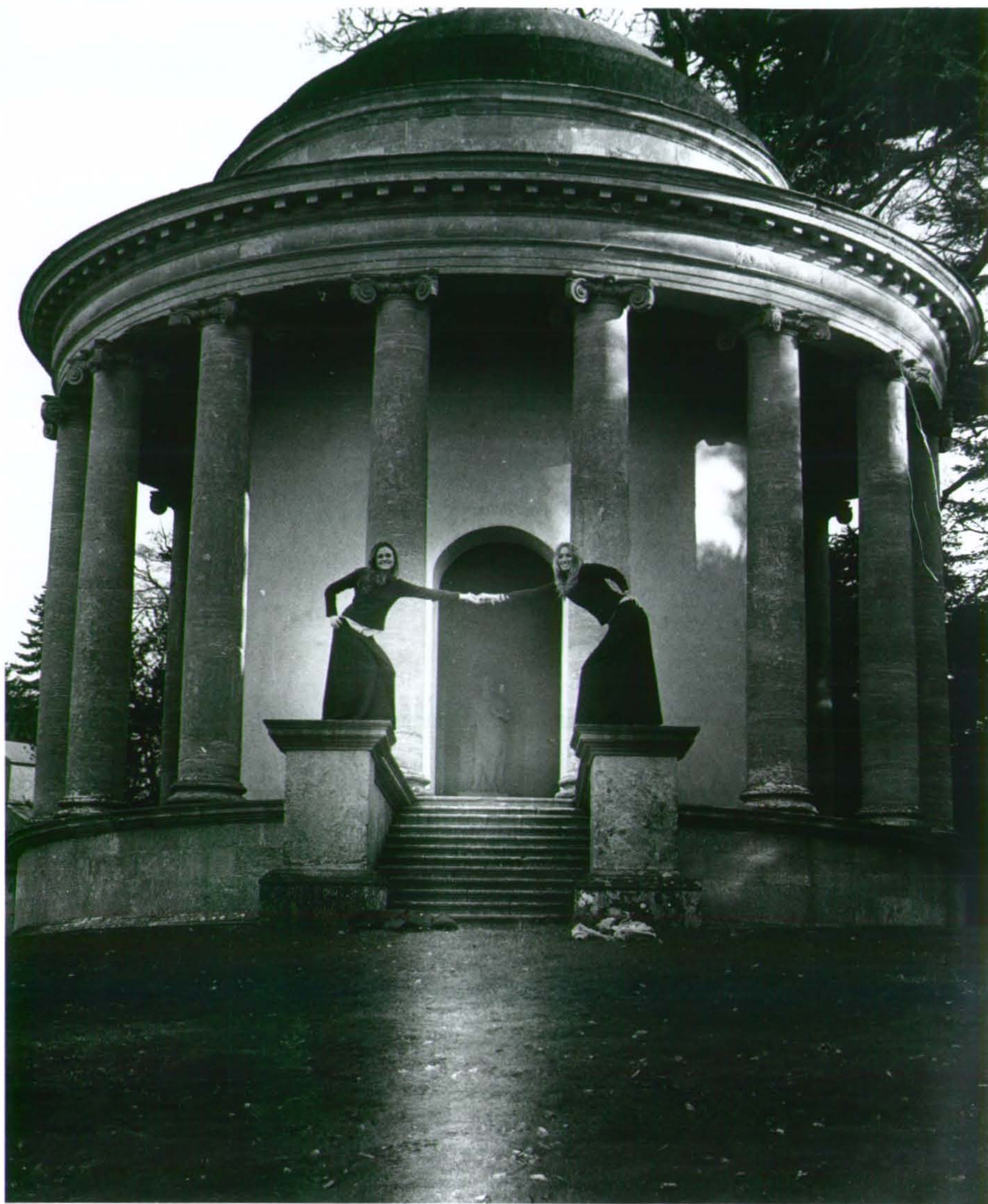




# THE STOIC

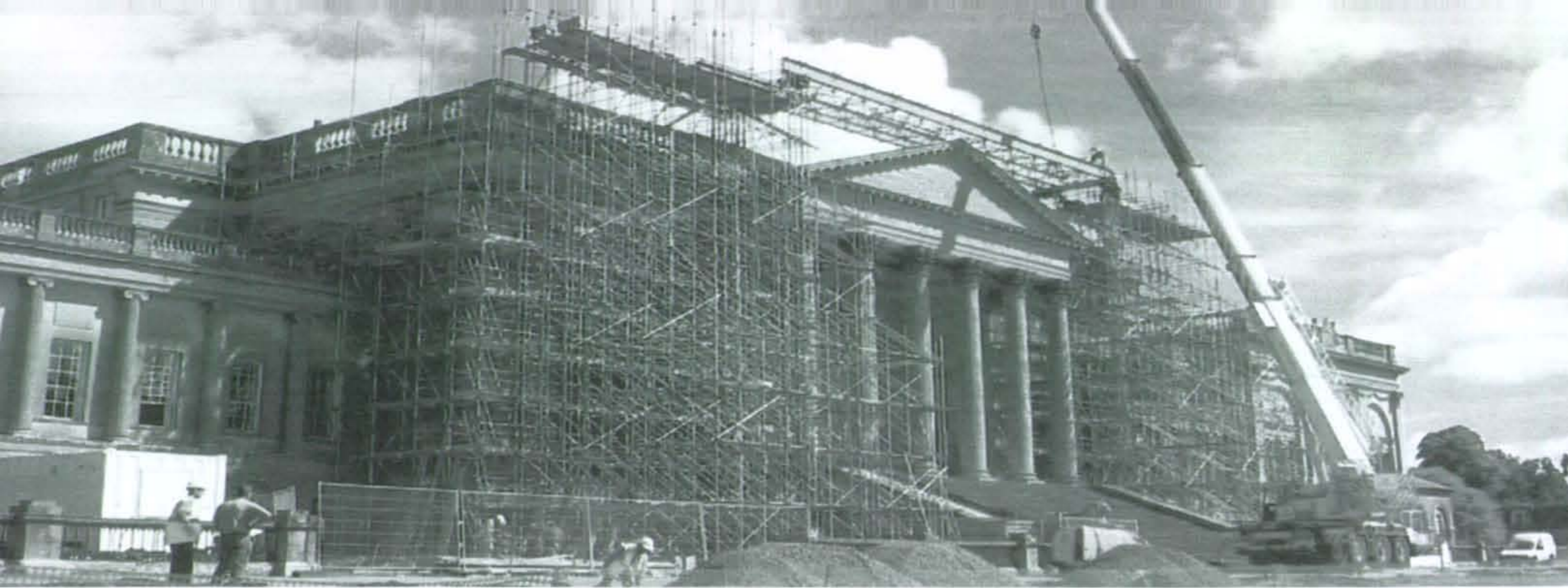


# THE STOIC

No. 203



June 2004



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# CAMPAIGN PROGRESS 2004

The Campaign for Stowe, which raises funds for both educational and heritage aspects of Stowe, is approaching an exciting twelve months which will see the completion of the work of Phase 2 of Stowe House and the start of re-shaped plans for the School by the Headmaster in conjunction with the Governors.

The new plans for the development of the School meet all the elements of the previous plan in a more effective and less expensive manner. By September 2004 all the boarding houses will be flood wired, ready for the use of laptop computers by all Stoics. The existing Library will house additional computers with intranet and internet access and will ensure that it has several more years of useful life as a centre of study. This will allow a new Music School and a new Art School to become priorities. The Master Plan, by the internationally renowned architects, Rick Mather Associates, for the development of the School's academic facilities, including Music and Art, remains unchanged and continues to be regarded as the optimum way forward.

Stoics and Old Stoics have enthusiastically supported much of the fund and fund raising events for both the Stowe House Preservation Trust and the Stowe School Foundation. For example at Christie's in March 2004 to benefit the Stowe House Preservation Trust.

## Hip Hip for Hip Art

Stoic artists joined forces enthusiastically with a number of celebrities to support Hip Art, a fundraising initiative using modern art to provide funds to enable the Stowe House Preservation Trust and Friends of War Memorials to raise funds for vital projects, which at Stowe will help fund the restoration of the triumphal plasterwork frieze below the Marble Hall dome. The link between the charities is Algy Cluff who is a trustee of both and his wife, Blondel, chairs the Hip Art organising committee.

The exhibition at Christie's in London, at which artwork by 60 Stoics and young Old Stoics was displayed for a week in March was organised as prelude to a black-tie dinner also at Christie's on 26th May. After the dinner donated personal art of all genres from Tracey Emin, Kate Moss, Lord Foster, Vanessa Mae, Stephen Fry and Bryan Ferry was auctioned to raise money for the two charities. The Reception, sponsored by De Beers and Perrier Jouet, was judged to be a success, raised much press interest and paved the way for the big fundraising event.

It is hoped that the combined event will raise

£100,000 in aid of the Stowe House Preservation Trust and Friends of War Memorials.

## Scholars

An inaugural scholars' dinner was held to celebrate the diversity of scholarship at Stowe and provided the opportunity to launch an initiative to boost the School's scholarships and bursaries fund. An excellent dinner was enjoyed by different generations of scholars – invitees were Old Stoics who had won scholarships to Stowe, with a guest, and also current scholars who are the sons of Old Stoics, with their father. The evening culminated with an exciting auction of Stowe related items, orchestrated by Hugo Morely-Fletcher (Temple 58), whose family has had three generations of Old Stoic scholars.

## The restoration of Stowe House

The completion of Phase 2 of the restoration of Stowe House consists of the restoration of the historic roofs of the central pavilion which will be reinstated in sheet metal and Westmorland slates, plus the restoration of the interior of the Marble Hall, at a total cost of over £8 million. Phase 2 also includes repairs to the stonework of the South Front, including the magnificent South Portico and steps.

In order to carry out all this work while the building remained in use, an enormous scaffold temporary roof has been erected. It is believed to have the largest clear span of any temporary roof ever put up in the UK – from the north side to the south is over 40 metres. It covers the whole of the central pavilion and allows the existing roof to be renewed to its original form without putting at risk any of the fine interiors beneath it.

The House is too fragile for any strain to be placed on it and the weight is taken by the scaffolding on the South Front and four slim supporting towers on the newly restored North Front. The roof's innovative design created quite a stir over the summer of 2003, as contractors worked in the searing temperatures to complete the whole structure during the School's summer holiday period. Television cameras followed the most exciting stages when the huge 45 metre long roof trusses were craned up into position.

The work carried out for Phase 2 is scheduled for completion by April 2005, subject to the raising of the final £500,000 and everyone is looking forward to enjoying once again access to that magnificent view from the South Portico that looks out towards the Corinthian Arch on the horizon.

Cherry Baker

# CAN OR SHOULD WE MAKE A DISTINCTION BETWEEN 'LITERARY' AND 'POPULAR' WRITING?

by KELLY KERRUISH

To ask if one should make a distinction between 'literary' and 'popular' writing would seem to many to be a question with an obvious answer. Of course. After all throughout the centuries works of fiction have been canonised, criticised and separated into what can and cannot be defined as 'literature.' The Oxford Guide to English Literature, for example, does not include the popular, best-selling Jilly but does include her namesake James Fenimore, an author few people today have heard of or would consider buying. Graham Greene went so far as to separate his own work, making a distinction between his 'novels' and his 'entertainments.' It would seem even publishers and readers make a definition as we see authors such as Le Carre increasingly canonised whereas one of the most popular action writers, Alistair Maclean is now out of print. If we cannot define what is and is not 'literature' by popularity, how can we? Is there a clear set of rules or are the lines becoming increasingly blurred as the role of the reader increases in importance. Most importantly, who is qualified to decide what can and cannot be considered as a 'literary' piece of writing? What is literature?

In order to judge a piece of writing and decide whether or not it is, indeed, 'literature,' the form, content and language of the text must of course be considered. The difficulty arises in deciding what to look for, in deciding what it is within a piece of prose or poetry that elevates it to being something more, a work of 'literary' skill. Opinions on this subject are wide ranging but can be somewhat simplistically divided into three schools of thought.

Firstly, the Concise Oxford dictionary defines 'literature' as "*Written words whose value lies in beauty of language or emotional effect.*" Such a clear, simple formula for defining or indeed writing 'literature' is very attractive and undoubtedly true as the great writers such as Coleridge, Wordsworth, Shakespeare, Bronte did indeed create some of the most lasting and startlingly images through their beauty of language. Who after all could forget '*the host of golden daffodils*' that in their metaphorical

state comforted Wordsworth, the 'lonely' wanderer? Yet should the employment of beautiful language and the evocation of emotion really be the singular qualification for the elevation of a text to a piece of literature? Consider the 2004 novel '*The Time Traveller's Wife*' by Audrey Niffenegger, which, in its rich descriptions of the landscape of New England, achieves extraordinary beauty and, in the context of the novel, extreme sadness. One passage, a letter from a dead husband to his wife reads

*'I am sitting at my desk in the back bedroom looking out across the backyard full of blue evening snow, everything is slick and crusty with ice, and it is very still. Its one of those winter evenings when the coldness of every single thing seems to slow down time, like the narrow centre of an hourglass which time itself flows through, but slowly, slowly.'*

This is a pure, sensory, beautiful image of a North American snow fall and in the long syllables, and the simile of the hourglass it encapsulates the despair felt by his wife as she reads but also the novel's central themes of the passage of time and the inevitability of a life controlled by fate. Could this not, with its beauty of language and power of metaphor, be literature in the making? Why, if we are to believe this Oxford dictionary definition is '*The time traveller's wife*' considered compelling popular writing but not 'literature?' If we can consider Frost's '*Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*' as a literary work, why not Niffenegger? It would seem that in its simplicity this declaration of literary qualification is severely flawed.

The Collins dictionary takes a similar approach to tackling the question of what makes literature but takes it one step further. Although agreeing that literature is defined as '*Works of imagination characterised by excellence of style and expression,*' it continues with '*and by themes of enduring interest.*' In order for a piece of writing to achieve literary status it must encapsulate an eternal theme, a theme that will always resonate. This is an unequivocal qualification, as, for example Shakespeare con-

tinues to captivate audiences, actors, directors and readers after four hundred years because the ideals, themes and philosophies he encompassed within his characters, stories, language were universal and still strike a chord in society today. Yet, could one not argue that Jilly Cooper deals with the eternal theme of love, or of attraction, and thereby discredit this definition? If we are to believe modern literary theory, that the reader is the most important person then surely Cooper could be, to some, a work of literature, she could deeply move someone who has experienced the situations of her novel. All too often it is white males like T.S.Eliot or Harold Bloom who decide what is and is not a part of this 'great canon' and all too often their choices focus on the 'dead white males.' If we follow the canon, surely we are dismissing works that although may not follow the tradition of great literature may have a profound effect and impact today. 'Hard Times,' for example sank into obscurity after being condemned by the intellectuals of its day, only reappearing when H.R.Leavis published his critique in 1948. It is now one of Dickens's most celebrated novels proving that an individual can change intellectual opinion simply by looking at it in a different way. This surely means that there is no canon and that it is the reader that decides what is literature and nothing else.

It would be my inclination to disagree and argue that this would be possible except for the fact that Cooper is a writer of fashion. Her situations and characters are so stereotypical of her time and genre that in time, as fashion changes, their relevance and even value as light entertainment will be lost. For example, in 'Rivals' we hear how Tony takes a call from his 'demanding mistress, Alicia' while his lover is in the shower and how, when she emerges, his only impression of her is that 'she looked sensational.' The language, situation and characters are rooted in contemporary middle class fantasy, titillation and in being so are disposable, will soon be irrelevant to society and any message will therefore soon be lost. Gabriel Garcia Marquez, however, who also deals with these themes will continue to connect with people as it is with emotion and simplicity of expression with which he writes. In the final chapter of 'Love in the Time of Cholera' he too writes of two lovers in the aftermath of their passion, with the crucial difference that his characters are aged and their love though previously unrequited has spanned five decades. 'They were together in silence like an old married couple wary of life, beyond the pitfalls of passion, beyond the brutal mockery of hope and the phantoms of disillusion: beyond love. For...love was always love.' This is not a straightforward narrative like Cooper's but it is not fanciful, a fantasy, it is the reality of love presented in all its glory and weakness. The phrase 'brutal mockery of hope' is

so powerful because it gives hope a will, a being of its own reminding us of the reality of life and love, that sometimes it mocks us, destroys us. It is in this reality, this purity, this intensification and amplification of experience that Marquez's chosen theme becomes universal in a way that surpasses all boundaries of fashion. In doing this Marquez, a relatively modern writer follows in the tradition of great literature, an essential criteria for defining literature according to T.S.Eliot who wrote that great works must 'be seen against the foil of the whole tradition from which it stems and which it modifies by its very existence.' The power of metaphor and intensification contained in the phrase 'brutal mockery of hope' surely stems from as far back as Shakespeare who achieved the personalisation of the folly of the past, the whole of history in Macbeth's reference to 'All our yesterdays.' Marquez unlike Cooper reminds us of the truth of love, an 'eternal theme,' a truth that will strike a chord in us forever, proving that so long as in its form and content a novel follows and develops what has come before and will relate in some way to future generations, modern, 'popular' writing can become literature.

Jilly Cooper aside, many pieces of popular writing do attain a purity of language and encapsulate within it an eternal theme, once again I must draw attention to 'The Time Traveller's Wife,' but also to an extremely contemporary piece of verse, the Eminem song 'My Fault.' In this cleverly written narrative we see him capture the eternal theme of rape, writing

*'I went to John's rave with Ron and Dave  
And met a new wave blonde babe with half of her  
head shaved  
A nurse aid who came to get laid and tied  
With first aid tape and raped on the first tape.'*

In this song Eminem captures, through a simple, straightforward narrative, the society he grew up in and the horror and violence of rape, a crime that has always and will always last so long as there are men and women in this world. Yet surely we will not in future be canonising the Slim Shady back catalogue. The reason why not can be found in the third and final definition of literature, the Ronald Hepburn idea that 'literary work approaches the ideal of a self-sufficient microcosm...Density of meaning is the distinctive feature of literary language- many levelled, controlled, ambiguous, through and through metaphorical.' In short, 'My Fault' is not literature because of its simplicity, its lack of metaphor, its basic narrative and failure to capture and self-contain the true experience of its theme. When I saw, on a school handout, this compared to a piece of T.S.Eliot presenting the exact same theme it became possible to see what Hepburn meant and why a distinction must be made between the two writers. In an extract from 'The Fire

*Sermon* Eliot presents us with the idea of rape, firstly by paraphrasing a military song about washing after sexual intercourse,

*'O the moon shone bright on Mrs Porter,  
And on her daughter  
They wash their feet in soda water  
Et o ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole'*

In changing this song and in its reference to children, Eliot captures the innocence of the victims of rape and in the regular rhythm we find an almost haunting presence. The poem continues with,

*'Twit twit twit  
Jug jug jug jug jug jug  
So rudely forc'd  
Tereu'*

In this Eliot, with the constriction of rhythm and rhyme, stops short of limitless relativism but offers new limitless metaphorical possibility. Eliot refers to the Sophocles and Ovid tale of Tereus who raped his wife Procne's sister Philomele. The harsh sound of the words 'jug,' the Elizabethan word for sex and 'rudely forc'd' combined with the failure to finish the name of Tereus are the indications of the violence of the act, (the latter possibly reminding us of the fact that Tereus cut out Philomele's tongue to stop her from speaking out against him). Combine this with the first part of the stanza and one finds a many-levelled, metaphorical, complex exploration of violence and rape. The juxtaposition of Elizabethan, military and French language with the reference to Greek mythology presents its eternal universality, it is haunting and in its style encapsulates the modernist era in which Eliot was writing. Essentially Hepburn has argued that life is itself complex and many levelled and writing can only be literature when it abandons a simple narrative and uses metaphor to reflect this reality of life.

Perhaps then, with such differing views of what should qualify literature, one should not only look at the content of the writing but at how it is written the authorial voice. If we are to do this we are to take up the ideas of the Romantics, ideas exalted by the likes of Shelley who spoke of poets as the 'unacknowledged legislators of the world.' In order for writing to be literature the reader should draw and experience a lesson from the author, a greater being, a person who in his presence in his narrative is, in the words of Leavis, 'more alive than other people.' It would seem that this has become an accepted view as the great canonised pieces of literature are written by such authors. Consider Hardy, Thackeray, who believed that the author should 'speak out his mind,' Keats and Coleridge who believed in the poet philosopher as one who 'on honey dew hath fed and drunk the milk of paradise.' However, to accept such a view are we not completely rejecting D.H.Lawrence's idea of trusting the tale 'and not

the teller?' Does, say, this anonymous piece of mediaeval lyricism,

*'Sumer is icumen in-  
Lhude sing! Cuccu.  
Groweth sed and bloweth med  
And springth the wude nu-'*

not have any literary value despite containing a similar celebration of nature to Keats with,

*'I...in embalmed darkness guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn'*

And

*'The murmerous haunt of flies on summer eves'*

simply because the poet is not in himself important to the poem? Such a judgement of literature cannot be correct if such a pure, musical, early piece of poetry is excluded simply because it lacks the pronoun 'I' and the emphasis on personal experience, elevation, this Romantic 'egotistical sublime.'

Writing is an art form and therefore subject to personal taste, experience and interpretation yet it is my firm belief that we should not let this blind us to differentiating between entertainment and literature. Although it is true that one may enjoy, indeed be moved by the likes of Jilly Cooper, and not so by Thomas Hardy, surely it is necessary to recognise that while the likes of Cooper diminish the archetypes making them more manageable, great literature presents them in all their complexities. Art should reflect, amplify and intensify real life, it should make us see ourselves for what we really are and it is in doing this through allusion and metaphor that a piece of 'popular' writing can become 'literature.' We can and must differentiate.



photo: Charlie Gordon-Harris



# HENRY OLONGA INTERVIEW

Henry Olonga was a fast bowler for the Zimbabwean Test side taking 68 wickets in 30 games as well as playing in 50 One Day Internationals managing 58 wickets, which included 6-19 against England in 2000. He also competed on the latest "Superstars" series, getting to the final before having to pull out with a knee injury.

However he made himself known worldwide last February by standing up to Robert Mugabe's barbaric regime in Zimbabwe. He, along with Zimbabwean teammate Andy Flower, wore a black armband to "mourn the death of democracy" in their homeland during their side's matches in the 2003 Cricket World Cup. Olonga's gesture was particularly significant as he was black icon who was succeeding in a post-colonial society and an inspiration to others. He was condemned in his country for his actions and was forced to retire from international cricket and look elsewhere for a career.

I managed to have a few minutes at the end of Mr. Olonga's talk to ask him a few questions about his career, his life and his feelings on certain matters. I found him to be an ambitious man, who was easily engaged in conversation especially in helping young people, regarding them as the future.

**Was your armband gesture worthwhile?**

It is difficult to gauge how successful it was, however it created worldwide awareness to the situation and provoked debate. It fosters an atmosphere or an environment for talking. To use an analogy, if one man drives an electric car it makes little difference, however if two million people change to electric cars then there will be a big reduction in the amount of fossil fuels used.

**Is Imperialism to blame for the Zimbabwe's situation?**

As a former colony we owe England a debt of gratitude. However elitist separation is wicked and the remnants of colonialism are very bad. But colonialism brought development and structure, the system was good but the forces of evil caused thousands to lose their lives. When imperialism was bad it was terrible but when it was good it had many benefits.

**Did you personally suffer directly at the hands of the Zimbabwe government?**

Thankfully I had no personal contact. It is more the lower classes that suffer and coming from a middle class background I managed to avoid trou-

ble. Also, because of my image it would have been stupid for Mugabe's henchmen to target me, as it would soon become public news.

**Did you seek asylum when you came to England after the World Cup?**

No I didn't. I had to wait a month for my working visa just like any one else. My reasoning for not seeking asylum was that I didn't want to be tied down and restricted by the asylum system. I have been given a working visa and when that expires I will have to reconsider my options.

**Were you offered the chance to play county cricket?**

No and even if I had, I would have turned it down as I want to have a career outside of cricket. I enjoyed my cricket but know I want to do something different.

**Changing from cricket to singing seems to be quite a large change. What made you make that change?**

I was lucky that at the school I went to, there were many opportunities to try lots of things. As well as playing rugby and cricket, I also sang in the choir and when I was 18 I got the chance to take up singing professionally, however at the same time I was just breaking through into the Test side and you don't turn down the chance to play for your country, do you?

**Having lived in England for a little while now, do you prefer here to living in Zimbabwe?**

England is a democracy and a land of opportunity. I like the feeling of freedom that there is evident here in comparison to Zimbabwe.

**If there was a regime change, would you return to Zimbabwe?**

I would love to return to a safe and democratic Zimbabwe and to help it find its feet after the atrocities being suffered under the current regime however I can't see anything happening soon.

**What was the highlight of your playing career?**

Obviously my 6 for 19 against England in 2000 (as he says this, there is obvious glee in his voice and a broad smile emerges from his previously serious expression). There is nothing quite like putting one over England.

**Who was your toughest opponent?**

Sachin Tendulkar, no question.

Do you prefer Test matches or One Day Internationals?

ODIs. Every ball is important in one-day games and one mistake or piece of brilliance can alter the result, you have to concentrate all the time. Test matches can be a lot of hard work for little reward and five days is a long time, especially if you are losing.

If you want to find out more about Henry Olonga's compelling story, visit his website at [www.henryolonga.net](http://www.henryolonga.net).

Rupert Rowling



## COLIN DEXTER VISIT

On Wednesday 26<sup>th</sup> November, the Literary Society was lucky enough to be visited by Gold-Dagger Winner Colin Dexter, one of the most popular detective novelists alive, author of the phenomenally successful 'Inspector Morse' series.

