rather langorous manner, more insurance salesman than rationalist, which made Cleante far funnier than on the printed page.

There were overlong pauses occasionally, which slowed down what needs to be a fast-moving piece, but the pace was much helped by the simple and very stylish Art Deco set designed by Guy Scott and Ian McKillop. White and gold against a black backdrop, this remained unchanged until the very last moments of the play when the Roxburgh Hall's new revolving stage, in use for the first time, came into its own in highly dramatic fashion.

The directors were wholly justified in abandoning the complications of seventeenth century politics at this point in favour of a simpler denouement and it was an inspired idea to bring in the ending from another of Molière's plays, "Don Juan". As the villain proclaimed what he thought to be his triumph, the stage revolved to reveal the devil himself, in the shape of Simon Ridley; who dragged the evil Tartuffe into a fiery red hell that burned with wonderful effect. It was a real *coup de theatre* — lights, smoke, thunderflashes and echoing voices — which was received with great delight by the audience in the Roxburgh Hall.

The theatre crew, quite as much as the actors, technicians and directors, are to be congratulated on this "Tartuffe" in which so many talents, and particularly those of the younger members of the school, were displayed. Molière's aim was always, and very simply, to entertain his audience: this production did exactly that.

R.E.M.



Comedy Review. S. H. C. R.

Photograph by G. A. Thompson (MVI)

Comedy Review

Photograph by G. A. Thompson (MVI)



'My First Kiss', O. J. Schneider (MVI)

MUSIC AT STOWE

'First Concert'

Rich red decor swims the concert hall,
Bobbing in and out of crowded view.
Smell of Scent pervades the air and
Floats upon a pool of chattered speech.

Swelling conversation eddies, then
Her mind elsewhere, she sits in silence.
Faces — limpets — stick to rows of seats.
Dimming lights; a ripple of quiet glides the half.

A flick of white: the baton, gripped,
The architect's pen ready, now...
Resonating, heavy, Basso Strings
Lay the arch's first foundation.

Music rises through her mind, arching gently,
hanging
Fragile for a moment
Soft Strings cement the stones of Brass —
The Orchestra constructs
Her arch of experience, rising
From a sea of sound.
Harmonies rush in torrents
And she slips, borne away,
Enthralled by new spirit and sensation.

Now masonry sparkles with drops of emotion.
She is stranded; exhausted, sprawled overlooking
Reality. Reviving, she gazes across the seas
At the gaping arch; that world, untravelled,
Gleaming beyond.

S.G. Edenborough (LVI)

Photograph by B. E. Flower (MVI)



MUSIC

Looking back over the last academic year it seems amazing that over sixty-four Concerts and Recitals were given at Stowe. The Summer term, when one usually expects a reduction in the number of musical events, saw the musicians as busy as ever. The regular Tuesday concerts were maintained and the number of pupils at advanced standard has so increased that more recitals have had to be given over to them.

It would take up a vast amount of space to list the programmes of all the musical events given over the last six months so I have only included those given by ensembles and solo recitals. The recital by Paul Drayton of popular piano music on the last Saturday of term did not have a written programme but PCD introduced each item with his usual engaging wit and humour, which coupled with masterly playing, made this one of the most enjoyable events of the music calendar. Other events included the piano competition, so sympathetically judged by Kate Elmitt, and 'Music for a Summer's Evening' which was enjoyed by a large gathering.

ORGAN RECITAL BY JOHN COOPER GREEN (Director of Music) Tuesday 28th April

Sonata in D minor (First movement)	Guilmant
Fantasia in E flat	Saint-Saens
Rosace	Mulet
Sortie	Lefebure-Wely
Toccata (Suite)	Durufle

RECITAL BY SALLY GREEN (Flute) & MALCOLM GREEN (Clarinet & Saxophone) Sunday 3rd May

Sonata in F minor	Telemann
Suite Hebraique	Glick
Sonata en Concert	Damase
Four Characteristic Pieces	Hurlstone
Epitaphe de Jean Harlow	Koechlin
Morceau de Concours	Faure
Vocalise	Rachmaninov
Habanera	Ravel
Carmen Fantasy	Bourne

CONCERT BY THE STRING ORCHESTRA Tuesday 12th May

Sinfonia in G	Domenico Scarlatti
Es ist ein' ros' entsprungen	Brahms
Sinfonia in G	Leopold Mozart
Rhoseymedre	Vaughan Williams
Concerto for 2 Oboes in D minor	Vivaldi

Soloists: Graham Pike and Robert Mills

CONCERT BY THE MAURIZI ENSEMBLE

Sunday 17th May

String Quartet in A minor	Schubert
Piano Quintet in E flat	Schumann

SPEECH DAY CONCERT

Saturday May 23rd

Orchestra:	
Soirees Musicales	Rossini arr. Britten

Jazz Band:	
New York! New York!	Kander
Over the Rainbow	Arlen
Fly me to the Moon	Howard

Orchestra:	
Water Music Suite	Handel arr. Harty

Chapel Choir:	
Gavotte for Bach	J.S. Bach
Tiptoe thro' the Tulips	Burke arr. Sammes
Move your Feet	Music: Paul Drayton Words: The Headmaster

Orchestra:	
Concerto for Two Oboes and Two Clarinets	Vivaldi

Soloists:	
Sam Edenborough — Clarinet	
Robert Mills — Oboe	
Nicholas Smith — Clarinet	
Graham Pike — Oboe	
Selections from "Porgy and Bess"	Gershwin

CONCERT BY THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE SINGERS

Director: Paul Drayton

Sunday 14th June

Laetentur Coeli	Byrd
Ave Verum Corpus	Byrd
Almighty and Everlasting God	Gibbons
Hosanna to the Son of David	Gibbons
The Son of God	Cannon
Four choral dances from "Gloriana"	Britten
April is in my Mistress' Face	Morley
Weep, O mine eyes	Bennet
Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone	Morley
This have I done for my True Love	Holst
Four Sea Shanties	arr. Drayton
The Lass with the delicate Air	Arne
The Frog in the Well	arr. Drayton

CONCERT OF INSTRUMENTAL ENSEMBLES Tuesday 16th June

Junior Wind Band:	
Ceremonial March	Kenyon

Oboe Trio:	
Trio (3rd Movement)	Badings

String Ensemble:	
Kanon	Pachalbel

Wind Quintet:	
Harmony Music No. 4	Elgar

Junior Brass Ensemble:	
March for the Ark	C.P.E. Bach
Theme from "The Muppets"	Henson & Pottle

Brass Consort:	
Water Music — Hornpipe	Handel
Comedy Tonight	Sondheim
Theme from Dallas	Immel

Clarinet Quartet:	
Caprice	Grundman
Mr. Porter comes to Town	Porter

ORGAN RECITAL BY SIMON ABBOTT Tuesday 23rd June

Alleluyas	Preston
Rhoseymedre	Vaughan Williams
Pavan	Drayton
Adagio in E	Bridge

ORGAN RECITAL BY JAMES HENDERSON (Chapel Organist) Tuesday 29th September

Piece Heroique	Franck
Prelude & Fugue in C minor	Mendelssohn
Psalm Prelude Set 1 No. 1	Howells
Elegy	Thalben Ball
The Carousel	Jacques
Fanfare	Whitlock

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)



It was a fitting end to the year that the final recital was given by Simon Abbott on the organ. Simon took up music when he came to Stowe and leaves us an accomplished pianist and organist as well as a very gifted composer. We wish him well as he goes off to read music at Royal Holloway College. Other musicians to whom we were sorry to say goodbye include Tom Eshelby, principal cello, Daniel Campbell, leader of the orchestra, Paul Russell, Peter Brown and Charlotte Spicer. After the end of term we were delighted to hear the news that Nicholas Smith had been awarded the A.L.C.M. Performer's diploma on the clarinet at the end of his lower sixth year and is still only seventeen.

Though it is always sad to say farewell to many good musicians, it has also been a pleasure to welcome so many into the school in September, both in the sixth form as well as in the third year. Already in their first few weeks at Stowe they are making a great impact on the school's musical life. We were also pleased to welcome Peter Dixon to the instrumental teaching staff as teacher of electric guitar. Pupils are already finding out that a good knowledge of theory and a great deal of application is required on the electric guitar, as on other instruments.

The last six months has seen Stowe playing host to a number of Instrumental and Choral educational ventures for the benefit of not only our own pupils but those of other schools. Last May the Advanced Instrumental Workshop for young people of Grade 8 Distinction and above attracted a large number of talented instrumentalists from all over the country. As well as our own resident music staff, those who attended the course benefited from the tuition by a celebrated team of experts including the oboist Tess Miller, the clarinettist John Davies, the cellist Emma Ferrand and the violinist Richard Deakin. The October Instrumental Workshop for thirteen year olds and under followed on the success and format of the previous year.

Subsequent to a brilliant recital, a master class was given by the classical guitarist, David Russell, last April and in September another Guitar workshop was given by the Garcia Ensemble. During the summer holidays we were pleased to play host to the Eton Choral Course, who were making their first visit to Stowe. Finally, a most informative talk was given by Paul Harris on music examinations, which dealt particularly with the new aural tests being introduced by the Associated Board.

J.C.G.

HOUSE SINGING FESTIVAL

Saturday, 17th October, 1992 at 8.00pm

Judges: Cate McKee
Peter Smith
Magnus Williamson

PART SONGS

Grafton: My Way
Francois & Revaux
Stanhope: Take Me Home
Lechner
Bruce: More than words
Frank Cherone
Temple: We were gathering up the roses
E.M. Bostwick
Chatham: Swing low, sweet chariot
Negro spiritual
Chandos: Blueberry Hill
Lewis Stock & Rose
Grenville: Oh, the Heaven is shining
Negro Spiritual
Lyttelton: Were you there
Negro Spiritual
Walpole: High hopes
Sammy Cahn
Nugent: Raindrops keep falling on my head
Bacharach
Cobham: Toot, toot, tootsie
Kahn & Erdman

UNISON SONGS

Grafton: I'm singing in the rain
Herb Brown
Stanhope: Get by with a little help
Lennon & McCartney
Bruce: Song of the seven vertically
disadvantaged people
Cherone
Temple: Mame
Jerry Herman
Chatham: A nightingale sang in Berkeley
Square
Manning Sherwin
Chandos: Rock you
Queen
Grenville: Forever in blue jeans
Neil Diamond
Lyttelton: Lullaby of Broadway
Harry Waren
Walpole: I can see clearly now
Johnny Nash
Nugent: Thankyou for the music
Anderson
Cobham: Summer nights
Casey & Jacobs

Chatham won the Tustian Cup for the Part Song. Stanhope won the House Unison Cup and the Fanshawe cup for the overall winners.

CELEBRITY CONCERT:

George Melly, Roxburgh Hall, 20th September

Once the audience had overcome their initial disbelief at, shall we say, the 'vibrant' colours of Mr. Melly's suit, they were able to sit back and enjoy the evening's programme.

'John Chilton's Feetwarmers', the band, worked with the relaxed ease that distinguishes experienced and brilliant jazz musicians, and Mr. Melly's dulcet tones, of course, carried the day.

The songs, varied in their styles with lyrics often as colourful as Mr. Melly's suit, ranged from the cheeky to the downright smoochy, and the line up concluded with Irving Berlin's all-time favourite, 'Puttin' on the Ritz'.

'A complete success' would be an understatement: the audience (along with the performers) romped through an evening of superb entertainment.

S.G. Edenborough (VI)



Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)

OBITUARY

Olivier Messiaen 1908 - 1992

To many Stoics the name Olivier Messiaen (pronounced mess-ee-an) probably means little if nothing at all. Some might have seen his obituary recently in the national press around the 28th of April, the same day the artist Francis Bacon died,

accompanied by a picture of a small man with glasses, wearing a beret and a paisley shirt, holding a clip-board, in the woods of France. At the age of eighty-three he has died.

Messiaen can certainly be regarded as one of the most important and influential avant-garde composers of this century. Although his musical ideas at first might have been generated by the works of Wagner, Debussy, Stravinsky and Schoenberg, his voice in music today remains original and independent from his contemporaries — so much so that he wrote a document in 1944 explaining his musical language. He was, as he acknowledged, a man out of his time and place.

His music is compounded from a deep Catholic faith, a celebration of human love, and a love of nature. He has also successfully drawn on a wide range of resources: plainsong, rhythms of twentieth-century Europe and thirteenth-century India, ripe romantic harmonies (sometimes jazz-like) as well as music suggested by the songs of birds, by mountains and canyons, colours, and even ... his passion for Chinese food! Birdsong, which he recorded and transformed into conventional notation, is a dominant ingredient in all his music; for example, 'Catalogue d'Oiseaux' for solo piano, 1958.

Most of his works and all of his organ music are explicitly religious, concerned with aspects of Christian theology that bear on the irruption of the eternal into the present: the Incarnation, the Resurrection, the birth of Jesus. Time is also suspended in all his music, which remains unchanged, repeating itself in cycles.

His output is massive, ranging from 'Le Banquet Celeste' (1928) for organ, (a mere three pages), to the enormous ten-movement 'Turangalila Symphony' for large orchestra (1948). He was also an accomplished organist and kept his post at the church of La Trinite in Paris from the 1930's to his death. He also had classes in the Paris Conservatoire where people flocked to see him, and many of his pupils went on to become famous — Boulez and Stockhausen in the 1950's, Alexander Goehr and Richard Rodney Bennett in the 1960's and George Benjamin in the 1980's.

Messiaen received many honours and awards from countries worldwide including membership of the Institute of France (1967), the Erasmus prize (1971) and even the renaming of the White Cliffs in Utah USA to Mount Messiaen (1978). He is probably the most influential composer of his time, and he must have known this for he lived long enough to hear his music performed and applauded throughout the world. Messiaen admirers everywhere all eagerly await the world premiere of his last completed work 'Eclairs sur l'Au-Dela' for orchestra (1991) (Which supposedly requires ten clarinets and twelve flutes in the woodwind section) in New York later this year.

S.T. Abbott (MVI) (O.S.)



CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

THE J.F. ROXBURGH PRIZES FOR VERSE

The theme set for this, the centenary year of Tennyson's death, was based on a passage from the dramatic monologue 'Ulysses':

*'Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untravelled world...'*

Tennyson found his source for the poem in the *Odyssey* (XI, 112-137), where Tiresias prophesies for Ulysses a mysterious last voyage, and in Dante's *Inferno* (XXXV, 90 ff). Tennyson shows us a Ulysses, restless and yearning for further heroic wandering, preparing to embark for his final, fatal adventure. The 'untravelled world' can never be reached, receding further and further towards death, becoming, in Hamlet's words, 'The undiscovered country, from whose bourn/No traveller returns....'

The underlying symbolism of the imagery is the pursuit of virtue and knowledge, 'Beyond the utmost bound of human thought', the one burnished hour surpassing the limits of mediocrity and the quotidian. It is interesting that in the year which also celebrates the quincentenary of Columbus' invention of the New World, the best entries to the Verse Competition chose to explore instead the 'untravelled world' of interior landscapes, discovering places of the mind and heart, and charting the experience of the self. There was in these less wandering than wondering.

D.D. Atherton's winning Senior entry interpreted the subject with conscious irony, writing from the viewpoint of a deceiving lover disappointed by the beloved's deceit. The poem is an accomplished mixture of styles, the romantic melancholy of modern love undercut by mocking rhyming-couplets.

Also reflecting, though with contrasting bitterness, on the experiences of youth and age was M.B.P. Champness' quatrains which had some fine perceptive moments. A varying but equally suggestive poem was S.G. Edenborough's meditations on the arching experiences of a musician's 'First Concert'. Its conversational form and detailed texture capture the anticipation and exhilaration of this singular debut. (We print this poem as an introduction to the section of Music reports and reviews).

The winner of the Junior category, by R.A. Temple, could hardly be more different in tone and content. Staying just within the elastic but stretched interpretation of the set theme, it is an effort laudable for its life-affirming observation and patient, technical stamina.

(My complaint about the 1992 Senior competition

is the paucity of entries from girls. It is difficult to believe that such a lack of initiative or lapse of imagination will carry over into the next one).

'A part of all (they) have met', the poems entered provided, in their diverse ways and means, fascinating perspectives on Tennyson's words. Their authors were fully aware that the margin of the 'untravelled world' will fade, 'For ever and ever when they move'.

T.A.O.

The Winner of the Senior Prize

So I stand, the vows all broken,
Mindless of all that was once spoken.
I still recall the suffered cries,
Lamented in the swollen eyes.
Yet now 'tis my turn to languish,
Tables turned 'tis me to anguish.
This callous heart did her's deceive,
Her's so naive did mine believe.
The once tethered, time has aged,
Leaving still the reaver fettered.
It's said that she loves another,
It's said these two are now lovers.
Fevered I writhe in agony,
Doomed I will love eternally.
Wasting in punishing distress,
Never faced I such rending loss.
Unsheltered, I look on forlorn,
Alone shall I my heart's death mourn.
Hardened, tried now, the cocoon shed,
She travels thro', my world is dead.

D.D. Atherton, ma. (LVI)

Painting by N. P. Leith-Smith (MVI)



Runner-Up

Intimate circumstances breathing common
knowledge,
Social climates opening to followers,
First kiss becomes a trend,
Out of a doorway and into life.

False graces come fluttering down,
Passing the ecstasy around,
Sexual practices become demure,
Love is lust, sex and rejection.

Afterthought inhaled through a cigarette,
Must be time to go,
Leaving partners in the gutter,
Tomorrow night will bring another.

Will it ever come to an end,
Alcohol becomes addiction,
Needles appear a contradiction,
A silent white death bed awaits at home.

M.B.P. Champness (LVI)

Copper Bottom

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)



Winner of the Junior Prize

Looking outwards, from the stained glass window
in my bedroom,
A gathering forms in the field by the fence below.
Dressed in bright red and white, the colours that kill.
The men, fat and jocular with their shining purple
face
Laugh, and as they laugh take a glass from the tray
Held up to them by the publican who provides
This pale brown liquid to make them more
"robust,"
And give them a spirit to enjoy the damage they
inflict.

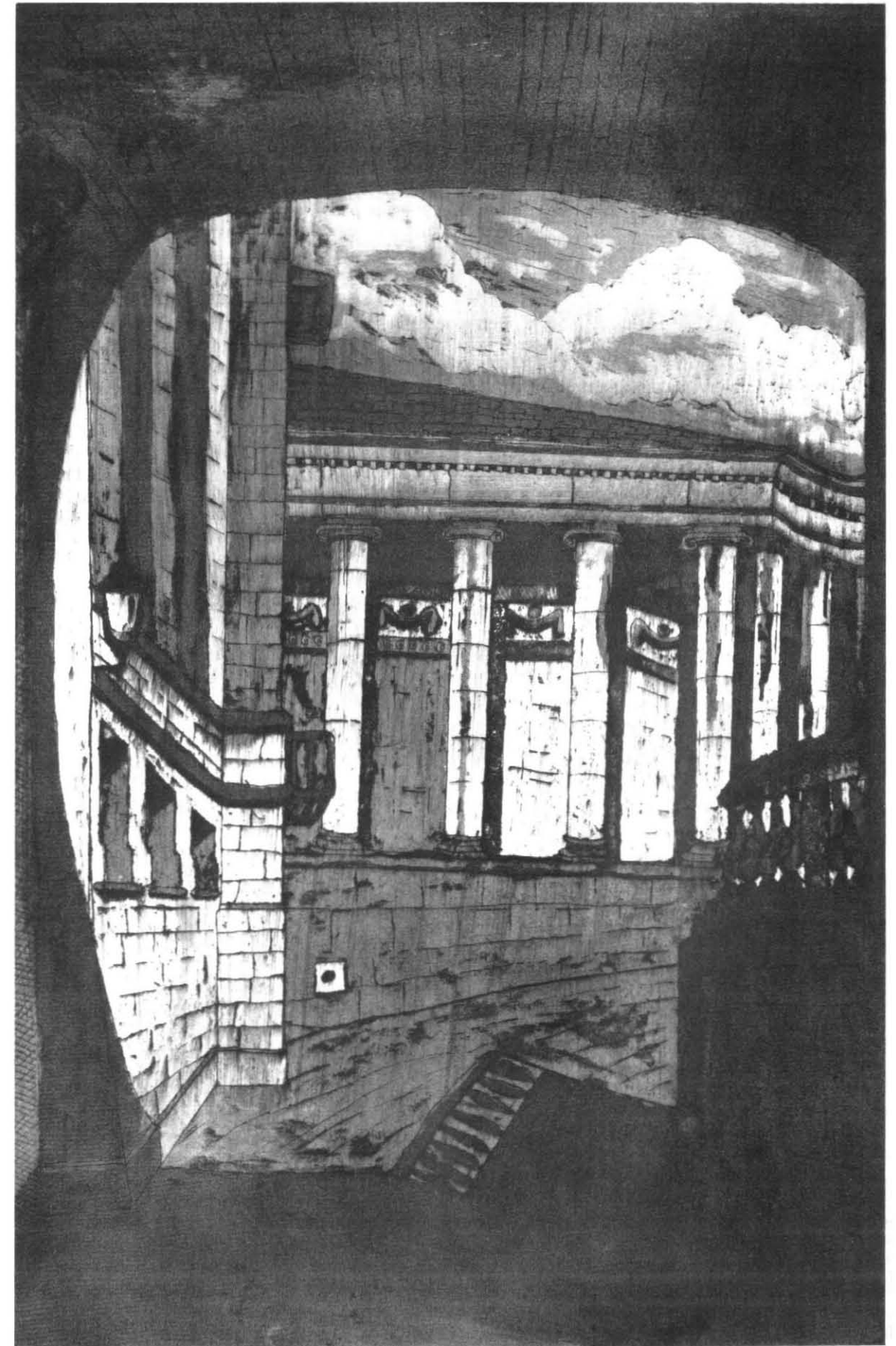
The women looking down from the top of their
world,
Survey the land they all believe they own.
And as the large men struggle to mount their steeds
The bugle is sounded, the only warning to the horse.
The horses feel the excitement of the day
And pick up their hooves to each note the bugle
sounds.