Colin talked to a group of 30 in the Gothic Library and proved an able and commanding raconteur in his rendition of his part in writing fiction for English speaking readers. Also, we were told about his life as a teacher, Oxford, friends from Stowe and his baffled bemusement with fame. He told us with ease about how life experiences have benefited his distinctive storytelling, mistaking a longhaired male hitchhiker for a woman, a friend being offered a one-night stand and himself as a deaf man.

Thoroughly engaging, entertaining and modest Colin proved, so we endeavoured to point out that the Morse novels were not just run-of-the-mill 'whodunit thrillers' but superior works of art displaying human errors at their most explosive and vulnerable resulting always in murder. Amidst this is an anti-hero who is unpleasant yet has secured a loving following from fans especially since the outstandingly grand television series made its debut.

A huge thank you to Claire Hill-Hall and Mr Farquher for persuading Colin to venture forth to Stowe.

Alex Orchard-Lisle

From left: The Headmaster, CJE, Colin Dexter, PASF and Alex Orchard-Lisle  
(photos by Will Kenyon)

Colin Dexter with Doug Dalloway (Head Chef), the ladies, and Rob Colvin



# NEWNHAM PADDOX ART PARK

## **Nature and sculpture in an inspiring setting**

At the young Earl and Countess of Denbigh's 3,000-acre estate near Rugby in Warwickshire, visitors to the Newnham Paddox Art Park may browse or buy sculptures at the 30-acre open-air lakeside art gallery. The gallery presents up to 100 fine modern works in contemporary and classical styles. Visitors may also enjoy the tranquility and beauty of the 18<sup>th</sup> century romantic landscape by Capability Brown.

The primary aim of Newnham Paddox is to encourage people to take time to enjoy nature and sculpture in an inspirational setting. To this end, Alexander Denbigh (O.S.) uses the profits from a small admission charge and from sculpture sales to help pay for the first phase of a 100-year tree replanting programme following Capability Brown's original design. He intends that Newnham Paddox will always be a sustainable visitor attraction that will not compromise the character of the site. A further objective is to contribute to economic growth by attracting more visitors to the Heart of England Tourist Board region.

Newnham Paddox welcomes anyone simply wishing to enjoy the arboriculture and wildlife in the garden as warmly as it welcomes those who wish to view or buy works of art.

## **Art at Newnham Paddox**

Artistic Director Suzy Denbigh aims to appeal to a wide audience with a balance of the lavish, the humorous, the abstract and the traditional in sculpture. High quality of work is essential to making visitors' experiences as enjoyable and memorable as possible.

Newnham Paddox Art Park is a member of ArtParks International, founded in 1998 to provide an open-air showcase for the work of living sculptors. Works by well-known sculptors, others less well known, and some at the start of their careers, give visitors and buyers a wide choice of styles and prices. ArtParks International displays work in beautiful gardens to create agreeable and relaxed ways to view, buy or simply to enjoy nature and landscape. Other ArtParks are at Druidstone in Kent and Sausmarez Manor in Guernsey.

## **The Park**

The Denbighs open Newnham Paddox Art Park every year from May to October. This enables visitors to return and see the garden and Grade I listed landscape change with the seasons, and to buy or

view fresh works of sculpture. The Capability Brown landscaped park occupies about 1,000 acres of the Newnham Paddox estate. The 30-acre open-air sculpture gallery within it occupies wooded areas known as The Grove and Nursery Spinney bordering the ornamental Top and Bottom Lakes. Wooded walks afford fine views of the lakes and the park and some sensational perspectives for works of sculpture.

The park at Newnham Paddox is remarkable for rare specimen trees that previous generations of Denbighs have sent back from trips abroad. For the re-planting now beginning, Alexander and Suzy use similar and sympathetic varieties and undertake new work on classification. Existing specimens, such as a majestic weeping chestnut, carry labels for visitor information and interest. As well as creating arresting backdrops for sculpture, recent planting along public walks has made natural paths and repaired damaged hedges.

The new visitor car park has an Eco-Grid floor through which grass can grow, and which the Denbighs can recycle by ploughing it back into the land if they ever wish to move the car park. In this way, there is no damage to the ancient ridge and furrow field or the landscape.



### Newnham Paddox and Capability Brown

Seventeenth century gardeners drew inspiration from the formal French style of André le Nôtre, creator of Versailles. Their successors inevitably sought change and departed from uniformity and formality; their tenet was that gardeners should not impose their designs on the land, but rather work with the gifts of landscape and naturally occurring flora and forest. In this Capability Brown was the master of the art and the politics of his time influenced his work. He acquired clients among Tories and Whigs, but the Whigs favoured him most: his English roots, native style and romantic landscapes symbolised their dislike of continental restraint and formality.

In 1745, The Fifth Earl of Denbigh and his Countess borrowed Capability Brown from their close friend Lord Cobham, at Stowe, to carry out work at Newnham Paddox. The Fifth Earl's "Building Book" (still owned by Alexander and Suzy) details "the alteration of the great canal, and carrying it on to the head of the pond in the park, by a plan and the direction of Mr Brown." Work continued until the Denbigh's ran short of money in 1753. An aunt of the succeeding Sixth Earl lent £2,000 to complete it.

For a romantic landscape at Newnham Paddox, Capability Brown created a naturalistic garden, not over-contrived, and of interest all year round. Succeeding generations of Denbighs have maintained this landscape, work that Alexander and Suzy continue with the sculpture garden project. The Top and Bottom Lakes, on which Newnham Paddox Art Park centres, are the remaining two-thirds of the serpentine lake created by Capability Brown, who also planted the "hanging slopes" along the lakeside.

### Newnham Paddox and the Earls of Denbigh

Newnham Paddox has been the home of the Feilding family (created Earls of Denbigh in 1622) since 1433. William Feilding, the First Earl, married a sister of the Duke of Buckingham, a prominent statesman in the reigns of James I and Charles I. In 1631, he made a voyage to India immortalised in Van Dyck's portrait of him shooting birds in the jungle (National Gallery). In 1643, during the Civil War, Parliamentary forces killed William while fighting for the Royalists at Birmingham and his son Basil, a moderate supporter of the opposing parliamentary cause, succeeded to the title. At the battle of Edgehill, Basil had fought against his father, though the wings that each commanded did not come into contact.

For 570 years, until the opening of the Sculpture Garden in 2003, the Feilding family used the estate only for agriculture and field sports. They built three great houses at Newnham Paddox and in 1952 demolished the last (built between 1876 and 1879), considering it over-large and potentially a drain on the estate. Though, to some, it seemed a drastic move, it enabled preservation of farms, woodland and parkland, and was faithful to the belief of all the Earls of Denbigh that land is the heritage of future generations. Alexander Denbigh is the twelfth holder of the title; Suzy and he live in the much smaller Newnham Paddox House built by his grandmother in the 1970's.

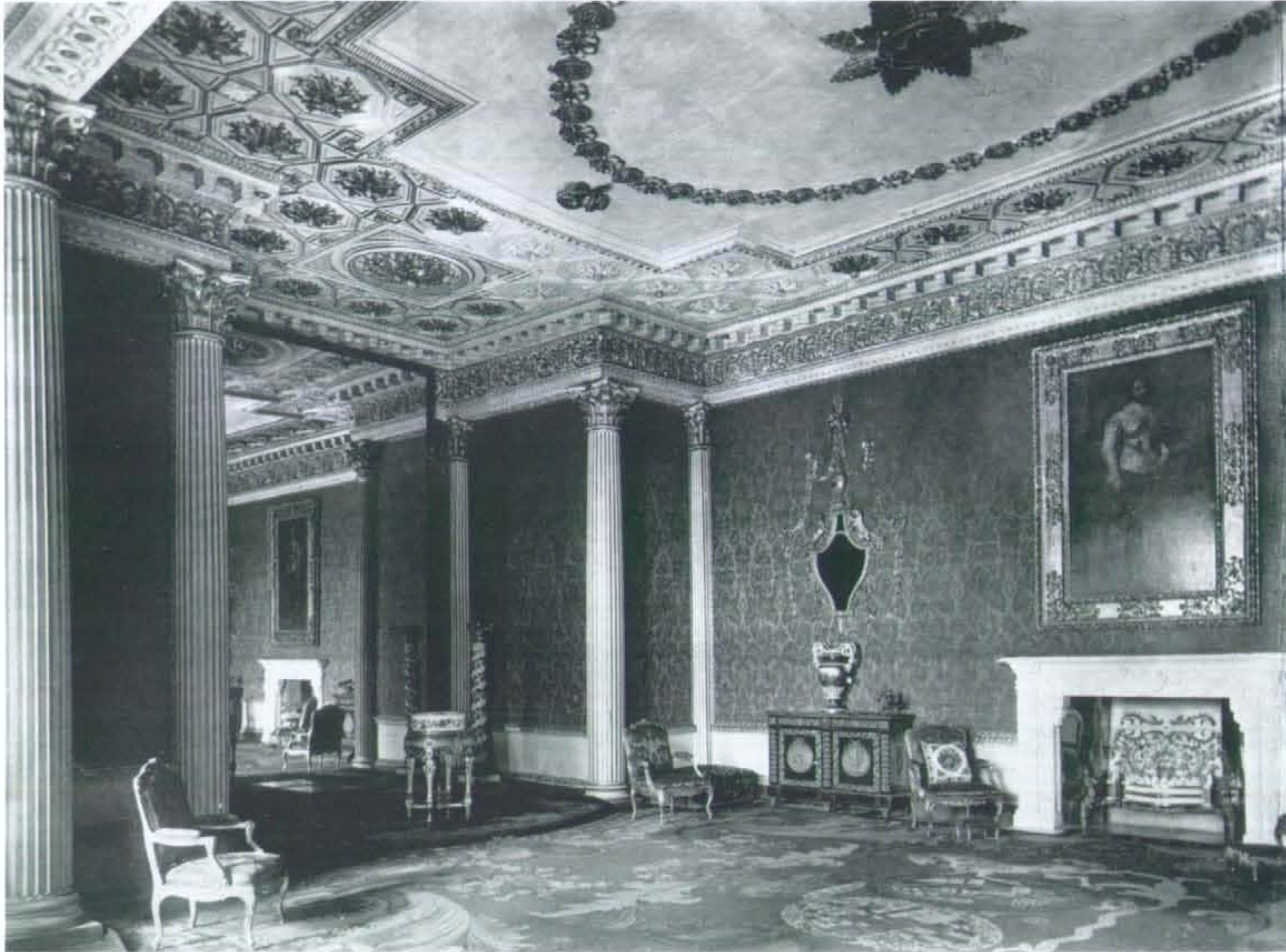
Surviving on the estate from earlier times are the 18<sup>th</sup> century stables and the magnificent 18<sup>th</sup> century wrought iron gates that the Eighth Earl brought to Newnham Paddox in the 19<sup>th</sup> century.

Janie Joel



# STOWE' GARTER ROOM:

The birthplace of neo-classical architecture in England



Stowe can claim to be the birthplace of a cultural revolution. The revolution described here is not the development of landscape gardening, in which Stowe played a major role. Rather, it is the start of the neo-classical movement in architecture which swept through England and beyond from the 1750's. In this article it is argued that this classical renaissance started most obviously in Stowe's Garter Room, eventually culminating in the Greek Revival of the early 19<sup>th</sup> century. In this respect the Garter Room of Stowe House can boast a significance in both date and detail which is more than a match for the magnificent garden which surrounds it.

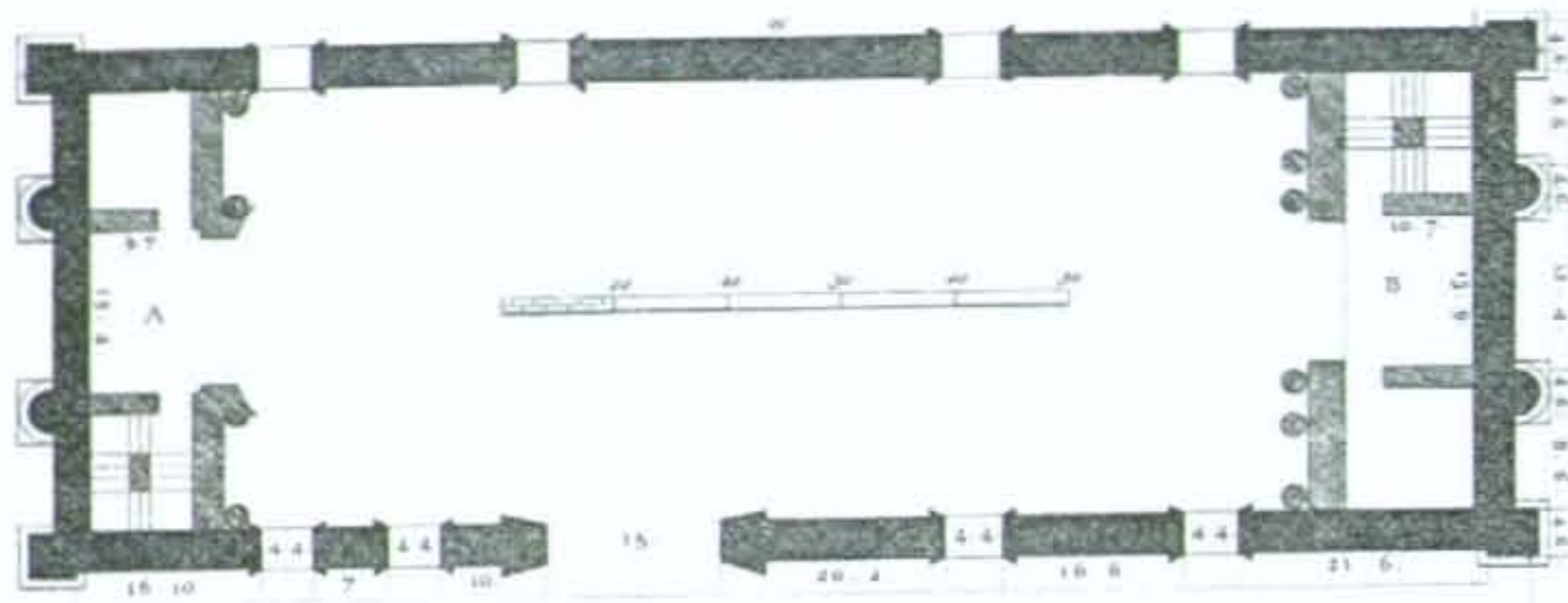
In the early 1750's Earl Temple was puzzling over classicising the Grecian Temple, now the Temple of Concord & Victory, and decorating the interior of the Garter Room. With the help of the Italian architect Borra, he chose to copy details from two newly discovered Hellenistic temples in the Near East. In the Garter Room in particular he thus created, as the climax to the sequence of rooms in Stowe House, his very own classical temple. Previously classical architecture had been copied from sources like Palladio's engravings of Roman temples. These were turned into trend-setting copies like William Kent's Temple of Ancient Virtue at Stowe in the mid 1730's. A decade earlier

Sir John Vanbrugh had experimented with reconstructing a circular Temple, the Rotondo, from a surviving account by the Roman writer Vitruvius. No one, however, had tried to copy accurate details from a newly discovered ancient ruin until the early 1750's, when it soon became the rage following the publication of Borra's drawings in Robert Wood's two famous books, *The Ruins of Palmyra otherwise Tedmor in the Desert* in 1753 and *The Ruins of Balbec otherwise Heliopolis in Coelosyria* in 1757. In the words of Michael Gibbon, Earl Temple was 'following, or rather blazing, the Neo-classical trail'.

## 1 The date of the State Apartments

The State Bedchamber (now the Garter Room) was the culmination of Lord Cobham's design of the 1740's. During this decade he embarked on the grand scheme of enlarging his father's 17<sup>th</sup> century house at the level of the *piano nobile* from the central pavilion via galleries to the two end pavilions. The result was an impressive enfilade of 11 rooms centred on the Great Parlour (replaced in the 1770's with the Marble Hall). Lord Cobham had started on the eastern side with a Ball Room (now the large Library) leading to the Grenville Room (now the Blue Room). Further east he added Her Ladyship's Dressing Room and Bedchamber (later rebuilt and

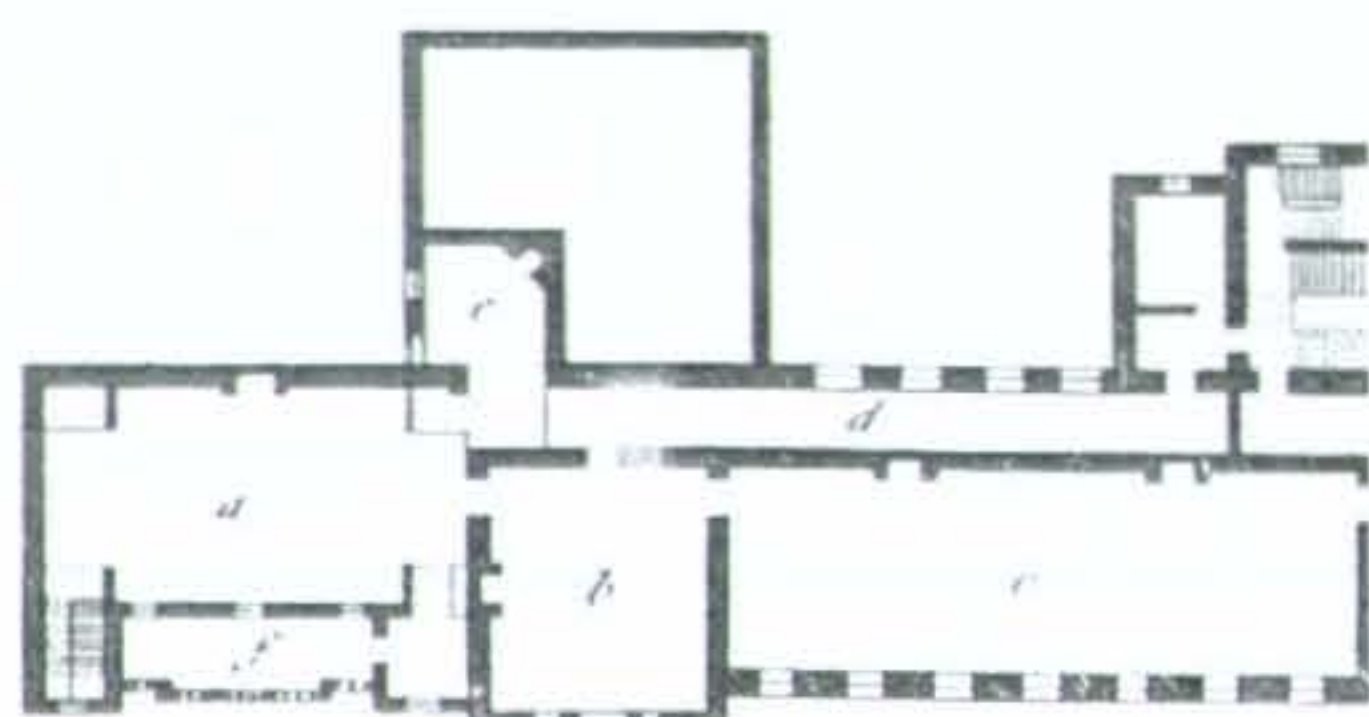
now Chandos House dormitories), all 'newly built' in 1748, as Lady Newdigate suggests.



The location of the State Bedchamber at the western end of the main enfilade was planned in the 1740's, long before its interior decoration was devised. In July 1748 Lady Newdigate was told by 'the person who shewd the house' that this room was to be 'a prodigious large bedchamber ... in which the bed is to be raised upon steps', intended 'for any of the Royal Family, if ever they should do my Lord the honour of a visit.' 'This apartment is to be fitted up with the greatest Magnificence, it is at present only brick walls yet said to have cost ten thousand pounds'. This, of course, meant that this new suite of rooms adjoined the 17th century kitchens, an alteration to the original plan which still presents problems today.

The State Gallery (now the State Dining Room) dates from about 1746 to 1750. Joiners and plasterers were at work in 1746. Sleter was paid for the four paintings in the cove in April 1747 and Joshua Harris dated and signed the ceiling in 1750.

In 1748 the next room to the west was a drawing room, perhaps maintaining its earlier function from the rebuilding of the early 1730's. It was destined to become the State Dressing Room (now the Servery) but little is known about its decoration before the 1770's apart from the chimneypiece and overmantel. Since the carving of the overmantel was charged for in 1756 but the chimneypiece was not set up until 1760, it is probably right to see these as closely connected with the design for the adjacent State Bedchamber (now the Garter Room), the final and largest room in the suite of three.



The brick shell of the State Bedchamber was built by July 1748, according to the evidence of Lady Newdigate as quoted above. Work started on

the interior of this room by 1755. In February 1755 John Hobcraft charged for 'Drawing a Plan for State Bedchamber' and that year George and Richard Pain charged for work on the ceiling and cornice.

The year 1759 can be regarded as the date when the initial decoration of these rooms was completed. During that year William Bacon set up the State Bed. This year was also the date for the publication of Seeley's first *Description of Stowe* to give details of the interior of Stowe House, now that it was at last finished. Earl Temple, however, was awarded the Garter only in February 1760, after his brother-in-law William Pitt had asked for it on his behalf, so the centre of the ceiling with its garter insignia and the hangings on the bed were not added until later that year. This was also the year the chimneypiece was installed in the State Dressing Room.



## 2 The end of the enfilade: Lord Cobham and Capability Brown

Lord Cobham clearly intended that the State Bed should be the climax of his suite of reception and state rooms. In doing so, he was imitating the French tradition by which the King's bedchamber formed the climax of the *cour d'honneur*, the progression or 'axis of honour' through the increasingly ornate and distinguished apartments until the regal presence was revealed to the chosen few who were admitted to the place of greatest security and significance. This was true of Louis XIV's Versailles, the greatest and most imitated palace in Europe. The bedchamber itself was often used for audiences and even the anterooms, dressing rooms and closets or cabinets took on greater significance as further select reception rooms.

The enfilade, whereby one room opened into another with all the doors in alignment, was not a feature of medieval interior design with the asymmetrical Great Hall. Rather, it came into fashion with the new classical style of architecture from the 17th century. Enfilades were usually aligned with windows in the end rooms and located close to an exterior wall. This was true of the original 17th cen-

ture plan of Stowe House. The positioning of doorways close to the exterior walls limited the range of possibilities for the dynamic shapes of rooms. Only in a few instances, as in the Saloon at Blenheim, was it used more creatively providing vistas to and from the centre of a room, as in the State Bedchamber at Stowe.

Several large English houses included the bedchamber near the end of the progression through the State Rooms. Thus at Chatsworth the state apartments on the first floor of the south side run east to west towards the State Bedchamber. The same sequence was true of Hampton Court's South Front additions for King William III, where, progressing from west to east, the State Bedchamber lay beyond the Throne Room, although the Queen's closet occupied the actual corner. The rooms on the East Front ran south to north, ending with the Prince of Wales' Dressing Room on the corner. At Blenheim, the mirror image of a pair of three-roomed apartments in the state rooms along the south front was copied on the east front with another pair of private apartments. Nevertheless, typically of a 17<sup>th</sup> century layout, the final room in the sequence was the Dressing Room or closet, and the bed in the previous room could therefore not be in the alignment but had to stand to one side, at right angles. The ground floor on the south side of Beningbrough has bedroom suites at either end but, again, the dressing rooms are in the corners with the bedchambers one room in towards the centre of the house. Stowe had its private apartments at the east end of the enfilade, mirroring the location of the state apartments at the west end. Stowe's State Bedchamber is therefore probably unique on two counts. Firstly the bedchamber is at the very end of the enfilade. Secondly, the bed itself is at the end of the alignment of enfilade doorways and not away from it at right angles.

The question therefore arises as to whose idea it was to locate the State Bedchamber at the climax of the south enfilade at Stowe, with the State Bed itself positioned in alignment with the enfilade. Since Lady Newdigate's account states that the brickwork was completed by July 1748, it was in Lord Cobham's time rather than that of Earl Temple who succeeded him the following year. Also, since the brickwork must have included the fireplace, the only possible location for the Bed would have been the west wall, its eventual position. The Stowe State Bed was designed to stand on a dais behind railings. It is said that this feature is still to be found in Britain only at Powis Castle, where it dates from the 1680's. At Versailles Louis XIV would allow only princes beyond this balustrade at a leveé (reception).

This may have been Lord Cobham's own idea. Alternatively another architect such as Lancelot Brown, Henry Flitcroft (suggested as a possible

architect of the State Gallery by Desmond Fitzgerald) or James Gibbs may have been involved, but there is no conclusive evidence as yet. The dating and original narrow shape of the room may suggest that the basic design could be Brown's work. Lord Cobham requested Brown's plans for the 'Long Room' in April 1747. There were no other suitable 'long rooms', since, by the following July, the Ball Room (now the large Library) was probably complete and, as noted above, the State Gallery was already being decorated. The State Bedchamber was originally 50 feet 8 inches by 25 feet 10 inches; it could therefore be described as a 'long room'. Although the Library and State Dining Room are 74 and 70 feet respectively by a similar width, it may be significant that Seeley calls both 'galleries', not 'rooms', in the 1759 *Description of Stowe*. If Brown drew up the plans, the ideas behind them could well be Lord Cobham's. By this time Brown had designed the Grecian Temple and other buildings in the garden, and Lord Cobham had designed at least one garden and one park building. It may be significant that Lord Cobham's portrait was to feature in this part of the house.

### 3 A classical triumph

#### *a) Earl Temple, William Pitt and Giovanni Battista Borra*

It was clearly Lord Cobham's intention from the start that his State apartments should be decorated with classical themes. The State Gallery was under construction in 1746 and Sleter was paid six guineas in April 1747, perhaps for the four medallion paintings in the cove of Hebe, Diana and two of Cupid and two Graces. Lord Cobham commissioned Urban Leyniers at Brussels to manufacture a series of five large tapestries, all on the theme of the triumphs of classical deities [Bacchus, Neptune, Mars, Diana, Ceres], while the overmantels illustrated the importance of truth and poetic inspiration. Such a classical triumph was part of the carefully orchestrated iconography supporting Cobham's other martial and political themes elsewhere in the house.

Earl Temple, who succeeded his uncle at Stowe in 1749, was more single-mindedly devoted to the classical world. He spent much time and money purifying Stowe's classical buildings and developing more complex classical iconographies. The State Bedchamber can be seen as a sophisticated *tour de force* to rival his more overt statements in the triumphal frieze of the later Marble Saloon. On inheriting his title in 1752, Earl Temple grasped a unique opportunity to take the lead in importing classical expertise in his development of Stowe.

In the early 1750's Giovanni Battista Borra (1713-70), an Italian from Turin, was probably the architect in England with the greatest direct knowl-

edge of classical architecture. When two classical scholars, Robert Wood (c.1717-71) and John Bouverie (c.1722-1750), who died on the expedition, set out from Naples in 1750 to investigate and record classical architecture in the near east, they took two draughtsmen, James Dawkins (1722-57), a wealthy Jacobite with estates in Jamaica, and Borra. They visited and recorded the remains of two Roman cities in the Greek east, Palmyra and Baalbeck. Neither had been investigated thoroughly before, and even Wood spent only nine days there. Palmyra had been located by some English merchants only in 1678 and Baalbeck was first visited by Henry Maundell in 1697.

Although Wood envisaged a romantic expedition and was determined 'to read the Iliad and Odyssey in countries where Achilles fought, where Ulysses travelled and where Homer sung', the outcome was more practical. Back in England Borra worked up his working drawings and they were soon published as *The Ruins of Palmyra* in 1753 and *The Ruins of Balbec* in 1757. These books were of major importance since they were effectively the first of several archaeological volumes with architectural engravings which led to the full development of the classical revival. James 'Athenian' Stuart (1713-88) and Nicholas Revett (1720-1804) had been planning their Greek expedition from 1748 to 1751 but they had yet to complete their travels and their first volume was not published until 1762.

Earl Temple therefore engaged Borra soon after the latter arrived in London in the autumn of 1751 ready to prepare his drawings for Wood's publications. Earl Temple had been a member of the Society of Dilettanti, the leading society for classical archaeologists, from 1736, and probably from its start two years earlier. Both Wood's and Stuart's expeditions were supported by this society and Wood was elected a member in 1763. A group of letters in French from Borra to Earl Temple survives, referring to various aspects of his work at Stowe from 1752 to 1754. Borra reconstructed on purer classical lines various existing garden buildings at Stowe, such as Vanbrugh's Rotondo, from 1752 to about 1754, the Grecian Temple in 1753 and 1754, and the Gibbs' Building in 1756, rededicating it to Diana. He has also been credited with plans for altering the Boycott Pavilions and the addition of ceilings in the Palladian Bridge and the Lake Pavilions. The last few may have been simply the execution of his earlier plans, since the actual buildings date from 1758 to 1764, but Borra returned to Turin in 1756 and there is no evidence for subsequent visits by him to England.

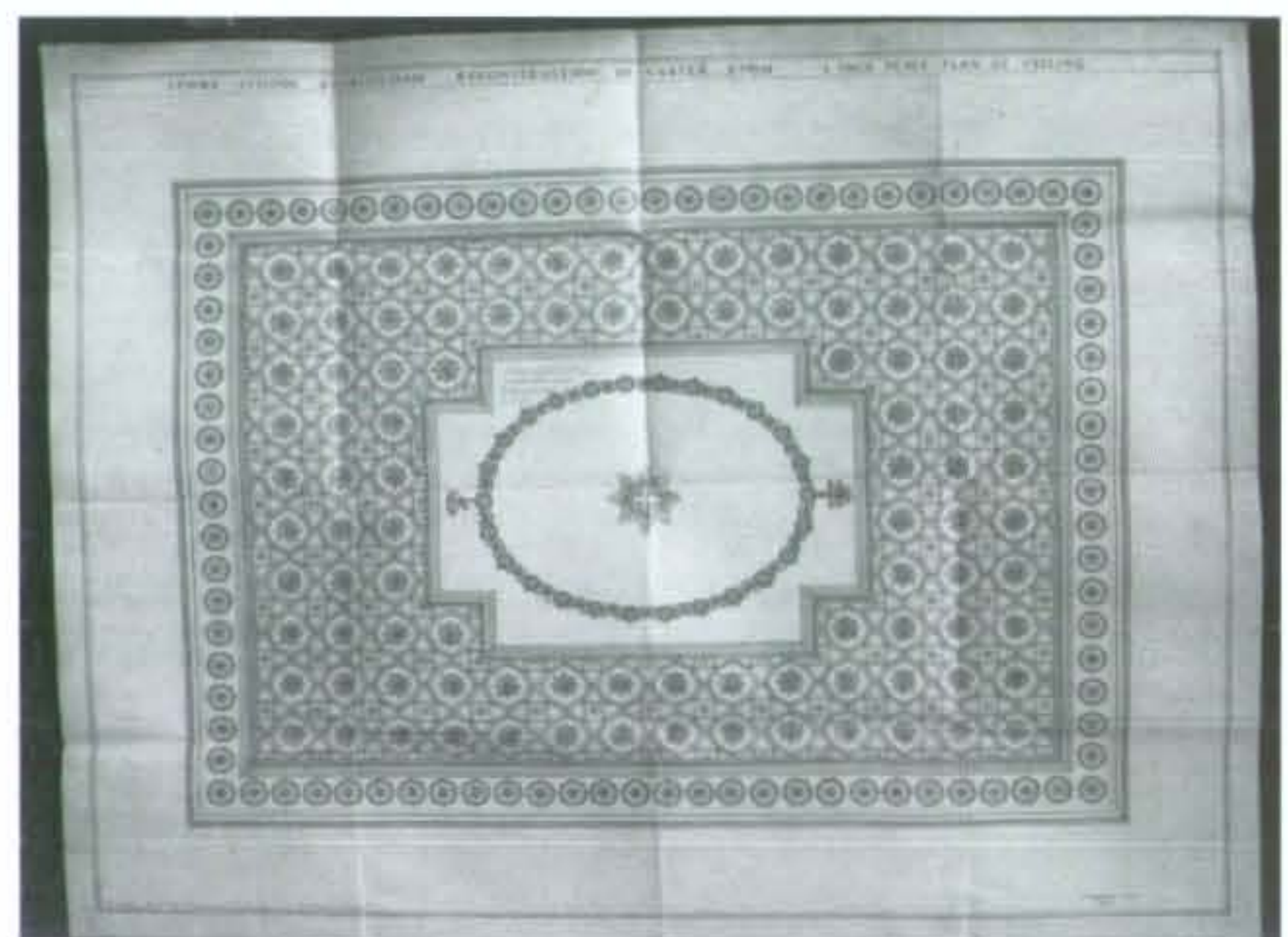
The first evidence of Borra's proposals for Stowe House itself is the engraving of the South Front 'according to the Plan proposed by Signor Borra', usually dated 1753. Its three massive pavilions with numerous columns *in antis* seem inspired by the

Great Temple at Baalbeck. It might then be assumed that this fits with the suggestion that the Grecian Temple was based by Brown on Pococke's Baalbeck drawing, and that this was a major reason why Earl Temple called in Borra so soon after his arrival in England.

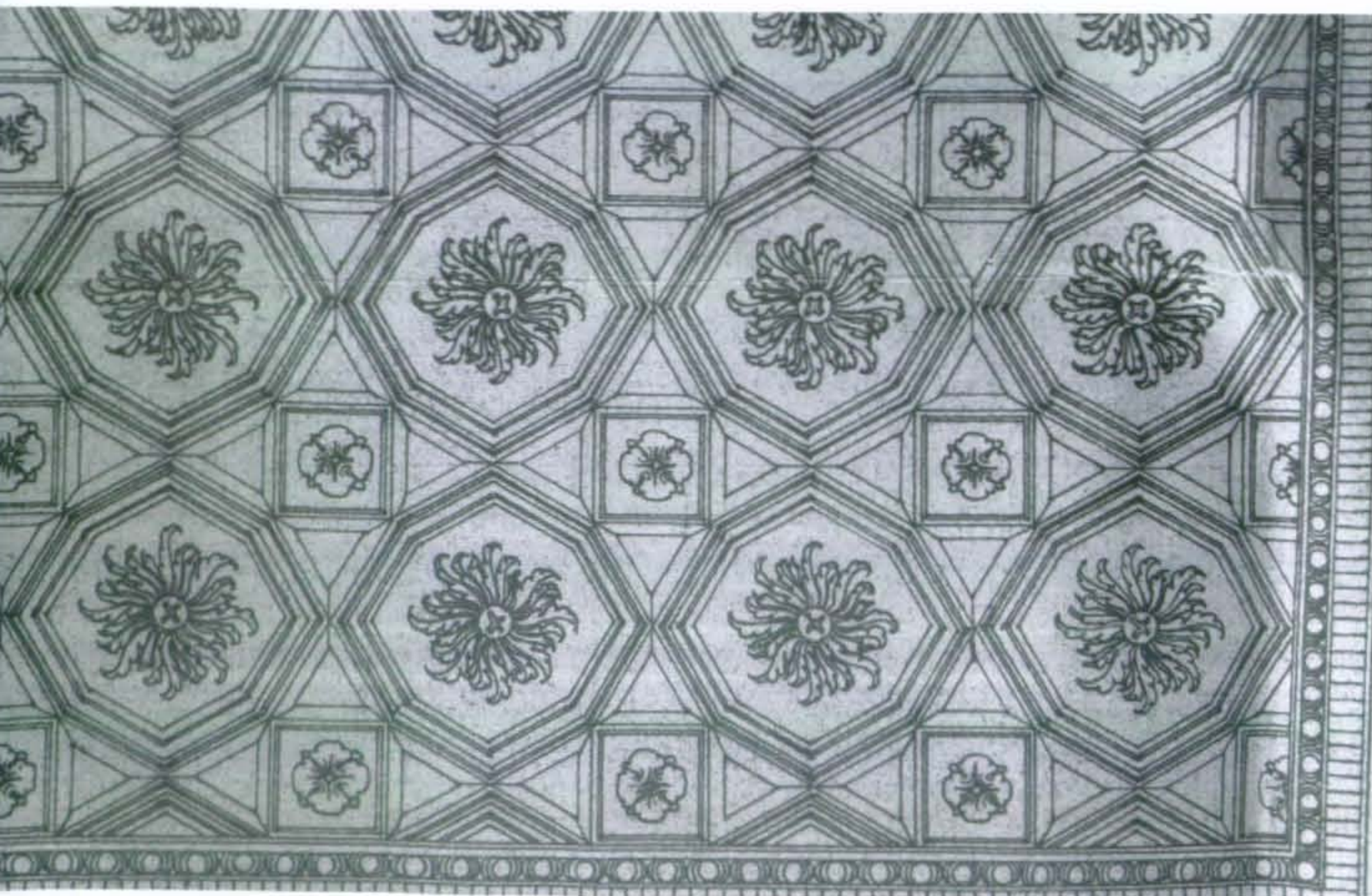
It is not yet certain whether the two Palmyrene features of the Garter Room were contemporary with the South Front plan. These were the four closets modelled on the floor-plan of the Temple of the Sun, and the ceiling design, also taken from the same temple. Work on the ceiling, however, was charged for in 1755, after Earl Temple had rejected Borra's design for the South Front. Instead, in 1754 he had himself designed with Borra in the Servant's Hall the double flight of steps for the South Front which lasted until 1771. Furthermore, since Earl Temple praised the advice of his brother-in-law, William Pitt, in proposing alterations to 'Signor Borra's plan for the house' which Borra himself adopted, and this letter was of 5<sup>th</sup> August 1755, it would seem that William Pitt may well have been involved in revising Borra's plans for the interior of the house and in particular the State Dressing Room and State Bedchamber. This could account for the difference in authorship of the chimneypiece and its overmantel in the Dressing Room. It might also hint at a change from an earlier Baalbeck phase at Stowe, originating with the Grecian Temple, and a later Palmyrene phase encouraged by William Pitt after he had read Wood's *Palmyra* of 1753.

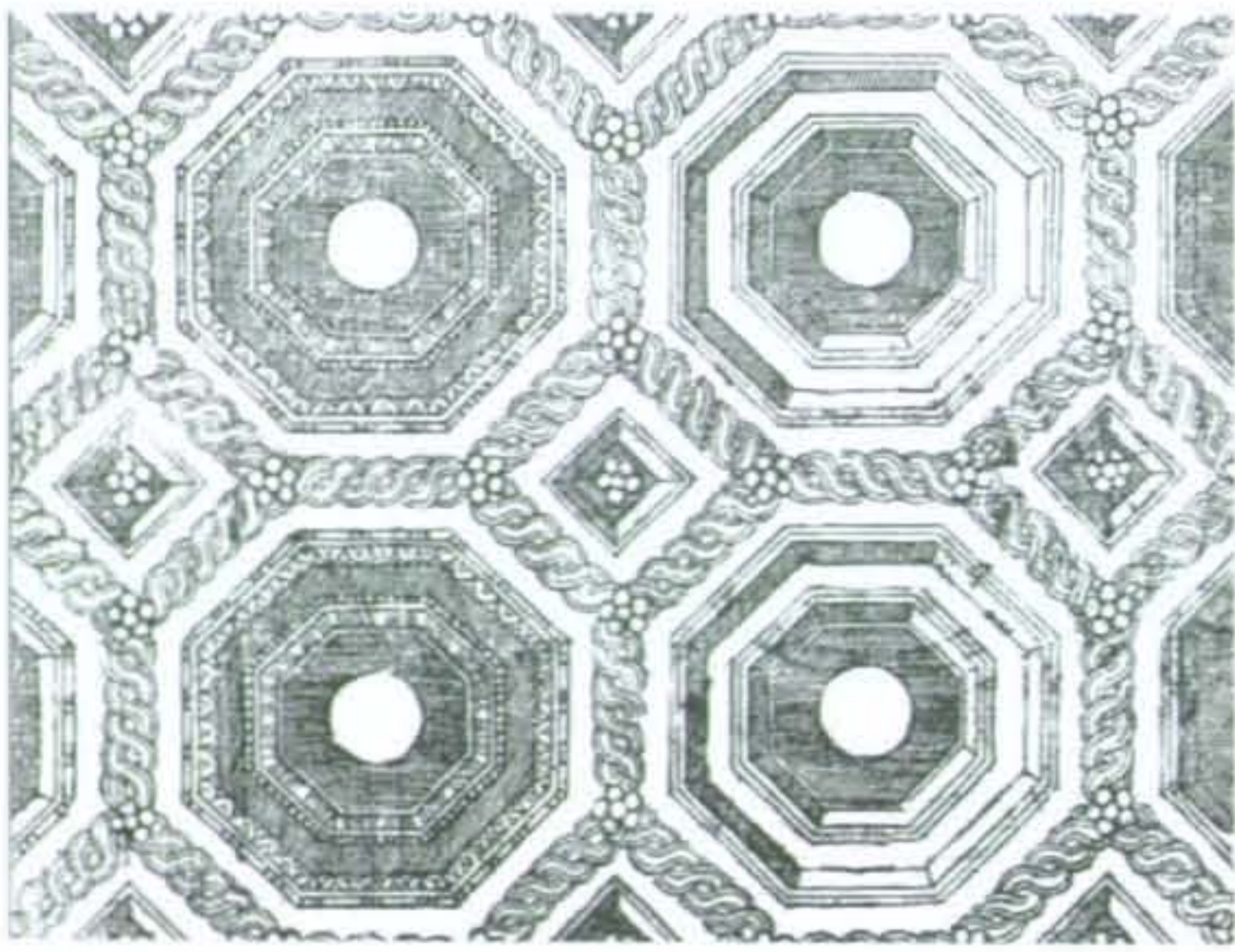
#### (b) *The Palmyrene ceilings*

Decorated ceilings of classical buildings tend either to be entirely flat, in which case they can be plain or painted – painting was popular in baroque times -, or trabeate (constructed with horizontal beams) or coffered (with recesses, as if between beams). Trabeate structures were used to compartmentalise a ceiling by, for instance, Inigo Jones and William Kent. More complex shapes, such as rectangles, squares, diamonds and Greek crosses, were often combined symmetrically. Serlio records some of these combinations; a good example at Stowe is in the Old Chapel (Grenville games room).

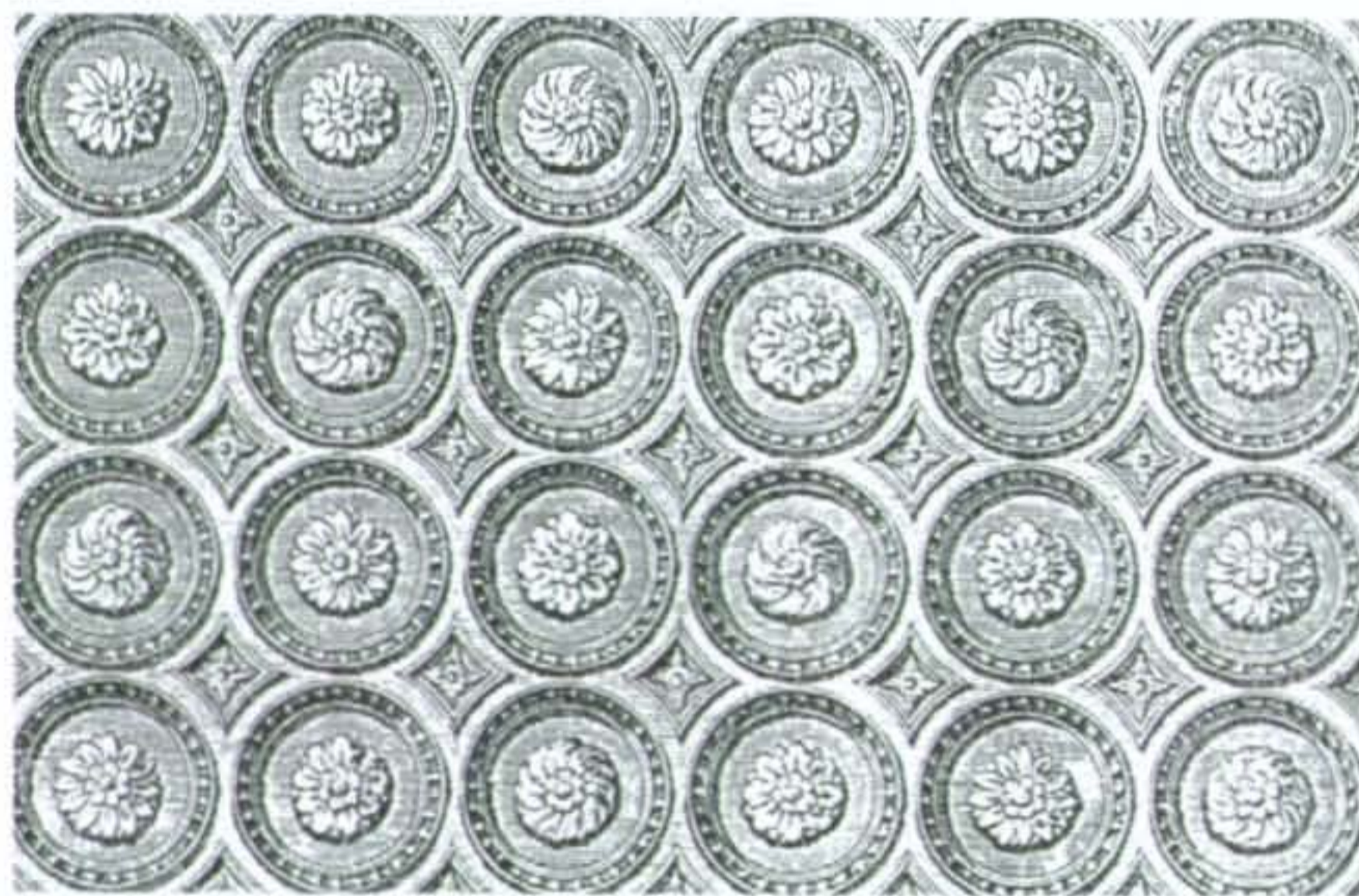








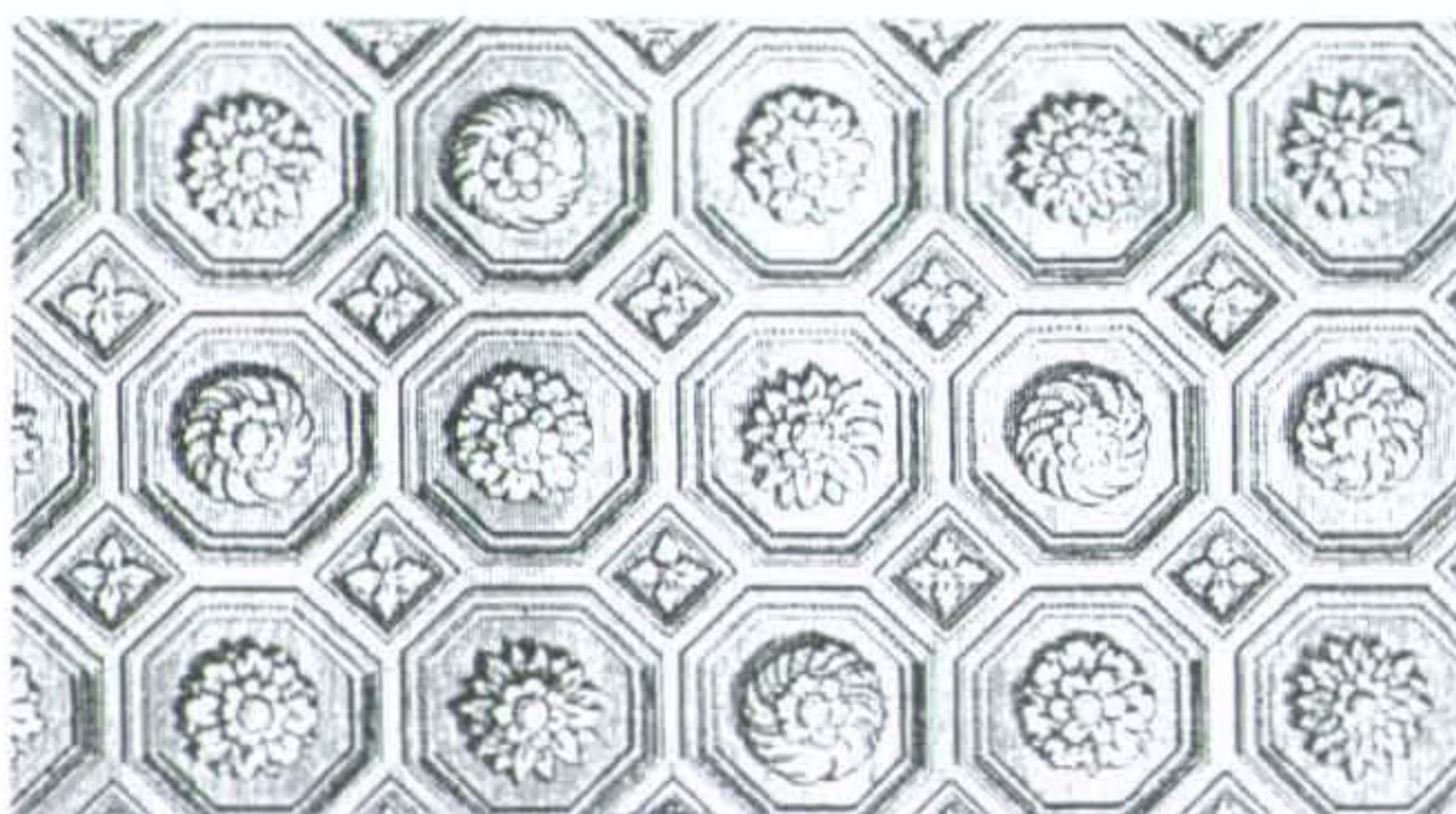
Coffering, however, is the system most frequently found in important ancient buildings. Nearly always the coffering is square or rectangular or shaped to fit a curved surface. There are good earlier and later examples of this at Stowe, in the vaulted West Corridor and the dome of the Marble Hall. As Greek and Roman architects became more confident in their geometrical abilities, they began to produce a greater variety of shapes for the coffering with hexagons, octagons and circles, especially at Palmyra and to a lesser extent at Baalbeck. The most impressive were the two monolithic ceil-



ings over the recesses at either end of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra. Dr William Halifax, who saw them briefly in October 1691, described the 'canopies placed over ye altars' as 'beautiful with most curious fretwork & carvings' and a 'most exquisite piece of workmanship'.