The hounds now yelp as the hunt commences,
And race to chase away the violence in their minds.

On hearing the pounding of hooves, I watch from
my window
To see the assembled crowd, not so triumphant now.
I slowly become the one more content than they,
Who now with downtrodden faces realise what it is
To experience the defeat that comes with catching
nothing.

They do not see the other side of it, whereby
Through their defeat and bitter anger,
The release of life and survival has been gained.

R.A. Temple (V)



By Ranjan Bhalla

GAVIN MAXWELL SENIOR ESSAY PRIZE

“On the Threshold” was the title of this year’s competition.

WINNER — A Malaysian Abroad

His name is Devan Kaloo; he is half Malaysian and half Scottish — a mixed background he shared with the pop singer Betty Boo. For some reason, his Scottish mother’s genes have had little visible effect on him and there is little about his deep brown skin, hooked nose and jet black hair to suggest he is often found in a kilt.

He is proud of his dual heritage, though often found in the uncomfortable position of defending one to a representative of the other.

We were walking in London, discussing nothing in particular when we were stopped by a little white man who smelled. “Excuse me, sirs?” — humble and apologetic — “Could you spare twenty pence to help buy a fellow a drink?” If he had said “food” instead of “drink”, I think we might have; as it was, we shook our heads and mumbling, “Pass on, comrade” (we were going through a socialist phase), went on.

Suddenly he was in front of us again, but now transformed, quivering with rage, every muscle in his body tense — like a poodle having a heart attack. “This is all your fault! I’m English, you hear me? English!” Awash with frustrated anger he continued, “I’m on the dole and there’s rich foreign bastards like you walking about. They should ship the lot of you home — understand?” He was pointing now, two bony digits. “Get on the next frigging plane, the next plane!” glaring — expecting an answer, almost: “Bloody Pakis”, he spat at our feet.

The man’s hostility scared me: I wasn’t used to this. I looked to Devan and was surprised to find him smiling. I should have known, for people of mixed race like Devan, abuse like this comes with the territory. “If we give you the twenty pence,” came the sardonically polite enquiry, “Can we stay — please?”

Genetically my heritage is not as confused as Devan’s; all my great-grandparents migrated from India to Malaysia and the Davids have remained there ever since. Culturally, though, I am very aware that I walk the line. English is my first language and the only one I can speak fluently — my friends at home laugh at my Malay.

I have spent the most important years of my life in England, though Malaysia has always been ‘home’ — home where we’re considered an extremely ‘Westernised’ family; whereas here I’m amazingly ‘ethnic’, at a time when that has just become fashionable.

Sometimes, not often, but sometimes something happens to make me painfully aware that I am

continuously on the threshold of two societies, two worlds — forever looking in but never really being a part of either.

It is somewhat odd.

It was the sort of conversation that only takes place very late at night, or when the participants are slightly drunk.

I had been working late, reaching that time of the very early morning when it is no longer worthwhile going to bed. On the way to make coffee, I noticed my neighbour’s light on: “Morning” — he was working too. The conversation drifted in the normal meaningless way: condemnations of the school and the dreaded ‘system’, gripes about the volume of work and the sadism of various masters, girls, sex and then — suddenly: “You know, you cope very well with being black.”

“I’m sorry?”

“No you do — honestly.”

He truthfully meant it as a compliment, yet I was insulted. I guess I didn’t like being reminded that it was something I had to cope with.

Five days later, another something, a question: “Do girls in Malaysia find you good looking?” Fortunately I didn’t have to answer that one.

Later I recalled his words: “Do girls in Malaysia..” the implication being that girls here in England — white girls — would find different.

Just prior to the de-segregation of schools in America a series of experiments were carried out in black kindergartens across the country. Classes of negro children were given a full set of colour crayons and asked to draw a picture of ‘a beautiful child’. Almost without exception the children produced drawings of blonde blue eyed, freckled little boys and girls with thin, pink lips.

The black and brown crayons remained sadly untouched.

I look in the mirror. The nose is a little too big — perhaps — and the eyebrows a bit extreme, but nonetheless I like it. It’s me. I like the way I look, most of the time, anyway.

At the end of my first year at Stowe, I returned to Malaysia for the summer holidays. My father took one look at my hair, which I was wearing in the fairly typical, public school long fringe, short back and sides style, and said, “Arvind don’t try and be a white boy — you’re not. Don’t apologise for the colour of your skin — cut your hair”.

Last holidays I returned home with my hair extremely short and spiked on top. My father threw his hands up in mock exasperation and proclaimed “Great, now you’re trying to be a negro!”

I’m letting my hair grow, hoping somebody will tell me when I get it — and everything else — just right.

Maybe I won’t need anybody to tell me, maybe I’ll know.

A.E. David (LVI)

Drawing by Wendy G. Saunt (MVI)



On the Threshold

I pushed open the wooden door and strode through it onto the stage. Immediately I appeared, Karl’s voice hailed me through the darkness outside the intense pool of white created by the theatre lights.

“Macbeth, this will never happen again.” His smooth, quiet yet somehow forceful tone halted me where I stood.

“Sorry, Karl. The traffic’s appalling and my cab...”

“Act five, scene seven. ‘Alarums. Enter Macbeth’ — and put some energy into it, Macbeth.” Karl stood up and walked onto the edge of the stage.

I hesitated for a moment, unsure of whether or not to attempt to finish my excuse for lateness. Glancing at his dark eyes, fixed steadily on me, I almost automatically blurted my line: “They have tied me to a stake; I cannot fly....” The words came easily to my tongue, and my mind began to wander.

“No! No!” Karl’s voice cut through. “You must always, always concentrate on character. That doesn’t mean lines — they don’t matter. Believe in Macbeth the man, not the fictional Macbeth. Unless you do, you will never give a real performance.... Again.”

So I began again. A few moments later, Andrew, who was playing Macduff, entered. “That way the noise is. Tyrant, show thy face....”

The rehearsal continued, two hours later, after much back-tracking and repetition of scenes, Andrew and I walked together out of the theatre.

Later on, after supper, Andrew and I sat and discussed the day’s rehearsal.

“Karl spoke very little today,” I ventured. Andrew looked up.

“Yes. He was more intense. I can never quite detect his mood. You were unlucky to be late.” He paused, thinking. “I don’t agree with his ideas about characterisation — I mean... that comment about the lines not mattering — and his obsession with giving a ‘real’ performance. It’s as if Macbeth really exists for him.” He raised his whisky and sipped slowly.

I sat motionless. Something in my mind stuck. I agreed with Andrew; at least I wanted to, but the thought of differing from Karl’s ideas caused an almost physical distress at the back of my head. I tried to speak, but could only stammer, and a queer sort of groan passed my lips.

“Are you okay, old chap?” asked Andrew, “That was a rather odd noise... didn’t sound much like you.”

For a moment longer, I was unable to reply. Then, in a rush, I could speak. I started to talk, not about the day’s events, but about my sister, who was travelling through Asia.

A couple of hours later, Andrew got up to go. I let him out, and as he hunched against the rain and heavy darkness, I was as perplexed as he was.

A week of intense rehearsal followed, and Karl’s comments began to fill my mind. I spoke less to Andrew, much less than usual. He, too, seemed pre-occupied.

I began to be absorbed with Karl’s direction; my performance as Macbeth became central to my life. Never before had I been so involved in a performance. My sword fight in the final scene became a focal point of every rehearsal. Our blades flashed in a flurry of steel. Andrew became Macduff to me; we fought, circled, sparred, lunged, sweat running down our foreheads. We danced on an island of burning light, separated from outside existence yet interacting with a fierce reality.

The dress rehearsal came. The auditorium was empty; as the Scenes and Acts rolled past I was vaguely aware of the dim figure of Karl, motionless, attentive.

“Stop.” The word rang, unnaturally hollow, around the dead acoustics of the theatre. I stood still, my limbs weakened, the lights hot on my face.

Karl stood, and spoke.

“Now. Listen hard to this. I must tell you before the Final Scene of Act Five.” His voice seemed to become independent of his body, to shift and rise and fall, wandering. The darkness off-stage wavered.

“You — Macbeth, Macduff — are ready for this scene, but do not for a moment allow yourselves to succumb to... to fiction, fantasy, whatever you want to call it. Hang on, at all costs, to this reality, here, that you have created. Always be aware of Macbeth’s power, his destructive energy. Allow it to surround you, grip you. Macduff, remember your grief, hate, repulsion of Macbeth’s evil. Now....

‘Alarums. Enter Macbeth.’”

He was indistinct; the darkness about him was complete.

Thus began the final Scene of the Final Act.

Karl had hardly needed to say those words. I was borne away by a strong current, heedless of time. The play, in the circle of light, was absolute.

I was aware of my own voice, distant, impulsive, filled with passion.

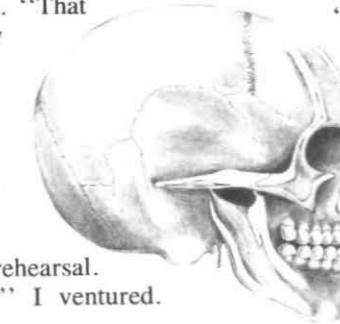
“I will not yield,

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet,
And to be baited with the rabble’s curse....

Lay on, Macduff,

And damn’d be him that first cries, ‘Hold, enough!’”

I lunged, brimming with rage, at Macduff. As we were whirled, in and out of streaks of silver, a storm of blades, I finally perceived myself on the brink, the threshold. Finally I was to lose my grip on existence for a split second, and allow my being to rush on into a bizarre, unknown world of fantasy. Fiction had at last displaced reality. The image of Macduff holding Macbeth’s severed head, bloodied, exhausted, filled my mind.



I was suddenly struck by the dimness of the brilliant stage lights when compared to the fierce gleam in the solitary spectator's eyes.

S.G. Edenborough (LVI)

(Drawing by H. D. Baird) (MVI)

On the Threshold

"Memoirs of a Scientific Breakthrough"

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," said the ape.

It paused, tilting its head on one side, and took a thoughtful bite from a banana, before continuing:

"All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made."

I am the ape. This is my cage, these are my metal bars, and that is my pile of hay.

And those are my fleas.

Patterson leaned towards me, a grin stretched over his clammy features "Who's a clever little monkey, eh?" he cooed.

I am, of course, but I'm far too clever to admit it.

Clawley peers eagerly over his shoulder. "Ape, George. It's an Ape, not a monkey". He hesitated, and suppressed a shudder," or at least it used to be."

George Patterson shrugs. "A small brown furry thing is a small brown furry thing." Patterson is the one who took me from my territory. He used a net and a gun. I have never liked him. He smells far too much like a female.

Neither he nor Clawley could lead a tribe.

George stares at Clawley's clouded expression "Relax, Phil. We've done it. We have done it, don't you see? Look at him. The first true miracle of genetic engineering. The first sentient ape. It can reason for itself, it can speak. It's probably better educated than I am."

Damn flea! The wretched thing's shifted armpits.

"Yes, George. But did you have to give it a Bible?"

"Goulson told me to. Said it would give it valuable moral laws. After all, that's where he gets his money from."

A puppy, its head more bandage and electrode than flesh, began to whimper.

Patterson threw some rotten scraps in the direction of the creature, which staggered feebly over to them.

They were "research technicians". Goulson was their "employer". He was leader — alpha male. They had shown me who he was once. He was a "TV evangelist", who wore neat suits. They had shown me him hold a little girl, who was crying.

He had said, "Patsy says to me, and to all you soldiers of Christ out there, to send us your generous gifts, to help her and her friends back in the Alabama Goulson Foundation. In return we will send you this handkerchief. Each one has been dipped in the holy water by li'l Patsy herself. She loves you and Jesus loves you."

"Jesus loves us all," sighed Patsy

"Bless you, my child."

Goulson was hunter as well as leader. His was the serpent smile of the predator.

Two conflicting urges struck me — the urge to scratch, and the urge to recite more of what they had given me to learn.

The flea won out.

Goulson came in then. Suddenly. No choir of angels. Just himself. He wore his same grin, but his scent was of fear.

It mingled with the fear of Patterson and Clawley. But theirs was a different fear.

"Gentlemen," said Goulson.

They both nodded.

He turned and swept towards me, tears in his eyes. Fear mixed with the happiness, and the family scent. He knelt down in front of my cage, and whispered fondly: "Daniel?"

I could not answer. I did not understand.

"Does — does he know?" asked Goulson, anxiously.

"About what?" Clawley was pale.

"Daniel." Goulson gestured towards my cage.

"Is he in there?"

I looked about me. I was the only one in the cage.

Patterson coughed abruptly "Sir, sir you must understand. We appreciate the donation of your son's brain tissue, but —"

Goulson paused, and choked. Real tears, real grief. "My son died in that car accident, Patterson. This was his only chance —"

George shook his head slowly. "It wasn't, sir. Your son died. We simply used his dead brain tissue to help enhance the genetic map of our specimen. I'm sorry. Your son is dead."

"Dead?" Goulson turned to me again. Horror washed out from both of us. "After all this my son is dead? You used his body to make this monster?" Anger. Hatred. Then peace. His smile reappeared. He turned from me.

"Then in that case, gentlemen, we must assess the practical aspects of this venture."

Clawley, flustered, shocked, mumbled: "Ah, well — we believe with selective engineering and mating we can begin marketing sufficient numbers in two to three years."

Goulson smiled. "Cheap, economical, tireless. As new labour laws are brought in for human workers, we can replace them with... these. More efficient. More expendable." He smiled again. The predator re-awakened.

"Yes, yes. We believe so. We've even trained it."

"You have?"

"Yes sir. We've given it the Gospel of St. John to learn. It is your favourite, we believe."

"Quite true. Let it speak." He still did not look at me.

I chose a verse:

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only forgotten Son, that whosoever of us believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life."

Goulson spun round. Tears of anger streamed down his face.

"That's obscene! It cannot have a soul! It cannot. It is an ape. It never had a soul and it never shall."

I began again "— whosoever of us believeth —"

"Shut it up!" screeched Goulson. "Dammit Patterson, kill it. It must die. It is Satan's child, none of mine. I have nothing to do with that thing. Destroy it."

He swept out, leaving behind the bitterest traces of all — love. Love for his only son.

I called out after him, "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." Desperately.

So, Clawley has prepared an injection. Very soon I will no longer exist. I will find my heaven.

My one satisfaction is that Goulson was scratching as he left. I feel my flea no longer.

But the time is now. Put the paper down. Here comes the man with the needle.

"Father, forgive them. They know not what they do."

J.S. Goss (UVI)

GAVIN MAXWELL JUNIOR ESSAY PRIZE

WINNER

On The Threshold

"Pulse is one hundred and twenty.... it's very faint...."

"Please, Mrs Jones, in the waiting room...."

"I've lost it... I can't find a pulse."

"O.K. Cardiac arrest. Three hundred volts should do it. Stand back, everyone...."

I watched from above as my body jerked lifelessly on the bed. The doctor tried again with a higher voltage and I shouted out, "I'm dead, you fool...." But my words dropped short into the blackness around me. I felt a presence at my left shoulder, and shuddered involuntarily. I had read about this part.

"So.... uh... that's it, then?"

"YOU COULD PUT IT THAT WAY."

The words weren't spoken as mine were; the sentence simply appeared in my head. I slowly turned around, thinking I might regret this. Out of the infinite darkness I could almost make out a man-sized shape a few feet away. I was glad of the darkness.

"What happens now?"

"POST-MORTEM, I THINK."

"I meant to me."

"THAT IS YOU," gestured the thing. I looked through the window to where my body lay, covered with a sheet. The door opened and the doctor entered, followed by my pregnant wife. She was already sobbing, but broke down completely when she saw my body. She collapsed into a chair while the doctor tried to comfort her. I suddenly realized: I felt nothing — no pity, no love, no anguish - no pain. I remembered when we were first married;

when she was the centre of my world. Again, I felt nothing. Wanting to be angry, I turned to the thing behind me. "Why don't I feel anything?" I tried to be angry.

"YOU ARE DEAD, YOU KNOW."

"But what about Rachel, and the kids? Will they cope?" I stared for a moment, into the blackness. Then, I said, quietly, "Do you know?" There was an awkward silence, then —

"YES." There was another awkward silence. "BUT I THINK IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I DIDN'T TELL YOU."

There was a sudden flash of light and a rushing sound. All was darkness. Then I found myself lying on something hard and cold. My eyelids were forced shut owing to the blinding brightness, but as my eyes became accustomed to it I could carefully look around me. I was dressed in a perfectly silly white robe (the cut was something from the Seventies) and I was lying on what looked like a cloud mountain. I seemed to be at the end of a queue circling a mountain, eventually leading up to something dark and indefinite at the summit. The queue to my front had already moved forward, so I ran to catch up. All the queuers had an almost miserable, shambling gait.

"Er... excuse me," I called to the man in front. "Could you tell me if...?" I stopped short when I saw the man's face. There was a large hole where his cheek should have been, and the flesh all around was charred and waxy in places. I could see that most of his teeth were missing through the hole.

"Was? Ich verstehe nicht, mein Herr. Ich spreche nicht Englisch." With that, he continued up the path.

"You'll have to excuse Fritz — apparently, he was in a bank robbery. And you can hardly expect everyone to speak English, can you? I'm Gertie." She took my hand and gave it a firm shake.

"I'm... uh... David." I replied, staring after Fritz. "Is this heaven?"

"So it would seem. How did you die?"

"Heart attack. It's hereditary."

"Sorry to hear that. I was in a car accident. Every vital organ crushed," she said, almost proudly. Now that I looked, she did seem rather thin.

After some time, Gertie and I eventually reached the summit. Before us stood a tall iron gate before which stood a huge man dressed in white and gold. He held a large dusty tome, and he asked the people their names before allowing them to enter (presumably) the kingdom of heaven. He allowed Fritz, then Gertie, to enter.

"Your name, please," boomed the doorman.

"David Andrew Jones."

"David.... Andrew.... Jones....," he muttered.

"Ah, yes. Here we are. Ah! Wait!"

A sudden chill gripped me. I racked my brains for any evil deed that might exclude me from heavenly peace. I was ready to prostrate myself and beg forgiveness, when he said, "You have been selected for re-incarnation."

“Re-incarnation!” I was incredulous. “But I don’t even believe in it!”

“Sorry. Don’t worry. You won’t remember a thing....”

Everything darkened as those words echoed around my head. I could feel change within myself and I seemed to spin and turn for an eternity. Memories began to fade; my parents, my children. Rachel... then, nothing.

“I can see the head!”

“Push!”

“Here it comes!”

“Waaaaaaaah!”

“Congratulations, Mrs Jones. You have a beautiful baby boy.”

R.McL. Atherton (V)

THE GOTHIC CROSS

It is always rewarding when a hunch leads to the discovery of some long-sought document or picture. When the object in question concerns one of Stowe’s most extraordinary buildings, of which just a few tantalising remains have been evident for the last 40 years, it is especially gratifying to locate the only known engraving, as happened to me in May this year.

To many generations of Stoics, the Gothic Cross has consisted merely of four large slabs of artificial stone bound together with iron ties and concealed beside the deep and shady path between the Temple of Ancient Virtue and the Doric Arch. When the dead elms were felled across this path in the 1970s, smashing one of the surviving sides of the Cross, the remains lay almost hidden until a group of Stoic foresters, led by the former chaplain, the Rev. M.C. Stanton-Saringer, and Mr M. Edwards, fought their way through as they restored the old evergreen Covered Walk in 1988.

The original order for the Gothic Cross had already been noted by Miss Alison Kelly, the authority on the artificial Coade stone from which the Cross was made. An entry in the Work Books of William Croggon, Mrs Coade’s manager, now in the Public Record Office (C111/106), dated 19th October, 1814, reads “Marquis of Buckingham, Gothic Monument with pinnacles, 200 guineas.” Croggon’s letter of 20th October refers back to one by the Marquess of 10th October and promises to “lose no time in getting the sub plinth on which the Gothic Cross is to be placed finished” and forwarding it by the Grand Junction Canal — the first Marquess had, in fact, been a prime mover behind this canal and its branch to Buckingham. The Account Book for December, 1814, adds the cost

of the new plinth: “Marquis of Buckingham, Stowe, Rich Gothic Monument with pinnacles etc. £210. New plinths to support do. £15: £225.” The “new plinths” suggests that the second Marquess took over an order for a Cross which had already been started and this seems to be confirmed by the stamp “Coade & Sealy 1811” found on one of the surviving sides. Parts of the Cross were still being modelled the following July, but it was finished by the time the next **Guidebook** was published in 1817.