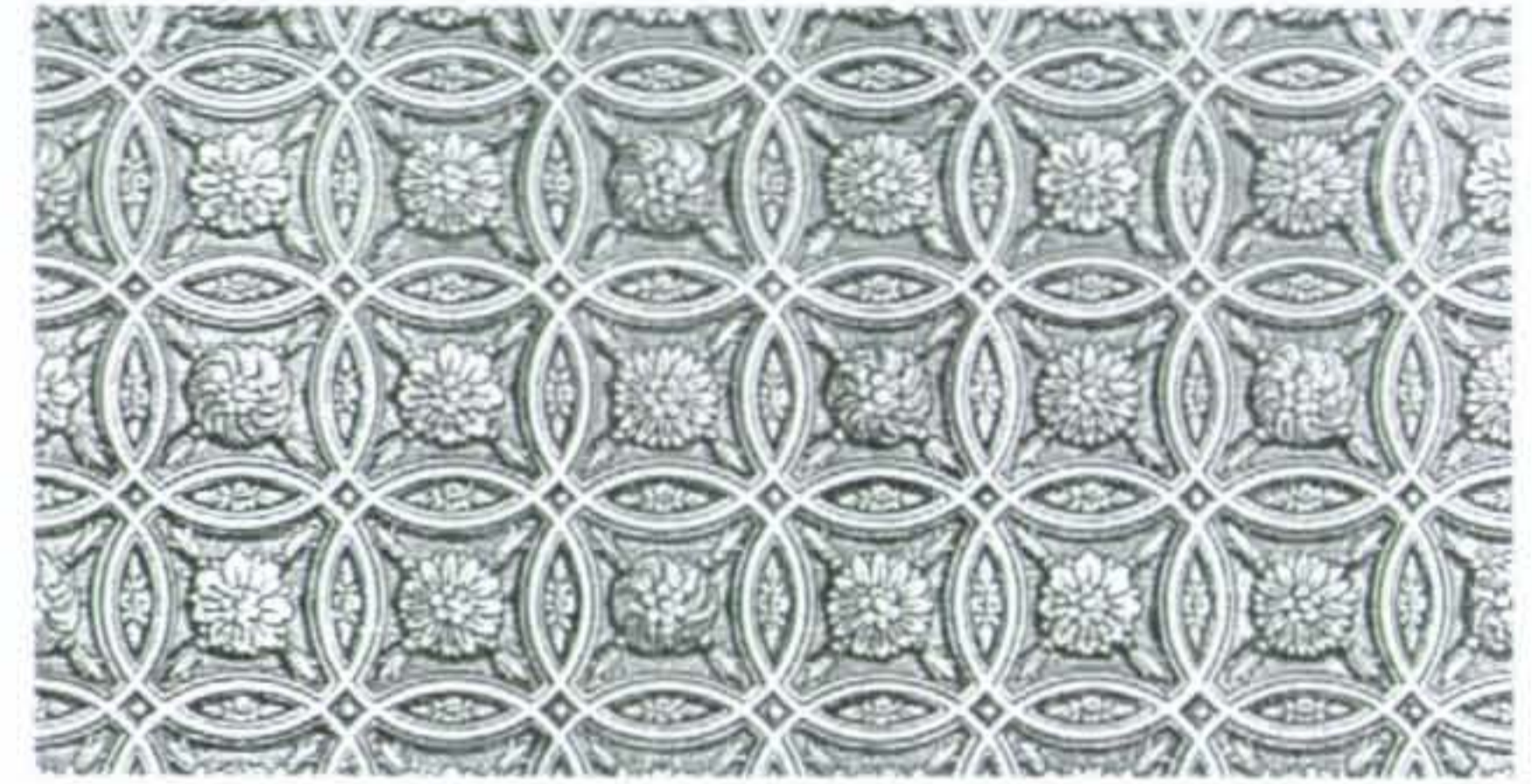
There were four patterns of Palmyrene ceilings copied in England at the start of the new period of classical revival initiated by Wood and Borra. Two were based on octagons and two on circles.

Of the two based in octagons, one had regular



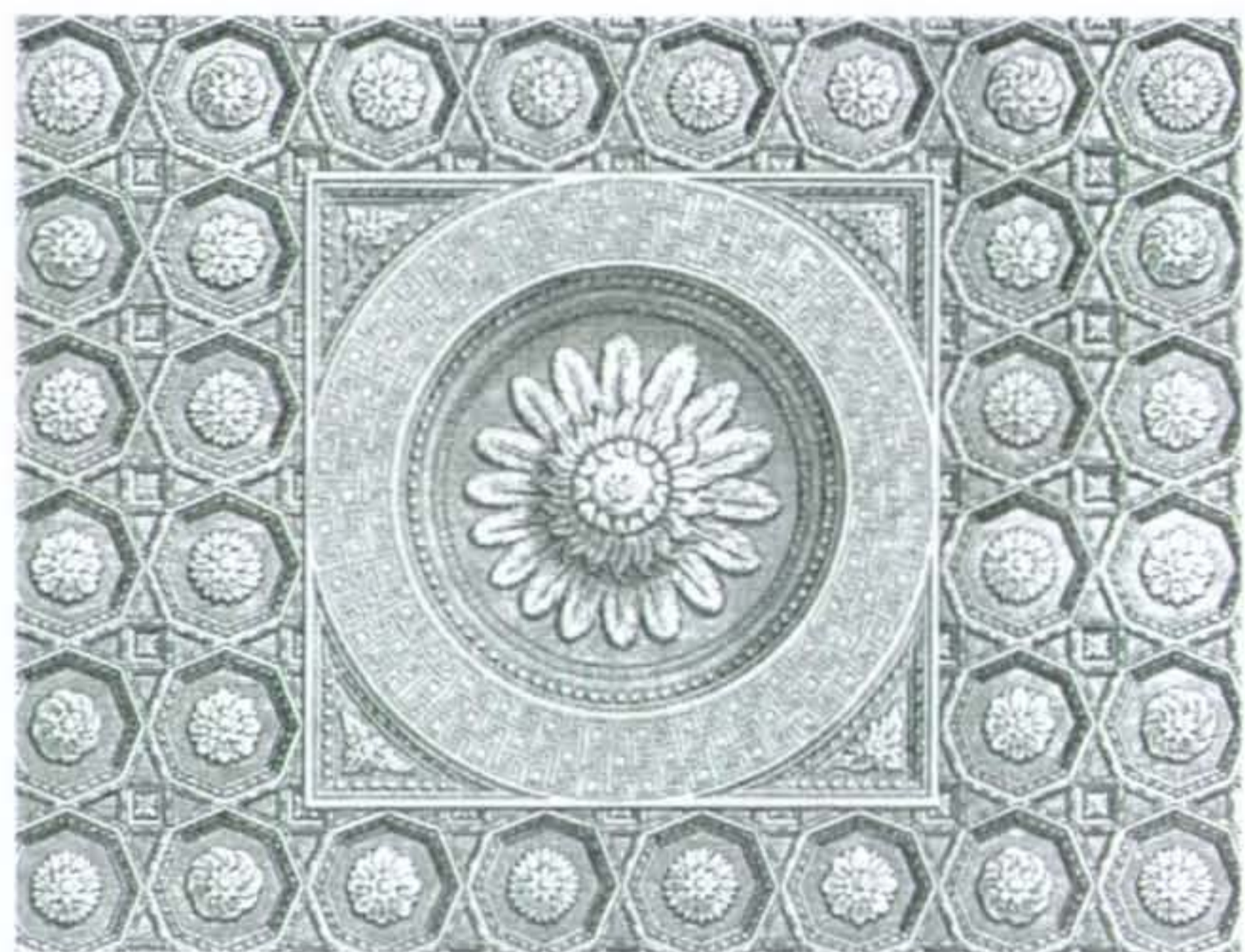
octagons joined at the angles, with small squares and triangles in-between; the other had non-regular octagons, or squares with truncated corners, placed near each other along their long sides, with small squares at 45° in-between. This latter pattern should be distinguished from a similar pattern but with regular octagons, as illustrated long before by Serlio and copied by William Kent, Robert Adam and others.

Of the two based on circles, one had adjoining circles in a rectangular grid pattern, with small four-pointed stars with smooth convex sides. The other had interlocking circles in a rectangular grid



pattern, forming very small four-pointed stars with smooth convex sides in-between four adjacent circles. There were also a few patterns based on hexagons, but these were less distinctive from some well tried ideas of earlier centuries.

The two octagonal patterns were the key elements at this stage of the classical revival in the 1750's and 1760's. One came from inside the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra and one from its courtyard. The first use in England of both was probably at Stowe: the former in the Garter Room



and the latter in the pronaos of the Temple of Concord & Victory. The former, used for the Garter Room ceiling, became the best known of all Palmyrene features.

The two circular patterns were less frequently used. Their origin as sepulchral decoration may have put off clients, and the slightly less attractive aesthetic arrangement of circles within a ceiling's rectangular frame may also have been a factor. The copies tend to be slightly later in date, although

Borra made good use of them in various buildings in Turin in the late 1750's. In the early 1770's both circular patterns were used for the new ceiling needed near the windows of the Garter Room when the South Front of Stowe was rebuilt to Adam's and Pitt's design.

The one awkward feature of the original angled octagonal ceiling from Palmyra was its central circular recess. Although bordered with an impressive Greek key pattern, the junction between the circle and the straight lines of the surrounding octagons was not very happy. A similar circular centrepiece featuring a bust was found on the other octagonal ceiling too. Borra therefore eliminated these central circles at Stowe, although he kept a small one over the bed recess at the far end of the State Bedroom and at the eastern end. Instead he introduced a flat central panel with mainly straight edges, doubtless designed for the eventual grant of the Garter. A similar design can be found inside the Temple of Concord & Victory, although it has yet to receive any decoration there.

### (c) *The Temple of the Sun*

The State Bedroom recreated Palmyra not only in the ceiling design from the Temple of the Sun but also in its general plan. In each corner were rectangular closets, breaking forward into the central space symmetrically around the enfilade. This recalls the oriental design of the interior of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra, with its two adytions inside the cella. In recreating this Earl Temple was creating his own Temple as the climax of the enfilade, his axis of honour.

In doing so he was probably driven not only by his desire to produce the first archaeologically authentic reconstruction of a newly discovered Hellenistic temple. He was also, doubtless, restating his strong political views. As so often at Stowe, development in architecture and gardening reflected political themes and libertarian ideals. The iconographical significance of the Temple of the Sun is made clear in Robert Wood's preface to *The Ruins of Palmyra*. He commented on its Syrian name, Tedmor, meaning 'palm' according to St. Jerome, and its Greek name 'Palmyra' with the same meaning. These obviously suited the end of Earl Temple's triumphal progression, since a palm stood for victory and triumph. Wood then wrote a eulogy of Palmyra's most famous ruler, Queen Zenobia. He followed Trebellius Pollio in highlighting her regal beauty – she 'puts one more in mind of Minerva than Venus', her linguistic abilities, her prudent government, her chaste views even within marriage, her capacity for drink (doubtless a winner with Earl Temple), and above all her great military conquests – 'an example of one of the most rapid and extraordinary changes of fortune we meet with in history'. She thus became an exemplar of mili-

tary virtues (amid Persian luxury), the result of a 'republican' government, so dear in its libertarian form to Earl Temple. At the same time Zenobia encouraged excellence in literature. Wood applauded Zenobia's minister Dionysius Cassius Longinus, Alexander Pope's 'ardent Judge ... always just', for his *Treatise on the Sublime*, which must have influenced Edmund Burke's seminal *A Philosophical Enquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful* published in 1757.

Zenobia, or 'Augusta' as she called herself on her coins, was thus considered the 'noblest woman in all the Orient'. She had come to symbolise wealth, trade and political independence challenging totalitarian Rome, rather like Boudica and Caractacus in Britain, both in favour at this time, the latter with a relief later commissioned for Stowe's North Hall. This would have appealed strongly to Earl Temple with his libertarian ideals and also to William Pitt who persuaded Borra to make changes to his plans for the House. The Eagle Relief at Palmyra was actually incorporated into the seal of the United States, an indication of its republican associations.

Given the republican overtones of the Garter Room's original shape and ceiling, it is significant that Borra's State Bed was given bound *fascēs* symbolising Roman totalitarian control to form its four pillars. This must have been a deliberate choice. The Bed was designed for visiting royalty but King George II disliked Earl Temple intensely and long refused his request for the Garter. Its eventual grant in 1760 and its immediate display on the ceiling of the State Bedroom would have focused Earl Temple's choice of iconography even more sharply, with the central insignia of the Garter blazing like the Sun, as befitted the original Temple, with its rays spreading into eight points. Regal power was to be eclipsed by Earl Temple's libertarian archaeology.

The republican overtones of the Palmyrene ceiling used in the Garter Room may also have influenced its later use on the Palladian Bridge at Stowe, in about 1764. This building already had strong libertarian themes, with a painting of William Penn. This could also reflect a later phase of William Pitt's iconographical influence at Stowe, since 'concord' with his brother-in-law, Earl Temple, had been restored by then.

The earliest influence of Stowe's State Bedroom can probably be seen at Woburn, where the State Apartments were being finished in about 1758-1760. Here the enfilade of State Apartments in the west wing is united by the addition of triumphal palm-branches over each door. The progression from south to north culminates in the state bedroom with, just as at Stowe, its ceiling of regular octagons linked at the angles taken from the Temple of the Sun. The 4<sup>th</sup> Duke of Bedford, however, or Henry

Flitcroft, probably did not understand fully Earl Temple's reasons for his choice of Palmyrene features; the bed is not in alignment with the enfilade and there is no hint of the corner closets as in the actual temple. Likewise Sir Francis Dashwood doubtless expected few people to realise how in 1763-5 he had turned the church at West Wycombe into a glorified temple of the Sun. At its eastern end is a mausoleum copied from the hexagonal court at Baalbeck, the ancient Heliopolis or 'City of the Sun', while inside is a ceiling from the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra and on the tower is the sun-like golden globe.

Aspects of Borra's interiors of Norfolk House were contemporary with his work at Stowe but many were in his creative rococo style and they lacked the type of political iconography which gave Stowe's 'Temple' Garter Room a greater resonance with the past. Stuart's Painted Room (executed in 1759) at Spencer House, St James's, London has been described as 'the earliest complete neo-classical room in Europe'. It too has a theme, the Spencer's clandestine marriage, but it is based on a Roman relief in the Vatican and on later sources, rather than newly-discovered archaeological finds.

It is therefore tempting to see the birth of neo-classical architecture as realised at Stowe, especially in the original design of the Garter Room. This was the first coherent use of Hellenistic forms within a single space copied from recent archaeological surveys. Previously architects had been limited to reconstructing the past from the author Vitruvius, as in Vanbrugh's Rotondo at Stowe of 1720, or copying a known Roman building surveyed and long published a century and a half before by Palladio, as in William Kent's Temple of Ancient Virtue of about 1737. In the 1740's Lancelot 'Capability' Brown had built England's first so-called Grecian Temple but it was probably based on Pococke's inaccurate plan of Baalbeck. Only when Borra came to England from the east in 1751 could the classical revival itself start, since he was the first to have direct personal knowledge and mainly accurate measurements of suitable Hellenistic buildings.

There is a final twist to the history of the Garter Room's iconography. When the South Front was rebuilt to Robert Adam's design as altered by Thomas Pitt, a new ceiling was added near the windows. The choice of design was appropriately the two Palmyrene ceilings not yet used at Stowe, each with circular patterns. On the exterior skyline, however, Earl Temple added a statue of Liberty, to be identified from his squint, as George Clarke has shown, with the great political libertarian, John Wilkes. By 1763, when Wilkes achieved fame through being imprisoned by George Grenville for his anti-government journal, the *North Briton*, number 45, Robert Wood, the author of *Palmyra*, had

already turned to politics as Under-Secretary of State to William Pitt in 1756, and since 1761 as Member of Parliament for Brackley, a few miles from Stowe. He now supported the government and had a heated argument with Earl Temple in Wilkes' house while Wilkes was being arrested, when Temple objected to the violence used in searching for Wilkes' private papers. Wood's victory was only temporary; later that year he was prosecuted and had to pay damages of £1000. Wilkes and Temple rightly claimed to have safeguarded the nation's liberties. In June that year Earl Temple announced from Stowe that 'Wilkes and Liberty and all her friends will continue to be most welcome here'. Robert 'Palmyra' Wood would never have known of Temple's tribute to Wilkes, since the squint cannot be seen from the ground. Wood could, however, have remained pleased with the first comprehensive use of his ground-breaking book on Palmyra in the Garter Room below.

Few of those who daily use the Garter Room realise its great importance both in the iconography of Stowe and in the development of the classical revival in England. Perhaps Stowe's historic fame 250 years later should depend as much on its claim to be the birthplace of neo-classicism as for its role in the development of the landscape garden.

Michael Bevington



# Obituaries

## THE REVEREND JOS NICHOLL

Commando who won the Military Cross in Italy before going on to be a house master and chaplain at Stowe

The Reverend Jos Nicholl, who has died aged 83, won an MC in Italy in 1945 while serving with 2 Commando at the Battle of Comacchio; after the war he became chaplain at Stowe School.

Early in April 1945, in a curtain raiser to the Eighth Army's spring offensive, Operation Roast was launched to capture the spit of land lying between Lake Comacchio and the Adriatic Sea. This would tie down enemy forces in the area, while the main assault took place through the Argenta Gap to the west of the lake and south-west of Venice.

The task of 2 Commando was to cross the lake north of the Bellochio Canal in the early hours of April 2, seize the two bridges over the canal and then to prevent the enemy reinforcements from the north or withdrawals to the south. 2 Commando embarked in landing-craft, but many became bogged down in the muddy, shallow waters of the lake and the men had to transfer to storm boats.

As a result, 5 Troop, commanded by Nicholl, then a captain, arrived after it was already light but was ordered to attack the enemy positions on one of the bridges without detailed planning or reconnaissance.

Nicholl led his troops 800 yards across country in broad daylight, under heavy small arms fire from uncharted weapons pits, personally destroying several of these and one spandau post. Later in the day, he again led his troops against a strongly-defended gun position.

Although his troops suffered a number of casualties from small arms and gun fire at point blank range, Nicholl infiltrated with a Bren team and harassed the position with such tenacity that the enemy gunners were forced to withdraw. The next day, during the advance up the Spit, his troop was leading when it was pinned down by vicious mortar and small arms fire. Nicholl, with great coolness and disregard for his own safety, visited his forward sections and rallied his men for a further advance. He was awarded an immediate MC.

Joseph Edward Chancellor Nicholl, usually known as Jos, though his comrades in the Army called him Joe, was born into a medical family at Lewes, Sussex, on May 19 1920. Like many other members of his family he went to Stowe, where he

excelled at sports, particularly rugby. In 1938 he went up to Queen's, Cambridge, to read History, but left after a year to join the Army.

Nicholl was commissioned into 83 Searchlight Regiment, Royal Artillery, but decided to join the Commandos and, in August 1942, he went to their basic training centre at Achnacarry, north of Fort William, in the Highlands. He was posted to 2 Commando and fought in the campaign in Sicily and in the landings at Salerno in southern Italy in September 1943.

During the fighting at Salerno, Nicholl took his section into a house that had been reported cleared of the enemy. He found there a fat, bemedalled Italian who was hastily exchanging the uniform of the Port Commander for civilian clothes. The man offered Nicholl one of his bars of medal ribbons with the assurance that it could be press-studded on to his pyjamas.

Nicholl accompanied 2 Commando to Vis early in 1944 and took part in the raids on enemy shipping and on the neighbouring Dalmatian islands garrisoned by the Germans. At the end of the war, he returned to Cambridge to complete his degree and to play in the University XV, although he just missed a Blue. His mother had often said that he ought to become a priest, but he resisted this until his wartime experience, especially at Salerno, of burying fellow officers who had been killed and



writing letters to the families, drew him to Holy Orders.

Since Nicholl belonged to the Church of England's Evangelical tradition, he went to Ridley Hall, Cambridge, to complete his training; and in 1948 he was ordained by the Bishop of Rochester, Christopher Chavasse, to a curacy at Penge, south London.

Nicholl had always believed that one day he would be a schoolmaster and went in 1950 to be chaplain of Sutton Valence School in Kent. The next nine years confirmed the rightness of his choice, as he proved to be a gifted teacher as well as a sensitive pastor.

He then moved to Stowe, where he spent 16 years (1959–75), first as assistant chaplain, then as chaplain, and also as a housemaster.

The Stoic tradition was in his blood, and he became a much valued and loved member of the school community. When, therefore, he left the

teaching staff, it seemed appropriate that he should take charge of Stowe church, where he spent five happy years ministering to the village parishioners and to those who preferred to attend a parish church rather than a school chapel.

From 1982 to 1985 Nicholl was Rector of Angmering, in Sussex. He then retired to Lewes, where he became chairman of the local Council of Churches and, until fairly recently, assisted in the parishes of the town and surrounding villages.

During his school years he often undertook holiday chaplaincies in Europe, and in retirement he spent some time as chaplain to the English-speaking communities at Lyons and Chantilly in France.

Jos Nicholl, who died on July 19, 2003 married, in 1947, Hope Parry. She died in 2001, and he is survived by three sons and a daughter.

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## GLORIA RICHARDSON

It was with very great sadness that we learnt of the death of Gloria Richardson on 2 November 2003, All Saints' Sunday. Gloria had been at work in school at the beginning of the September term and died within seven weeks of the diagnosis of cancer at the early age of 64.

Gloria had worked at Stowe for 23 years and was one of the school's most loyal and appreciated ladies. She divided her time between working in the school shop alongside the manager, Michael Skuse, and serving in the Masters' Common Room in the evening. Few people were aware that she had served as a fully qualified staff nurse in the Horton Hospital in Banbury, a profession which she was proud that her daughter, Angela, was to follow to a level of distinction.

Gloria's dedication, kindness and generosity were legendary. In the school shop, she was regarded with deep respect and affection by countless Stoics over the years, many of whom confided in 'Miss G', whom they saw as a motherly figure. Gloria was keenly aware of the moments of loneliness or unhappiness that boys and girls could sometimes feel away from home at a boarding school. She was exceptionally sensitive to their feelings and would do anything in her power to help them. On many occasions, she would buy things in Buckingham for individuals if their needs could not be met in the school shop.

Similarly, in the Masters' Common Room, nothing was too much trouble for Gloria. In particular, along with her close friend, Mary Price, she went out of her way to look after new, young, residential

colleagues. She was especially keen to encourage those from overseas to feel at home, helping them to be sure of a friendly face and keen to see that they had a substantial evening meal in pleasant circumstances.

Gloria's generosity was matched by her thoughtfulness. She would often stop at the security cabin on the drive and remember the lonely man working there with a piece of cake or sausage rolls.

Gloria never let people down. This was as true outside Stowe as it was in the school. She had a tremendous concern for elderly people. She provided lunch and supper every day for fifteen years for retired District Nurse Bonner, even arranging cover when she went on a well deserved holiday.



She looked after many other old people, preparing Sunday lunches for several who lived locally before seeing to her own. She would visit the old and infirm in Hamilton House, brightening their day with lovely presents. One would often see Gloria's car bustling through the town with an elderly passenger being transported to some point of need. Her first action, immediately after having received the shocking news of her impending demise, was to fulfil a promise to drive an old lady to hospital.

Gloria was a lady of great personality. There was a surprising plain-speaking, no-nonsense side to her, as more than one National Trust car parking warden found out when attempting to divert her legitimate progress in Stowe Park- as did one junior colleague (since left!) who was foolish enough to adopt the wrong tone once in the Common Room! And, kind though she unfailingly was in the tuck-shop, there was certainly appropriate order and control! One quiet word from Miss G could be mortifying.

PASF

## SARA DREW

### **Sara Drew Cobham Matron 1990 – 2003**

Sara Drew died on the 14<sup>th</sup> October 2003 after a long and courageous fight against breast cancer. The tributes that follow were paid to Sara at her funeral and subsequent memorial service in Stowe Chapel by her cousin, Kay Bellinger, and two Housemasters who worked closely with her.

#### **Kay Bellinger at Sara's funeral.**

A tribute to Sara, where should we begin? The dates, times, places all in the past now but special to each of us. So many special memories that we will carry in our hearts.

Sara the daughter, 'nipper', "she's been a good gal" said her father Colin. "Never given me any trouble", and he is able to say this with such pride.

Sara the nurse, gentle, kind, devoted to the care of her patients, making each feel special, an individual. In A and E, enough to test the patience of a saint, she sailed through.. When her back became a problem she gave up the job she enjoyed, telling her Mum and Dad " she felt she could no longer pull her weight".

Sara the Matron – Maiche – a very special person to so many boys. It was not just a job, the boys were her family, her life. Always there with a shoulder for them to cry on, a cuddle and often a strong word, but always respected by them all.

Sara the friend, always there to greet you with "hello darling", best friend to us all. " She's been a rock" I have heard people say. "I couldn't have got through without her", always giving us her support 100%. Always there for each of us as troubles came our way, sharing those times and bringing us through. Friendships spanning 30 years and more. "Sara was someone you just jelled with" was another comment. Wonderful times shared, meals, the odd glass of wine – or two – even a bottle of champagne. And then, of course, there was the retail therapy.

She dressed us for our weddings and was god-mother to our children (a special mummy). Sadly

never to have a family of her own, but surrounded by much love and the dearest of friends. I hope we gave as much back as she gave us. Through her illness she was the bravest and most courageous person and her spirit shone through until the end. Talking with a nurse at Katherine House, describing the person we all knew she replied, "she must have been a very special lady"

She was, she is and we all loved her. She will live on in our hearts forever.

### **Graham Cottrell, Housemaster of Cobham for 10 of Sara's 13 years as Matron spoke at Sara's Memorial Service.**

Sara relished the big events and gatherings of the School year, particularly the Christmas Parties, the Pate and Plonks and the House At Home, and she would prepare for them conscientiously, usually in terms of the food to be eaten, and then she would administer its distribution with scrupulous fairness, and supervise the cleaning up operation with gimlet eye and fastidious care. She took great delight in seeing people enjoy themselves, loved to watch the sketches and entertainment and would laugh 'till she cried at the antics of those taking part. She would do anything in her considerable powers to help – costumes, make-up, props, BUT she would not take part. Well in advance of whatever event she would come into my study, put on her stern voice and say, "Graham, promise, you won't let them ask me, will you?", and I would issue the necessary reassurance, knowing that it was more than my life was worth to let her down.

So, I wonder what she would have made of the very large number of former and current pupils, parents and colleagues here today. I believe she would have been modestly pleased by the numbers, and glad at the opportunity given to old friends to meet again and remember. Above all I suspect she would have wanted there to be some laughter, for there can be few who spent more than a few minutes in her company at a time without there



being cause for merriment and hearing that famous chuckle. We know the truth, however, for we know how much she gave to her job, her pupils, her colleagues, her friends and to the life going on around her.

When Sara accepted the job of Cobham Matron, her mother and father, Colin and Pam, told me they were concerned that she might find it a bit tame after the Accident service, and that there might not be enough for her to get her teeth into. After nearly a term in the job she did confess to finding 10.00 p.m. on a Friday or Saturday night a bit on the quiet side without the presence of the revellers she was used to deal with in Oxford. Not long afterwards, however, the powers-that-be instituted pub visits and Saturday night club, Stoics rose to the challenge as they always do, and Sara was not heard to repeat the comment.

As Matron she loved the events of the unfolding school year, from the new boys' tea party, when she was never quite sure whether it was the new pupils or their mums who most needed her support, to the leavers' barbecue, when she would sit on the grass and surprise one and all with her total recall of what they'd got up to over the previous five years. No term time birthday went by without a card from her, no instrumentalist played in a Tuesday concert without her support, few sportsmen played a home match without her being at some point on the touch line – the list of her daily involvement in the life of Cobham and Stowe school is endless. But it didn't stop there: Sara had the most wonderful sense of family and friends and had an uncanny knack of becoming involved in the lives of those with whom she came into contact. So it was that she was often able to help pupils or parents or colleagues and friends – so many benefited from her kind, warm hearted, thoughtful and considerate presence in their lives.

She also liked to know what was going on! Not much point in going to Sara and saying, "Have you heard about....?" – her antennae and networking were much too good for that. She was, after all, a fully paid-up member of the Matrons' Mafia, that body of dependable, reliable and trusty souls on whom the smooth running of a house depends. But she was never indiscreet, disloyal, or judgmental. But she could be a bit fierce. The French have a saying "Qui aime bien, chatie bien" – who loves well chastises well. So it was with Sara – and how fierce she was, was often a measure of how much she cared. She had a few pet hates – pomp and insincerity, cats and chewing gum – but no prejudice. With Sara you always knew where you stood, she was always candid and open. No respecter of position or title, she demanded honesty and truth. If she had been in the movies they would have cast her as a cowboy, because she always shot from the hip.

And then came that fateful day in 1997 when cancer was diagnosed. When the going gets tough, the tough get going. Sara got going, and began the unrelenting fight, which only ended last October. During that fight she lost none of the character or qualities that I've already described, but in addition to them, displayed a courage and fortitude, an independence and singleness of purpose, that are an inspiration to us all. We must celebrate Sara's life and thank God for the good fortune and privilege we have enjoyed in being able to share it.

**David James, Cobham Housemaster for Sara's final three years paid this tribute at the memorial service.**

I feel like a fraud standing here talking about you Sara, for I have only really known you for three years. I knew of your formidable reputation long ago of course – of how academic, maintenance and domestic staff, external workmen and even the Headmaster quaked in their boots at the sound of your voice. This was not born out of any fear of you but the realisation that no excuse, however watertight, would ever be adequate to explain why something had not been done for your beloved boys. Being Cobham House Matron was not a job to you it was an absolute passion. Without children of your own you spread your love thickly over thirteen generations of Cobhamites. Curiously, and I never quite understood this, you loved good and naughty equally (and I can hear some of them now shuffling uncomfortably in their seats as they feel you looking down on them - reminiscing!). There were no really bad boys in your house, merely the misguided. Bad boys lived in houses without courtyards. You would let absolutely nothing get in the way of the needs of your boys and you were fiercely loyal to them.

So what was different about this last year? Nothing! Just as you had devoted your entire working day to the boys in health you carried on despite



appalling sickness and pain. You continued to tackle the 152 stairs around Cobham at least twice a day and considerably more often to your flat. Despite immense breathing difficulties, acute joint pain and who knows what mental torment you continued to volunteer your services around the house and school wherever they were needed and whether Cobham boys were involved or not. Trips to the dentist, opticians, hospital and train stations continued. Utterly determined to inconvenience me and the boys as little as possible incredibly you fitted your treatment sessions around house events. Indeed, treatment almost became secondary to any other commitment you had. You were not one to curtail your social life either and you used to exhaust Gail and me telling us about your hectic 'days off' which invariably seemed to revolve around visiting your Dad, shopping, running messages and end with a trip to either a Thai or Indian restaurant with a group of your huge army of friends. One weekend last June epitomised your attitude towards life and will live long in the memory of those of us there. To say that the 14th and 15th of June were busy for you would be an understatement. On the Saturday night we had organised a 'Cobham Court' event for charity. For those of you who do not know Stowe this consists of hoarding approximately 300 teenagers into a courtyard to listen to a series of rock and pop bands. All day is spent building a stage, bringing in a plethora of speakers, amplifiers, musical instruments and artists who then spend hours sound testing their equipment. Food and drink have to be organised and then served throughout the evening. Your flat overlooked this scene so there was no way that you would ever be able to avoid it. But, of course, you being the person you were became deeply involved in all the organisation beforehand and then you stood for three hours serving hot dogs and hamburgers to a never ending stream of hungry boppers. In your usual positive way at the end of the evening you were heard to shout above the cacophony of sound 'I have heard worse'! The following morning two of the Cobham boys, James Hayhurst-France and Rory Chichester had persuaded all Cobhamites, many of their parents, all the other Stowe Matrons and many members of staff to take part in a fun run to raise money for the Macmillan Cancer Care fund. In typical fashion you, by now exhausted from the previous night's gig, suffering pain from inflamed joints and feeling lousy as a result of recent treatment decided not only to take part but to enter into the spirit of the occasion by dressing in an ornate and somewhat cumbersome clown's outfit. Heaven knows how you did it but you laughed your way around the route and returned to a genuine and very moving ovation in Cobham Court. You took immense pride in the boys who raised nearly £3500 for the charity that day.

It was for reasons like this that some time ago the boys decided that the title Matron did not reflect accurately the person you were or the job you did. For them the formality of the name did not convey the relationship that existed between you and them. So they affectionately nicknamed you 'Maiche'. I do not know whether you had had a premonition about the months ahead but in June you expressed an interest in having a leavers shirt to match those of the boys in their final year. Each shirt bore the favourite number of the wearer plus their chosen nickname. No surprise therefore when you chose the Cobham House number '5' and your nickname Maiche. But that decision gave us a real problem as we had never seen Maiche written down anywhere. What fun we had trying to agree on the spelling. Your sense of humour never failed. I can hear your infectious, often uncontrollable and distinctive laugh ringing out now as I remember your amusement at things that happened all over the House from time to time. One, in which a young Cobhamite present here this morning went missing in the dormitory only to appear giggling after a half hour search from his folded up foetal position in a wardrobe behind you kept you amused for a week.

Once admitted to the Frank Ellis unit at the Churchill hospital for treatment yet again many would have sunk into depression. Not you Sara. Buoyed up but sometimes exhausted by a constant stream of visitors you welcomed them no matter how you felt and, in my case, you teased me with half stories of Stowe gossip that you had heard and I hadn't! Even when damning evidence from scans arrived you only showed distress for a couple of days. It was then back to practicalities and a return to home to boss Dad around!

It would have been easy for you to become bitter in that last year as blow after blow threatened to quell your fighting spirit. It is true that you became more emotional but this was in no way a result of self pity. Though teenage minds might not have realised it tears flowed more freely because you cared deeply about them and, maybe, you came to realise that you might not see them grow into men.

Finally it is for your modesty that you will be remembered. You loved big occasions like this, you prepared meticulously for them, you were determined that everyone coming to them would be well watered, fed and entertained. But you especially would be amazed at the turn out today. Just look around the Chapel this morning Sara – see who has come here today to pay their respects – see what an influence you had on their young lives and how much they revere you for it today. People often say that you only miss people when they are no longer there. In your case Sara we knew only too well what we were going to miss. We have missed you, we are missing you and we will continue to miss you - Maiche.

# VALETE

## PASF

When Peter Farquhar was appointed Head of English in 1983, Stowe was getting not only a dynamic departmental head but a schoolmaster who, over a period of twenty one years, would make an outstanding contribution to the school in a variety of ways. For PASF teaching was a vocation, and his dedication to the calling was conspicuous and distinguished. He had already performed great service in the English Department of Manchester Grammar School, latterly as acting head of department, when he arrived at Stowe; thereafter he continually emphasised the importance of expecting the highest academic standards from the more able Stoics. The roots of this were in his own scholarly success - achieving a First at Cambridge - and in his conviction that the study of English Literature was of fundamental importance. Identifying areas of moral concern, establishing a sense of historical context and applying rigorous analysis were all features of PASF's teaching style. At the same time, he realised that there were other educational needs for those who experienced great difficulties in the written use of English, and within a large department PASF supported attentively those expert in this demanding area of teaching.

Under PASF's leadership the department's public examination results were never less than good and often excellent. Between 1983 and 2000 there were many successful Oxbridge entrants to read English. There has not been a fail at A level since 1992, but there has been a substantial proportion of top grades. PASF was punctilious also in leading conviviality, and even nurturing friendships, within the department's crowded and often pressurised pedagogic and administrative duties. (All departments know how these have increased over the last twenty years.) The Literary Society has been one of PASF's great achievements, with several meetings each year not only featuring talks, theatrical workshops and creative writing recitations by members of the department and Stoics, but also an extraordinary run of visiting speakers. These have included academic addresses by university dons, school Heads of English, poets and novelists, with Iris Murdoch and her husband, Professor John Bayley, also speaking to Stoics on a number of occasions. Barry Humphries, father of OS Oscar, tutee and pupil of PASF, gave a memorable autobiographical address, and the school has also benefited from stimulating talks by former pupils from PASF's



MGS days, including Michael Crick's fascinating talks on TV journalism and his biography of Jeffrey Archer, and Jim White's amusing and witty account of the journalist's trade. Such events do not arrange themselves, but PASF was as indefatigable in this as generous in enabling the school to benefit from his numerous friendships and the esteem in which he is held outside, as well as within, Stowe. The Lit Soc dinners he arranged for visiting speakers were also opportunities for invited Stoics to have the experience of convivial and serious discussion. Stoics can often be superb debaters and PASF has for many years overseen a long run of very successful senior debates, the Music Room often being packed with a responsive and articulate audience.

All heads of English ensure that there are frequent theatre trips. PASF went further still, in leading Bronte and Hardy expeditions to Wuthering Heights (via Haworth) and deepest Dorset, respectively; by putting on Shakespeare in the grounds as well as in the mansion, by writing his own witty farce 'Insider Dealing' for the Chatham House play, and by even treading the boards himself as a memorably predatory Sun journalist (in his colleague's, Stephen Hirst's, great Chandos House play, 'Cultured Rebels'). In an informal capacity he was one of the founding members of a reading circle, started in 1991 and still going strong, which unites department personnel with members from the local community and much further afield.

He has been conspicuous in his encouragement and support of Stoics in their cultural and spiritual involvements, and in a tactful way has often helped with personal crises. On many occasions groups of Stoics have enjoyed Sunday lunches or garden picnics at PASF's home. Old Stoics (and former MGS pupils) return to see PASF, to exchange news and partake of his hospitality or wise counsel. PASF's generosity of spirit is integral within his gift of friendship, and this is intimately related to his strong Christian faith. His support of the Chapel, his weekly Bible Study groups and his sermons to both Stoics and Stowe Church congregations are notable. PASF is a powerful public speaker, but his talent here was his insight into his pupil audience,

so that the Christian theme was not only shaped but also delivered resonantly.

It is fair to say that PASF could be mettlesome when occasion demanded and he believed the cause was just. He was very capable of fighting the good fight, and would not let tiredness decide the issue. When there was the recent OCR exam marking scandal, PASF was so prominent in articulating the attack on the anomalies that he appeared on national television as well as influencing exam officers to look again at unsound judgements. In contrast to this has been his convivial presence in the Common Room, his delight in the company of others at table in the Masters Mess, his witty good humour and his solicitous attention to new, younger members of the Common Room. PASF has always been one of those amongst Stowe teachers for whom civility was more than a word.

Over the last year PASF has assumed the new position of Oxbridge tutor, essentially establishing a structure for more advanced support of academi-

cally talented Stoics, creating a space in Stowe's bustling world of multifarious activities. However, this valet is being composed because

PASF has for some while felt that the demands of his own creative imagination required much more time to nurture his own writings than a dutiful schoolmaster at the present time could hope to find. In now dedicating himself to producing his own narratives, PASF brings to a close the story of his devoted service to Stowe School. Not, however, to the mutual goodwill attaching to him: he will still be available to speak and listen to Stoics, will continue to offer hospitality to Old Stoics, will take wine with old Common Room friends and continue to be the CR's OS representative, and will go on playing a valued part in the local community. For our part, we salute a very fine schoolmaster and colleague, but also turn an expectant eye on what will issue from the keyboard of the author.

EST

## BHO

In 1980, Dr. Brian Orger decided to return to England with his wife Frances. He would take a break from South Africa, for a brief period you understand, "just to keep a foot in the country." By chance, Brian heard through Frances's Aunt, a Headmistress, that there was a Chemistry post at Stowe. Sadly, he was unable to produce a written letter of acceptance since, whilst giving a lecture on safety to his trainee teachers, he had sustained burns on his hands and was in considerable pain. As crystal clear a lesson as one could hope for: will his pupils ever never forget how flammable finely divided phosphorus is when suspended in carbon disulphide? The position was secured, and the foot has been in the country for 24 years, leaving an imprint as significant as any in Stowe's recent history.

Brian, who retires this summer, has been, quite simply, an inspirational figure. A Chemistry student at Reading University, he followed his degree with a PhD in Photochemistry and three years study at the Royal Institution with Nobel Laureate George Porter. A new love blossomed alongside Chemistry at the Institution, for it was there that Brian met Frances. In 1972, the couple headed back to South Africa, a country that Brian knew well from childhood, and he became Senior Lecturer at Stellenbosch University. He later took on the role of Director of the Institute for Science and Maths Teaching, when he was concerned primarily with in-service training for Cape science teachers.

And then Blighty. Despite joining a Stowe



department with such formidable Chemists as Charlie MacDonald, Mike Hornby and the late Anthony Pedder, Brian was immediately recognised as outstanding. No surprise then, that in 1985 he became Head of Chemistry, a post in which he excelled. Those lucky enough to join his department or take part in his lessons enjoyed total support and benefited from outstanding organisational skills. Everything was fresh and new – or if it wasn't, it seemed that way – and the brightest ideas continually illuminated his thinking. Brian's energy was especially apparent in his experiments. An 8 inch hole in a lab ceiling was testament to his hydrogen bomb demonstration that sent an old copper ball cock skyward with gusto. His "Chemistry and Light" lectures were memorable not only for equally vivid demonstrations and beautifully explained theory but also for the sheer enthusiasm with which they were delivered; a Photochemistry Special Study for the Nuffield Foundation was trialled at Stowe under Brian; Royal Institution trips were frequent and decidedly up-market (black tie

and smoked salmon for the journey, don't you know); the brilliant School firework displays were for twelve years in his capable hands (a healthy mix of Photochemistry and pyromania); while for the last eight years Brian has worked with JMT in developing educational multimedia software designed to make Chemistry even more exciting than when ceilings are crashing down upon the pupils. Indeed, this multimedia work developed from the chalk face, has seen the software being used nationally and internationally. Brian actually found himself as far afield as Malaysia, where he worked with local teachers and education ministry officials. Let us not forget his expertise at filming scientific experiments that led to his establishing a filming facility in his lab. In this, his final year, he took a reduced timetable to allow him to spend more time on this pioneering work. He has also produced audio revision guides for 6th form students. That deep, instantly recognised voice is available

## KB

Kensa Broadhurst, a local girl, joined Stowe in 1998 whilst still a Postgraduate student at Warwick University.

She was appointed to run the School Library and her keen interest in reading helped her to energise the fiction section and make it more student friendly. She instigated a number of ideas to encourage reading, publishing the students' own book reviews and hosting a series of 'Mastermind' quizzes. She introduced library skills into the Foundationers' programme and it was a joy to see the eagerness with which the third form raced around competing to be the first to find the information. She always competed with the boys to see who could finish the latest 'Harry Potter' volume first. Kensa invariably won and then set up a series of quizzes and 'any questions' type panel.

She developed good relationships with the girls and lived in Nugent annex, helping as under-housemistress there and teaching some Italian. She has always played an active role in the School and was a willing volunteer at every House occasion, so she soon became a sixth form tutor. Many Nugent girls will remember her famous banana bread which helped enormously in times of stress and which were always produced for birthdays. They will also remember tiptoeing in the rooms above her bedroom careful not to wake her and bring down (or up) her wrath on their heads. They will also remember - some more gratefully than others - the strict training regime on the assault course for the 'Coldstream Cup' competition. However her determination usually paid off and seconds were

for all on the Internet at [www.chemistry-react.org](http://www.chemistry-react.org).

Lists are dull things, but avoiding one here is a difficult business since Brian contributed so much, with staggering energy, in so many areas. From the cornucopia we might select his very successful Presidency of the Common Room, his forestry work with George Clarke, his role as School timetabler, his Chairmanship of the School's first Internet Group (no wonder he has such a memorable e-mail address - [orger@orger.org](mailto:orger@orger.org)) and his attachments to Chatham and, later, Cobham. Then we have the three medals in three years at the National Croquet Championships which followed Brian's introduction of the sport to the School, his work with the Badminton players and, with Frances, the crucial serving of breakfast at the Leavers' Ball that encouraged even the most jaded to stick it out until the Survivors' photograph.

JMT



wiped off the times until this year when Nugent broke the girls' record.

Kensa has always been very generous with her time and help, not only helping her own house, Nugent, with the aforementioned 'Coldstream Cup' practices, but she also spent many hours helping the boys houses too, being one of the few staff qualified on the Stowe assault course. It was through the CCF that she began helping with scuba diving and this year she has taken a group to Sharm el Sheik on the Red Sea to enjoy the diving there. She is a country pursuits enthusiast and latterly she has been master in charge of Beagles. During her time in this role she organised pupils' attendance at the Countryside March in London in support of hunting, various "Puppy shows", and reintroduced the Stowe Beagle Ball - which was a great success! Her own dogs compete in agility courses and have won several trophies, which are proudly displayed, alongside the other cups in the House Photographs.

She has spent a lot of time on the sports field at Stowe, helping with sports ranging from tennis through to hockey and the odd bit of swimming in-

between. As if all this wasn't enough she has helped with sports tours and in 2002 she accompanied the Colts on their rugby tour, where she was brilliant. She added enormously to their enjoyment of the time acquiring the nickname 'Mum'.

She plays the flute and has graced many an 'at home' concert. Unfortunately this year she has had to cut down on her practising as she broke a finger

## CJE

It may surprise many to learn that Chris Edwards has been at Stowe for just six years, because in that time he has made a big impression both personally, and in his two major roles as Head of Admissions and Deputy Headmaster. For three of those six years, he held these positions concurrently, and it is thus fair to say that his influence on all current Stoics has been a very significant one.

Coming from St. Paul's School Sao Paulo in Brazil, where he was Head of English, to the quintessentially English environment of Stowe must have been a bit of a shock to him, though perhaps not as great as the impression that he made on us. Mild mannered and easy-going he may be, but his determination to promote and fill Stowe, to re-style the prospectus and to demand higher standards at entry, revealed a clear-thinking and decisive personality in whom Jeremy Nichols saw just the talents he needed for his new Deputy. CJE took on this role with customary efficiency, and at his first School Assembly announced to the surprised student body in no uncertain terms that they would need to pull their socks up – literally and figuratively – from that point on. It was, as he would say, "scary stuff", but it had the required effect. His firm views, quietly held and consistently applied, gained the respect of us all.

I suspect, however, that most staff and pupils have spotted the metaphorical T-shirt that CJE wears beneath his Deputy Headmaster's collar and tie. It peeks out quite regularly in his stimulating English teaching at all levels, in his many talks – on History of Art, Music, Eng. Lit. - in his provocative displays on the Plug St. Journal screen and in such imaginative excursions as his appearance as Vlad the Impaler in a Senior Balloon debate.

It is in his music, however, that the shirt and tie vanish altogether, and if you have heard him sing and play the piano, you will know that education's gain is the music world's loss. CJE is a gifted musician. Only once, under his annual tutelage, did Nugent fail to win a trophy in the House Singing competition, and he regularly performed at their 'At Homes'. A darker secret lurks, however - give him a pair of dark glasses and a guitar, and as the staff can testify, you see what he would call "the real

whilst out beagling. She edits this magazine, chivvying the staff tirelessly to get articles in on time.

This year she decided to forego the library and acquire a teaching diploma so that she could further her career in this direction using her language skills. We wish her 'buona fortuna' and 'bonne chance' in this development.

BTF



me". Few of us will forget his performance in the staff concert which he organised as a farewell for Jeremy Nichols, or his solo concert at Stowe in the Easter holidays this year in aid of Cancer Research. I hope he will have the chance to reveal the extent of his talents to Stoics before he leaves us this summer.

An Oxford educated Liverpoolian with an American soul and a penchant for Bob Dylan, CJE is, in the best sense of the word, a performer, using music and words with equal skill to hold his listeners – talking to Stoics at the Lower School Symposium, joking with colleagues in the Common Room, addressing prospective pupils and their parents, speaking to the School as acting Headmaster for a term, and perhaps most notably delivering a stunning speech, witty, erudite and uplifting, to staff past and present at Jeremy Nichols' final farewell.

CJE has always regretted that his other duties within the school have taken him away from the classroom, but for all his important commitments elsewhere, he impresses most for his availability, his willingness to listen, his genuine concern for pupils and staff and of course his sense of humour. His wittiest stories are told at his own expense and he is a stranger to any kind of pomposity. I suspect that both he and the equally unassuming Jude will miss their early morning walks around Stowe when in September 2004 he takes his talents, and our good wishes for his continued success, to Bromsgrove School as their new Headmaster. His appointment surprised none of us, but it may yet surprise Bromsgrove if he lets that T-shirt show.

REM

## WFH

Stowe is a place where people flourish, and not just the pupils. When Will Harwood arrived here two years ago, he was a young Biology graduate who had just completed a Bible Course in London and was thinking of ordained ministry in the Church. He came to Stowe to get some more experience of ministry under his belt, and to be the Chaplain's Assistant. In terms of being the Chaplain's Assistant, he has done masses of work, much unseen by all but me, the effects of which, though, have benefited many. He organises Crossfire, the CU, and co-ordinates the seven weekly Bible Studies. He organises the dreaded staff ticket allocation for the Advent Carol Service. He reminds the Chaplain of things that need doing, despatches circular letters, speaks in Chapel, goes to Iwerne houseparties, and a load of other things besides. In Chapel in particular, he will be much remembered for the way in which he draws lessons from all the latest movies. Unfortunately, this often involved revealing the twists and turns of the plot – thereby ruining it for all of us who hadn't managed to get to see it yet! But beyond this, he has contributed widely to the life of the School. After two years as a tutor, he has gained a massively loyal



set of Temple boys where he has been the underhousemaster for the past year. He has helped with badminton, a sport that was totally foreign to him, and he now even proudly wears a Stowe Hockey Coach sweat top though his background in hockey is a carefully guarded secret. Musically, he has contributed with his clarinet, as well as gaining his Associateship of the Royal College of Music, and I dare say he has introduced some of his tutees to the gravitas of classical music along the way. As for his teaching input, well let's put it this way, his goal of ordained ministry is on hold for he has been accepted at Oxford University to do a PGCE in Biology starting this September. I've probably left out loads that he would have liked me to say, but I would like to end on a personal note. Will has been a first class assistant – I reckon we have been a pretty good partnership. We have prayed together, studied the Bible in tandem, plotted and schemed and bounced ideas off each other. I shall miss his candour, but most of all, I will miss his support and friendship. I am sure that I speak for many as I wish him all the best at Oxford, and may the Lord continue to guide and inspire him in all that he does.

RBJ

## EH

Edward wrote round several schools last December looking for a two term job teaching Theology. As a theologian, he had studied at Oxford but then worked in the city as a journalist of sorts. He missed Theology, and his desire to teach led him to a single term stop-gap appointment at Charterhouse that was now coming to an end. His letter arrived at Stowe coincidentally with AD's departure... manna from heaven? We nabbed him... and didn't we do well! I have never known such universal approbation from the pupils after such a short period of time. Quite frankly, they love him! His



firm approach is complimented by his utter commitment to his charges, and they recognise his ability and his knowledge. Sadly, he must leave us for with the appointment of a new HOD from September, there are insufficient lessons to justify retaining him. At the time of writing, it appears that the Head of Theology at Charterhouse is getting his own way – he had tried very hard to persuade his Headmaster to keep Ed on, and now Ed is likely to return to Charterhouse where I am certain he will blossom into a very fine teacher indeed. In the mean time, we are massively grateful to him for all that he has done here – we could not have been better served.

RBJ

## AKA

Speaking to some Texans recently, I was delighted to see how horrified they were that Stowe received a Harvard Fellow each year. The Texans (from just West of Waco) assumed that these Fellows were bright, condescending know-it-alls whose political views place them firmly at the woolly liberal end of the spectrum. They even suspected that some Fellows would have a dubious interest in the expres-



sive arts. Ari is a highly bright young man with liberal political views and an unhealthy interest in the expressive arts. I have never before taught virtually a whole lesson and then been told that I must be joking as my whole thesis was simply wrong: Ari was quite happy to make me, and my class, aware of this fact within his first week. In his year at Stowe he has been combative and thoughtful in his Politics and History classes. Outside of the classroom he has been inspir-

ing and keen to both lead and be a player, in the Staff musical, the Cobham House play and unforgettably in the House song – yakety yak. In his spare time he showed his unhealthy interest in the expressive arts to the full by throwing remarkable shapes on dance floors the length and breadth of Milton Keynes – South Midlands night life will

## ARGF

Alan made a big impression at Stowe in the 5 terms that he taught here. He was a gifted and very professional schoolteacher with high standards and strong opinions. Alan taught Sports Science and Physical Education to pupils in the fourth year up to the upper sixth year. His vast knowledge and abilities in all practical aspects brought practical physical education lessons to life and made the pupils learning relevant and interesting. His experience as an examiner, moderator and lecturer also enabled him to give much help to the increasing number of pupils opting to take Sports Science at A level. He had a good understanding of the learning process and was able to both stretch the able and develop the abilities of those who did not find the work as easy. Many personal experiences of his days as a

## AMD

AMD joined the biology department in January 2003 after completing a biomedical science degree at Durham. In doing so, became the first Old Stoic to return and teach biology – within living memory at least! He quickly adjusted to the challenging role of taking over classes mid-year and soon developed an effective and distinctive teaching style. AMD subsequently agreed to extend his contract for a fur-

never be the same again.