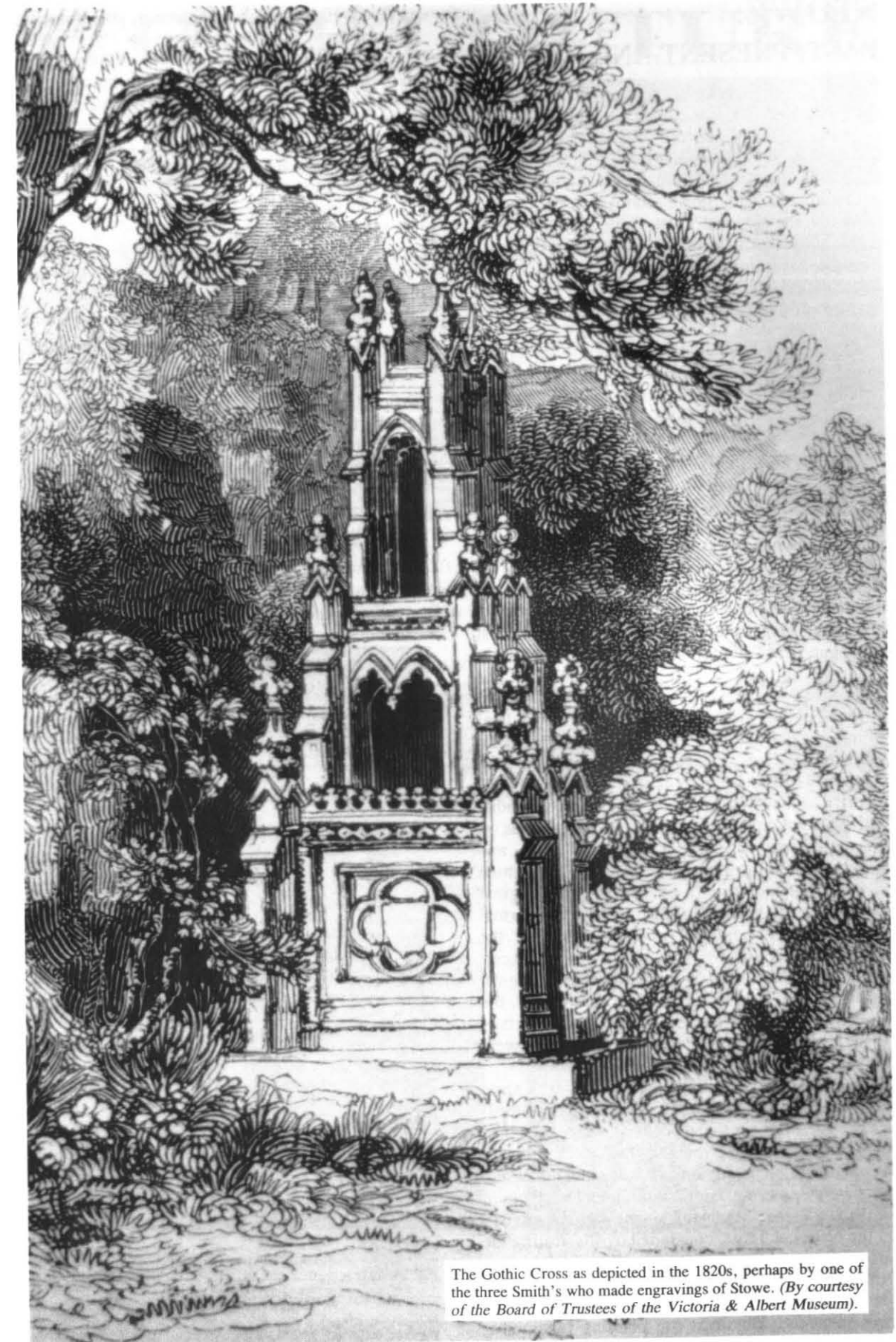
The Gothic Cross is shown in the engraving with three storeys, the top with a single pointed arch, the middle with a double one and the bottom with a solid quatrefoil set centrally within a square. The lancet arches probably contained tracery but the small size of the original engraving allowed the artist to depict only the cusps and not the mullions. The top edges of the sides of each storey are capped with decorated finials like small poppy-heads above a row of reticulation, while each of the angled corner buttresses has two sloping offsets before concluding in a tall and elaborate pinnacle with numerous crockets. According to the proportions of the engraving, the Cross must have been over 12 feet high.

There is no sign of a latin cross, of course. Stowe’s could be loosely modelled on any market cross, such as that at Leighton Linlade, as Miss Kelly has noted. The most famous group of “crosses”, however, were the fifteen erected by King Edward I after Queen Eleanor’s death in 1291 to mark the stopping places as the corpse of the nation’s “loving mother” was accompanied from Lincoln to Westminster. Stowe’s is like King Edward’s, essentially a tower of three storeys diminishing in size towards the top. The second Marquess may well have been honouring his mother who had died in London two years previously, a little before he had succeeded to Stowe, just as he later honoured his wife with an urn placed a few yards away from the Cross. Lady Buckingham was a Roman Catholic and this Gothic memorial may have been considered particularly appropriate.

No doubt at the time of the sales in 1921 and 1922 the top two tiers of the Cross were removed to form an ornament elsewhere. As part of its restoration of the garden the National Trust is now hoping to rebuild the Cross. This engraving will provide the general plan but the precise details will come from study of the surviving sides of the bottom storey, the fragments excavated close by and evidence of similar motifs used in other Coade stone monuments.

*I am grateful to Miss Alison Kelly for her many communications about the Gothic Cross. For this and other Coade stone at Stowe see: Alison Kelly, “Eleanor Coade at Stowe”, **The Georgian Group Journal**”, 1992, pages 97-100.*

Michael Bevington
October 1992



The Gothic Cross as depicted in the 1820s, perhaps by one of the three Smith's who made engravings of Stowe. (By courtesy of the Board of Trustees of the Victoria & Albert Museum).

STOWE: PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

Saturday 25th and Sunday 26th April, 1992, saw the third conference on Stowe's history to be held at Stowe by the University of Oxford Department for Continuing Education. It was directed by Dr Kate Tiller and Dr Malcolm Airs and was arranged in conjunction with Stowe school and, for the first occasion, the National Trust. Over 100 participants gathered in the State Music Room for a series of illustrated lectures each day before venturing forth under the sun and sometimes umbrellas, ably guided by some of the speakers and others, to see progress on the restoration of the garden and the temples.

After a warm welcome from the Headmaster, the initial lecture by Michael Bevington of Stowe School, aimed to set the scene by outlining the development of Stowe House and the rise and fall of the Temple-Grenville family. Particular attention was given to recent discoveries concerning some of the early rebuilding of the house. Richard Wheeler, the National Trust's Regional Land Agent, followed with an examination of the origin and design of the wider landscape of Stowe, including the park and Stowe woods. George Clarke, chairman of the National Trust's Advisory Committee and formerly the School's Senior Tutor, then gave two talks in his usual elegant and witty manner. He first catalogued the Temples which moved, and then, in a new lecture, presented some of the inconographical and artistic ideas and concepts to be found in the garden. To bring matters up to date, Dominic Cole, an Old Stoic and part of the team from Land Use Consultants employed by the National Trust to survey the garden, presented their report. This had just been published after 18 months' work in a volume of over 129 pages, which was on sale with two further selections of plans and reproductions of engravings at £30. He highlighted some of the findings, such as a suggested original location for the Chinese House in a former formal pond at the bottom of Armoury Hill and the conclusions to be drawn from the analysis of the cut-and-fill techniques used to alter the supposed original topography of the garden. Angus Wainwright, the National Trust's archaeologist, added some details about his investigations when some of the lakes were drained and cleared of silt.

The last talk dealt with the National Trust's plans for restoring the garden. Gervase Jackson-Stops, architectural adviser to the National Trust, explained the current thinking behind the work already completed or underway on half a dozen temples and he then gave examples of possibilities for others in the years ahead. Michael Calnan, gardens adviser to the National Trust, concluded by illustrating the difficulties faced in restoring the planted landscape. Although many records for the purchase of flowering shrubs and trees exist from the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, no planting plans have

survived; like the School before it, therefore, the National Trust will have to judge what is appropriate to each area. He also outlined some of the problems involved in reconciling the need to conserve the natural habitats which exist in the garden with the desire to restore the landscape to its likely state in the early nineteenth century. Again, careful analysis and forethought are necessary if these two aims are to be combined.

One of the most exciting exhibits on display in the Marble Saloon was the product of the pilot project for recording both written and visual evidence about Stowe's history on computer. In time this should become a powerful and novel tool for future students, providing a marvellous means of access to the extensive sources on Stowe's complex history.

The conference received high praise from many participants, at least one of whom had crossed the Atlantic for the weekend. The generosity of Mr and Mrs Richard Haslam in allowing members to view the interior of the Gothic Temple, operated as an unusual holiday cottage by the Landmark Trust, was much appreciated, as were the refreshments provided by the School caterers and the National Trust.

Michael Bevington

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)



STOWE COUTURE



Photograph by F. T. Erogbogbo (MVI)

Musty: Wet Suit at £89.50 from Aquasport. Croquet tie in vibrant polyester £7.95 from Stowe School shop. "DON'T MESS" expression from Stowe 1st XV.



Photograph by G. A. Thompson (MVI)

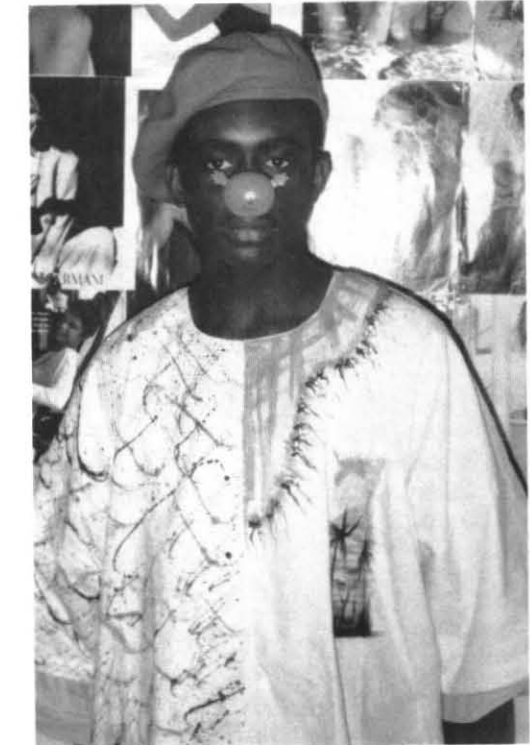
Matt: DJ from Moss Bros at £224.00. Stowe cuff-links from the School Shop. Bow-tie from Roxy Wardrobe. Smashed expression courtesy of Bruce house dance.

Photograph by G. A. Thompson (MVI)

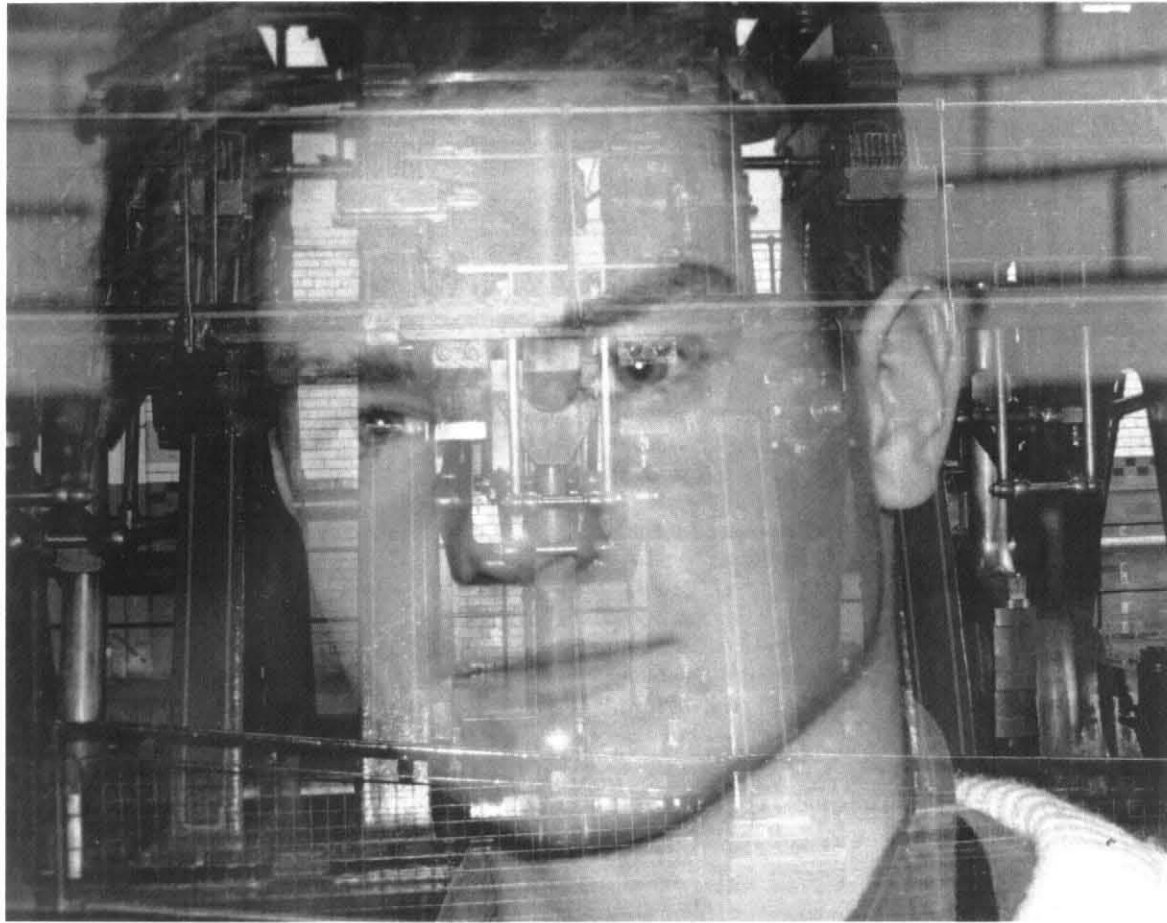


Brocas: Cotton dress shirt £35.95 from Marks & Spencer. Clip on Bow-tie at £7.50 from "Naffness 'R' Us". Pebble glasses £3.00 from a little man on the underground. Alexa: Stowe backstage sweatshirt £19.95. Rave whistles £6.00 from Ragers United.

Photograph by A. T. Mustard (MVI)



Tayo: Cloth elfin cap from Tie Rack at £24.95. Flowing robes tailor made and hand-painted by an army of servants, Lagos.



Adrian James. Self portrait with Don River Steam Engine.

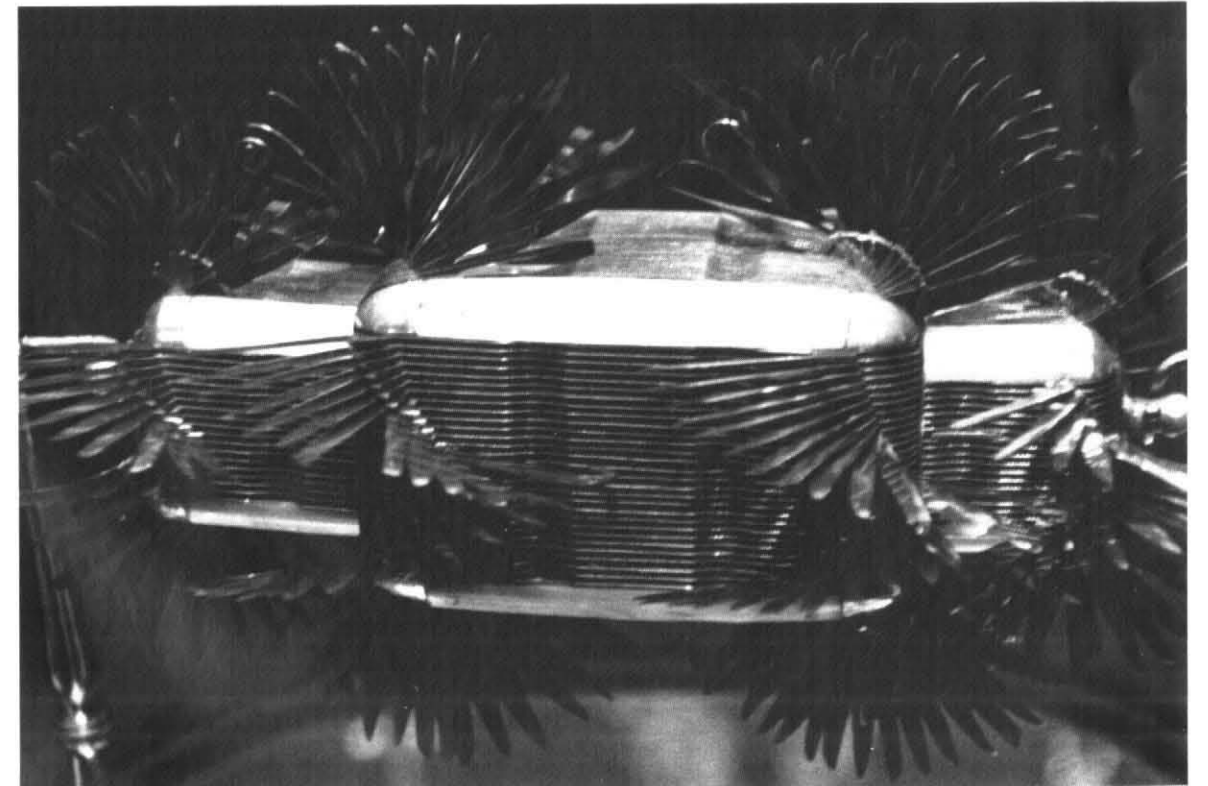


Drawing by L. R. J. Ridley (LVI)

Photograph by G. A. Thompson (MVI)



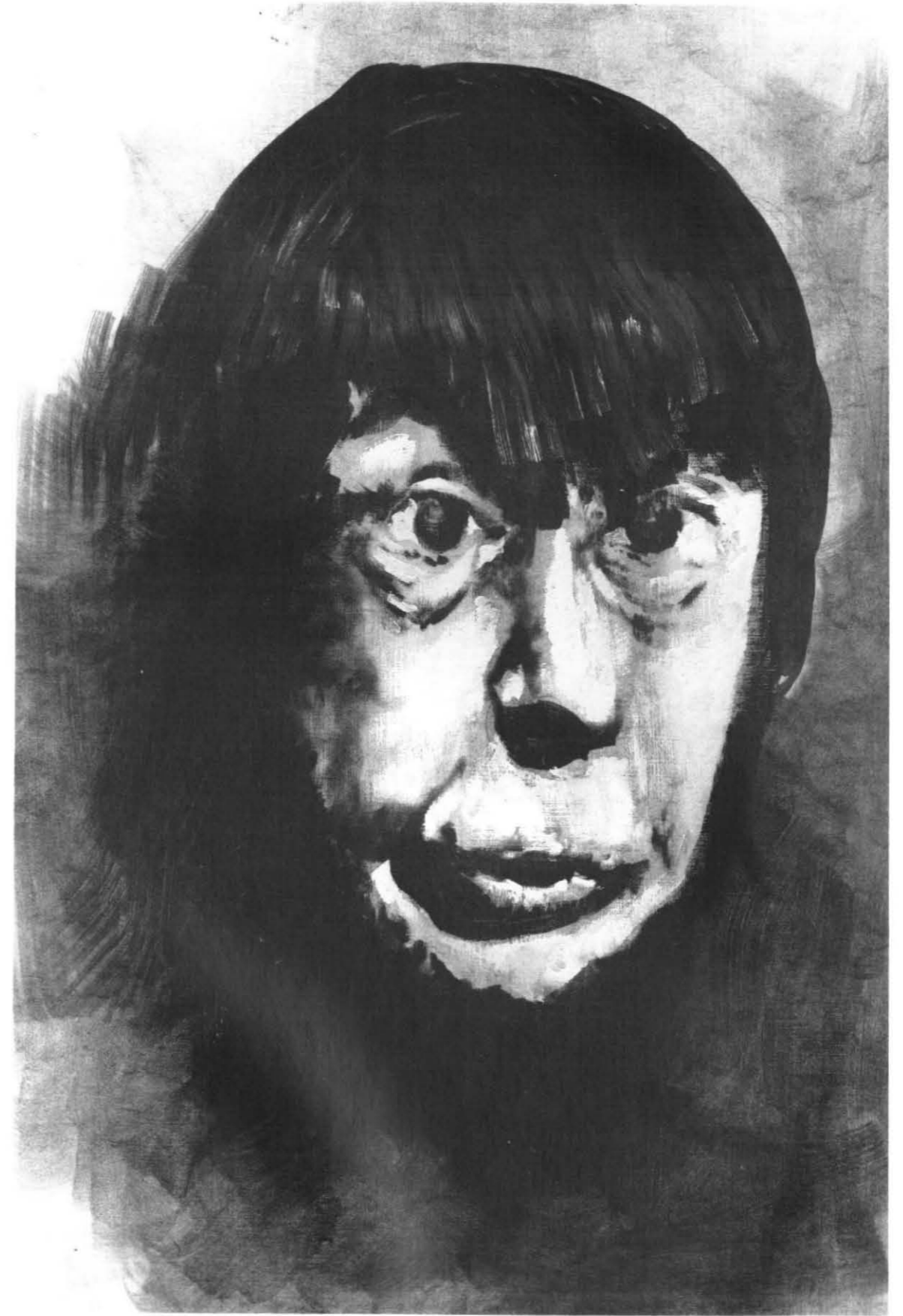
"Photographic trip to Sheffield" (3-92) Field Day.





Drawing by Hamish Baird (MVI)

826



Painting by R. de la T. Atkinson (MVI)

827



Painting by Wendy G. Saunt (MVI)

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)



Painting by H. D. Baird (MVI)

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)

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

THE UNSEEN LIGHT

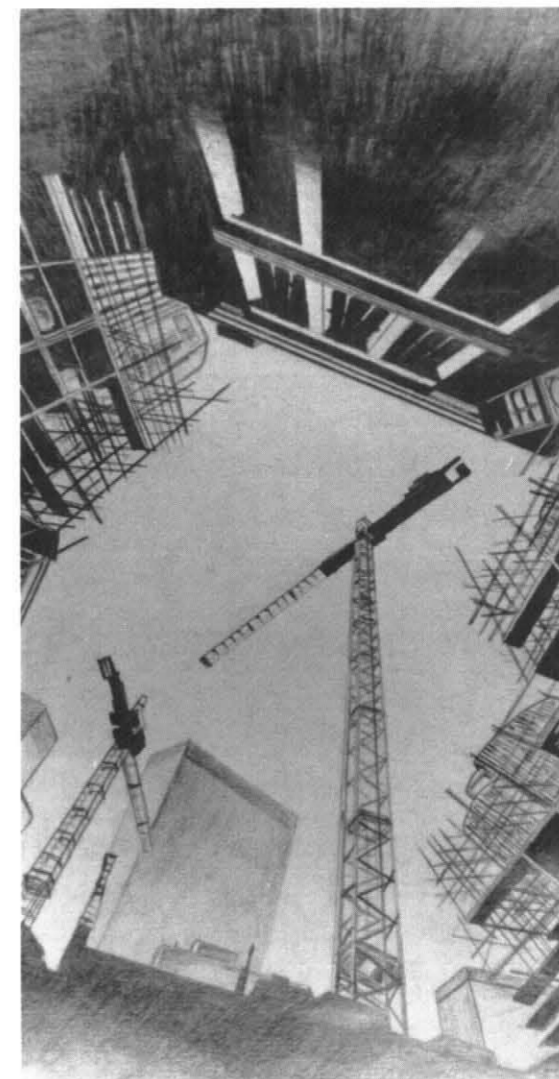
A handcrafted Nirvana,
Constructed of dismembered
Puzzle pieces,
Perpetual maybe?
We shake the cage,
Kick the bars and
Scream for rescue,
But the door still remains
Locked.