In short, Ari has been the perfect Harvard Fellow, debating with anyone and everyone, enthusing those around him. He has done all that can be asked from a Harvard Fellow, having the energy and warmth in his brief year to make an impact on those around him. We wish him well.

PSR

top tennis player or candid observations of modern sport made the theory elements applicable, although optimistic views about the chances of Scotland mauling the World Champions in the Six Nations were clearly misplaced!

Alan also contributed to Stowe as a sixth form tutor, a house tutor in Grenville and as a coach to the under 15's Rugby teams, the under 15 tennis teams and the senior squash teams. Indeed as Head of Squash, he has helped to develop the sport enormously, engendering a very positive attitude to the game throughout the school and leading the senior teams to their best ever season.

Alan decided to return to lecturing at university and has taken up a post at Oxford Brookes, in the Sport and Education Faculty. He will be remembered fondly by the staff and pupils here and we thank him sincerely for his contributions.

RCS

ther year and has combined a full teaching programme in biology and chemistry with study for a P.G.C.E. qualification. He has contributed a great deal in a relatively short time and leaves Stowe (again!) as a science teacher of great promise. At the time of writing AMD has not finalised his next move, but any school employing him can be assured of top quality teaching and levels of sartorial elegance only dreamed of by the tweed jacket and elbow patch brigade! He leaves with our profound thanks and best wishes.

RRA

# Salvete

## PBDG

Paul Gooding joined Stowe in September having taught at Bedford School. Before he came into teaching he did a variety of different things. He worked as a management consultant with Deloitte and Touche in London where he worked on a number of different projects; the most interesting of which was with the Ministry of Defence in Whitehall. He then spent a season as a snowboard-instructor in a Swiss ski resort and then went on to



help with the humanitarian aid effort after the War in the former Yugoslavia.

At Stowe he teaches Geography and his specialism is Glaciology, the highlight of which was researching maritime glaciers 700 miles

from the North Pole with 2 months of solid day-

light! His love for frozen places fuels his passion for high latitude exploration: his travels include expeditions to the Alaskan wilderness and field trips to Iceland. He is hoping to carry out some further research in the Peruvian Andes in summer 2005. One of his favourite sports is snowboarding and he often catches the snow in the Alps during vacations. He also coaches Basketball and leads the

C.C.F. (Army) Advanced Infantry section, both of which he really enjoys. He has a Christian faith and enjoys leading Confirmation groups at Stowe. In the holidays he also likes to do mountainbiking and hillwalking. His love of hillwalking has led him to participate in the 3 Peaks Challenge over the last few years in aid of Cancer Research.

## PJ

Panos John studied Industrial Technology & Management at Bradford University. He initially worked in the aluminium extrusion Industry in marketing/sales for 5 years.

He is married to Sue and they have 3



children – Rachel (18), Jenna (16) and Mark (11).

His previous job was faculty Head of Bis & ICT at Arnwood School in the New Forest. He still enjoys playing competitive squash and football.

## PSM

After attending school in West Yorkshire, PSM spent ten years, as an undergraduate, a postgraduate student, a research fellow and finally a course-tutor, at Oxford, Reading, Belfast and Exeter Universities. During this period, he met and married CMM. They joined the staff of



Worth School, West Sussex, she as a librarian and he as a teacher of English. At Worth, PSM became an assistant housemaster, coach to the senior football squad and Head of English. The opportunity for PSM and CMM to move to Stowe arose once their daughter, who was born at Worth, had left school and started her course at university. The rest is (recent) history.

## CJT

Chris Townsend was educated at Dean Close School, Cheltenham, before going to Brasenose College, Oxford to read Classics. During this time he won three blues for cricket, and captained the college at rugby. He then taught at Ardingly College in his gap year, as a PE teacher/gap student, and after graduation worked at Dean Close for eight years, as head of cricket, and housemaster of a day house (2002–2003).

His main interests are sporting: he played rugby for Stow-on-the-Wold, and football for Mountineers FC, as well as playing cricket for various clubs including Dumbleton, and the MCC.

He is married to Melanie, who he met at Oxford in 1993, and was head of English at Brislington Comprehensive until this year. They have two children, David who is now 2 years old, and obsessed by golf, Thomas the Tank Engine and Bob the Builder, and Lydia, who is ten days old, and not yet obsessed by anything except sleeping and feeding.

## PA



## SRJ



## RSP



Common Room matters:

We would like to congratulate LMC on the birth of Toby. We have also welcomed Lydia Townsend and Clara Tearle into the Stowe Community. We would like to thank the following for all their work: SRJ, AD, Lea Thompson, Hendrick Stroebel, Charlotte Perrot, Amelie Bouet, Cristina Candelo-Jimenez, Kristine Weitzel and Sophie Tompkins.



# CHAPEL

This year, I have begun to experience that which the apostle Paul experienced from time to time... discovering that God can be trusted to look after those who have passed through ones care. In other words, I have met Old Stoics who, several years down the line, are maturing as Christians. Two were former heads of School, Rob Gooch, who after a year with Riding Lights, a Christian drama company, is now trying his hand as a jobbing actor, and Chesney Clark, currently learning how to fly helicopters with the army. But there have been other rewarding encounters with Chelser Clarke, Chesney's big sister and a teacher in Oxon, Barny de Berry, now a curate in Derby, Tayo Erogbobo, recently married, Marykate Lyell who is returning to Stowe in the Summer as the new wife of MCE, and Charlie Hart, one of my tutees, who has set himself up as a posh estate agent in London. There are many others who will trace their faith back to their time at Stowe, and it is indeed rewarding to see no let up in this happy situation.

Crossfire has had a good year with a variety of speakers tackling a variety of subjects in the informal and friendly context of our weekly meetings. We will miss Will Harwood who has organised these meetings, but look forward to building on the work he has done. Weekly Bible Study groups complement Crossfire, and these are well attended. I have been taking the fourth form group and there are never less, and often more than a dozen boys crammed into my sitting room on a Tuesday lunchtime taking on board the Beatitudes.

I am extremely fortunate in that a good number of the teaching staff happily take the mid-week chapel services, and the quality of their addresses regularly excel in both erudition and insight. Sundays have also seen us well served by our visit-

ing preachers who have been a very mixed bunch indeed, ranging from the Dean of Westminster Abbey to *Tough Talk*, a team of body building, weight lifting ex-heavyweights from the East End, each with a 'dodgy' background. A particular highlight for me was the visit of the journalist, Peter Hitchens who spoke of the terrifying reality of chaos as he had experienced it around the world and the need for the order that Christ brings, and then, speaking with members of the sixth form, he delivered the best apology for the free press I have ever heard.

This year's Lenten Addresses were led by the Rev'd Adrian Beavis, an associate vicar of St Stephen's, Twickenham. Taking themes drawn from recent movies and contemporary music, he presented the Gospel with vibrant clarity to a full Dobbinson theatre on each of three nights. He was accompanied by a team who had taken time out from their regular occupations to be with us, and I am constantly grateful to those who support the work of the Chaplaincy in these ways.

We have also been on the receiving end of an initiative by the Parish Church who have inaugurated an evening service specifically aimed at Stoics. The first one in March was most successful with a healthy mix of Stoics and others gathering to hear God's word and to worship him in the kind of song that is not generally heard in Chapel!

Finally, confirmation has followed its annual course with about fifty candidates, and after a super retreat led by Tim Cutting, a school's worker in Milton Keynes, it would appear that about forty of them will be confirmed in May by the new Bishop of Buckingham, the Right Reverend Alan Wilson.

RBJ



# MUSIC

## AN OVERVIEW OF MUSIC AT STOWE

A new Director of Music said to me recently that he had never realised how much he would worry about the future years of music in his school: not knowing if he could maintain a certain group, would they have the right instrumentalists, would he have the right singers for the choir, would he be able to maintain standards etc. etc. Thus the new year is a worrying time for the Director of Music when he or she becomes aware of what musical material is available for the year ahead.

Though we had some good players leave at the end of last year the influx of new good instrumentalists and the raising of standards by those already in the school have more than compensated for this. By the end of this academic year there will have been almost sixty musical events in the school ranging from small informal recitals to large school concerts. All of these have their importance in the musical life of the school. However, these sixty events do not include all the other occasions when our musicians are asked to play outside the school or perform at some or other event in the school. It is not unusual for there to be three concerts in a week.

The overhauling of the organ has brought the great Chapel Organ to life and we much enjoyed the organ recital by the organist of Liverpool Cathedral, Ian Tracey, who thought that the instrument was extremely fine. The Chapel Choir has, as always, done notable service singing in Chapel every week as well as for special occasions. The Chamber Choir under the superb direction of JRK has enhanced many concerts and will perform Carter's "Benedicite" later in the term. The Brass playing under Debbie Bailey, direction has improved out of all recognition. The Wind Band is now thriving, along with the Jazz Band and there are many fine woodwind ensembles directed by Zoe Fairbairn. The Strings of Stowe, as always, have worked hard as the backbone of the orchestra and playing in their own right along with other string chamber groups. We are also fortunate to have many fine pianists in the school.

Each Summer I feel sad at the loss of so many good musicians whose support and enthusiasm has been invaluable. There are many leaving but I would particularly like to mention the very fine group of Music scholars who have been exemplary: Harry Darby, Jack Hawkes, Paul Hinds, Jonathan Howse and Sarah Turner. I only hope that their replacements will come near their high standards and level of commitment.

JCG

## VIOLIN RECITAL BY GENE KINDELL (OS)

It was a privilege to welcome Gene Kindell back to Stowe to give a violin recital. He is currently a student at the Royal Academy of Music, studying with Richard Deakin; he was previously a pupil of mine at Stowe.

Gene opened his recital with the Bach Partita in G minor for solo violin. The solo sonatas by Bach are known to be a tremendous challenge to bring off and in this case Gene brought off a terrific performance that held his audience spellbound. The opening Adagio had poise and a beautiful sense of fantasy, almost as though Gene was improvising the music and the following fugue was a tour de force. He managed to bring out the individual lines in the third movement with great beauty and the last movement was a brilliant cascade of notes.

Gene was joined by BJD for the G major Violin Sonata by Brahms, another huge work. Gene and BJD played together many times whilst Gene was at Stowe and they had lost none of their rapport. In the Music Room, which has a very lively acoustic, it can be hard to achieve a good balance but that was no problem in this performance. The players brought out the urgency and ardour of the two outer movements and the slow movement had all the necessary repose.

There is no doubt that this was a wonderful evening and was highly appreciated by the large audience in the Music Room. It was moving that Gene dedicated the evening to the memory of Sara



Drew who had been his Matron in Cobham. I hope it will not be too long before Gene comes back to give us another recital.

RJSS

## HOUSE SINGING FESTIVAL

I was concerned because we had to cancel the House Singing Festival in 2003, due to the flu epidemic, that standards this year would have slipped. Nothing could have been further from the truth and, in particular, I thought that some of the Part Songs were amongst the very best that I have heard at Stowe. Temple were the first House to sing in both the Part and Unison songs and the extremely high standard that they set inspired others to raise their game. Temple were deservedly the winners of the cup for the house which produced the highest overall standard and they also won the cup for the Unison Song which was beautifully sung, with much attention to detail. Congratulations should go to Harry Darby and Paul Hinds for their direction and enthusiasm which produced such excellent results. However, the Part Song was won by Grenville for a most invigorating and enjoyable performance. It was gratifying to see a group of Stoics really putting their heart and soul into a performance which they produced totally without help from any one else. Once again congratulations should go to Jack Hawkes for his leadership and finding just the right song for the resources available.

The adjudicator this year was Peter Crompton, Director of Music of the Royal Holbrook School in Ipswich. His summary was all that a good adjudication should be on an evening of this sort. There was plenty of wit and humour mixed in with good advice on how to improve, lavished with considerable praise for all that was good in every song. Every house is to be congratulated on their contribution and the spirit in which they entered into the competition.

### PART SONGS

Temple: Goodnight sweetheart; Kirby Shaw  
Lyttelton: Lullaby of Birdland; George Gershwin  
Chandos: MMM Bop; Hanson  
Bruce: When I'm 64; Lennon & McCartney  
Grenville: Back for good; Gary Barlow  
Grafton: Let it be; Lennon & McCartney  
Nugent: I don't know how to love him; Lloyd-Webber  
Walpole: Barbaran; The Beach Boys  
Cobham: Yakety Yak; The Coasters  
Chatham: Ain't no Sunshine; Bill Withers



### UNISON SONGS

Temple: A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square; Manning Sherwin  
Lyttelton: All that Jazz; John Kander  
Chandos: Grease Lightening; Jacobs & Casey  
Bruce: I wanna be like you; Richard & Robert Sherman  
Grenville: Angels; Williams & Chambers  
Grafton: Mandy; Kerr and English  
Nugent: Build me up Buttercup; Macauley & D'Abo  
Walpole: Love is all around me; Wet Wet Wet  
Cobham: Peaches; The Presidents of the USA  
Chatham: I Just Can't Wait to Be King; Elton John

Tustian Cup for the Part Song was awarded to Grenville House

Strathspey Cup for the House Unison to Temple House

Fanshawe Cup for the highest overall standard to Temple House

### HIGH MUSICAL ACHIEVERS

Although there are many Stoics who have gained good marks in the grade examinations there are some whose achievements deserve special mention. The clarinet is a very popular instrument and so gaining a place to study it at one of our great musical conservatoires is in itself a great achievement. Jonathan Howse not only gained a place at all the major conservatoires but was awarded a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music making him one of the most exceptional candidates to apply this year. A huge amount of practice and dedication has gone into producing a player of such high calibre and Jonathan is to be congratulated on his determined approach. Jonathan is also Principal Clarinet with





the National Youth Wind Orchestra and in his section is another Stoic, George Walker. George is not only a very good clarinettist but also a fine recorder player and gained the ATCL diploma in January.

Joining us last September were Craig Greene, Daisy Watkins and Natalie Witts. Craig, a member of the fourth form, is a former principal trumpet of the National Youth Children's Orchestra. He already had Grade 8 with Distinction before he came to Stowe and has continued to win many prizes. In addition to his exceptional talent as a trumpeter Craig is also a fine pianist and passed Grade 8 with Distinction dropping only six marks and therefore gaining 144 out of a possible 150. Craig will also be heard playing Bach's D minor Harpsichord Concerto this term and is taking Grade 6 on the organ after less than one year of study.

Other Stoics who are playing with National Ensembles are Natalie Witts who is principal Trombone with the National Youth Jazz Second Orchestra and also plays in the first Orchestra. Daisy Watkins is a member of the National Youth Sinfonia where she plays Viola.

### JAZZ AT STOWE

For the past few years Jazz at Stowe has become increasingly important and the Jazz or Swing Band

and Jazz Combo directed by Paul Westwood from the Royal Academy of Music are both well established and very important groups. "Dinner 'n' Jazz" at the end of the Autumn Term is always sold out within a week of tickets going on sale and the "Summer Jazz" at the Queen's Temple is always well attended – provided that the weather is decent! The Jazz Combo which works entirely on improvisation without any written material is able to play for many hours. Players in the group include Harry Thuillier (Piano), Harry Arkwright (Bass), Ben Holland (Drums) and Natalie Witts on Trombone.

The Jazz Band seems to cope with more and more difficult and complex music and now has a vast repertoire, so much so that not all of it can be performed in an event. But it is not only the groups who play Jazz. More and more pianists choose to learn Jazz Piano and take the exams of the Associated Board and now their syllabus has been increased to include other instruments and we now have pupils taking Jazz Saxophone examinations. This is therefore an area of musical education which we shall hear develop in all schools in the coming years.

### LONDON CONCERT

The idea for a concert in London given by Stowe musicians was ZJF's and she was the driving force behind this wonderful event. Although, for those

without a map, St.Paul's Marylebone was difficult to find, even for London Taxi drivers, it proved to be a wonderful location and an ideal venue as a concert hall with facilities for entertainment afterwards.

The whole evening was a wonderful occasion with performances by present Stoics and those studying at music college at the moment. After an introduction from the Headmaster the string ensemble opened the concert with a fine performance of Geminiani's Concerto Grosso "La Follia" with soloists Hwei Kim and Edmund Jones (Violins), Daisy Watkins (Viola) and Sarah Turner ('cello). This Baroque work, which in essence is a set of variations, provided the soloists with plenty of opportunity to show off their skills.

Following this Craig Greene from the fourth form performed the first movement of Haydn's Trumpet Concerto in E flat with all the panache and musicality that we have come to expect of this talented young man. He was well on top of the work technically and musically and shaped the phrases beautifully giving also a display of brilliance during the short cadenza. The large Wind Ensemble then gave a magnificent performance of the final movement of Mozart's "Wind Serenade" which gave plenty of opportunity for soloistic display and special mention should be made of the playing of Jack Hawkes (Clarinet) and Harry Darby (French Horn). We then returned to the strings for a performance of the Minuet from Mozart's "String Quintet in G minor" K 516 played by Hwei Kim and Edmund Jones (Violins), Daisy Watkins and Edward Cowan (Violas) and Sarah Turner ('cello). Chamber works such as this tax even the most experienced of players and this group performed as an excellent ensemble.

Sally Clark is now in her final year at the Royal College of Music and she was accompanied on the



piano by Alexander Winter, who is just completing his course at Trinity College. Her flute playing was an awesome display of technical and musical skill as she seemed to perform Henri Busser's "Prelude et Scherzo" with consummate ease. Alex's accompaniment was quite wonderful and these two work very well as a duo.

Thanks to the inspired direction and enthusiasm of our head of brass, Debbie Bailey, over the last three years the brass playing at Stowe has been transformed and her players have made a dramatic impact upon our musical life. The two works that we heard were performed with utmost precision and displayed ensemble playing at the highest level. The syncopation of Scott Joplin's "Rag-time Dance" contrasted well with the more restrained "Prelude" from the Divertimento Op.49 by Leonard Salzedo.

Jonathan Howse is about to embark on his studies before he becomes a professional musician. In his masterful performance of Tedesco's "Sonata for Clarinet" he gave ample evidence of why he has been awarded a scholarship to study at the Royal Academy. As a contrast to the instrumental playing we had been listening to the Chamber Choir gave us two very different pieces of vocal repertoire. Ellington's light and swinging piece "I'm beginning to see the light" was magically offset by the much more tranquil and ethereal setting of "The Blue Bird" by C.V.Stanford.

Gene Kindell is now in his second year of studying the Violin at the Royal Academy of Music. His playing of the "Adagio" from J.S.Bach's Solo Violin Sonata in G minor was full of poetry and poise and showed a player in full technical and musical control; it was sheer musical magic. Those of us who were able to attend Sara Drew's Memorial Service in Chapel will never forget Gene's playing of this same piece. The Senior





Clarinet Quartet has always been a highly respected group whose performances have always been of the highest standard and tonight's was no exception. The added bonus this time was the first performance of a very enjoyable work by our Head of keyboard, Benjamin Davey – "Tango, Rag-time, Waltz and Boogie Woogie". These extremely enjoyable miniatures deserve to be heard frequently and I am sure that they will have established themselves as standard repertoire with this fine group of players.

After the Clarinet Quartet we were treated to a performance of the slow movement of Grieg's Piano Sonata in E minor Op.7 played by Edmund Jones. This is a real tour de force and demands good technical skills as well as good dynamic control. Edmund performed the work with enormous passion and understanding. To finish off the concert and get us in a party mood for what followed the Swing Band performed Coltrane's "A moment's notice" and Shearing's "Lullaby of Birdland", works which make great demands on the players.

In the introduction to the programme and throughout the evening much mention had been made of Leslie Huggins whose inspiration when Director of Music from 1929 to 1952 established Stowe as one of the great schools for music education. The concert closed with an impassioned speech from the present Director of Music, John Cooper Green, in which he implored those present to encourage the building of a new music school at Stowe to the memory of Leslie Huggins.

## MUSIC AT CHRISTMAS

Every Director of Music will tell you that

Christmas is a very special time and choosing the right music to match the readings, which will also be enjoyable and sung well by the choir is a daunting task. The Carol Service at Stowe has become established as a great experience and one that we hope truly reflects both the Christian message and story. It is a gradual build up throughout the Service of darkness into light as we go from the lighting of the first candle in quiet to the triumphant brass fanfares following the reading of the ninth lesson from St. John's Gospel. Yes the choir was, as always superb, the congregational singing spine tingling and the Brass Fanfares uplifting, but it will have failed if the congregation did not understand the message of hope.

Music in the early part of the Service is tranquil and yet perhaps there is an undercurrent of perturbation and feeling that something is about to happen. For this section I chose Tavener's "The Lamb", Ledger's "Adam lay 'bounden" and a new work to us, an arrangement by Rutti of the Appalachian carol "I wonder as I wander" which I think wonderfully encapsulates all that I am trying to portray. Joubert's gentle and lilting carol "There is no Rose" was used for the Annunciation and after St. Matthew describes the birth of Jesus the joy was reflected in Willcocks' arrangement of "Ding Dong! Merrily on high".

The mood again changed as St. Luke describes the birth of Jesus to something much more gentle and Jepson's "Sleep softly little one" and David Hill's superb but muted setting of "Away in a Manger" gave a moment of repose before the joy of the Angels and visit of the Shepherds reflected in the buoyant rhythms of Andrew Carter's "Venezualan Carol" and Ledger's "On Christmas Night". Finally from the choir "Sir Christmas" by



Mathias gave a burst of joy as the choir led us into the final part of the Service.

On the night before the Carol Service it has now become traditional to have the Carol Concert which is open to all and it is a great joy to welcome many people from the surrounding area as well as parents. I hope this Concert does not lose its Christmas message as we hear different readings from those Biblical ones heard at the Carol Service. I am very grateful to David Fletcher and Victoria Ryan, who read so superbly and who brought a great joy and meaning into all that they read. Many thousands of pounds were once more raised for the Children's Wards at the John Radcliffe Hospital in Oxford.

### PREP. SCHOOL CHORAL FESTIVAL

We were delighted that yet again so many schools accepted the invitation to join in with the Stowe Prep.School Choral Festival. Such is the now national reputation of this Festival that schools come as far away as York and Bournemouth, some of whom chose to stay in the area overnight. It was a pleasure to welcome choirs from schools who had not been before as well as those who frequently give us their support. In fact the Chapel was so full with choristers, almost 600, that extra chairs had to be brought in to seat all the parents and guests. It now appears to be becoming a tradition to use our very fine brass and they accompanied the anthem Ireland's "Greater love hath no man" with the organ. They also played for John Rutter's arrangement of "Now thank we all our God" which has a very extended brass introduction to it. Other pieces that were performed at this Choral Evensong were Maurice Bevan's anthem "There's a wideness in God's Mercy", which proved to be a great hit with

the choristers and the canticle setting was Brewer in D. This was a hugely enjoyably occasion and my sincerest thanks to all the conductors, organists and choristers for making it a momentous day.

A list of those whose schools attended follows:

Akeley Wood, Ashfold, Belmont, Berkhamstead Collegiate, Brockhurst and Marlston, Broomwood Hall, Bruern Abbey, Crossfields, Cundall Manor, The Hall, Hill House, Keble, Maidwell Hall, Northcote Lodge, Pinewood, St.Andrew's, St.Faith's, St.John's Priory, Sussex House and Winchester House.

### SCHOOL CONCERT

It is always good to break with tradition and try something new, so this year we had a full school concert on the last night of the Spring Term. This was attended by the whole school in addition to parents, guests and staff. Therefore we estimate that around nine hundred attended and listened to almost one hundred and seventy performers.

The concert opened with Music for the Royal Fireworks and the brilliance of the trumpets coupled with the excitement of the Side Drummers and Timpani made this an ideal item with which to begin. The Director of Music said that this was to be a celebration of Stowe's Music and the first item played so brilliantly by the orchestra set the right mood. This was an evening with lots of variety, with something for everyone. Following the orchestra the winners of the Part Song at the House Singing Festival gave us a rendition of Gary Barlow's "Back for good". Large though the Chapel is this small group sang with such conviction and passion that it was much enjoyed by all.

To think that over three years ago the Wind Band at Stowe did not exist now seems unbelievable and all credit should go to the two ladies of the Queen's Temple – Debbie Bailey and Zoe Fairbairn for the hard work they have put into establishing this group. The sixteenth century work attributed to Henry VIII was given a very upbeat modern treatment which was a great joy to listen to. This contrasted well with excerpts from "Phantom of the Opera" where the wind band had the bonus of added loud interjections from the Chapel organ played by JRK. This group of pieces was brought to a rousing close by an arrangement of songs by the group "Queen".

Temple House then sang their winning unison song entry "A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square", beautifully sung and conducted with great panache by Harry Darby. After two excellent items from the Brass Group and a group of pieces from the Jazz Band the whole evening ended with the orchestra and choir. Richard Rodney Bennett's "Farnham Festival Overture" is a most enjoyable



work for the orchestra to play and this was evident from their spirited performance. Following this the choir, accompanied by the orchestra, sang Ireland's anthem "Greater love hath no man". The orchestration greatly enhances the work and it was altogether a most enjoyable performance. Following two lively movements from Vaughan Williams' "English Folk Song Suite" the choir and orchestra joined together to sing and play Stanford's majestic "Te Deum in B flat" which brought this whole pleasurable evening to a great climax. Even though the Stoics were anxious to get away on holiday they showed great appreciation of this concert with a long and rapturous applause. It was evident from all the comments that the concert had been a great success and it is to be hoped that a similar event will take place again next year.

### SCHOOL ORCHESTRA CONCERT

We hope that Stoics are challenged musically at Stowe and gain a real insight through performance into some of the very best music. RJSS certainly challenged the orchestra this year with a programme that even professional orchestras have to work hard to perform. There were times in the weekly Friday rehearsals when slogging through some difficult passage when we wondered if we would ever get the whole thing together.

The concert began with Sibelius' popular Tone Poem "Finlandia" which straight away exposes the brass section. As the music builds up other sections are brought into the spotlight and put through their paces until the whole orchestra plays in a blaze of glory. The second work in the programme was Weber's Second Clarinet Concerto which was performed by Jonathan Howse playing entirely from memory, something that takes tremendous courage in front of a large audience. His brilliant technique and musical expertise were evident throughout the work and one would have to travel a long way to hear a better and more well conceived performance. Accompanying concertos is not easy for an amateur orchestra, because the works are usually so fragmented and it is often difficult to get the balance right. The Stowe Orchestra coped magnificently and gave excellent support to the soloists.

The final pieces in the concert were two movements from Holst's Suite "The Planets" – Mars and Jupiter. These are immensely difficult works and every member of the orchestra is tested to their utmost. No amateur orchestra is ever going to play a work of this difficulty, let alone a single school orchestra, as well as a professional orchestra would. However, this was a good performance and much enjoyed by the audience as well as the players. RJSS is to be commended for his courage in exposing our musicians to these great works. The fact that

they gave such good performances of these difficult works is a great credit to them and I am sure that they will have a greater understanding of orchestral playing and remember the experience for the rest of their lives. Well done to all concerned.

JCG

### STRINGS' FESTIVAL

The Strings' Festival took place in The State Music Room on Sunday November 16<sup>th</sup>. The Festival consisted of a set of masterclasses taken by the French violinist, Olivier Bonnici.

Hwei Kim played a concerto by Vivaldi and performed the Concerto for two violins by Bach in which he was joined by Drew Leeman. Drew also played a Corelli Violin Sonata known as "La Follia". Patrick Tillard played a student concerto by Vivaldi and Edward Howlin played a cello sonata by de Fesch. In the last session before tea, Sam Barnard played a Handel Violin Sonata.

After refreshments, Edmund Jones played the Dvorak Violin Sonatina, a charming piece written whilst Dvorak was in America. Daisy Watkins played the viola concerto attributed to J C Bach which, although it is an early twentieth century forgery, is a very attractive and highly virtuosic piece. The afternoon finished with Edmund Jones, Edward Cowan, Daisy Watkins and Sarah Turner playing a String Quartet by Mozart.

Olivier Bonnici was an inspiring tutor for the day. His charm combined with his considerable skills as a string player made for a wonderful occasion.

RJSS



# SENIOR CONGREVE

## CARS BY RICHARD MARSH

Stowe School's calendar of events had suggested that we should be watching Arthur Miller's *All My Sons* as this winter's major production; however, Miller's play would have given only ten Stoics the opportunity to show their acting-talent. Instead, director Nick Bayley, in his first term at Stowe, took the bold decision to involve nearly forty young actors and actresses in a challenging and topical new play, *Cars*. With a dozen or more Stoics involved as part of the production-team, this was a Senior Congreve that elicited tremendous commitment from the student body.

The play, by Richard Marsh, who attended the Saturday evening performance, was a fast-paced excursion into a world where cars are the heroes and the villains, the objects of youthful aspirations but the cause of domestic tragedy. Before the action of the play began, the daughter of one of the three families on whom the play focuses, the Rogers family, had been confined to a wheel-chair after a road accident. Their new car, provided by the generosity of their daughter's school and replacing one previously stolen by thieves, was soon standing, unlocked, outside their house. Meanwhile, the Knott Family were having to cope with a disaffected son being tempted away from school by a gang of young joy-riders. A third family, the Hendersons, were preparing for the drive to an important night out for their girls. Long before the conclusion, the tragic outcome of these various elements could be foreseen; but this inevitability, like that in a Greek tragedy, was the strength of the plot, as the audience was imaginatively involved in seeing its worst fears realised.

The design of this production was particularly successful. On the black backdrop, a city skyline glowed in silver outline, in front of which dangled various parts of the bodywork of a dismantled car, sprayed blood red. To the rear, centre stage, was the impressionistic interior of a car, comprising merely seats (again, in red) and a black steering-wheel. The overall effect, atmospheric but uncluttered, was created by King-Ho Leung, who also deserves great

credit for the eye-catching posters and programme for the production.

From a bar directly above the skeletal vehicle, flanking the windscreen of the broken car, two remote-controlled spotlights were suspended. These were used effectively throughout the performance, but especially during the driving sequences. As they swung in synchronisation up and down, their beams raking from the back of the stage to fling light out over the audience before dipping back immediately, they gave a vivid impression of the headlights of a car careering forward, scarcely under control (an effect accentuated by the alarming rake of the Roxy stage). Congratulations to the lighting designer (Miles Barley) and the crew on achieving this coup de theatre.

Even more impressive, if possible, was the performance of "The Beat Box" who occupied the right forestage and provided the sound throughout the performance. The raw chords of Caspar Sheppard's guitar combined with the driving beat of Will Puxley's drum-kit to establish the headlong impetus of the entire production. At times, the challenge was clearly to spot the riffs from classic rock tracks that blared from Caspar's guitar. Furthermore, this team of musicians provided imaginative sound-effects for many of the incidents on stage. The arrangement of these disparate musical and sound effects was cleverly managed by Ari Appel.

The simple costumes, when complemented by the thoughtfully co-ordinated design of set, lighting and sound, facilitated a fast-paced performance. The opening sequence introduced the audience to the majority of the cast. A crowd of youngsters, in black trousers and white 'Cars' tee-shirts, invaded the stage to divide into two chanting camps. As there were no major set changes, sound and lighting could be used to accelerate from this scene directly into the next, and so throughout the ninety-minute performance, with no pause for an interval. Congratulations to those working backstage

[Sophie Tomkins, Thomas Borwick, Alastair Russell, Becky Graham, Alexander Rosedale, Alexander Preston, Alexander Fisher and Sebastian D'Agar] for ensuring that the dramatic impetus was entirely congruent with the subject of the play: fast action about fast cars.

As the drama progressed, the three families to be linked by the concluding accident became familiar to the audience. Henry Kimble's amiable, unassertive Mr. Rogers contrasted sharply with James Whaley's loud, violent Mr. Knott. They were clearly instrumental in determining the dominant characteristics of their respective sons: the articulate, conscientious Dave Rogers (Harry Arkwright on good form) and the rebellious but insecure Darren Knott (John Galvin, thoroughly convincing in the play's pivotal role).

Prominent among the best actresses were Sarah Hughes (Mrs. Rogers), Leonora Wemyss (Mrs. Henderson) and Sophie Lobel (Mrs. Knott), the three mothers whose lives were to be tragically united on Union Street, and Victoria Garwood as Karen Rogers, whose life had been similarly blighted by cars before the opening of the play.

Supporting actors included Alex Orchard-Lisle, amusingly fussy and flustered as the neurotic headmaster, while Anna Semler's crossing lady was always the focus of attention and sympathy when on stage.

So many other young actors and actresses deserve praise for their contributions, but space will not permit the mention of [more than] their names: Lucy Barlow, Phoebe English, Amy Whittaker, Nyasa Neville, Freddie Champion-Awwad, Araminta Reeves, Georgia Raimes, Laura Hayhurst-France, Catriona Hands, Serena Kearns, Garyth Cooper, Keith Leon, Jean-Michel Hall, Regan Gardner, Marielle Cottee, Nick Greenwood, Louisa Tuely, Charlotte Scott-Gray, Oliver Winton, Gianni Mitchell, Romy Scarffe and Araminta Markes. Suffice it to say that the ensemble acting was always impressive, the scenes between the schoolgirls being particularly successful.

A special mention must nevertheless be reserved for "The Gang" of joy-riders. Kelly Kerruish, Catriona Stewart, Tim Wild and Alastair Shaikh really did know how to interact like street-corner kids, fluctuating between aggression, excitement, scorn and fear. Hugh Viney's performance as Jase, leader of the gang, was outstanding: he gave a thoroughly convincing portrayal of a street-wise youngster who had hardened into a manipulative criminal with no conscience. He was thus the perfect foil for John Galvin's performance as the more conscien-

tious and troubled Darren, lured to his own destruction in the flashy world of fast cars.

Any school play should be assessed on the basis of the commitment of the students and what they have learned about team-work, initiative and responsibility. This production excelled in all these important respects. In addition, *Cars* could be judged against higher standards: on the superior quality of the play, the performances and the technical achievements. It was a production that did not merely entertain its audiences: it involved them emotionally and encouraged thought about important contemporary social issues. To Nick Bayley and his enthusiastic, talented team, we offer our congratulations on a most enterprising and successful 2003 Senior Congreve.

PSM

## Letter on which the play is based

### Dieter: safe and at peace

*I don't know how to thank all the people who have been so kind in helping me through the last nine days and will still be there to help in the future.*

*The last two or three years with my late son, Dieter, have been heartbreaking, frustrating and tiring.*

*There have been times when he made me feel ashamed of myself.*

*If I said an unkind word about anyone he would defend them, even when he didn't know them.*

*The only person he couldn't defend was himself and he was the only person he felt had no worth.*

*Yet he not only accepted that just about everyone he ever met liked him, he expected them to.*

*That contradiction alone shows the complex puzzle he became.*

*I have never met another person with so much love to give. I always found it fitting he should be born on Valentine's Day. At 15 he could barely read or write and yet he was bright and sensitive.*

*I would never begin to imagine what it must have been like to be inside his head.*

*"Teenage tearaway" is a stereotype of something he never was.*

*He could have taught the world so much if we had been capable of teaching him.*

*I'm only grateful that if a life was to be lost through his actions, it was his own and not some else's – as much as I regret that loss.*

*I know only too well he could not have lived with that kind of guilt.*

*He's safe now and I hope he has found peace.*

*My love and thanks to everyone I cannot thank personally.*

Janet Schreyer

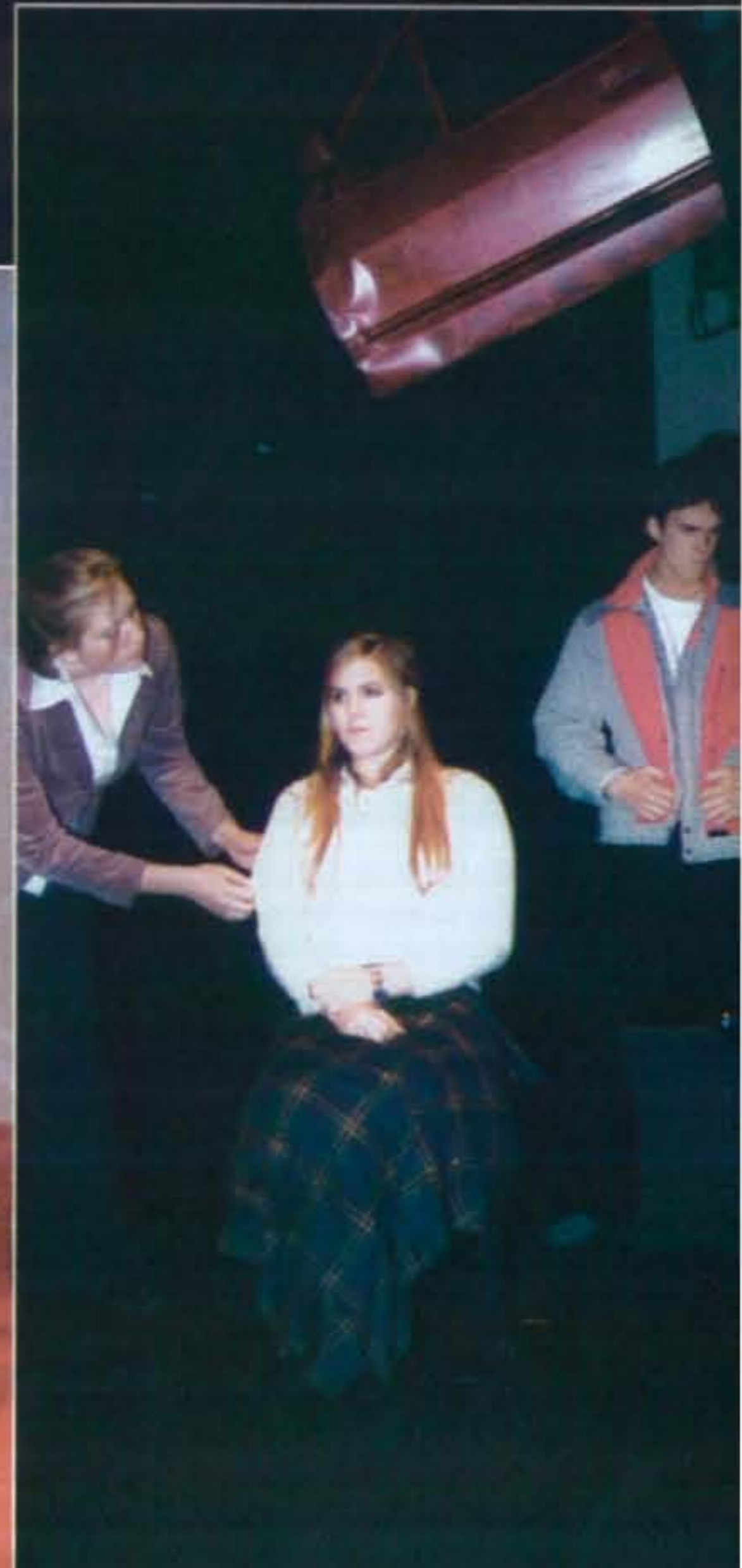
Letter to *Plymouth Evening Herald*



STOWE SCHOOL DRAMA  
SENIOR CONGRESS 2003

# CRASH

ROXBURGH HALL  
NOVEMBER  
27-29 (Thur-Sat)  
8:00 PM



# INTERVIEW WITH NICK BAYLEY

The new Head of Drama and Director of 'Cars' by LAURA HAYHURST-FRANCE

How long have you been teaching Theatre Studies?

I first started teaching Theatre Studies in 1984, so I will have been teaching it for 20 years next year.

What do you think of Stowe's Theatre Studies Department?

I recognise that Stowe has a very good reputation for its drama and theatre work and I have seen a number of spectacular productions here in the Roxy. There is tremendous interest and enthusiasm from students. I hope in my time here I can involve lots more students in the rehearsals and performance of different plays. On the curriculum side, things are moving forward. We have drama as a GCSE option and we have also been contributing to the 3rd year Foundationers' programme. It is refreshing to see drama featured in the curriculum, particularly in an already busy and overcrowded programme.

What plays have you been in?/directed in the past?

I have had lots of different experiences as a performer, producer and director. My first serious play was "Oh What A Lovely War", which I performed in 1973, at the age of 14. At school I was involved in many different plays and festivals, as well as local amateur dramatics productions ranging from "The Boyfriend" by Sandy Wilson, to "The Son of Man" by Dennis Potter. I have directed many school shows and drama festival entries, and have played an active role for the past five years in the Luffield Arts Festival, held here at Stowe in July.

Why did you decide to do such a different play from the type of play that is usually performed at Stowe?

I felt it was important for my own sake at my start at Stowe. I wanted to try and reflect the kind of work I enjoy and which doesn't have to involve huge sets, banks of technical equipment and hundreds of costumes. Of course there is a place for the grand production and I have a lot of respect for those people who put on shows such as Camelot and Guys and Dolls. But I like to think a school play allows a great opportunity for students, colleagues, parents, governors and the general public to have a glimpse of the curriculum in action. I think it is important that the fundamentals of the theatre experience are explored which will then enable students to appreciate the skills required to communicate their message to the audience. Some of the best things I've seen have been when that

shared experience has been really memorable and unlike, say a movie or a TV programme, the theatre experience is something that should happen there and then.

What made you choose "Cars" in particular?

I first came across "Cars" when I read it as part of a set of scripts sent to me at my previous school. I thought the story was very exciting and liked its almost docu-drama style. It's not a message play as such, but I think it puts its point of view across very well, as we the audience watch the tragic consequences unfold. It also gave me an opportunity to work with a big cast and apart from 4 or 5 significant roles, there are also a number of good characters which students can develop and enjoy performing.

How large was the cast?

Forty actors, a dozen stage crew and 2 guys in the band.

How hard was it to select the cast, given that you are a new member of staff, and didn't know any of the students?

Yes, it was very hard, and because the Congreve is in November the first and second meetings took place in the very early part of term, when I was struggling to even find my way round the building, let alone know the students names. I've used a lot of A Level Drama and Theatre Studies students, as I work with them on a daily basis and I know their abilities, but I have also been very pleased with the Fifth Year lads who have made up part of "the gang".

The play addresses a number of important issues of teenage life, such as peer-pressure, skiving school and joy-riding. How do you feel people will react to this. Is there anything to be learnt from it?

I would like to think that the audience will learn something about the society in which they live and will maybe question some of their preconceived ideas about the type of person who does this kind of thing. The inspiration for the play came from a letter to the Plymouth Evening Herald, by Janet Schreyer which was about her own son. Being a teenager in today's society is, I believe, very difficult because the expectations upon them are so great. No one ever quite knows why somebody would "go off the rails" and do the kind of things that Darren and his gang in the play do. It's bad enough that they injure and upset themselves, but the deaths of the two girls is something that they will have to live with for the rest of their lives.

# HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING

Three great audiences of Stoics and their parents came to enjoy the staff's production of Frank Loesser and Abe Burrows' musical *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. The show follows young J. Pierpont Finch (played by MCE), as he craftily climbs the corporate ladder from the mailroom to the executive board with the least amount of effort possible. Along the way, Finch must overcome the resistance of his bumbling boss Mr. Biggley (JCG) and the conniving of the equally lazy but far less clever boss's nephew, Bud Frump (AKA). Meanwhile, an ambitious secretary, Rosemary (LJG), identifies Finch as her ticket to marital and material bliss, and conspires with her friend Smitty (REM) to seduce him. A lively cast of company executives and secretaries varyingly support and stifle Finch and Rosemary's ambitions, and naturally, comedy ensues. In the end, the couple (and everyone else, except a drastically demoted Frump) lives happily ever after.

Director Lionel Weston and Musical Director Jonathan Kingston put in many hours of rehearsal time with the cast to get the acting, singing, and dancing up to standard, and all agreed that the product was well worth it. Preparation for the show brought the cast together with other staff members (and a few Stoics) involved in building the set and playing in the orchestra. Through it all, the directors were able to maintain a relaxed and creative environment. The name of the game was fun, and during the run, it was sometimes hard to tell who was enjoying themselves more, the cast or the audience. A talented cast, dedicated crew, and a wonderful audience made the show not only a great piece of entertainment, but also a testament to the strength and creativity of the entire Stowe community.

AKA

## DARLINGS, YOU WERE WONDERFUL

BY DEREK LOMAS

### Lyttelton House Play

This year's Lyttelton house play was directed by Phoebe English and Victoria Garwood with little intervention or help from any members of staff; not an easy task alongside the rigours of AS and A2 studies but one which they carried out with both ease and success. The cast, all of whom are studying AS Theatre Studies, achieved a slick and impressive performance, if slightly under-rehearsed in places, each creating an individual and highly amusing character. I was not hugely impressed with the actual script of the play but thought that the girls achieved a great deal with it and made excellent use of the unconventional space that is the Lyttelton House room.

The play itself was reminiscent of the mechanicals in 'A Midsummer Night's Dream', taking place in the dressing room of the talentless Amazon Theatre Group before their performance of a Lorcaesque melodrama in a competitive festival. The part of the alcoholic nervous wreck of a director, Irene,

was played with great presence by Victoria Garwood who scared the entire audience into submission particularly during her cat fight with Georgia Raimes' Vanessa.

Romy Scarffe gave a sensitive portrayal of the loyal Judy and I will never look at Serena Kearns in quite the same way again after her drunken exploits in a motorcycle helmet! Eleanor Weil and Natalie Witts were a successful comedy double act as they pouted away into the mirror.

However the crowning moment was most definitely the hilariously hysterical wailing of the women in the last minute rehearsal which made every think about what the competition must have been like if the Amazon Group won.

The audience definitely enjoyed every moment of this performance and the girls can be very proud of what they achieved.

VKFR







# WALPOLE AND NUGENT HOUSE PLAY 'ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR'

Walpole and Nugent were exemplary in producing a challenging Alan Ayckbourn play that proved just that little bit uneasy compared with your 'standard bedroom farce'. The stunning cast bought the witty writing to the fore with some genuinely observant takes on the satire of British middle-class life. The actors were aptly mature in their roles owing to a conventional and involving direction by John Moule. The story follows the lives of three couples over three consecutive Christmas Eves in their kitchens. This room was an ingenious setting as the audience could spy out the real feelings of these people whether they were unhappy or doing astonishingly silly things. A whole kitchen was made in the Dobinson, only being altered subtly every act to denote different kitchens.

Alasdair Shaikh and Lucy Barlow managed to convey the grotesque little world of their characters to a tee. They were painfully funny yet also showed us what nice people they were, something which other thespians could have missed out. Both were the most Ayckbournesque couple of the play, the audience always gave a well appreciated titter when Miss Barlow raced around her sterile kitchen crying, 'Ohh, Sidney, ohh'!

Amy Wittaker and Andrew Drummond Moray were a neat contrast; Andrew was very good as the boring Ronald, a difficult task to play someone so dull and Amy stole the show as the drunken Marion. She really was terrifically witty with her

dreadful slicing remarks on the others. If ever BBC resurrect 'The Good Life', Amy must play Margo, the role once mastered by Penelope Keith. She would be a sublime successor.

John Galvin and Anna Semler's marriage was the most desperate for all to see. John's character was just too awful, so selfish; it was not a surprise that Anna tried to commit suicide. Her resulting attempts to 'end it all' were awkwardly hilarious culminating with Andrew being electrocuted.

The play lasted an hour and a half with no interval and stretched the normally uninterested Stoic's imagination.

A. ORCHARD-LISLE



# SOCIETIES

## THE WATER CONSERVATORS' COMPETITION

The afternoon started when we were put into pairs and went into a room where Mr Flaxman, a former Water Conservators' Master, spoke to us about water purification. He had been involved in the water purification process in London. We were then told by Miss Carter that our task for the afternoon was to turn muddy, acidic pond water into fairly clear, neutral water. We were given a limited amount of equipment that we could use. After some discussion we firstly filtered the water through a small hole we made in a cup. This got rid of some of the larger particles and bits of vegetation. Secondly we filtered it through some fine gravel, getting rid of any large pieces of mud or soil. We then put it through sand, to dispose of any smaller particles. To solve this problem we drained it through some limestone, making it neutral.

All of this had to be carried out at quite a fast pace since we had been given a time limit. Our 'finished product', together with those of the other six pairs, was then taken away and analysed by Miss Carter. After a short time we went through to another room where the results were announced. The marking had been very close and we were delighted to be told that we had won. We each received a commemorative mug and a very generous amount of book vouchers. All of the participants were presented with certificates. It had been an excellent afternoon!

Conor Curtis and Alex Jolivet.



### Chess

The UK Land Chess Challenge preliminary round has been the club competition, with at present qualifying for the Megafinal in High Wycombe in May, Ned Pendleton and Charlie Reynolds.

The Inter-House competition, always hard fought, will take place on 20<sup>th</sup> June.

Last March we had an enjoyable match with Buckingham Chess Club. Mrs Amery, who runs the

local club, brought a young team to Stowe, where, amidst tea and cakes, an exciting match over 6 boards was played out to a 3-3 draw. Ned Pendleton (on Board 1) and Chris Maitland-Walker secured wins and a thrilling draw was achieved from a lost position by our adopted member, AMCD's daughter, Nathalie.

We would welcome an influx of keen Third Formers into the club next September.

EST

# What's the point in financial mobility, if it doesn't take you to the limits of your imagination?

When you think of a concierge, what comes to mind? An amiable, liveried gent in a luxury hotel who can book the best tables at the most starred private dining rooms, conjure up 'sold out' tickets for the best events, or get you behind the velvet rope at some of the hardest to enter places?

Today's professional concierge has emerged from behind the hotel desk into the modern 24/7 call centre. Broadening their network of contacts, they claim to be able to turnaround any request, to get you anything you want, anytime, wherever you happen to be. And yet, despite becoming more sophisticated, the principle service they provide remains largely the same: you take the time to ask them for help, and if you're lucky, they will find what you want, and hopefully you won't be too disappointed at what they think you'll like.

Designed for the demanding and discerning lifestyle needs of cash rich, time poor luxury consumers, Courture presents a much more considered, thoughtful advance on the professional concierge concept. A bespoke members' club, they offer to take not just your day-to-day list of things 'to do', but to provide a much more personal and proactive lifestyle management service, ensuring you focus on the things that are important, whilst everything else is taken care of.



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To begin, they only work one on one. Personal lifestyle consultants capture the individual lifestyle preferences and key dates of each member. So whether your passion is for people and places, personal health or personal growth, designer watches or interior design, the works of a great composer or the musings of a soon-to-be-stellar young artist, the consultant has the knowledge to take care of everything: before it is your birthday, they book your favourite restaurant; with your holidays approaching, they secure special packages that exactly match your needs; if relocating, they handle everything from the move to smooth acceleration into your new environment; and whatever your passion or your indulgence, they keep you up to date with regular bulletins on the things that make your life worth living.