Now the time has come,
The door swings open,
Freely mostly, but often
Catching and jerking open
Viciously.
The hopeless familiar images fade,
And the darkness turns to light,
But the obscene devices
Still lurk.

R.D. Rajkowski (LVI)

Painting by N. P. Leith-Smith (MVI)

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)



Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI) Drawing by N. Eliades (V)

POEM FOR WINTER

Cool, crisp air gnaws away at
My flesh,
As the first few flakes fall,
While the nearby horizon
Expels all knowledge of a real,
Outside World.

Icicles,
Like extended women's fingers
Hang
Suspended from the roof-tops,
Reaching for a way out
Of their temporary agony.

The tall warped trees,
Resemble old stumbling men,
Their jealous, envious glances
Do not go amiss,
For they have suffered many
Cold nights far worse than this.

R.D. Rajkowski (LVI)

THE THOUGHT PANTHER

As I think and write this poem,
As my pen crawls across the page my words
come alive,
Turning into a Panther.

Crawling silently and swiftly upon this paper,
Word by word it comes to life,
A slow and graceful creature.

Its coat of smooth shining fur,
As black as the dark night sky,
And eyes that are forever awake.

Its heart is quieting as I write,
The cold dark wind cuts deep into its body.
As this poem comes to mind.

Then, with a final leap,
It is transformed into this poem,
And I lift pen from paper.

M.J.V. Nicoll (III)

THE FERRET

The ferret creeps through the undergrowth,
he steals his way onto the paper.
A screech of pain as the pen runs away.
The ferret lies still hiding
in the whiteness of the never ending pages.

The pen crawls back wounded;
suddenly the ferret makes its kill.
But the ferret is surrounded by words;
spinning about its strength is weakened,
and runs and hides but the lines haunt him.

The ferret is captured
as the pen shivers and dies.

J.S. Watson (III)



Himalayas.

Photograph by Kate P. Finch-Knightley (MVI)

NEPAL TRIP

The Himalayas, the abode of snows, expose an oval amphitheatre extending from eastern India west to Afghanistan. Each of its nine peaks is draped in a shattered cascade of glacial ice and encompasses a region of deep religious and cultural traditions and an amazing diversity of people. Nowhere is this diversity more apparent and the culture more varied and interesting than in the Kingdom of Nepal, enclosed within these lofty peaks of the Himalayas.

Nepal has attracted trekkers, tourists and mountaineers ever since she opened her borders for the first time in 1950. I was lucky enough to see for myself the snowy crests of the majestic Annapurna Range in its solitary splendour as a dazzling and priceless heritage, rising abruptly from verdant forests of rhododendron, bourgainvillea and bamboo.

Nepal has a population of more than 16 million, but only 80,000 live in the Kathmandu Valley — according to legend it was once a huge lake. The rest of the people live in the hills and their economy is dominated by agriculture. I soon discovered that travellers are valued as a diversion, a source of information and a glimpse into a new and different world. The Nepal Himalaya offer not only mountains, eternal snows, meadows and undulating streams themselves, but also opportunities to observe life in the hills. People truly live off the land and have a variety and richness of traditions that we have lost in our headlong rush for development and progress in the west. I could see the meaning of

community, free of the drive of competition and I respected the values and virtues of life today in rural Nepal.

I trekked the Annapurna circuit with its picturesque hamlets surrounded by elaborate terraced fields and forested ridges. It was an exhilarating accomplishment which provided me with many vivid memories that I shall never forget. Your feet have to cope with the rocky trails, your body has to haul itself up the long, steep hills and your mind has to adapt to a new, overwhelming environment.

Our trek started in Dumre and encircled the Annapurna range following the Marsyangdi valley north to Manag, crossing the snow-covered Thorung La pass to the sacred shrine at Muktinath and then to Pokhara by the Kabi Gandaki, this being one of the largest valleys in the world.

The most breathtaking moment, and the most satisfying, was sipping “Chiyaa” on top of the Thorung La pass, watching the sun rise over the peaks all round us and the sheer splendour of the imperial Kabi Gandaki was exceptional.

I must just mention the untarnished sparkle in the eyes of the Nepalese children. Despite their rugged, dirty and under-fed bodies, their smiles lit up their faces and they welcomed us with open arms and moving generosity. They opened up another way of life to me, and broadened my horizons and appreciation of what we have in comparison. They have much to teach us about how to live; “dhanyabaad” — thank you.

Kate Finch-Knightley (MVI)



Himalayas.

Photograph by Kate P. Finch-Knightley (MVI)



Photograph by T. A. F. Lindsay (MVI)

McELWEE AWARDS

On Saturday, September 19th the McElwee Travelling Award winners gave their illustrated talks in the Music Room to a sparse but enthusiastic audience.

C.A. Mahood and S.P.G. Murray led the vanguard with a measured account of their journey to "the First War Battlefield in Flanders". Their brushes with the vagaries of Belgian life were entertaining. They were clearly moved by the size and scale of the conflict even if the tangible remains, like the trenches, were sanitized by the passage of time. T.A.F. Lindsay and M.D. Sadler followed with colourful reminiscences of their journey through Israel from Tel Aviv to Masada "In the Steps of our Master". The important Christian sites had a great impact on them and added a new dimension to their Christian faith. Life in modern Israel had its little unexpected and idiosyncratic moments. They revelled in the subtleties of successful bargaining in the bazaars and obviously enjoyed both the visit and the recounting of their experiences. The two presentations were very professional, polished and informative and I hope that enough interest will be generated for a large field of similarly excellent applicants to appear for the 1993 Award.

A.A.V.R.

THE McELWEE HISTORY TRAVELLING SCHOLARSHIP

It had long been my wish to compare for myself the battlefields of the First World War — as described in the books and poems of those four turbulent years — with the present situation in Flanders and Northern France. The McElwee History Travelling Scholarship provided me with just the opportunity to fulfil this wish. The prize enables its winners to travel anywhere within greater Europe to study almost anything Historical.

After winning the prize I asked Christian Mahood to join the trip which he did and after some frantic last minute preparation we left in the middle of July.

Our first town on the Western Front to be visited was Ypres or "Wipers" as the British troops called it. This town had been levelled by the German artillery and the trenches around the town formed the famous Ypres Salient. This was the scene of some of the most fierce fighting of the war. There are many interesting museums in the surrounding villages — containing articles collected from the battlefield. In some places sections of the trenches had been preserved, but sometimes they did not feel "real". The vegetation was very thick and the trenches looked more like drainage ditches in the quiet, calm Belgian countryside. It required much imagination to picture the scene of seventy four years before.

Dotted around this flat agricultural area were the war cemeteries; all magnificently well kept poignant reminders of the war.

From Ypres and the Menin Gate we moved on to Mons, where little remained of the First World War Battlefield; and the subject only commanded two rooms in the Mons Museum.

Not far from Mons, was the most thought-provoking graveyard at Saint-Symphorien. The sight of British and German graves next to each other added to the air of tranquill: which was so noticeable in that cemetery.

Crossing the France-Belgian border we went by train to Arras; on the following day we visited the Canadian memorial at Vimy Ridge — the section of trenches here was very artificial and "cleaned" to meet the approval of the tourists.

The tank was first used in 1917 in battle at Cambrai and it was to this small industrial town we next ventured. It was very disappointing: the tourist office did not even speak English and seemed to know very little about the "Première Guerre Mondiale".

So, disappointed, we moved to our last battleground, Verdun, in the disputed region of Alsace. This town was the site of the greatest number of French-German casualties and the memorials throughout the town bear witness to this.

We made some very interesting excursions to the surrounding forts and the shell contoured "battlescape", and to the enormous ossuary at Duamont containing about 100,000 sets of bones and in front of the building was a depressingly large French graveyard containing 10,000 French war dead.

The Battlefields themselves were rather disappointing, but taken with the adjacent graveyards, they still provide a thought-provoking macabre spectacle, and the trip was well worth making. I must thank the trustees of the McElwee Scholarship for enabling us to make the journey.

S.P.G. Murray (MVI)

ART TRIP TO PARIS 1992

26 March 1992, 5.58am. We, the members of Stowe Art School, sat in the coach somewhat slit eyed and haystack-haired (or perhaps that was just me), excited, as much as we could be considering the time, in the expectation of our forthcoming trip to Paris. I was remarking on 'some idiot' who did not have his passport when I realised with a thud that my very own passport was locked in Miss Cowling's flat, where she was presently fast asleep. Anyway, one thing led to another and we eventually arrived in Paris — only to be met by a rather smug 'idiot', who had gone home, caught a plane and arrived several hours before us.

On a first morning in Paris, we went to Giverny to see Monet's house and garden. Considering it was March and raining, it was not surprising that the garden did not look like an oil painting, but all the same we drew it despite having soggy paper. We spent many hours studying works of art in the Orangerie, the Musée D'Orsay, the Picasso Museum and the Rodin Museum. The feeling of being in an aquarium, when being encircled by 30ft paintings of Monet's Water-lilies, the Picasso Museum, the beautiful sculptures (and of course running into Steve Martin) at the Rodin Museum were all highlights of the trip.

We visited the Paris-American Academy, where the founder gave us a talk about how he founded the Academy, assured us that he had "degrees coming out of my pockets!" and then kindly showed us around the studios where we had a good laugh and then politely left.

After each hard day of work, we were allowed to sample the Parisian nightlife. Some amazing clubs and bars, with amazing prices, were discovered and Halima Fraval was temporarily employed as a singer. It was inevitable that we could not see as much of Paris as we would have liked, but that was my only regret about the trip. In conclusion the Paris Art trip was a complete success; great fun, very interesting and, of course, very educational.

Wendy Saunt (MVI)

Photograph by Sophie F. Fox (MVI)



MYLES-HENRY 1992 PEDALLING THE PYRÉNÉES

The fact that there was an expedition at all this year was surprising since until the last ten days or so before the winners of the award were announced, all the signs pointed to... no-one at all.

Although Panos Karpidas and I emerged to be the only committed contenders, we too were in difficulties with our entry. Our plan to cross East Falkland in the middle of their winter and with minimal support looked feasible, but at the last minute unforeseen problems caused it to be cancelled.

Not to be downhearted, we set about a fresh proposal — cycling along the Pyrénées from Biarritz to Perpignan (400 miles or so) in 10 days; we also had only 10 days to plan and we didn't even have bikes yet. However, with the help of Mr. Taylor and Mr. Reid we soon bought ourselves a couple of fifty-looking and reliable cycles. With the remaining prize-money (which we had, by now, been awarded) further cycling equipment was bought. Flights were booked and the rest we reserved for food to be bought along the route that we were to take.

We left Heathrow on the 24th June, amazed that we had been able to get the whole idea together. All we had to do now was to cycle over a few hills...

We stayed in Biarritz that night, preparing for the first leg of our journey the next day. Conditions were very basic: we slept in a tent for the whole trip, eating simple tinned food and, since hygiene was fairly high on our list of priorities, we made sure we were always near running water.

The first days was uneventful — a pleasant 70 km of gently undulating roads and friendly locals. It seemed as if we were going to have quite an easy time of it.

Our wishful thinking was shattered on day two by some pretty offensive hills plus a blazing sun that worked up a layer of sweat which covered our bodies and clothes. Disaster struck that afternoon when Panos informed me that his bike didn't sound too healthy. We struggled on to Arundy, our stop on this day, and attempted to fix the problem with the help of a car mechanic and bike shop owner.

We left Panos' bike with them for overnight repairs while we camped nearby. When we returned in the morning, however, they threw their hands in the air with sighs of 'Bof' and 'Oh la la'. We understood this to mean that, as far as they were concerned, the bike was irreparable. Despair soon turned to happiness, however, when we were offered an exchange of sorts, they would take our bike and Panos would have one of theirs.

This we did and we were soon on our way again. Day 3 was quite exciting also. An attempted short cut down a trackless hill turned into a long cut of hazardous proportions. We ended up having to drag and manoeuvre our bikes through thick tangled

undergrowth whilst nearly slipping 20 odd feet down muddy slopes.

We finally reached the bottom safely but by this time it was late afternoon and we needed a break. We cleaned up in a nearby town and stayed there the night. By this time we were about 200 km into our journey — roughly 120 miles.

Day 4 was, physically, the most painful. We had to climb, after lunch, from sea level to 2,114m above in 30° heat. The climb of the Col de Tourmalet stretched over 20 miles and finished above the snowline. We passed numerous ski-lifts, abandoned for the summer, and that night we slept in the deserted ski resort of La Mangie.

It was from this point that the weather soon began to deteriorate — no longer was it continual sunshine and blue sky, but more often it became humid with thunderclouds and, eventually, torrential storms. The storms persisted day and night.

At roughly 250 miles into our journey we had a stroke of luck (for once). We had become completely soaked after the ride on day 7 and an old man kindly gave us the use of a small cottage of his for us to use for the night. It came at a time when our spirits were low and so helped us maintain the energy we needed to finish the job.

It was only 3 more days until we reached Perpignan on the Mediterranean coast. We were so eager to finish that we cycled 110km on the last day (66 miles). The weather was good and so added to our relief and pleasure on finishing.

At the time it seemed little more than just plain hard work, but looking back on it — the good times and bad — our journey was altogether a very worthwhile and educational experience. Even with only ten days planning, we had managed to pull off something satisfying and memorable. After all, that is what the Myles Henry award is all about.

J.M. Crawford (MVI)

P. A. Karpidas. Photograph by J. M. Crawford (MVI)



Mr Hecht celebrates the Democratic victory.

THE U.S. PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

A Personal View:

Bill Clinton claims that he still believes in a place called Hope, his fortuitously named hometown in rural Arkansas. Hope is a small place of no distinction, in a small state wedged like a crushed box in an out-of-the-way corner of the American South. Significantly larger than Hope is Little Rock which, despite its diminutive name, is quite formidable by Arkansas standards. The state capital is a slightly disorienting mix of old decaying Southern architecture and sterile postmodern gallerias, where redneck bubbas cross paths with big-haired mall zombies. In the centre of the city is the old state capitol, where Clinton delivered his victory speech. It was there that he trotted out his family, acknowledged his opponents, and reaffirmed his belief in hope, or Hope, as the case may be.

For a few hours, at least, on Election eve 1992, Little Rock, Arkansas, whose only previous distinction was being home to a famous 1957 school desegregation battle, was the center of the world. Hope became America's hometown and Hot Springs — the Arkansas resort town where President Bill spent his teens — was its French Riviera. Standing in downtown Little Rock, the suit-ridden corridors of Washington, the quadrennial showbiz-cum-politics galas of Los Angeles, the skyscraper-dwelling junk bond addicts of New York, are all too distant to imagine. Bill Clinton had not just won the presidency of the United States; he had changed its cultural coordinates in a way that few presidents, and even fewer presidents-elect, have succeeded in doing.

The influence of Little Rock has already receded, as Clinton has made a point of demonstrating that he can play politics the Washington way. Doing so, he hopes to avoid the pitfalls of the last Democratic president, Jimmy Carter, who was such an "outsider" that he never fully learned to play the DC power game, a fact which many link to his failed presidency. But the important lesson on election eve did not lay in whether Clinton's power base resides in Arkansas or in Washington; the geography, rather, is indicative of Clinton's cultural mandate, of his ability to capture a cultural mood and harness its power to his own personal benefit and, we shall hope, to the benefit of his policies. If that is not the reason that he won the presidency, then surely it comes a close second.

Although the political and cultural shock waves from epicenter Little Rock were felt throughout the United States, they were gravely distorted by the time they crossed the Atlantic. Fleet Street, having provided copious special color pullouts and profiles of presidential partner-select Hilary, focused mostly on the American economy as the determining factor in the election. Perhaps it is correct to assume that without a troubled economy, President Bush would be licking his lips in anticipation of his second term. But the economy was, in a sense, a constant — a problem that all three candidates had to address, a problem for which none of the three provided a knockout solution. If anything, it was H. Ross Perot who directed most of his attention to the economy. How then, did Clinton and his running mate, Al Gore, distinguish themselves? That is a question which so many British observers fail to address, because it is impossible to discern without actually being in the middle of the action.

For one answer, we can look to a quick review of campaign: The Republicans began their efforts as a massive assault on what they deemed the "cultural elite." Their rallying cry was a call for the reestablishment of "family values," vaguely understood as values upheld by married church-going parents with obedient church-going children — a prototype that surely excludes a vast majority of the American public. Then came Vice President Dan Quayle's wildly unpopular attack on TV sitcom character Murphy Brown, an independent career woman who decided to have a child out of wedlock. Finally, the vitriolic Republic convention in Houston, with its assaults on abortion, single parents, and homosexuals, turned enough Americans off that the Republicans decided to drop the cultural jihad.

Clinton did not explicitly appeal to cultural values as the Republicans did, but he got his message across by deed, not word. The mere demographics of the democratic ticket sent a powerful cultural message, two baby-boomers from the South, energetic up-and-comers, joggers both. Clinton to some appeared the fool when he took up his saxophone to play on national television, but he also earned the respect of young voters who saw him play on MTV and the

very hip late-night Arsenio Hall Show. When the press compared him to Elvis, he let out a verse of "Don't Be Cruel" in front of the cameras. The Clinton-Gore theme song, as played at the Democratic convention, was not the old standard "Happy Days are Here Again," but Fleetwood Mac's upbeat "Don't Stop Thinking About Tomorrow." Likewise, it is rumoured that Clinton's first action in office will not be an economic remedy, but an executive order lifting the military's ban on homosexuals — a progressive social move that does nothing for the nation's economic crisis.

Clinton's effect on young people in the election has not yet been fully tabulated. But one indication is the tremendous rise in young voter registration, helped, no doubt, by the music industry's "Rock the Vote" registration program, endorsed by high-profile acts such as the Red Hot Chili Peppers. During the Reagan years, most new young registrants were signing up Republican. This year, the overwhelming majority of the tens of thousands recruited by Rock the Vote chose to be Democrats.

Despite the portrait presented by the British press, then, the American election was largely a cultural affair, a choice based not only on the economy, but also on the increasingly different views of American culture posed by the two parties. As I sat and watched Clinton's Little Rock victory speech from a sofa 3500 miles away, I realized that he would be coming into office with a unique mandate, just like Kennedy. But people compare Clinton to Kennedy not because of their similar profiles, but because both embodied a cultural change. The atmosphere of Bipartisan optimism which now greets Clinton in Washington did not likewise greet Bush four years ago — a sign that Clinton has turned his cultural manipulation into a cultural and political mandate. And what he does with that mandate will surely become fodder for the next battle, four years from now.

B.R. Hecht

DUKE OF EDINBURGH

"I'm struggling up the side of a mountain; the rain and sleet biting into my skin as I wonder if the camp site I've heard about is just a sick joke...."

This is the (uninformed) conception that many people have of the average Duke of Edinburgh expedition. It is actually quite untrue: for instance, in Scotland the Summer before last, we spent the best part of a week walking in the mountains with the temperature in the 80s. We have written this short account of this Term's field-day expedition so that those considering joining the D. of E. scheme will know more about it.

Preparations for the expedition start about a week before field-day. Rucksacks are unburied from

where they have been festering for the last three months and all the kit is hastily stuffed in ready for the equipment check on the Wednesday afternoon. Route cards are prepared by all the members of the group and tents checked for such vitals as poles and pegs (always useful!).

On the morning of the expedition the school is awoken by a combined chorus of several dozen alarm clocks between 6.30am and 7.00am. Everyone stumbles into breakfast to find solace in a cup of coffee and a bowl of cereal. The coach is loaded with rucksacks and food and, if all goes well, we set off fairly promptly.

The journey takes about three hours and, when we reach Brecon, we off-load and set off.

There are seven of us in our group, two of whom joined the scheme at the Gold Level.

A lot of the walking is done on tracks for the first part of the day, but soon we start up the side of a hill. Meanwhile the sweets are handed around as we discuss films and the like.

Our route takes us over the top of the Brecon Beacons from which there are great panoramas in all directions. The walking is relatively straightforward with only a few small stretches of near vertical mountainside!

We arrive at the camp site at about 3 o'clock and pitch our tents in a semi-circle so that we can cook together — which saves time. Supper is not given to us until about 6 o'clock (uncooked) so we just visit other tents and chat.

At six, the sausages arrive and are rapidly burnt to perfection ("It's the way we like them"). We get to bed at about 10pm — it has already been dark for several hours and we only have torches.

We are awoken by our own travelling alarm-clock Mr McCrea — at 7am, just in time to burn a few more sausages and dismantle our tents. We then come across the age old problem of repacking our rucksacks so that everything fits back in — an almost impossible task.

Our departure dead-line arrives — and rapidly departs but eventually we set off up the valley and over the top of the Brecon Beacons again. We make good time, especially with a wind-assisted ascent and are soon striding down the ridge, passing other D. of E. groups and lone members of the S.A.S.

A swift descent to the valley floor is made swifter by using a rock-strewn stream (ie. a miniature scree-slope) but we are soon on the top of the other side of the valley having found that streams do not make the best paths (they are not particularly conducive to dry feet).

The final leg of our walk takes us down a long ridge (down being the operative word) and soon we stroll into the village of Llanfrynach where to our relief the bus is waiting. Rucksacks are piled into the back of the coach and we descend on the minibus for our celebratory slice of fruit-cake and carton of orange juice.

T.P. Foss-Smith & W.A.A. Hyslop

REFLECTIONS

Daniel Moulthrop came to Stowe for the year 1991-92 between finishing his senior high school year in the United States and beginning his course at the University of California, Berkeley.

He had a distinguished career (including an A in A level English Literature) and at Stowe was popular with pupils and staff alike.

I vividly remember sitting down at the kitchen table with my increasingly worried parents a few months before I came to England. They had known for a while I'd be going to England on a gap year exchange program, and though they trusted me implicitly they were still a bit apprehensive about the whole idea and reluctant to make arrangements for my departure. This was especially evident in my mother's case, for she avoided actually looking through the prospectus and other materials Stowe had sent. Though the umbilical cord had long since been cut in my mind (and if it hadn't actually, it necessarily snapped when I received my drivers' licence), the arrival of the paperwork from Stowe was a sign that there really was a very specific place for which I must depart in September and where I would live for a year. Before the prospectus arrived, our notions of what or where my year would be were very vague: all we knew was "England", and presumably my parents were operating with the theory in mind that until things got a bit more specific, they did not have to believe or accept that I'd be leaving. After all, I'd never spent more than four weeks away from home in my life. My mother was finally recognizing the reality of my imminent departure and she and my father said, "Now what's the most important thing you have to remember?"

"I know, Dad, stop worrying. Look right when I'm crossing the street."

"That's right. Right, first; then left —"

"Then right again. Please stop worrying, guys."

A girl who had been on the same exchange program the year before was run over and killed in London because she looked the wrong way when she stepped onto the street. That had my parents very worried, just as worried as they were at the prospect of my falling victim to an IRA bomb explosion. (I think they would have worried anyway, and this was just more wood to throw onto the fire). Some people think that being run over because she looked the wrong way is pathetic or stupid. I don't know, that's not the point. Above all, it's rather sad. The differences between our cultures are very real, and though left-hand side driving is very superficial, it is a symptom of differences running along much deeper lines.

I've often heard it said, "People are the same wherever you go," and while our common humanity tends to make us all the same with regard to certain physical and emotional needs, people are not the same wherever you go. The English are definitely

English, and the Americans... well, aren't. Before I left home, I was confident people would be all right (I say "all right" meaning "normal" which for me, at that time meant like the people I knew which actually meant "American," I suppose); that people would be the same, and, in the beginning, because I wanted them to be, that's how I saw them. I really wanted to believe they were. I've realised they're not — which isn't bad, or better, simply different. The differences are born of differences in upbringing and background, and I probably would not have found the same differences had I been exposed to a different segment of British society. Point being, I had quite a culture shock coming to England, and to Stowe in particular. Imagine your first exposure to any foreign culture is a year-long stint in a northern California commune or on the road following the Grateful Dead. Those comparisons don't make much sense, but they give you an idea as to how weird this all was for me.

Certainly, the differences are why I came, and they are the reasons I've enjoyed myself so tremendously. At Stowe and during holidays (I spent all my holidays travelling around England and Europe) I have done everything I vaguely expected or hoped to do, and done a great deal I'd never even previously considered. When I applied to the program, I thought I might learn to play rugby, but I didn't think I'd play for the Thirds; I never thought I'd participate in a production of "Our Town" which certainly excelled the production at my old school, and I little considered visiting one of Buckingham's primary schools, a possibly enjoyable way to spend Thursday afternoons. I was by no means prepared for all that I would learn, academically, socially and personally. I was unsure about what a traditional public school education might have to offer me, save A-Level qualifications which don't seem immediately relevant to an American student. Yet I have learned quite a bit, for never before in my life have I had the opportunity to study texts in such depth as I have for A-level English, and taking Religious Studies was my first real exposure to real ethical theory, and through my lessons here I've learned new ways of thinking.

Stowe, being the unique community it is, has taught me a bit about relating to other people, and I have learned even more about relating to people due to the virtually completely independent and unattached existence I've lead over the past year. Before I arrived I knew about three English people, so I've had to start from scratch with almost an entire nation. So Stowe, England, and my situation have extended my social education, but, more specifically, so have the friends I have made, especially all the guys in my House and the friends I have made in other Houses. For instance, never before had I thought of reggae music as any more than fun, chilled tunes to listen to every now and again, but over the course of the year and during a few weekends away from school, I was given an

education, of sorts, with regard to the finer points of reggae tunes and dub sessions. Granted, many of you don't understand what I'm talking about, but neither would I had I not been given the opportunity to meet people (like Olly Bishop) whom I'd never known before and who taught me things I never knew before. I guess this might be a suitable place to thank everybody who helped me out, befriended me, taught me: loads of thanks to all of you (for you are too numerous to mention), and I hope I can repay the kind favours if any of you ever come stateside.

D.P. Moulthrop

Picture by N. J. Atherton



LUKE 18: 9-14/Jack and Joe Stowe Chapel 28th September 1992

Jack, who was in Chandos, wanted to make sure that everyone noticed that he was at the midweek voluntary communion service, especially the chaplain. So he walked down the aisle of the chapel right up to the front row. He knelt down and bowed his head for a few moments: he knew that looked very holy. Jack, you see, took his religion very seriously. He carried a big black Bible; he knew all the hymns and prayers off by heart, he never missed a Crossfire meeting. Unlike some other people, he never went out into the woods for a fag or down

to Buckingham to buy a few cans. He thought that people who did that ought to be reported to their housemasters and looked forward to being a prefect so he could bust them himself. He was also extremely self righteous about sex. No messing about with girls behind the Temple of Venus for him. Oh no! If he ever spoke to girls it was to discuss his maths prep or to talk about serious subjects like the Maastricht treaty or the ordination of women. As Jack reflected on his life in those few moments before the service started he glowed with inward satisfaction. How reassuring to know that you were a good Christian! Nothing to confess, nothing to feel ashamed about, nothing..... "Good Grief!" he

thought. "It can't be!" Out of the corner of his eye he caught sight of a familiar figure, also from Chandos, who had just entered the chapel. "It's Joe," he thought incredulously. "What on earth is he doing here? He's got no right to be at a voluntary communion — he's a complete hypocrite."

If Jack could have read Joe's mind he'd have realised that Joe was thinking exactly the same: what right did he have to be at a voluntary communion? He hadn't been to chapel for years, not even on a Sunday when he was meant to be there. He half expected the chaplain to come and throw him out because he wasn't confirmed. You see, Joe was a bit of a lad to put it mildly. His breath smelt of beer, his fingers were stained with nicotine and his smoker's cough echoed around the half empty chapel. He'd walked into chapel having just spent the evening at The Mitre in Buckingham. His Housemaster thought he was spending prep in the art school. He'd had a letter that morning which had upset him. You see, Julie, his girlfriend had discovered that he'd been two timing her all last summer holidays and had told him in unambiguous four letter words to get out of her life. He'd tried — unsuccessfully — to drown his sorrows in a pint, but then he'd been overcome by a sense of how dirty he was, what a mess he was making of his life, how dishonest he'd been to everyone and how he was wasting his parents' money. As he shambled up the path past the Headmaster's house (carefully, in case he was busted) and Chatham, he saw the chapel lights on. Suddenly he found himself sitting in that back pew with the tears streaming down his face. "Oh God," he sobbed quietly, "Oh God."

I tell you, it was Joe who went back to Chandos right in God's eyes and not Jack. 'For everyone who exalts himself will be humbled and everyone who humbles himself will be exalted.' (Luke 18: 14).

I've deliberately re-told this parable in a modern form so we see how surprising Jesus' teaching is. It is the exact opposite of what we'd expect. The religious person, Jack, is far from God but the complete rebel, Joe, is close to God's heart. This has two lessons for us and they concern our attitudes:

1. Bad news if you're religious

Jack is like the religious Pharisee in Jesus' parable. The only reason that the Pharisee goes to the temple is to reassure himself that he is ok. The Pharisee doesn't pray to God, he talks to himself. Listen to his prayer. First, he compares himself to all the other people whom he despises: "God I thank you that I am not like other men — robbers, evil-doers, adulterers — or even like this tax collector." He thinks he is ok with God because he's better than they are. Just as Jack thinks he's better than Joe. Then he reminds himself of all the religious things that he's done: "I fast twice a week and give a tenth of all I get." He thinks he's ok with God because of what he's done, just as Jack thinks he's ok because of all his religious activities. In fact he's completely deluded: God hates such a self-righteous

attitude. Jesus says, "Anyone who exalts himself like that will be humbled." He will go home thinking that he's ok and that God is pleased with him when in fact he's completely out of touch with God. When he comes to meet God face to face, as we all shall one day, God will say to him: 'I don't think we've ever met, have we?'

How terrible to be religious but out of touch with God. It's a bit like a man with cancer going to the Doctor and saying: "I want you to know Doc. that I am in superb health: my lungs are functioning perfectly, my muscle tone is ideal, my circulation is second to none. I have no infections, ailments, viruses or diseases. In short, Doc, unlike the other miserable specimens I observe in your waiting room, there's absolutely nothing wrong with me at all." So he walks out of the Doctor's surgery unaware that he's dying from a deadly disease. So, there's bad news for the religious — for people who come to the Wednesday Communion, who go to Crossfire, who get confirmed or who, like me, are ordained. If we do all these religious things but refuse to admit that we need God's help then we'll get nothing more than a good feeling inside and a self righteous attitude towards other people. There's bad news here if you're religious but there's also good news here.

2. Good News if you're humble.

Joe is a bit like the tax collector in Jesus' parable. Tax collectors were despised as crooks: treacherous, despicable collaborators with the Roman enemy who made themselves rich at the expense of their fellow countrymen, rather like French collaborators with the Gestapo in the Second World War. Tax collectors didn't dare darken the doors of the Temple for fear of being lynched. But here's a tax collector who's dared to go to the Temple because he knows he needs help. He feels hollow and empty inside, he knows that he's done wrong not just to the people he's swindled — he's sinned against God. He's ignored his laws and is far from him. He wonders if there's any chance of God helping a person like him — a social outcast. He stands in a corner of the temple and mutters into his beard, "God, have mercy on me, a sinner." That's a great prayer — it expresses exactly the attitude that God loves — a cry from the heart for God's mercy and help. Jesus says that he goes home right with God: forgiven, accepted and loved by him despite all that he has done.

He's like a man who's been trying to carry on for weeks with crippling pains in his stomach. Eventually he can stand it no longer. He goes to the Doctor and says, "Doc, you've got to help me I'm in agony!" Quick as a flash he's on the operating table and he's being sorted out. The message of this parable is very simple: if we were humble enough to admit we've done wrong and that we need God's help then he will help us. All of us have done wrong. Some of us may well be feeling like Joe this morning. We've done wrong to others but, far more importantly, we've done wrong against God. We've

lived in his world and ignored him. We've lived in his world and disobeyed his laws. We've lived in his world as though he did not exist. We all need to pray that tax collector's prayer: "God, have mercy on me a sinner." It acknowledges that we've wronged God and it acknowledges that we need his mercy and forgiveness. Jesus' reply that, "this man went home justified," assures us that he will forgive us whatever we've done in the past and will draw us into friendship with him. How do I know? Because Jesus died so that people like you and I and Joe and that tax collector could be forgiven. He died in our place.

Jack went back to Chandos religious, proud, unforgiven and far from God. Joe went back to Chandos humble, forgiven and God's friend. How will you go back to your house this morning? Let's have a moment of quiet before I pray....

"God have mercy on me, a sinner."

Richard Coombs, Chandos (1981)

SOCIETIES

CHAPEL

Before I came to Stowe, a very wise retired Headmaster told me that, in his view, the hardest thing to change in a school was its ethos. Furthermore, he said, its ethos can almost always be discerned by the atmosphere in Chapel. If this is true, and it is a big 'if', then the ethos at Stowe is certainly improving by the day!

The atmosphere in Chapel is friendly and attentive, and visiting preachers have, time and again, commented on the quality of the congregational singing, the receptiveness of the pupils, the warmth and interest they were shown after the service, and the general welcome that they felt they had received. I have a file of letters from recent visitors, all of whom simply wanted to say how much they had enjoyed coming to Stowe.

This is encouraging, as is the general openness here to all things spiritual. There is no stigma at Stowe attached to going to the Christian Union (Crossfire) or getting confirmed. Large numbers of Stoics do both! Christianity is part of the fabric of the place and to large numbers of pupils Christian belief is fundamental to their lives.

Many would suggest that there is a new interest in spiritual matters, in the nineties, driven by a reaction to the arid materialism of the eighties. The inability of mere success and possessions to satisfy certainly may contribute to a renewed sense of spiritual questioning among the young. It is true, too, however, that there is a conservatism abroad today that makes the acceptance of Chapel little more than a part of general acceptance of the status quo! But this may be too cynical! There is a spirit abroad at Stowe that certainly seems to be good and healthy.

As always in a report for *The Stoic*, there are numerous people to give thanks for! The Confirmation Group leaders, Emma Cowling, Jim Burns, Michael Bevington, Michael Drury, James Larcombe, Ro Masters and Andrew Rudolf, deserve special mention. They helped prepare over 50 Stoics for confirmation, the largest group for years. This is no mean feat and required the sacrifice of large amounts of time and energy. The Confirmation Service itself was a fine occasion with a packed Chapel, excellent singing and an inspiring address by the Bishop of Buckingham. The Service was followed by a reception in the Marble Hall while a Jazz band played on the South Portico. Then lunch was served for 200 in the State rooms. As the sun shone, Stowe truly looked at its serene best that day!

Others to thank include our preachers, many of whom travel a long way to be with us. The visit of John Gladwin, the provocative Provost of Sheffield, was a high point last term, while this term we have been truly spoilt by the standard of preachers we have heard. The wonderfully apt and well chosen words of Old Chandosian, Richard Coombs; the captivating words of the Bishop of Gloucester; the courageous words of Bishop Hassan Dehqani Tafti, former Bishop of Iran; the shrewd and forthright words of Lieutenant Colonel Ken Sear, the General Secretary of the Soldiers' and Airmen's Scripture Readers Association — I am very grateful to each of them.

Finally, I must thank my two Chapel prefects, Bill Cahusac and Tom Eatock Taylor. They were, quite simply, brilliant, and I look forward to the day when they will be invited back to Stowe to preach!

T.M.H.S.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

Dr. David Fleeman, Acting Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, and President of the Samuel Johnson Society, addressed the Literary Society on 15 May, presenting a most detailed and scholarly reading of Andrew Marvell's poem, 'The Garden.'

In the final meeting of the academic year, P.A.S.F. presented a talk on "'King Lear' and its gods".

Dr. Helen Barr, the tutor in medieval English at Lady Margaret Hall, was the society's first speaker in the new academic year. Always controversial and exciting, Dr. Barr's approach to the Franklin and his tale was refreshingly sceptical and provoked lively discussion.

The two remaining meetings of the Autumn Term are both concerned with Shakespeare. Mr Brian Stephan presented an emphatically unromantic view of the two main protagonists in 'Antony and Cleopatra' and Mr Jim Burns, from Harvard, Stowe, and Merton College, Oxford, will speak on 'The Merchant of Venice'.

The Oxford applicants in English, together with the department, had supper with the speakers before

each meeting. We are grateful to last year's committee, James Goss, Wouter Manning and Alastair Scott-Gall, for their effectiveness and dedication in ensuring the smooth running of all the meetings. The Secretary for the current academic year is Sam Edenborough.

P.A.S.F.

POLITICAL SOCIETY

For the Society, 1991-1992 was the year of the political professional. Our programme began in October with an address by Sir Robin Butler, Cabinet Secretary and Head of the Home Civil Service. In his reflections on the relationship between Ministers and Mandarins, Sir Robin was certainly not 'economical with the truth': indeed, he delighted a large audience of Stoics and staff with his revelations about the inner workings of Whitehall.

At our second meeting of the year, Mr Per Ohle Jodahl, the Ambassador Plenipotentiary at the Embassy of Sweden, gave a talk on the changing economic and political climate in his country, in the light of the recent electoral defeat of the Social Democrats and the move to the right in Swedish politics. He also analysed Sweden's role within Europe and its future European ambitions.

In the Spring Term, and following the publication of the Foreign Office Papers for 1945-46, the Chairman of the Governors addressed the Society on the origins of the Cold War. Given the dramatic changes which had recently taken place in Eastern Europe, Sir Edward's analysis had a special resonance and elicited more questions from his audience than either he or the meeting had time to examine.

The Summer Term once again saw the Society playing host to the Oxford Foreign Service Programme. A party of 30 mid-career diplomats led by Sir John Johnson, the Director of the Programme, was given the opportunity to see a 'typical' English public school at work; whilst later in the day, members of the Society were given the opportunity to debate with them the thesis that 'Britain does not care about the outside world'.

For the last meeting of the year, the Society once again returned to 'the corridors of power' where they were hugely entertained by Richard Hastie-Smith, formerly Deputy Under-Secretary at the Ministry of Defence. His personal reminiscences, culled from twenty years of working at the centre of British government, ranged from insights into the personalities of no less than three Prime Ministers to the details of negotiating defence contracts with Richard Perle, 'the prince of darkness', at the American State Department in Washington.

Throughout the year meetings were always well attended and the Chair was quietly but authoritatively occupied by Gautam Punj, the Secretary of the Society.

R.A.C.



The Chair of the Political Society.

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)

Political Society: reaction to Dr. R. Garner's views on Animal Rights.

I've always found it uncomfortable listening to extremists, but never more so than when I pitched up to Political Society. The speech I listened to disturbed me to the point that I started to wonder if the speaker was actually conscious of what he was saying. Well of course he was. And I suppose that that is what made it even worse.

He appeared quite comfortable posing questions that were not only dubious in their nature, but actually caused offence to many of those present.

I wonder whether, when he suggested that carrying out medical research on the mentally retarded should be a feasible option, he was aware of the gasp of disgust which arose from the audience. His desire for animals to have rights equal to that of humans is, to say the least, absurd. I am one of the first to admit that the cruelty to animals which occurs must come to an end, but to claim that they should have equal rights...?

Of course, as usual, I am being completely biased and not giving the speaker a fair say. He was, after all, very eloquent, and brought what sounded like logic to his arguments. However, all that did was irritate me even more, as I wondered how many people were drawn into his idealistic fancies. The present dire situation concerning the welfare of animals will not be resolved by comparing medical tests today with Hitler's attempted genocide of the Jews.

The truth of the matter is that extremists are always dangerous, and will never be satisfied until their own, personal demands have been met. It is people who hold the same viewpoint as the speaker that cause a breakdown in the democratic system

in which we live today. That was very evident in his speech when he claimed that breaking the law was permissible in certain cases (such as breaking into laboratories, wreaking havoc, causing thousands of pounds of damage, ruining years of research, and leaving apparently with a clear conscience).

It is good however to start Political Society this year in such a controversial fashion. Next time I hope that I might be able to learn something about the topic, not the speaker.

C.A.K. Murray (MVI)

Political Society: A Reply

It was beyond the wildest of my dreams to have a speaker in favour of animal rights invited to the first Political Society meeting. Immediately my sympathies stretched to that poor speaker. I wondered if he realised what a traditionalist, narrow-minded group he would be facing. I have to congratulate the secretary and Dr. Collins for inviting a speaker on such an 'anti-Stoic' topic. Maybe this brave move was to try gradually to introduce to Stoics the concept of a differing attitude which exists and needs evaluation instead of judgemental dogmatism. Stoics tend to hold the rather arrogant view that anyone with strong opinions — especially those which tend towards a liberal stance — is 'just another extremist.' I have always been repelled by those who have the audacity to tell people about their beliefs and, quite frankly, it is a distressing experience.

The speaker in his introduction, explained that animal rights could be understood in three fundamental ways. Firstly, that animals (humans apart) have basically no rights and have the misfortune to have been put on this earth for use and abuse in any manner which man so desires. Secondly, animals should not undergo unnecessary suffering. His view was that animals have equal rights, because they have brains and central nervous systems, which seems to point to the 'extremist' view. I think he should have been briefed that his audience might undergo a severe culture shock on learning this revelation. More fruitful may have been a gradual approach to the discussion of animal suffering.

I enjoyed his analogy of experimentation on animals with the tests Hitler carried out in the name of medical research on humans. Just as people rightly abhor this inhumane treatment of their fellows, maybe people should be more aware of what is involved in vivisection.

This awareness could create a similar shock. It is true that the liberation of animals can only occur with the widespread publicity of the horrific tortures that animals undergo for human pleasure which they disguise as necessity.

It does not seem to me to be particularly radical or extremist to wish to treat others in a way which you would not relish being treated yourself. I have considerable empathy with the speaker: he is simply

striving for his cause and frustrated at the lengths liberationists are forced to go to in search of recognition. Where has the pluralism gone in our pluralist democracy?

Kat Farrants (MVI)

GO

There have already been a few Tournaments this term: at Milton Keynes (19th September) and Shrewsbury (4th October). The attendance at these was quite poor due to school matches and play rehearsals, which took away our players.

The Castledine Trophy was competed for in the Schools' Tournament on the 11th October 1992 at Stowe, with teams from Maidenhead, High Wycombe, and Swindon. We managed to raise one team which battled their way into the finals but lost narrowly against Furze Platt and came 2nd overall in the Tournament.

Future Tournaments include the Guildford Handicap and Teach-in (5th-6th December), and the Youth Championships (14th March 1993). The British Under 16 Go Champion is currently Jason Cheng (Grenville). We hope that more people will support the school in future Tournaments.

The BGA has initiated a Grand Prix where points will be given to individuals for attending Tournaments, winning and losing(!) games and to encourage under 18s to play as much as possible.

The Club is now held in a cosy and relaxed atmosphere in the Photography Room, down in the Design Labs with Mr. Eve every Thursday at 4.30pm till supper. Everyone is welcome to join and we now have some modern computers to help with the progress of Go at the school. It is fun and not as hard as people think. The Captain for 1992/93 is Jonathan Cheng and the Vice Captain is Jason Cheng.

J.Y.F. Cheng (MVI) (Captain)

CROSSFIRE REPORT

Crossfire has continued to flourish this term as large numbers of Stoics make their way to the Temple Room each Friday evening to listen to the Bible being explained by a visiting speaker. Numbers continue to fluctuate, never dipping below 50 this term, and as high as 150 when recent Old Stoic, Chris Goodwin-Hudson, came to speak about his year off in South America.

We are enormously grateful to all of our visitors who manage to find time on a Friday evening to brave the rush hour traffic to come to Stowe to speak. They have included, over the last few months, a bio-chemist from Oxford, Dr Adrian Youings; QPR football player Dennis Bailey; Ordinands Michael Andreyev and Rico Tice; Old Stoics Chris Goodwin-Hudson and George Kent; and The Revds Iain Broomfield and Vanessa Baron. The visit of Dr Mee-Yan Cheung-Judge was

particularly memorable as she spoke on "How can a God of love allow so much suffering?" Drawing on her own experiences of suffering — the cot deaths of two of her children as well as the suicide of her sister — she spoke with honesty, feeling and clarity. Her conclusion: God is love and is still in control. Of this she was confident.

Another powerful talk was Dr Patrick Dixon's lecture to the entire Sixth Form on Aids. A leading authority on the subject, he challenged the Sixth Form, as well as other regular Crossfire attenders from other years, with the truth about Aids. Dr Dixon, as the Founder of ACET (Aids Care, Education and Training), the largest home-based Aids Care organisation in the country, is in a good position to speak. His Christian faith has been exercised in the most practical of ways.

Once again, enormous thanks are due to the leaders of Crossfire: leavers Tom Eatock-Taylor and Bill Cahusac in particular. Not only shall we miss their leadership, but we shall also miss Bill's singing!

As the new Committee seeks to lead Crossfire, we know that we have a hard act to follow and give thanks that we are not dependent on our own strength alone.

F.T. Erogbogbo (MVI) & B.J.D. de Berry (MVI)

ART SOCIETY

The Art Society began this term by inviting a distinguished artist, Robert Pell, to give a demonstration of oil painting to the Sixth Form. He began with a blank cover and demonstrated how to develop a composition based on a preliminary drawing. During his hour and a half talk, he not only showed us his own ideas and techniques, but also gave us useful tips on how to develop our own personal interpretations. His speed in his work also inspired us, and Mr. Melber now encourages us to work at the same pace...!

Presently we have invited Simon Whistler, who is a glass engraver, to give a demonstration at our next meeting. We hope this will be just as successful.

Virginia H. Holmes. (MVI)

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The first two Historical Society gatherings of the new year had as their guest speakers Dr Leslie Mitchell of University College, Oxford, and Dr Jane Ridley of Buckingham University, who both gave talks on the subjects of their new books, Charles James Fox — *The Dispelling of the Whig Myth*, and *The Young Disraeli* respectively.

Dr Mitchell discussed the popular misconceptions of C.J. Fox's role in 18th Century politics, and it fell into two parts: History according to A-level, and then what really happened, with grave warnings to

A-level students that to write the latter in an exam would ensure a speedy fail, as the syllabus took about 10 years to respond to new views.

The accepted Whig interpretation of History cast Fox as a Brutus-type figure — the last of the true Romans, pitted against Augustus in the form of George III, a sinister, corrupt and noxious German out to subvert Parliament. The leader of the Whig party stood for liberty and democratic values, who withstood the totalitarian onslaught of the Monarch.

However, Fox was probably the most reluctant politician ever, who entered the Commons to clear his father's name. Henry Fox had, as Paymaster of the army, embezzled more public money than anyone before him. Fox succeeded in having his father's accounts accepted by Parliament 22 years after his death. Politics took second place to Fox's friends, social life, gambling and women, and in fact, for many of the important political issues of the 18th Century, Fox was not even in London. For instance in the middle of the Regency Crisis he took off for a one month tour of France. The reason why Fox joined the Whigs was the inheritance of his father's hatred of George III. Fox's tragedy was that he was forced to go into politics because of his father, and stayed there as long as he did owing to a lack of anyone to fill his place.

Dr Jane Ridley, whose father Nicholas is infamous for his sympathy with Fox's anti-teutonic views, discussed the modern historian's approach to writing a book, and the need for yet another biography on Disraeli. She explained that Blake was the last person to publish such a book in the 1960s, and he had been subject to Revisionist ideals, which were cynical about anything that Disraeli actually said about himself. One had to get down to the real motives, which Dr Ridley states that Blake, in particular, had misinterpreted or ignored. Blake had been overly impressed, for example, with Disraeli's Grand Tour, which had taken him around the world on a sort of Hippie Trail. Also, a wealth of new material, in the form of Disraeli's correspondence, had appeared, which Toronto University had edited and published, and thus allowed Dr Ridley to write a book on the young Disraeli.

Disraeli was unbalanced, egocentric and a romantic in politics, who saw himself as the greatest genius the world had yet seen. He was fundamentally different from politicians such as Gladstone, who had been trained from birth for politics. In Parliament it was not a Whig-Tory division that was important, but the insider-outsider one. This usually marked out the good administrators and the pragmatists from the imaginative visionaries. Disraeli was proud to call himself a "man of imagination."

Both talks provided important and contemporary ammunition for our A-level studies, as well as an interesting evening. We look forward to next term's offerings.

R.S. Saper, Ma. (VI)
Secretary of the Historical Society



Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)

SPORT

CRICKET

FIRST XI

In the early good weather of this Summer the 1992 XI won one game, lost six and drew six. These results represent a fair reflection of the season. Playing on predominantly good wickets, runs were still not easy to come by and wickets were not easy to take. The catching at times let down the high standard of ground fielding. Nevertheless, even with their backs to the wall a great deal of effort was shown by the team. All credit must go to Scott-Gall for motivating the side. In a ball game where bowlers win matches we only managed to bowl three sides out.

We beat Northants CA. The 157 runs scored by the Free Foresters proved to be too many. We were well in sight of the 207 that Bloxham scored when the rain came to ruin a good game that could have gone either way. The bowling in both games against Winchester and Radley proved to be too strong. Both sides won the toss on wet wickets. We lost to Radley after a very hard fight with just one over to go. The Old Stoics match was dominated by our innings of 60 from M. Gull and a careful 45 by D. Rotheroe. He showed the importance of perseverance and "selling his wicket dearly," a good lesson for the boys to learn. Stowe had no answer to the bowling of F. Hawkins-Byass with his 6 for 30.

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The drawn matches were dominated by Amdor, before his early retirement, and by Scott-Gall and Bell. Howie proved his worth towards the end of the season. A special mention needs to be made of Eshelby for his wicket keeping and great support to the rest of the team in all departments and to Passmore for his excellent fielding skills. The inclusion latterly of Smith-Walker and Rogers showed their great promise for the future.

The Festival this year was held at Stowe in the usual 55 over format. In the first match against Mount St. Mary, Bell worked harder than ever before for his innings of 35. The two fine innings from Rogers and Howie took the score to 200 with the help of 50 extras. I shall be looking for even more from them next season.

In the Bedford match a fine innings again by Scott-Gall, well supported by Eshelby, Rogers and Howie, was insufficient when their Overseas Player scored nearly half the runs!

My gratitude extends to those who help to get "the show on the road". To our four umpires — Clive Cross, Keith Timpson, Peter Gladwin and Chris Jones, who control our matches with great efficiency; to Tom Foss-Smith who records the match details; to the groundstaff for their fine wickets; to the caterers for their high standard of food; and to teaching colleagues who have devoted great time and efforts in coaching and guiding the younger boys in the school, our first team players of the future — thank you all.

M.J.H.

Results

April 25th	Stowe 168 all out Abingdon 123 for 8	Scott-Gall 69 Amdor 3 for 44 Scott-Gall 3-35
	Draw	
April 26th	Stowe 77 all out Winchester 75 for 1	
	Lost by nine wickets	
May 2nd	Bloxham 207 all out Stowe 92 for 2	Scott-Gall 5 for 56
	Draw	
May 3rd	Free Foresters 157 all out Stowe 93 all out	Amdor 3 for 21 Michael 5 for 50 Bell 46
	Lost	
May 5th	MCC 202 for 2 Stowe 159 for 5	Declared Scott-Gall 85 n.o.
	Draw	
May 9th	Bradfield	Cancelled
May 16th	St Edwards 230 for 4 Stowe 94 for 6	Declared Michael 4 for 42
	Draw	
May 23rd	Old Stoics 216 for 6 Stowe 97	Jones 3 for 50
May 30th	Stowe 128 all out Radley 129 for 5	Bell 49
	Lost by 5 wickets	
June 6th	Northants CA 91 all out Stowe 93 for 4	Scott-Gall 5 for 18
	Won by 6 wickets	
June 13th	Oundle 209 for 2 Stowe 117 for 8	Declared
	Draw	
June 20th	Rugby 199 for 7 Stowe 186 for 8	Howie 3 for 65 Rogers 3 for 58 Scott-Gall 112
	Draw	

FESTIVAL AT STOWE

June 29th	Stowe 200 all out Mount St. Marys 201 for 5	Rogers 58 n.o. Howie 40
	Lost by 5 wickets	
June 30th	Stowe 173 all out Bedford 174 for 6	Scott-Gall 58 Scott-Gall 3 for 51
	Lost by 4 wickets	

Team: A.J. Scott-Gall*, J.L. Nash, M.G. Bell*, G.H. Passmore, D.H. Westinghouse*, G.J. Scrase*, T.R.J. Eshelby*, G.I. Smith-Walker, C.J. Howie, A.H.L. Michael, W.D.H. Jones*.

Also played: D.H. Amdor*, A.J.C. James, S.J. Denning, S.N.R. Gerard, E.J.S. Rogers.

* denotes Colours.

Batting Averages

	Inns	NO	Runs	HS	Ave.
E. Rogers	3	2	79	58	79.00
A. Scott-Gall	10	1	438	112	48.66
M. Bell	13	1	255	46	21.25
T. Eshelby	10	2	138	43	17.25
D. Amdor	6	0	79	31	13.16
G. Passmore	10	1	104	31	11.15

Bowling Averages

	O	M	R	W	Ave.
D. Amdor	56.1	9	150	6	25
A. Scott-Gall	183.1	48	478	19	25.15
E. Rogers	47	10	132	5	26.4
W. Jones	69	13	230	8	28.75
A. Michael	127.4	20	422	13	32.46
C. Howie	93	15	305	8	38.1
D. Westinghouse	19	3	77	2	38.5
G. Smith-Walker	78	8	272	7	38.8

SECOND XI

The 2nd XI had a better season than might have been expected given a very brittle batting line-up and rather limited bowling resources. The latter problem was never rectified but the former was addressed positively with marked progress being made by James, Hankey, Lewis, Chamberlain and Plumridge. This progress by the LVI is encouraging for next year.

After a heavy defeat by Abingdon, we put together a good score against Bloxham thanks to half centuries by Nichol and Carling. Winchester were beaten thanks to sound batting by Milligan and Pasley-Tyler, but in the early stages of the season much depended on the all round talents of Samuel, the batting of Nichol and the bowling of Pasley-Tyler. However as the season progressed the LVI gained in confidence and made a great impact. Hankey rose to the responsibility of keeping wicket, but needs to work on his technique in the winter if he is to be of value to the 1st XI. Lewis and James eventually started opening and profited against the quicker bowlers, putting on 80 for the first wicket in an exciting and successful run chase against Oundle.

Generally I found the LVI very receptive and hope that they continue in this vein in 1993, thus living, up to their promise.

D.C.M.

COLTS CRICKET REPORT

The Colts cricket season is always a short one, ending as it does as soon as GCSE's begin. It was therefore all the more frustrating that the weather rained off half our fixtures. As a result we never really got going and that, together with some atrocious displays of 'League' cricket by some of our opponents, resulted in a rather depressing season's play. That said, there were still some memorable moments.

Against Abingdon we batted well (Adam Carling

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45) but despite some excellent bowling (Giles Smith-Walker 2 for 5) and a generous declaration by our illustrious skipper Simon Gerard, we were unable to bowl them out. Result: Draw.

The match against Bedford was most memorable for their skipper's appalling late declaration. It can only be assumed either that he had lost his watch, or that he was terrified that our batsmen would amass the 170 odd runs they had scored in 44 overs, in just 30. The match was also memorable both for the captain's innings played by a wounded Simon Gerard who was eventually run out by his runner for 37, and for Charlie Clare's caught behind (it's rumoured that this was his first ever catch as a wicketkeeper)! Edward Rogers bowled supremely well achieving figures of 3 for 43 in 12 overs. Result: Draw.

The match against St Edwards was tremendously frustrating. If ever there was a game that should have been won, this was it. We bowled tightly (Giles Smith-Walker 3 for 30; Paul McSweeney 4 for 36; Oliver Selway 3 for 29) and had them all out for 122. After the loss of two early wickets, responsible innings were called for. Enter Adam Carling who decided to win the game in the next 10 overs and succeeded in scoring a useful 59 in about 30 minutes! Sadly the rest of our batting attack was less fortunate and we were all out for 101. Result: Lost by 22 runs.

The final match of the season was against a very strong Northampton Cricket Association side. Our bowlers bowled well (Paul McSweeney 3 for 39; Sam Milling (yes he did get a bowl this season! — 2 for 18 off 9 overs) but they still managed to score 177. In reply we managed only a rather dismal 56 before being bowled out. Result: Lost by 121 runs.

In addition to those mentioned above, the following also represented the team this season: Alexander Akers-Douglas, James Harrison, James-Lee-Steere, Daniel Scott and Piers Thynne.

M.O.M.C.

JUNIOR COLTS 'A' XI

1992 was not a successful season for the Junior Colts. Within the squad of 13 or more players, there was potentially talent a plenty but rarely was that talent concentrated and combined in a team effort. As a result, too many games which should have been won were drawn, and too many games which should have been drawn, were lost. In fact, when stumps were drawn in the final match of the season at Rugby, the side had still to record its first win of the summer.

Swainston had the difficult task of leading the side and marshalling its meagre resources. This he did not only with unfailing good humour but also with considerable intelligence and skill. Indeed, he has a good cricketing brain which, coupled with his hard-hitting batting and accurate off-spin bowling, should make him a force to be reckoned with in the

not too distant future. Konig too had a good season: genuinely quick and hostile, he was always prepared to bowl until he dropped and he never gave less than his best in the field. Similarly, Branch, Roberts, Smith, and Winter, all had their day with either bat or ball.

For most of the season, however, the side simply failed to play as a team. Indeed, all too often individuals became self-absorbed and detached from the game. Not surprisingly, catches were frequently spilled; one's became two's when we were fielding and *vice versa* when we were batting; and in general, things tended to fall apart. Cricket is a team game: this year's side has learnt that lesson the hard way.

R.A.C.

YEARLINGS CRICKET

Stowe were by no means pushovers in this age group this season. We were able to field a strong bowling and fielding side with probably the best opening bowling attack on our circuit. Although 5 of the team managed 50's during the season it was the lack of one or two more quality batsmen and a real desire to win which resulted in a season of: Played 8, Won 1, Drawn 3, Lost 4. Milling was the pick of the bowlers, Searle the batsmen and Campbell the fielders.

The team won through to the Regional Final of the Lords Taverners Trophy after defeating Denbigh and RGS High Wycombe.

The season ended with a very enjoyable Festival at Wellington College between ourselves, Wellington, Merchant Taylors and Berkshire Schools U14. The Berkshire game was rained off but Stowe put on a good show against two very strong sides and were unlucky not to have beaten Wellington after both sides had scored over 200 runs.

The 'B' team played 6, drew 3, lost 3. The 'B' side performed with much spirit but were always lacking in required strength and depth.

I.M.

'A' Team

A. Riley
A. Campbell (capt)
C. Consett
A. MacDonald-Lockhart
S. Mun-Gavin
A. Bodikian
H. Carling
W. Milling
C. Dixey
R. Searle
J. Webster
H. Titley
J. Cracknell

'B' Team

B. Smith
J. Johnson
C. Burgess
J. Biddulph
A. Swain
T. Adams
J. Dewar-Durie
A. Gubbins
A. McCarey
J. Stewart
B. Bateman
J. Craik-White
G. Ng

ATHLETICS

1992 has been a difficult though still very successful year for the Stowe Athletics team. A lack of staff, especially experienced ones, meant that we were unable to coach events as well as we would have wanted. In particular some events, such as the throws, were only able to be coached on one day per week. The summer term was one week shorter than normal which meant that an already overcrowded fixture list became even more chaotic and put a great deal of pressure on the athletes.

However, this was also a very successful year. In normal inter-school competition the Senior team lost only 2 of its 10 matches, both by narrow margins. One loss was to a very strong Eton side and the other, when severely weakened by injuries, to Oundle. The Intermediate team were exceptionally strong and also lost only 2 of their 10 matches. One was on the first day of the season when, missing several key athletes, they lost narrowly to Rugby. They too lost to an Eton team (which won all their matches during the season) but only by a margin of one point. This was a magnificent achievement. The Junior team was not so successful and won only 3 of their 10 matches, however none of the defeats was by a large margin. Their team spirit was excellent and the standard of performance improved throughout the season with some excellent individual performances. It was pleasing to note that all 3 teams easily beat Radley!

This year we were invited to compete in the Cholmley trophy after a gap of 8 years. This prestigious trophy is competed for by ourselves, Eton, Rugby, Repton, Wellington, Epsom, Highgate and Felstead. Overall we finished 6th, mainly because of the weakness of our Junior team.

However, our Intermediate team was outstanding and won their competition after a nailbiting tussle with Eton and Epsom. Every boy performed magnificently and there were 31 personal bests, in all age groups, set during the afternoon.

Individually, there were some excellent performances during the season. F.T. Erogbogbo was superb in every match in several events (100/200/400/long jump/triple jump). Pride of place was his school record of 14.91m in the triple jump, set whilst winning the bronze medal at the English Schools Championships. In the Seniors, good points were scored by S.J. Denning (100/200), T.A.D. Crawford (400), K. Giblin (110H/high jump), H.D. Baird (110H/high jump/javelin), J. Sucksmith (javelin/discus) and J. McAllister (shot/discus). In the Intermediate age group the most outstanding competitor was J.W. Nicholson who was unbeaten at 400m in school matches and won nearly all his races at 100m and 200m as well. He broke the 400m Under 17 record with a time of 51.6s set whilst competing in the semi-finals of the English Schools Championships. Nearly every other athlete in this age group set a personal at some stage during the season. These included E.J.T. Hunt (400), S.C.S. Ridley and M.J. Clarke (800), R.C. Oldham and N.J. Tissot (1500), E.J. Rogers (shot/discus/long jump), A.J. Birt (shot/discus), C.C. Frampton (200/400/javelin) and I. MacKay (javelin). Despite the overall weakness of the Juniors there were some good individual performances, especially from G.W. Alcock (400/long jump/shot/discus/javelin), C.P. Marsland-Roberts (80H/high jump), T.J. Bell (80H/400), S.G. Osman (800) and R.J. Smith (1500).

H.B. Smith



Girls Sports Day, after the 400m.
Left to right: Sophie Fox, Caroline Drummond-Hay, Wendy Saunt, Fiona Mary Havilland.

Photograph by R. E. M.



Sports Day. Photograph by J. M. L.



Croquet Team.

Photograph by B. H. O.

CROQUET

The 1992 season passed very quickly in the shorter than usual summer term, under the supervision of ME & GMH in BHO's absence. The seasoned Lower Sixth core of Mustard, Schneider, Wreford, aided by Cheng, Greaves, Foss-Smith and Parry nevertheless did get a lot of croquet played during the week and at weekends thanks to the improved condition of the lawn. A match against Merchant Taylors provided an easy victory early in the term, followed by the Schools' Tournament Eastern Region final against Nottingham High School, which gained us a place in the final round of the Nationals once again.

With only one practice (against an Oxford team)

before we set off for the Finals at Edgbaston on the 23rd September, the team travelled more in hope than expectation that our third appearance would secure the Trophy. In the event, we drew Queen Elizabeth G.S. Harrogate in the semi-finals and lost all three games, one by a very narrow margin and another due to very adverse handicapping. In the afternoon runners-up play-off, we redeemed some honour by beating old rivals Ardingly convincingly to add to our ever-increasing collection of Bronze Medals. With all the team stalwarts leaving this summer and only a few obvious successors coming up through the ranks, we would seem to be in for a lean year or two unless we can find some new rising stars amongst the new intake.

B.H.O.

SWIMMING

In general the 1992 season will not be chronicled as a vintage one. However there were a number of redeeming factors; there were an impressive number of excellent individual performances and it must be remembered that our pool had been out of commission throughout most of the year.

This is not to say that a record of seven matches won as against four lost is one of which to be ashamed.

Schools Beaten:	Schools lost to:
St Edwards	Harrow
Merchant Taylors'	Aylesbury GS
Cheltenham (by 1 point)	Loughborough GS
Oakham	Haileybury
Rugby	
Westminster	
Felsted	

The most impressive individual performance came from the Captain, J.A. Smith, during the Harrow Six-School gala when he was obviously the best senior swimmer present, winning two events and being "pipped" into second place in his third. He also broke the school record for the 100 metres free-style. He will be sorely missed next year.

Other areas of progress and promise were the performances of the junior and intermediate sides. There were some storming relay finishes from J. Butterfill and M.A. Collier — even if the latter's dedication to training was not quite all that it could, or indeed should, have been.

The following swimmers were awarded or re-awarded their colours for the 1992 season:

Full-Colours: J.A. Smith (Captain), H.W. Whale (Secretary), J.P. Sucksmith, S.D. Denning, A.E. Kaye, J.A. Butterfill, M.P. Collier.

Half-Colours: I. Forbes, G. Cahusac, M. Whale, A. Thirlby, T. Saad, N. Turner.

During the season the following swimmers represented Stowe School:-

SENIOR	INTERMEDIATE
J. Smith (Capt)	J. Butterfill
H. Whale (Sec)	M. Collier
J. Sucksmith	G. Cahusac
S. Denning	M. Whale
I. Forbes	O. Van Der Hagan
R. Patrick	A. Thirlby
W. Cahusac	A. Bates
J. Brannan	P. Denning
JUNIOR	GIRLS
N. Turner	N. Rasch
T. Saad	I. Heggadon
A. Nicholl	V. Thompson
D. Oldridge	R. Gemmill

D. Collier	S. Warrington
G. Boyd Gibbins	Z. Hearn
G. Portman	S. Morgan
B. Smith	

SAILING

The level of enthusiasm for sailing among Stoics of every age has rarely been higher than last summer term. With the help of several staff we have been able to provide training sessions on the Eleven Acre Lake in Toppers, as well as team racing in the fleet of 420s at Calvert. The Mirror at Calvert acts as a two-handed transition boat for younger boys. We can now see the obvious fruits of this time-consuming work. It has undoubtedly led to much more training and experience for younger boys, with the result that our team had excellent depth and won most of the crews' races. The team was quite experienced, with half from the middle sixth and half from the lower sixth. Nevertheless, the absence of any dedicated club racers, who spend their holidays participating in competitions elsewhere, meant that Stowe was never likely to win the most competitive fixtures.

The constraints and pressures of time in the summer term have produced some difficulties; for instance, the first match had to be sailed without any practice beforehand and the house matches were held on just one afternoon in the first week. It is a credit to the sailing team, however, that their friendly and polite manner impressed several other schools. As always, I am grateful to those colleagues without whose dedicated help it would have been impossible to provide so much sailing for Stoics.

Oundle	(home)	lost	0-2
Magdalen College School	(home)	won	2-0
Bloxham	(home)	won	2-0
University College School	(away)	won	2-0
St Edward's	(home)	won	2-0
Rugby	(away)	lost	0-2
Oundle	(away)	abandoned	
Radley ("A" teams)	(away)	lost	0-2

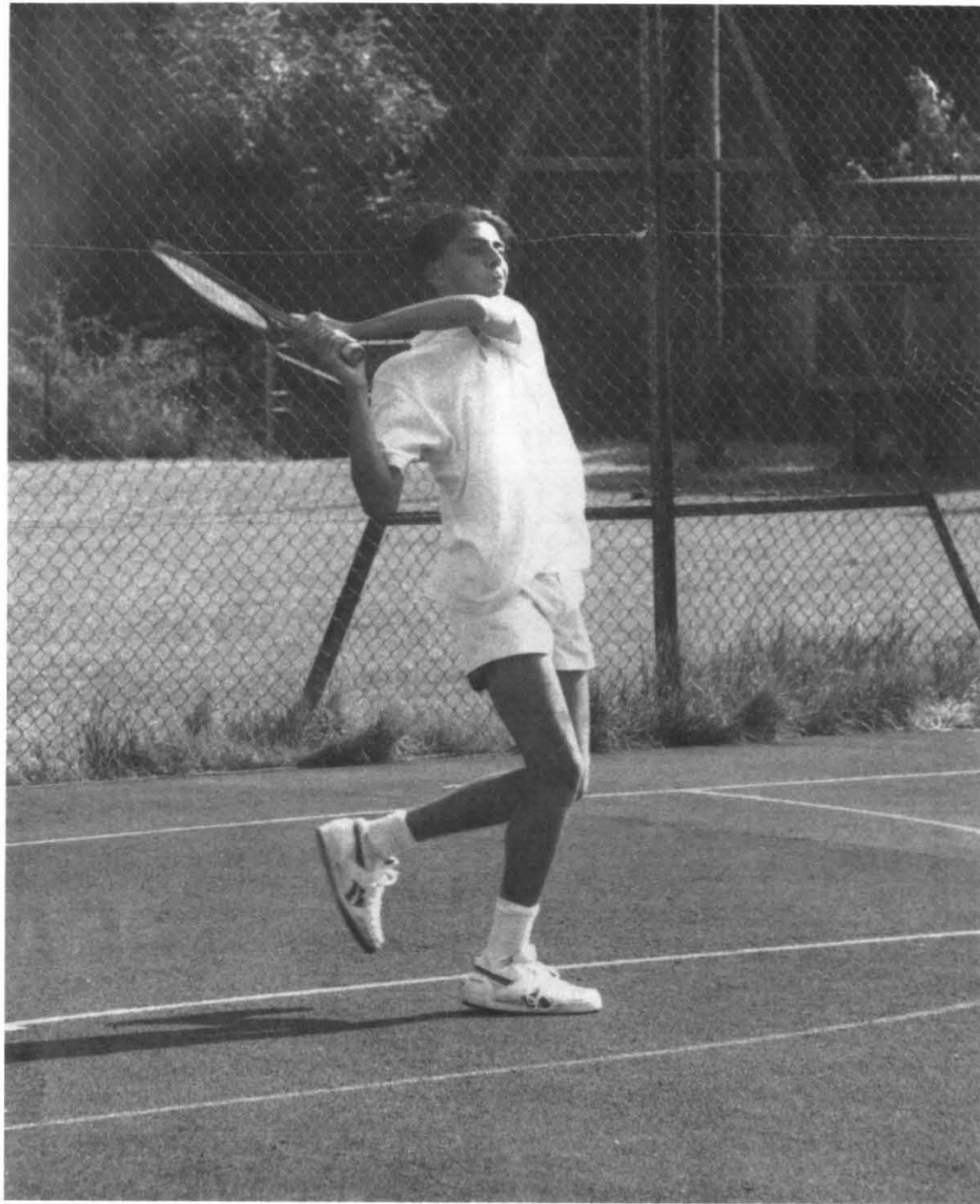
Team from: C. Mash (Captain), I. Thomas (secretary), A. Curry, S. Edenborough, N. Ingram, S. Wade, T. Foss-Smith, C. Ross, J. Tozer, A. Macleod, R. Maxwell-Brown, J. Curtis, F. Hall.

House Matches: 1st Chandos, 2nd Bruce, 3rd Grafton.

Helmsman's Tankard Competition (held after half term): 1st S. Wade (Grafton), 2nd N. Ingram (Grafton), 3rd C. Ross (Walpole).

Pennant Competition (Juniors): 1st F. Hall (Bruce), 2nd R. Maxwell-Brown (Chatham), 3rd J. Mullineux (Walpole).

Michael Bevington



R. Datwani v Brentwood

Photograph by S. H. C. R.

TENNIS

Small though the issue may seem in retrospect, the Middle Sixth 1st team members refusal to play a fixture, using 'exam pressure' as their excuse, still leaves a bitter taste. Stowe plays its *best* teams, and as long as our Tennis Club keeps this policy it will continue to get good 1st team results. That other schools do not have a similar interest in playing all matches at full strength is their, not our, concern.

The 1st VI promised to be a good side and it only lost 3 fixtures out of 9. This was largely due to the fact that the need for 'consistency' is being drummed into the players at every opportunity at an early stage in the school's coaching programme. Last year's report, that practice habits were weak, is no longer fair criticism. The 2nd and 3rd VI record was further evidence of this new mood: the former only lost 2 of their 9 matches.

Captained by B. Lambourne, who played with M.

Godman at number 1 or 2, and supported by R. Datwani, E. Stoppard, H. Pearl and J. Ward, this team proved resilient and committed. However, the old ways are not easily thrown off and there was always the possibility of losing control. Sadly, we paid for the Harrow match in this way.

Easily the teams' finest performance came in the first round of the Old Stoics match in May. Pearl, on remarkable form and amply assisted by his new partner, R. Datwani, shared the match with their opposite pair and kept the team in contention for a win for far longer than in previous years. The team eventually went down 5,5-3,5.

The U16s this year were always under pressure on match day and their success rate reflected this: 2 wins, 6 losses. However, their combined attitude was not incompatible with the process of improvement; indeed, Mr Akam all the way through the season spoke of their natural interest, reliability and enthusiasm. These factors are not to be discounted, and when these players learn to combine keen playing habits with gritty, fighting consistency then they will improve.

A similar weakness was evident in the U14 age-group where only a very intense coaching programme—one which will include coaching sessions in the winter—will see us past the unprecedented 'no wins' situation of this year; and it is not fair on the players: fixtures will have to be altered if results do not improve at that level. They battled valiantly against stronger opposition and had an enjoyable, if less than successful, season. William Berry proved a dependable and committed captain and together with his partner, N. Barrington-Wells, played some exciting matches. B. Styche and A. Ratut played hard in all matches and provided solid support for the first pair. This age-group must fully appreciate the need to practise steadily throughout the year. This is being seen to, in part, by the winter coaching sessions which are now in progress.

At the top of the U15 group there is fire and determination. This has resulted in some spectacular Tennis at that level and the age-group remains competitive at some depth. This was a highly motivated group for whom winning was vital. Competition for places in the A team was fierce and it had to be: if weaknesses appeared, quality replacements were available. The most significant win was against a strong Brentwood side. Last year our A team lost this match, but this year we left them 2 points adrift, at 5,5 points to 3,5.

Overall, it has to be said that our creditable policy of letting children play virtually what they like in the summer — within the sports curriculum — means that we have an advantage over other less 'laissez faire' schools who insist that 'major' sports have first choice. We fare reasonably well against an average/strong set of fixtures, but with this policy we ought to be better off. Not winning at all in the U14 age-group is worrying.

On a more encouraging note, the quality of entrant to the girls' section of Tennis is as impressive as

ever. They only lost 1 match in a very busy season: this is Di Gamble's second season of coaching a close to unbeaten side.

There is a lot still to learn at all levels of the game — and I hope there is no repeat of the unprecedented Middle Sixth refusal to play final fixtures — but in many ways this has been an excellent season.

S.H.C.R.

C. Mahood (left) & T. Wright after Brentwood match.



Photograph by S. H. C. R.

GIRLS TENNIS

The girls had a very busy term with eight matches involving two or more teams and three matches for the first team only. Samara Butterfill, an extremely good player, captained the teams to a very successful season, winning all but one match throughout. Samara and Timara Kay combined to form a very strong first couple with Becky Gemmell, Emily Beckerleg, Nicky Frost, Debbie Hebden, Kate Finch-Knightley and Aliboo Taylor featuring in the first team on various occasions.

It was very satisfactory to have strength and depth amongst the girls' tennis, so we were able to have three teams playing against St. Mary's, Wantage and the Royal Latin and win them all. The second team had a very successful time, winning every match, usually chosen from Philly Haines, Serena Bourke, Georgina Martin, Vicky Thompson, Emma Pudney, Anna Casdagli, Liz Emlyn-Williams, Eloise Corbett and Sophie Brewster. After half-term, when the MVI sadly do not play in matches, the LVI were able to continue on the winning run, except for one match against Wellingborough when it was known we were putting out a LVI team only, so they put out a MVI & LVI team to beat us.

It is hoped that there will be time for some practice next term, so that when matches start right at the beginning of the summer term, partnerships and tactics are working well.

D.G.



Amsterdam Tour.

Photograph by J. M. L.

GIRLS HOCKEY

THE FIRST XI

September 1991: looking anxiously through the new intake of girls to Stowe proved to be an inspired reading: it was apparent that several girls had actually played hockey at their previous school. With much anticipation and enthusiasm we set off into our hockey season, which in the case of the girls at Stowe spans two terms. Having lost eight very competent M 6th formers it was obvious that we were needing some strong players to fill their places.

Natasha Gilchrist took on her role as hockey Captain very seriously and began where we had left off last season — unfortunately she was not to have much support from her peers, as, except Sarah Coombes, all other useful players gradually decided all the fitness and skills training was not quite for them — on the hockey pitch; others did play particularly well on the netball courts.

With the need to select the best eleven players in a very short time, came the task of learning names and playing abilities very quickly — also positions were changed and re-arranged. The only 'permanent Fixture', as it were, was Nykola Jones in goal — who on many occasions saved the scoreline from hitting double figures by some very brave goalkeeping, and although some players did not appreciate her calls she used her voice well.

Some players who claimed certain positions were changed accordingly to suit unfit or unavailable players — Fenella Guthrie, for example — very strong in the tackle and distribution, sometimes too strong as she sent Natasha on the wing chasing after a very 'solid' pass — started in mid-field centre and then progressed to the centre forward position to try and strike home some hard shots.

'Adaptability' is the key word for a good hockey player — the more positions you play the more you understand the task of others. Katie Houghton and Nicola Dewar-Durie emerged as very hard working and tenacious mid-field players really covering the field well and setting up some good productive moves. The left-wing position was contested by Siona Thompson and Beatrix Luer, a relative newcomer to hockey who practised hard to learn the skills that helped her to the Player of the Match award in her fourth game for the school against St. Edwards. Siona's rather relaxed approach to the game sometimes caught the opposition by surprise with some excellent control and hitting ability. Siona seemed susceptible to injuries and she was missed in some of the games. Illness also meant that Kay Hawkins did not play to her full potential; her speed was something else: if we can combine this next season with stickwork expertise she would be a great asset to the wing position. Natasha Gilchrist played very skilfully on the right-wing showing control and change of speed that she had learnt during her first

year at Stowe. At times she didn't have the support in the circle that would have undoubtedly led to more goals.

Goals were not to come easily for our team — Aly Bourne led the attack and had some good moments of dodging and control to score 3 goals during the season. Sophie Brewster joined the forward line along with Caroline Drummond-Hay and showed a lot of determination, not always finishing the move with the required goal. Debbie Webster was another player able to play equally well as a forward or a mid-fielder, and stepped in on several occasions.

Our defence varied similarly with the rest of the team with Amy Collins, Eleanor Richmond, Kate Mullineux and later Rebecca Gwyn and Elizabeth Kerford-Byrnes: really each had a strength to offer individually and together when it 'gelled' worked well. For example — Kate's interception with Rebecca's hitting.

All the girls without exception played so much better on Astro surfaces and also on our all-weather surface. They were actually able to see that possession hockey really succeeds.

The team was selected from: *Natasha Gilchrist (Capt), Sarah Coombes, Amy Collins, Alexandra Bourne, *Nicola Dewar-Durie, *Fenella Guthrie, Kay Hawkins, Eleanor Richmond, Deborah Webster, Sophie Brewster, *Caroline Drummond-Hay, *Katie Houghton, *Nykola Jones, *Beatrix Luer, Siona Thompson, *Kate Mullineux, Rebecca Gwyn, Elizabeth Emlyn-Williams, Elizabeth Kerford-Byrnes.

* Denotes Hockey Colours 1992.

Matches

The results of the matches reflected the inexperience of the team and the fact that they were younger than most of their opposition. We played Tudor Hall at home on both occasions and had a goalless draw the first match, losing the return match 0-2. Although we had more losses than wins this season, some of the games were lost well: for example, away against St. Edward's on their new Astro surface. It was a very exciting game with the scoreline swinging from one team to the other —, we played against a German 'International' player who scored all St. Edward's goals: the final result of 3-5 was very commendable. Cheltenham have gone from strength to strength in their stickwork and control, by playing on Astro surfaces all the while; it is now revealing itself on grass and consequently we suffered our heaviest defeat of 0-5.

Adjusting our opposition somewhat, by playing Wellingborough 2nd XI — as their first XI this year included not only County and Regional, but also National players — worked well and we had a good game and only lost 0-1.

The three matches we WON were against Rugby 2nd XI away, Buckingham Ladies H.C. 3rd XI and Thornton on the 10th of March — really showing

the potential that I hope will materialise next year: provided all those players who have worked so hard this season build on it next year and have the success that eluded us this year.

Results:

v. Tudor Hall	Home	Drawn	0-0
v. Cheltenham	Home	Lost	0-5
v. Bloxham	Home	Lost	0-2
v. Rugby 2nd	Away	Won	2-1
v. St. Edwards	Away	Lost	3-5
v. Buckingham L.H.C.			
	Home	Won	3-2
v. Tudor Hall	Home	Lost	0-2
v. Haileybury	Away		
	Cancelled	Frozen Pitch	
v. Headington	Away	Lost	0-3
v. Ellerslie	Away	Cancelled	
v. Thornton	Home	Won	1-0
v. Wellingborough	Home	Lost	0-1

The Inter-House Match was played on Tuesday, 3rd of December 1991, in excellent spirit and Stanhope Won 2-0 with two brilliant goals from Fenella Guthrie.

AND SO TO AMSTERDAM

9th April — 13th April 1992

This year, as in 1990, the girls 1st XI were invited to join the boys 1st XI Touring team to play hockey in Amsterdam. The Stowe girls were joined by girls from the Royal Latin School as some of the Stowe 1st XI could not go. The amalgamation for the Tour worked very well and it was to prove to be a memorable as well as historic occasion — The Election back in the U.K. for a 4th term of office of the Tory Party; an Earthquake measuring 6.5 on the Richter scale and the 'Floriade 1992' (which takes place every 10 years).

The girls, considering they had not even met until 6.00am on the 9th of April, complemented each other well both on and off the pitch. We played three matches on three separate days. On Friday against a F.I.T. Hockey club 'B' XI in Kadoelen, we were 'Trying out' the team and by getting it together fairly quickly we only lost 1-2 the score being 1-1 at the interval. The heat was too much for two of our players: so the rest of the team discovered very soon what a true Touring team member was. With our Matches later in the day on the Saturday it gave us time to visit the 'World's biggest and most beautiful floral and botanical park' as pointed out by the Tour Guide. After a narrow loss to F.L.T. Hockey Club 'B', Stowe played Haarlem 'B' and kept the scoreline to a 0-0 Draw. During the Haarlem game several players were moved to different positions to strengthen the defence — adapting to the grass pitch as we were informed later the girls had lost the toss for the Astro pitch — typical. The Haarlam club made us very welcome and suggested that we try to make contact in the future.

On Sunday we returned to F.I.T. Hockey Club and played against a slightly younger side and managed to secure a 2-0 Win with everyone playing some good hockey in spite of all the sightseeing and socialising of the previous days.

We were very thankful to Stefan Frenkel-Frank who organised the matches for us, fitting us into a very tight schedule, especially at his own club.

Monday, 13th April, was time to reflect on the weekend: excellent weather; new faces and new places; and 28 tired but happy people returned to Stowe.

Tour results: Played 3 Won 1 Drawn 1 Lost 1

v. F.I.T. Hockey Club 'B'	Lost	1-2
v. Haarlam 'B'	Drawn	0-0
v. F.I.T. Hockey Club 'B'	Won	2-0

Tour Party: Fenella Guthrie (Capt), Siona Thompson, Rebecca Gwyn, Caroline Drummond-Hay, Katie Houghton, Kate Mullineux, Elizabeth Kerford-Byrnes, Vicki Weston, Claire Bisp, Allison Knee, Wendy Craig, Anna James (G.K.), Ali Clark (Chief Cheerleader and Physio).

D.C.B.

SOCCKER

7-a-side; House Competition

The final was a delight to watch. Both Chatham and Cobham played with skill and determination on a somewhat soggy surface.

Chatham scored first when the Cobham keeper failed to collect safely but Cobham rallied and engineered a neat, short-range goal.

Extra time brought more thrills but no scoring and so the game moved into a tense period of penalty kicks. After six each the sides could still not be separated and the decision to share the trophy met with approval all round.

A marvellous occasion full of thrills, spills and sportsmanlike behaviour.

Well done to both houses.

A.K.M.



FENCING

Over the last year, this minor sport has bucked the trend of decline which had dogged it for the previous two years.

In 1990 Mr. Mullineux retired, and this left fencing rather leaderless. However, the senior fencers and Mr. Michael, the Director of Physical Education, managed to run the club.

We acquired new equipment, notably modern electric sets enabling us to fence in the correct competition style.

Our new acquisition and a core of capable seniors enabled Stowe to arrange a number of matches last year, although not as many as Mr. Mullineux had done. Of the four matches Stowe won two and drew two.

This Term the club has six sixth form "seniors", (four of whom comprise the team) and twenty two "beginners" from the junior school: numbers are higher than at any time since I came to Stowe. The hope is that more will progress to a senior level, enabling Stowe to field two teams of four as many schools do.

Miss Evison this Term took charge of fencing and has presided over two matches, one a draw, the other a victory against Bloxham.

The success of fencing depends both on staff, Mr. Michael and Miss Evison and the Fencing Tutor Mr. Money, and the members of team, Robert Bush, the secretary and Alastair Houghton-Brown and John Tibbley.

I hope that Stoic interest will not flag after this year and that the enthusiasm for this unusual and enjoyable sport will grow, and with it, will grow Stowe's reputation for excellence in the less well known sports.

S.P.G. Murray (MVI)
Captain of Fencing

Photograph by J. M. L.



Photograph by J. M. L.



The Biennial Inspection: General salute — present arms.

Photograph by N. B. Tissot (LVI)

CCF

Royal Naval Section

The naval section has been most successful over the last year. The size of section has grown, the level of knowledge and enthusiasm of the cadets has improved and the section now boasts a solid cadre of Non-Commissioned Officers.

The section has been reinforced by the arrival of two new officers: Lieutenant William Vernon and the Reverend Robert Jackson. The section's success is partly attributable to more of the cadets remaining in the section in the sixth form: three last year, five this year and the section appears to be going from strength to strength.

All the cadets are given a good grounding in the basic elements of the syllabus with the proficiency company for one term and then move on to more complex naval knowledge and chartwork and, in the summer months, watersports (sailing, windsurfing and canoeing) boat drill and shooting.

Once a term, the section goes on a Field Day. These have been, without exception, most enjoyable. Last term we went yachting in a sixty three foot ketch and visited the Royal Naval Ali station at Portland, travelling in a Sea King helicopter. The term before, the section visited the mine counter measures vessel, H.M.S. Cattistock (whose commanding officer is Lieutenant-Commander George Zambellas, an Old Stoic). The section also visited the school's affiliated ship, H.M.S. Endurance, just before her paying off ceremony.

This term the section had a most enjoyable Field Day experiencing different watersports on the Hampshire coast.

During the summer many cadets attended courses run by the Navy. These varied from a Sailing Course (Cameron Ross must be congratulated for obtaining the highest level of sailing qualification), to the

Naval Warfare Course at H.M.S. Dryad, and the First Aid course at Haslar. The courses proved popular with the cadets and the individual system worked well.

The Section's success, however, would have been much less spectacular were it not for our instructor, Chief Petty Officer D. Rhodes, Lieutenant-Commander George Zambellas and liaison with our affiliated ship the new H.M.S. Endurance, the Antarctic Survey ship — especially through Captain Turner and Lieutenant Armstrong.

Under Officer S.P.G. Murray

CCF REPORT

This has been a very busy but successful year for the CCF. The new structure where all cadets, regardless of Section, are trained as one Proficiency company for the first term, has proved to be very successful. Not only has it made the best use of scarce manpower resources but the cadets have enjoyed this aspect of their basic training. Many diverse activities have taken place during the year, some of them during our normal Wednesday activities and Field Days, but many others at the various camps attended.

Adventurous Training

The first camp of 1992 was a much expanded Adventurous Training camp in the Peak District during the eight days 25th March to 1st April. Our base camp was at Proteous, near Mansfield, a hutted camp which provided basic but adequate accommodation for the 29 boys and 9 staff. The first phase of the camp was 3 days camping and walking in the High Peak. This part was similar to last year with each of the 3 sections being dropped off about 10 km from the camp site at Edale. They then walked in over mountainous country and with full

packs before putting up their tents and cooking their evening meal. The second day was one of long circular walks from the camp site, the longest being about 30 km. The third day was the reverse of the first with some very tired boys breaking camp and walking 10 km to the vehicles.

The next 4 days were different from what we had done in the past. This year we employed professional companies to organise our activity days. Although this cost more, it was more than compensated for by the breadth and quality of the activities. Each group rotated around mountain biking and climbing, abseiling and caving and a water sports day of canoeing, sailing and windsurfing. On the final day each boy chose one of these activities as an option which they took a stage further. Twenty nine tired but happy boys left Proteous on the 1st April, the vast majority saying that they would return next year.

Summer Camps

Each Section held a Summer Camp this year: the Army at Penhale in Cornwall, the RAF at Lyneham in Wiltshire and the Navy at various locations in the South of England. Thirty five boys attended the most successful Army camp for many years. The activities were varied and included shooting, abseiling, walking and camping. We hope that future camps will be at least as good as this one. Only 10 boys attended the RAF camp but they were all very keen and enthusiastic. By the end of the week they had all managed several hours of flying in Hercules

and Chipmunk aircraft as well as many other activities. Unlike the other two Services the Navy do not have Central camps but run various courses for their cadets. This causes problems because not all the boys who want to go on a course can do so. However, the 15 boys who went on courses ranging from yachting to leadership thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Hopefully we will obtain more courses next year.

Biennial Review

The last major activity of the year was the CCF Biennial Review on Tuesday 20th October. Much hard work and preparation went into making this day a success, which it undoubtedly was. The Reviewing Officer, Air Commodore Gambold, was impressed with everything he saw throughout the day. He was met on arrival by a Guard of Honour under the command of the Under Officer S.P.G. Murray. The high standards demonstrated at this impressive beginning were maintained throughout the day when every cadet enthusiastically participated in all the activities. These were extremely varied and included fieldcraft, shooting, abseiling, various water-based activities, signals and a very noisy but exciting section attack in the Grecian Valley. At the end of the day the Air Commodore spoke about the enthusiasm of the cadets and the quality and breadth of the activities he had been shown throughout the review.

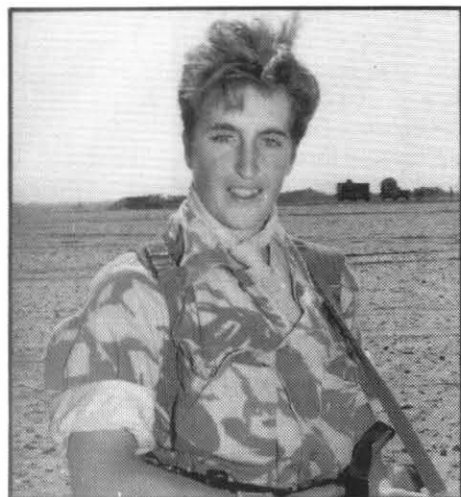
H.B.S.

Field Exercise.

Photograph by M. D'A. W. Wyvill (MVI)



"The best GAP year of all my contemporaries"



It was very rewarding for me to be able to lead my own troop. I feel now that I am ready to go to University as a much more mature, experienced and capable young woman.

Apart from the actual exercises in the Yakima Desert there was the opportunity for visits to Seattle and more skiing in the Cascade Mountains.



I wanted adventure and travel, an opportunity to practise my organisational and management skills, and to be given responsibility. . . I honestly don't see how I could have used my year off in a more complete and worthwhile way.



I have done things most people will never do – parachuting, abseiling from helicopters, sailing, living in snow holes. I have been to a wide range of countries, seen fantastic Norwegian valleys and bleak Falkland Island hills – and best of all I have been paid for it!

The above quotes are from some who gained a SHORT SERVICE LIMITED COMMISSION in the Army between school and University. This can last between 4 and 12 months and there is NO FURTHER COMMITMENT to the Army afterwards. It provides TRAVEL, VARIETY and RESPONSIBILITY – and pay at over £9,000 pa. The training time at Sandhurst is short and consequently the standard set at the selection board is high. Successful candidates usually have high academic ability, they have frequently been prefects or leading members of school societies or sports teams and had wide interests and a sense of adventure. If you think you could accept the CHALLENGE involved please contact:

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

OLD STOIC NEWS

Sir John Clerk (Grenville 1933) retired as Lord Lieutenant of Midlothian in 1992 after nearly 20 years in office.

Col. N.A.C. Croft (Chandos 1925) has been awarded 'Honorary Fellowship' of the Royal Geographical Society, presented by the President, Sir Crispin Tickell, in June 1992.

J.M. de la Pena (Bruce 1990) was selected to tour with the England Cricket Team Under 19s in Pakistan in the winter of 1991/92.

D.M. Edwards-Heathcote (Chatham 1973) has been Joint Master of the Catterick Beagles since 1985.

J.R. Fanshawe (Temple 1979) trained Royal Gait, the winner of the 1992 Champion Hurdle at Cheltenham.

N.O. Faure (Cobham 1962) this year celebrated 25 years of racing Porsche 911s and Porsche cars.

C.M. Gayford (Walpole 1981) conducted the first performance of John Simon's Violin Concerto on Radio 3 in May 1992.

M.D. Goodwin (Cobham 1958) was appointed Managing Director of the Electrical Contractors' Association of Scotland in May 1991.

M.L. Graeme (Temple 1938) has been appointed Officer of the Order of St. John in 1992.

A.F. Hinds (Temple 1984) became a Fellow of the Gemmological Association in 1990.

H.F.St.H. Jeune (Temple 1958) owns 'The Rising Sun' which was granted the Johnson Award for Excellence for being 'The Best Inn in Britain in 1991'. Old Stoics are welcome — phone 0598 53223.

A.N. Keith (Chandos 1983) was awarded the Lyddon Shield and the Worshipful Company of Chartered Secretaries and Administrators Medal in 1992.

J.B.D. Lawford (Bruce 1956) and **M.A.A. Lawford** (Bruce 1963) have presented the School Archives with a well preserved illustrated catalogue of the 1921 Stowe sale, in memory of their uncle C.C.R. Bolton (Bruce 1940).

J.R.H. Lawrence (Temple 1979) has started his own business, 'County Sporting Services' as an agent and consultant providing shooting nation wide.

The Rt.Hon.Sir Nicholas Lyell (Grafton 1957) was appointed Attorney General in April 1992.

R.K. Middlemas (Chatham 1953) has published 'Power, Competition and the State, Volume 3, The End of the Post War Era: Britain since 1974' in 1992.

E.R.G. Miller (Cobham 1974) was appointed Managing Director of Miller Energy Ltd. in 1991.

G.J.R. Monbiot (Lyttelton 1981) presented an 'Open Space' programme, 'Your Furniture, Their Lives' on BBC2 in May 1992.

M. Moorby (Temple 1951) is proprietor of Helmsley Antiquarian Books in North Yorkshire.

G.E.G. Riddick (Walpole 1973) was re-elected conservative MP for Colne Valley in April 1992.

I.C.S. Ritchie (Temple 1971) has been appointed General Director of Opera North from September 1993.

J.D. Rossiter (Cobham 1987) has been awarded an Athletics Blue at Cambridge, coming second in the Javelin in the 1992 Varsity Match.

F.R. Rutter (Grafton 1954) has been elected Third Warden of the Company of Gold and Silver Wyre Drawers in 1992.

G.W. Spencer (Chatham 1954) has been appointed Head of English at the University of Canterbury, New Zealand 1992-95.

D.R. Stickland (Bruce 1948) was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society for the Encouragement of Art Manufactures and Commerce (RSA) in February 1992.

A. J. Struthers (Chandos 1947) is Deputy Senior Steward of the Jockey Club.

C.F. Villiers (Bruce 1976) held a joint exhibition of paintings, with Janet Ledger, at the Medici Galleries in Spring 1992.

A.N. Whitty (Temple 1981) was placed second in the 1991/92 Freestyle Event at the World Windsurfing Competition held at Port Elizabeth.

A.E. Williams (Chatham 1951) has just published his latest book 'Out of Court' under the pseudonym 'Charles Butler' in 1992.

R.C. Winton (Cobham 1931) has received the Larry K. Wilson Award of the Institute of Electrical and Electronic Engineers for outstanding contributions to the Institute's transnational activities in 1992.

BIRTHS

S.W. Allport (Bruce 1977) a son, Cameron George, on 20th February 1992.

R.W.K. Beckett (Bruce 1959) a son, Andrew on 26th November 1984 and a daughter, Victoria, on 20th May 1986.

A.O. Bell-Irving (Chatham 1973) a daughter, Charlotte Elizabeth, on 9th August 1992.

R. Bendre (Chatham 1975) a daughter, Radhika Rajn, on 18th October 1990.

A.C. Benson (Chatham 1973) a daughter, Hannah Charlotte, on 18th March 1992.

P.E. Booth-Clibborn (Grenville 1978) a daughter, Camilla Charlotte Mary, on 24th April 1992.

P.W. Burke (Grenville 1974) sons, Harry, on 7th September 1990 and George, on 11th November 1991.

D.G. Choyce (Cobham 1973) a daughter, Annabel Catriona, on 4th June 1992.

R.C. Clifton-Brown (Chandos 1982) a son on 8th March 1992.

A.P. Davies (Bruce 1971) a son, Jonathan Michael Ross, on 8th June 1992.

B.G. Few Brown (Grafton 1977) a son, Frederick Richard, on 31st July 1992.

H.W.A. Gentle (Bruce 1981) a daughter, Propella Mermaid, on 22nd January 1992.

S.L. Green (Grenville 1975) a son, Nicholas Simon Edward, on 23rd February 1990.

R.A. Hamilton (Chatham 1976) a son, Charles Archie William, on 12th September 1992.

J.R. Harvey (Lyttelton 1976) a son, William, on 23rd March 1992.

N.E.J. Hedley (Walpole 1980) a daughter, Rosanna Mary Noel, on 30th December 1991.

R.W. Heyman (Lyttelton 1968) a daughter, Lucy Charlotte Camilla, on 15th February 1992.

A.L.D. Hicks (Grenville 1980) a daughter, Angelica, on 16th September 1992.

D.Q. Kneeshaw (Cobham 1975) a daughter, Felicity Mary, on 29th April 1992.

M.A. Knight (Grenville 1975) a son, James, on 15th April 1992.

R.N.C. Knight-Bruce (Chatham 1972) a daughter, Victoria June Vita, on 25th February 1992.

D.A. Ladlow (Cobham 1982) a son, Jake Ben, on 11th October 1991.

D.P. Mills (Grafton 1976) a daughter, Jodie Anne, on 7th October 1991.

H.C. Mytton-Mills (Walpole 1973) a daughter, Gabriella Evelyn, on 28th July 1992.

T.D. Outerbridge (Chatham 1975) a son, Robert Downing, on 19th August 1992.

J.P. Paterson (Bruce 1974) a daughter, Sabrina Joy, on 28th November 1988.

A.R. Pears (Grafton 1972) a daughter, Katherine Elizabeth, on 17th October 1991.

R.C. Peatfield (Temple 1966) a daughter, Helen Elizabeth, on 22nd September 1992.

A.H. Ritchie (Lyttelton 1979) a son, Henry Thomas, on 22nd March 1992.

J.C. Royds (Chatham 1977) a daughter, Rosanna, on 6th May 1992.

Rowena M.P. Rudd (née Marshall) (Stanhope 1980) a son, William Robin Pierce, on 21st August 1991.

P.W. Saunders (Lyttelton 1975) a daughter, Georgina, on 16th January 1992.

G.A. Shenkman (Grafton 1968) a daughter, Josephine Sarah, on 10th February 1992.

M.J. Shew (Chatham 1978) a daughter, Stephanie Marie, on 3rd August 1992.

S.J.E. Smith (Grafton 1979) a son, Max Joseph, on 7th July 1992.

M.S. Talbot (Grenville 1987) twin daughters, Shakira Naomi and Amanda Lucy on 22nd December 1991.

J.G. Treadwell (Chatham 1967) a son, Edward, on 1st July 1991.

D.J.M. Ward (Walpole 1975) a daughter, Sarah Katherine Frances, on 22nd March 1990 and a son, George William, on 18th January 1992.

D.H.M. Williams-Ellis (Temple 1977) a son, Hugo, on 23rd April 1992.

MARRIAGES

R.W.K. Beckett (Bruce 1959) to Julia Wakelik on 18th September 1982 in Bulawayo.

Catherine W. Brown (Stanhope 1982) to Simon Halliday on 11th July 1992.

I.G. Campbell (Bruce 1976) to Maureen Patricia Thompson on 18th May 1992.

T.J. Carpenter (Chandos 1986) to Sally Virginia Moore on 22nd August 1992.

A.D. Cathcart-Jones (Walpole 1947) to Anne Anderson on 14th February 1991.

J. Choyce (Cobham 1969) to Donna Michele Betts on 23rd May 1992.

E.P. Good (Bruce 1980) to Sara Jane Williams on 8th June 1991.

R.A. Fischer (Grafton 1987) to Trilbey Sara Gordon on 2nd May 1992.

Tessa Hemworth (Stanhope 1980) in June 1987.

L. Caroline Highwood (Stanhope 1981) in 1988.

M.D. Kirkpatrick (Cobham 1972) (formerly Kneeshaw) to Jean Tanfield on 7th August 1992.

D.F. McDonough (Cobham 1971) to Vanessa Reeves on 28th May 1992.

C.J. Manton (Lyttelton 1972) to Maria Anne Claire Sturges on 22nd May 1992.

Deborah J. Marshall (Stanhope 1981) to Richard Canes on 4th September 1992.

R.G. Nash (Chandos 1966) to Mary Sealey on 4th April 1992.

A.R. Pears (Grafton 1972) to Mary M. Chapman on 26th May 1990.

R.G. Pooler (Temple 1974) to Nicola Miles on 16th September 1989.

D.M.W. Reid (Cobham 1973) to Andrea Heath on 11th April 1992.

M.S. Talbot (Grenville 1987) to Sophie Butterfield-Pitt on 1st April 1991.

D.F.C. Thomas (Chatham 1978) to Julia Rolls on 22nd May 1992 in Hong Kong.

D.J. Whitmore (Temple 1982) to Sibylla Corcoran on 3rd October 1992.

P.H. Wolstenholme (Grenville 1978) to Irene Wood on 29th February 1992.

DEATHS

A.G. Archer (LAM 1925-1957) on 14th July 1992.

M.H.H. Bading (Lyttelton 1978) in August 1992.

P.D. Baxter (Walpole 1940) on 26th December 1991.

G.J.O. Booth (Chandos 1927) in July 1991.

Q.McD Brown (Temple 1970) on 19th June 1992.

D.N. Deakin (Grafton 1930) on 6th March 1992.

Grp.Capt.The Lord Cheshire of Woodhall (formerly G.L. Cheshire) (Chatham 1936) on 31st July 1992.

A.H. Donaldson (Cobham 1939) on 4th August 1992.

Lt.Col.The Lord Dunalley (Grafton 1931) (formerly H.D.G. Prittie) in July 1992.

W.W. Dunlop (Bruce 1926) on 13th February 1986 (one of first 99).

T.H.T. Gautby (Cobham 1928) on 16th June 1992.

E.D. Good (Bruce 1944) on 13th June 1989.

T.E.D. Harker (Temple 1938) on 17th June 1992.

Sir Peter Hayman (Grafton 1933) on 6th April 1992.

A.V. Hollington (Chatham 1940) on 22nd June 1991.

J.W.T. Lilley (Bruce/Chandos 1930) on 8th May 1992.

J.R. McDowell (Grenville 1930) on 6th March 1992.

D. MacFarlane (Temple 1928) on 28th March 1991.

R.B. McGrigor (Walpole 1937) on 26th October 1991.

A.G.M. Maynard (Chatham 1926) in July 1991.

J.A. Modet (Grenville 1940) on 4th September 1992.

M.J. Nightingale (Grenville 1952) on 29th March 1992.

P.W. Rigg (Walpole 1956) on 14th April 1992.

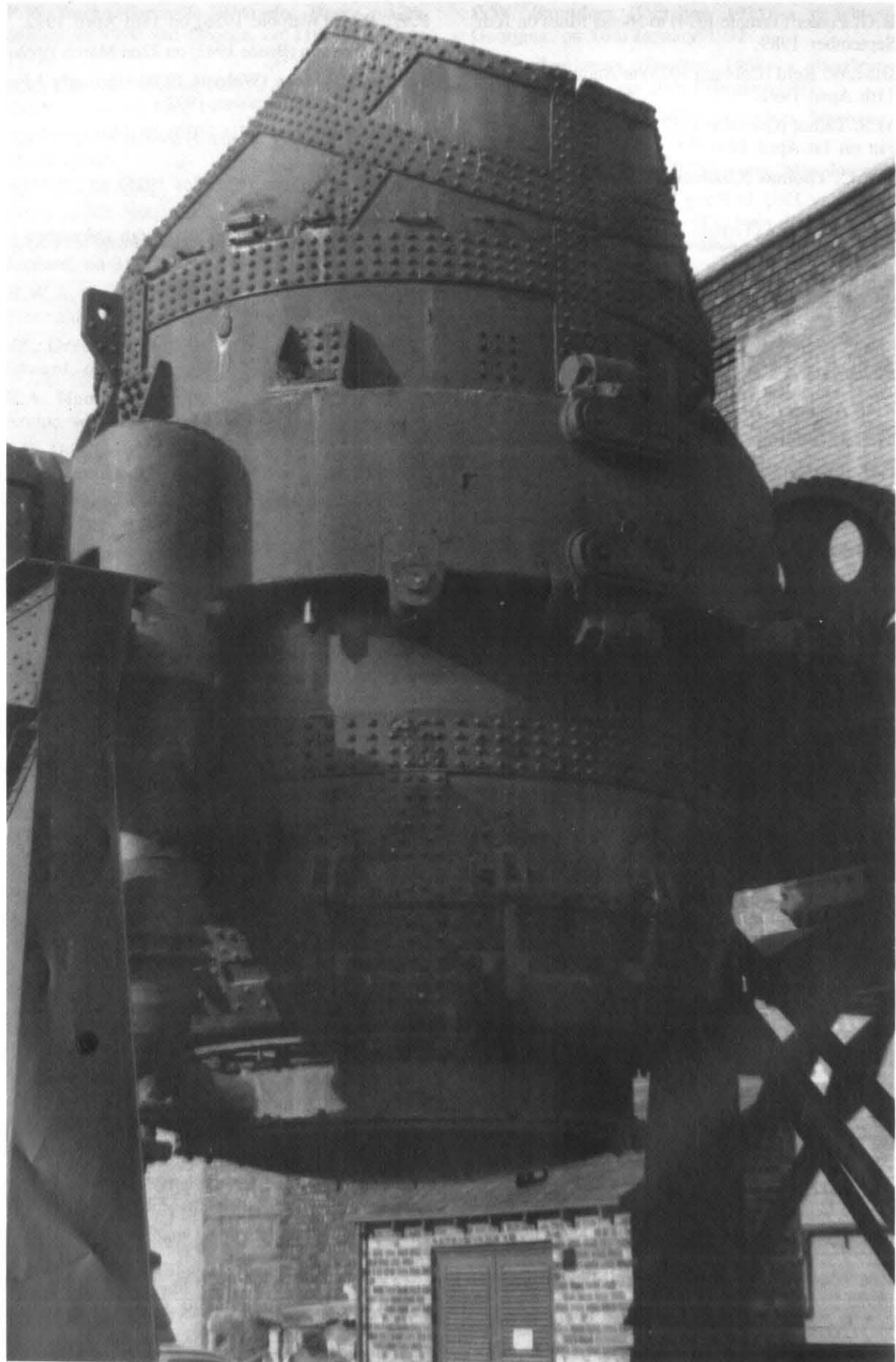
J.R. Robertson (Bruce 1942) on 22nd March 1992.

The Lord Rodney (Walpole 1938) (formerly J.F. Rodney) on 13th October 1992.

H.G.A. Ross (Grenville 1936) on 14th February 1992.

P.H.deB. Stephens (Chandos 1926) on 1st May 1992.

A.F. Weaver (Temple 1930) on 6th December 1991.



Photograph by B. E. Flower (MVI)