Working exclusively with some of the world's finest luxury brands, Courture also strives to ensure the products and services they recommend are as award-winning as they are ethical. A leading voice in promoting the values of corporate social responsibility (CSR), for business or pleasure, as a member you also get to fly Carbon Neutral anywhere in the world.

Courture have created a typically bespoke package for the community of Stowe and their families and will be offering special access to a series of high profile Courture hosted events. If you have any queries regarding forthcoming events hosted by Courture, please do not hesitate to contact Hannah James (Nugent 97) on Tel: 01908 505505

E-mail: [hannahj@courtture.co.uk](mailto:hannahj@courtture.co.uk).

If you are interested in membership, as an individual or as a corporate client, Hannah is available to answer any questions you may have. Alternatively, please visit our web site: [www.courtture.co.uk](http://www.courtture.co.uk).

## THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

In the autumn term members of the Sixth Form attended a moving production of Sophocles' *Oedipus the King* by the Actors of Dionysus at Wellingborough Castle Theatre. It was a powerful performance which challenged accepted views of Oedipus and Creon. We returned to the same place and same company for a performance of Euripides' *Hippolytus* in February. This was more of an adaptation than a translation but it still raised some provocative re-interpretations of the original play.

Those in the sixth-form taking Latin at AS and A2 attended a helpful series of lectures on a variety of Latin verse authors, organised by the Oxford branch of the Classical Association in November. At the time of writing they are preparing their own contributions on prose authors for a seminar in May.

A highlight of the Spring term were the first Third-form PowerPoint Presentations. Teams of one, two or three pupils were given three lessons to produce a presentation on a wide variety of fascinating classical topics. Winners from each set were

then judged in the finals by CJE in front of the rest of their year-group in the Dobinson Theatre. The overall winners were Miles Crosby and William Walker with a superb study of Hannibal's strategies in the Punic Wars.

MJB

## Colloquium

The Sixth Form members of this select discussion group explored several topics introduced by staff in 2003-2004, some of which were: 'What Use is Literature?'; 'What is Beauty?'; 'The Emerging God within: Origins of the Western concept of Self in Art'; 'Cult and Culture: the post-Modernist Agenda'; 'Revolutions'. Over the years discussions have ranged over a host of large subjects and mighty issues ranging from Feminism to cloning to abstract reasoning about the vexed meaning(s) of words like 'rights' and 'liberal'. Organising this society and listening to the perceptions, observations and heated exchanges of the Stoics has been a real pleasure. Thanks to colleagues and Stoics for another good season.

EST

# COMMUNITY SERVICE 2003-2004

Stowe's long history of Community Service continues, with pupils able to opt to undertake service as an activity twice a week. The pupils doing the Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme are also involved.

Pupils working towards their Bronze and Silver Awards volunteer to help the National Trust. Under the guidance of their NT supervisors they undertake various tasks in the grounds. This can be fun when the weather is fine, but they still turn out when there are howling gales.

The Gold Award pupils join in with the mainstream Community Service volunteers to help in the wider community. Current placements include working in local charity shops, visiting residents in Hamilton House (a Residential home for the elderly in Buckingham), helping at nursery and primary schools and visiting individual elderly or disabled people. Many of our 'clients' have past connections with Stowe School and there are many stories to be told. The pupils may help in the garden or do odd jobs in the house, read to the partially sighted, play cards or board games or simply chat. For some of our ladies and gentlemen, the Stoics are their only regular visitors. We also have contacts with local charities such as the Red Cross and the Ryder-Cheshire Volunteers Scheme and in May some brave sixth-formers were to be found at Tesco in Buckingham rattling tins for the Save the Children Fund.

The main event of the Community Service Calendar continues to be the Christmas Party, which we put on for approximately 150 (and some!) local elderly residents. For this, many areas of the Stowe Community are involved. The Catering Department provides hot food and Mrs Mary Price bakes delicious cakes and marshals a group of matrons and Stoics to provide and serve tea on the day. The Music Department always comes up trumps; this year John Green and the Jazz Band treated us to a selection of Glenn Miller classics and the Chamber Choir sang under the direction of Jonathan Kingston. A familiar looking Father Christmas with a posse of elf and fairy helpers also paid a visit. Stoics prepare the room, help our disabled guests into the building, serve tea, sit and chat and then wash and clear up afterwards, and the whole event is always much appreciated by those who attend. Unfortunately one of the stalwarts of the Christmas Party had the temerity to retire, and we have no idea how we will cope next year without Rowena Pratt, who always knew the answer to every one of my pathetic questions.

Community Service is very important for Stowe, both for the experience that it gives to the Stoics and for the reputation of the school in the local community. I am very proud of my volunteers and look forward to meeting the new batch of enthusiastic helpers!

CALT

# CCF

As I write, we have just been inspected. This is a biennial requirement and whilst there is a set day when a senior officer visits the school, most of the inspection is over and done with by then, having been conducted by a variety of specialists in a variety of areas of our operation. This year's big day was graced by Air Vice Marshall David Walker who in fact has two boys currently at Stowe (one of whom I teach... and so I am looking for a good report...) but at the time of writing, his report is yet to be published. Still, it was a good day, and the AVM saw cadets involved in all manner of activities with the Navy Section getting out the Topper Dinghies on the Eleven Acre Lake, the Army dressed in green and endeavouring not to be seen and assaulting a position held by dastardly kidnapers, and the RAF having flying experience in a Gazelle Helicopter and trying out a brand new flight simulator provided by the RAF. He also witnessed the work of our Sub Aqua team which, even as I write, is working hard to gain qualifications out in the Red Sea.

The Navy Section continues to thrive under the leadership of LMAC, ably assisted by LJG, and a new set of members bode well for the future. They had the excitement of spending their last field day in Portsmouth, sleeping overnight on board HMS Bristol, and then exercising in the Solent in large power boats.

The Army section is likewise benefiting from new blood, and whilst we mourned the loss of Dan Brandt, he has been ably replaced by PDBG who, with GRMF, run Anderson Company (the special to arms infantry company). A couple of first rate exercises have underlined the quality of the training they have received, including one at Yardley Chase where the overnight temperature dropped so much that water bottles were frozen solid.

The RAF section has a new OC, JRK, who has injected a great deal of practical enthusiasm and together with some excellent NCO's, he has guided the cadets through some first rate training. Field days have involved gliding and a visit to RAF Cosford.

SHM has been joined by MCE in the running of Cheshire Company, the fourth form intake, and this year, the round robin of training has operated more smoothly than it has for some time.

At the heart of our training however are the NCO's, the sixth formers who actually supervise the cadets and who conduct most of the instruction. We have been brilliantly served by a cracking batch led by Harry Darby and Chloe Ingold (who has also been the Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire's

Cadet).

Finally, nothing would happen were it not for the Staff Sergeant Major, Ray Dawson. He is at the heart of everything that happens and together with Gerry Foster, his Storekeeper, ensures that Stowe CCF remains the premier contingent in the Country!

## COLDSTREAM CUP

From virtually the beginning of the Autumn term, they're out there, the seven hopefuls from each of the houses, doing things that Stoics never do, and doing them before the Sun comes up and after it goes down for fear of being spotted. Chatham boys up at 6.30am and running round the grounds, Nugent girls standing bolt upright in a carefully spaced matrix, and Grafton boys crawling through sewage pipes whilst Lyttelton girls are messing around with guns. As November approaches, the intensity of the training magnifies... can the frail Stoics handle the pressure and retain their diligent approach to academic work? A missive from on high instructs Housemasters to restrict training to one session a day but what is training? A trip to Walpole reveals the marked men in the Housemasters hall... polishing boots and more, the captain of the First Fifteen is standing at the ironing board, iron in hand, debating with his prop forward where to put the creases in the shirts. Two days to go and the team members, all 70 of them, are swimming across the eleven acre lake – what madness is this?

Actually, it's the Coldstream Cup. An inter-house competition sponsored by, you've guessed it, the Coldstream Guards, and, if effort is anything to go by, it is arguably the most coveted trophy in the House cabinet. They have to complete the Assault Course, run six miles round the grounds including a log carry through thigh deep water and a swim across the eleven acre lake, after which they need to have enough energy left to shoot straight. Finally, they get changed into uniform and perform a complicated sequence of drill movements under the watchful eye of the Coldstream Guards – a young officer and a Colour Sergeant who also inspect their turn out.

It is a truly gruelling competition and I have nothing but respect for the Stoics who train and compete. It is also worth noting that all the houses compete for the trophy on an even footing, the boys' advantage on the assault course being balanced by a shortened run for the girls. This year, Temple won, but it is worth noting that last year, Lyttelton triumphed. It is also worth mentioning

that one particular housemaster not only predicted the winning points tally but, as the competition drew to a close, the winning house as well as the winning margin.

The icing on the cake of this competition is that in the evening, we hold the Coldstream Cup Dinner to which we invite all those who help us throughout the year. We ask our military guests to come in their mess kit whilst the rest of us wear black tie and so

one can imagine the splendour of the occasion as a hundred of us dine in the Music Room. That the winning teams get to come to the dinner has no bearing, I'm sure, on the effort they put in, but it sure makes for a decent prize. This year, our Guest of Honour was Air Vice Marshall David Walker, CBE AFC, the Deputy Chief of the Air Staff who spoke warmly of Stowe (as he ought since he has two sons at the school!).

RBJ



# TOUR DE TRIGS 2003

Two teams of three Stoics set out to complete their latest challenge of 52.5 miles across three counties, all in less than 24 hours in December. Having plotted their coordinates in the early hours of Saturday morning from the Tour de Trigs base camp in Banbury, the teams set out to complete the course in the allocated time limit. The first group to depart with the hopes of raising over two thousand pounds for the Royal National Lifeboat Institute were William Tuely, Harry Darby and Richard Robinson. The other team members, Michael Reynolds, Tom Shann and Allan Cameron left Banbury minutes later in hot pursuit of their comrades. The Tour de Trigs is a hiking competition created on behalf of the Banbury District and Scout Institute many years ago, and since has grown immensely in popularity attracting people from all ages of 16 years and above in search of a challenge. And a challenge it was they received, both teams got off to a rapid start, however, it was not long before the R.N.L.I. came into trouble – having missed an unmarked tally very early on in the course, at arrival at a major checkpoint, the group were forced to backtrack five miles before being able to continue. Hence, in order to reach the six-hour cut-off point which was a fair further fifteen miles ahead, the team, desperate to continue after months of training ran the cross country retrace at breakneck speed with full kit. However, determination and training paid off and the group managed to reassert themselves on the competition having reached 24.4 miles by nightfall. Meanwhile, their fellow Stoics who were around half an hour ahead began to encounter their first obstacle. The muscular fatigue, intolerable sores, blisters and painful joints slowly overwhelmed them, and at 27.7 miles they were forced to surrender after succumbing to injury. Shortly after, the R.N.L.I. arrived at the same mark, and although pain also was overbearing they pushed on into the night with Michael Reynolds who continued ad hoc. With a full moon and a clear sky, visibility was very agreeable for the occasion, wherein past years it had served more as an obstacle than an aid. When at long last the sun rose on Sunday morning above Crouch Hill, Banbury, the team emerged victorious at the finish line, having conquered every Trig point in the region in 23 hours 10 minutes. On return to Stowe an hour so later for a well-earned rest they consoled themselves with their aches and pains. Little did they know that the R.N.L.I. team were to be nominated for not one trophy, but three; as the youngest completing team, winners of class A (under 18) and the Andy Rowse Cup.

AMcD



A short break



Will



Just 3 miles to go



# DUKE OF EDINBURGH AWARD

## Community Service

After many years of segregation, Stowe School and the National Trust are now working together to give Stoics a wide variety of opportunities when considering Community Service.

This year Stoics including myself have taken part in Community Service doing a wide range tasks, from replanting the Avenue to the restoration of Copses around the estate. Throughout the year Stoics have been allocated tasks, having been instructed by park wardens that specialise in that specific area. The purpose of the work within the grounds is to restore it to its previous status, and although the service is not the most stimulating of work at times, it is good fun.

By Edward Jackson

During the last two terms my group has endured the pushes and pains of the 'Silver Duke of Edinburgh award'. The group consisted of myself, James Powers, Freddie Hesketh, Edmund Jones, and Alistair Russell. We were known to be the slowest group out of the three groups.

The first of the two practice expeditions was to the Brecon Beacons in Wales. This involved some of the steepest hills that we had faced in any of the other walks, and these appeared straight from the start, the biggest of which was just as we were getting in to the rhythm of pacing ourselves (which was lucky). As we reached the top of the hill there was a sudden burst of wind that gave everyone a bit of a shock. Everyone who went up was lucky not to fall off the side. One of the people in the other group (James Harvey) got a recording of everyone stumbling around including Mrs McMahon. That night we slept outside an old cottage which had a long and tedious descent down to it. A few people thought it was a good idea to just chuck their rucksacks and roll down after them, but for some of them the hill got the better of them and they got to the bottom in worse condition than they thought they would.

The next day was the more interesting of the two. As we were leaving the campsite we asked Mr Pitteway which way we had to set off (to save ourselves from getting lost straight from the start) so he pointed at the in a vague direction without even lifting his head to look. We started to walk and decided

he had made a mistake so we cut across a field and carried on walking until we found ourselves stuck in the middle of a valley with a load of dead sheep around us. This then got even more interesting as the valley turned in to a stream and then in to a river, and to make matters worse as we moved away from the stream (to save our feet) the under-growth got thicker and harder to walk through. About 2 hours after we had left the campsite we found ourselves back there deciding what to do.

We decided to follow a road until we hit a path that would put us back on track, we never did find that path until the last couple of hundred metres.

The second expedition was different as we were in the middle of Shropshire. On the first day it was a nice hot day, but the climate decided to change very quickly and gradually got colder as we neared the campsite.

About three quarters of the way through this first day we bumped into an old couple on a walk with their dog. They stopped to talk to us and asked us series of questions about who we were and where we were from. They were telling us that it was going to be a very cold night and wondered if we were staying in a youth hostel. They were very surprised when they heard that we were sleeping outside whilst the teachers slept inside. They gave us very strange looks when we then said the whereabouts of our resting place. This was due to the fact that our course was taking us on a very long journey in able to get there.

We arrived at the campsite in good time and had set up our tents by not later than seven, but were in our sleeping bags not much later as the temperature had suddenly dropped by another 10°C, it had been gradually snowing for the last half an hour. In the morning we found series of frozen spilt drinks on people tents, this along with other types of fluids (!!!). The walk started off as a very cold one but gradually got warmer. We recognised this day's walk from the year before when we did bronze so we found it a bit easier to endure because of knowing when we had messed up the time before.

Overall I think that people found the expeditions hard in parts but fun in others.

These should have prepared us for the final expedition that will be in the summer holidays (key word *should*).

Peter Ross-Beeby

# Sport

## BADMINTON

The Winter term 2003 for the Badminton teams was again a mixed affair with some very close matches for both the Girls' and Boys' Teams. The Boys' were very ably led by JJ Herabutya as Captain. JJ has been in the team for 4 years and as this is now his Upper 6th year, he will be leaving Stowe. JJ has had much support from all the boys in the team and sadly many of them will also be saying farewell to us this year. I would like to thank them all for their hard work and dedication to this team sport and wish them all well.

It will be a very hard act to follow as the U6 team were always in control. The exception to this was our matches against Abingdon. They have an excellent team and are always a challenge. However, this season the result was much improved as Stowe won their first match against Abingdon for many a season. It was played at Stowe, the 1st and 2nd team each winning 5 games to 4. The return match was very exciting and Abingdon sported their best team. They were to be surprised when Stowe fought valiantly, only giving Abingdon's Senior 1st and 2nd teams 6 games to Stowe's 3. Wonderful Badminton to be rewarded with the obligatory trip to visit our old friend Ronald MacDonald for commiseration burgers.

The Colts have played well but they have a long way to go to match the standard set by their

predecessors. There is much potential here and with some hard training many of them will now become solid members of the Senior team. They will be led by Giles Gray who is to be Team Captain for the next season. Giles will definitely be looking for good sportsmanship and support as he takes over this demanding role.

The Girls have also been very lucky as they were led by two very keen players - Leonora Wemyss and Natalie Brodie. Both girls were committed and keen players and we also wish them well as they leave Stowe. The Girls' season was not successful with many wins, however they all played enthusiastically and had improved in their court and racquet skills tremendously by the end of the season.

The team will be led next season by Kathryn Elliott, a very able player. Kathryn has come on wonderfully over the season and she will be a fine example for the other team members to follow. She also has her task cut out as she will need to get the new L6 girls ready to play soon after their arrival in the new school year.

Stowe also holds interhouse matches for all boys and girls. 2003 was to see Lytelton House as winners by 11 games to Nugent's 5. The boys were divided into Junior and Senior matches and Walpole walked away with all the trophies, winning both the Junior and Senior Doubles and Singles. The star players in the Junior Doubles : Josh Wheeler and Charlie Empson, with Josh taking the

Junior Singles. For the Senior Doubles: JJ Herabutya and Caspar Sheppard, with JJ taking the Senior Singles.

I would like to thank the other coaches that assisted me this season particularly as I was waiting to have a knee operation and was really unable to physically coach (alot of instruction was issued from the side lines).

Both Mrs. Sandow and Mr. John worked very hard and I am very grateful to them for their support. I also extend my thanks to Mr. Dejonwo who also assisted.

Of course many thanks must go to all the boys and girls for their continued support and I look forward to next year's season in anticipation of even greater things.

KMM

## BASKETBALL

### U16 Report

The U16 team played hard this season and put a great deal of effort into the matches. The season was very much a case of building a strong squad at U16 level as well as learning the different types of defensive play and trying to incorporate that into match situations. The Captain Nasiru Imam led the team with drive and determination and was a good inspiration to the team especially in close match situations with only a few points separating the teams. There were several very close games and he proved that he was a calm captain under pressure. A number of other players improved markedly over the season and have a promising basketball career in the sixth form. Jack Coats made his mark as a strong centre and forward and was selected to play for the U19 team. His field goal percentage has improved dramatically and he has emerged into a confident

strong and aggressive offensive player. Dan Calvert also made a strong contribution to the team scoring a large percentage of the field goals and offensive rebounds. Dan also represented Stowe at U19 level. Alistair Wilmot was also a reliable shooter who made his mark as a forward. Unfortunately the U16 team lost a few close matches throughout the season which could have gone either way. Nevertheless there was a positive attitude amongst the team and they were able to bounce back and give it 100% for the next fixture. They showed great sportsmanship in close fixtures and represented the School admirably – of that I am very proud.

PBDG

#### Fixture Results:

Won 44-36 v Bedford  
 Lost 34-33 v Eton  
 Lost 31-28 v Bradfield  
 Lost 28-24 v Oratory  
 Lost 22-13 v Harrow  
 Lost 50-19 v Buckingham

#### Squad

Nasiru Imam, Captain; Daniel Calvert; Jeffrey Yip; Alistair Wilmot; Manuel Poblador; Jack Coats; Khalil Kassam; Sebastian Bianchi; Raffi Bilenjian; Matthew Ngu

### U19 Report

After the first game against Harrow it looked like Stowe was in for a long season. Stowe only managed 6 points in a dismal first half and although there was some improvement in the second half Stowe went down 18-41 to a competent Harrow team. There was no shortage of dribbling ability in the side but coach M would have gladly traded one dribbler for a quality inside player. Lack of height, rebounding ability and dominant inside play were the main deficiencies of this side. Having lost to the Oratory in the

previous term the Stowe team was determined to give a better account of itself and came through narrowly 29-25. The win certainly helped the team's confidence as Boama took charge against Buckingham to inspire a 57-38 victory. Mid-week training sessions were competitive and fun. It was taking the new boys in the 6<sup>th</sup> Form a little while to settle into the new system, however, it was clear that they would have a big input in the latter part of the season. The trip to Bradfield was not pleasant as Stowe had no answer to a powerful Bradfield side. Many questions were asked about the character of the players and most answered very positively even though the defeat was heavy (27-63).

Changes had to be made and in the midst of repairing the damage inflicted by Bradfield Stowe went down to Bedford 31-39 and the Oratory 25-32. Captain Aliyu Dasuki was as solid as a rock during this period of transition. Dasuki, Lim and Boama shone offensively against Eton as Stowe powered to an impressive 48-36 victory. The next game against Bloxham ended up too close for comfort as Stowe had cruised into an early lead. Herabutya (captain for the day) held his nerve to lead Stowe to a 42-39 victory. The last match of the season saw Stowe take on Bedford in a return match having lost by 9 points earlier in the season. All credit to the Stowe team who showed how much they had improved over the course of the season by beating Bedford 72-42. Higson's outside shooting was inspired and he was well supported by Boama and Alhaji. Everyone played his part this season from the starting "5" to the supporting team members and the players who didn't make the team but helped the development of the team and individual's during the mid-week practices. Coach Michael and coach Gooding have thoroughly enjoyed being part of a challenging and thoroughly enjoyable basketball session

where the team has certainly surpassed expectation. Well done!

#### Squad

Muhammad Alhaji; Hwei Kim; Aliyu Dasuki (Captain); Gary Higson; Chris Maitland-Walker; Derek Wong; Arthur Pang; Aidi Zhang; Jay Lim; Kwadwo Boama; Kevin Wen; Robin Bogh-Henrikssen; JJ Herabutya

#### Results:

V Harrow: Lost 41-18  
 V Oratory: Won 29-25  
 V Buckingham: Won 57-38  
 V Bradfield: Lost 63-27  
 V Bedford: Lost 39-31  
 V Oratory: Lost 32-25  
 V Eton: Won 48-36  
 V Bloxham: Won 42-39  
 V Bedford: Won 72-42

IM

## STOWE BEAGLES HUNTING SEASON

The Stowe Beagles have had a fantastic season this year. Our new Kennel huntsman Philip Kennedy arrived in May last year and settled in very quickly. He has made a few changes to the running of the kennels but most importantly he has created an atmosphere of enjoyment and pleasure when we are down at the kennels, he has also taught us responsibility and hard work when it is needed. We have been very lucky to receive a huge amount of support from the supporters and from the school.

The hunt staff was comprised of mainly young boys in the school, and as I was myself a novice as Huntsman and Master, we had a lot to learn quickly, thankfully Philip was very patient and helpful to us in the tedious beginning months of our season.

We started hunting the first Wednesday we got back after the summer holiday. The ground was hard and it was very hot so as you can imagine the hounds found it



particularly difficult to pick up the scent of the hare. As for myself a summer of over indulgence left me lagging behind. Sadly the conditions were like this for a few months before things began to pick up.

It was not until mid- October when the scent began to pick up, During the half term of the winter term we were very kindly invited up to hunt in Northumberland by the Shirley-Bevans. We had three fantastic days hunting. While we were up there the hounds were kennelled with the Jed Forest Fox Hounds which are a gun pack in the borders. The boys stayed with the Shirley-Bevans whose house is only a mile away from where the hounds were kennelled. The



Purdy and Partridge

first night there we had a fantastic supper, which certainly set the tone for the whole four days we were there. In the morning we were driven to the kennels via the fields by George S-B in his clapped out Ford Fiesta with Queen "We will rock you" blaring from the stereo, this certainly did not help my headache after a late night. By the end of the four days we had killed 1½ brace of hare and had a fantastic time

Before Christmas we had exceptionally good hunting conditions, taking full advantage of this and during this period the hounds hunted very well and killed half of the total bag. During the Christmas holidays Philip did a fantastic job organising meets throughout the holiday for the boys who lived locally, during this time I was unfortunately able to hunt the hounds so Benji Nesbitt and Edward Jackson took on the task of hunting the hounds and killed one and a half brace between them.

After Christmas hares are notoriously hard to hunt, due to the fact that Jack hares do not stay in their own territory because they are after a mate. This meant that hunting became harder, and every one became frustrated. This is when Philip reminded me that there is never a bad day hunting, some are just better than others, and that is something that I will remember forever. The end of the season crept up on us very quickly and by the end of the season we had killed eight and a half brace, which I am pleased to say is an improvement on last year. I am happy to say that the Stowe Beagles are on a high at the moment, within the school and outside. We have the largest number of boys I can remember coming down to the kennels and coming out hunting, I hope that things can only get better.

Edward Ruggles-Brise MH

## CROSS COUNTRY

Milly Jeffery led a small but committed band of runners through a mixture of successes and not so successful events. Milly was selected to run for the county Under 20 team at the South of England Inter Counties Championships in December. Stowe hosted the event for the first time ever and it proved a great success with over 500 runners from Norfolk to Cornwall contesting the 8 separate races.

The first race after Christmas showed the determination of the younger members of the squad as Ben Gaffney, Keith Leon and company tackled the long 10 km of the Knole Run. The over distance racing proved a boon throughout the term as the following week again back at Stowe our Intermediate team only just missed out on winning the Bucks county championships finishing in second place behind RGS High Wycombe. But as was to be often the case this season the Girls team outshone the Boys and with Nathalie Brodie, Chloe Marquart and Lauren Keeley providing back up to Milly they retained their county title which they had regained the previous season.

The King Henry Relays in Coventry produced a day to live long in the memories after a quick 45 minute run from Stowe to the





Memorial park the racing got under way on a sunny afternoon. 30 mins later as the 3<sup>rd</sup> leg runners waited in the change over zone the snow reduced visibility to just a few yards and everyone was soaked through. This was also to produce one of the longest return journeys ever. The minibus took 5 long hours to travel from Northampton to Towcester as lorries skated all over the roads.

A visit to Uppingham followed at the beginning of February and the Boys proved much the stronger, indeed Ben Gaffney's individual win ahead of Tom Bailey in 3<sup>rd</sup> and Keith Leon 4<sup>th</sup> meant a team win over Oundle, Stamford, Oakham, Rugby and our hosts amongst others was secured by a substantial margin.

After a rare defeat by a strong Old Stoic team led by David Hervey, with John Legge, Alistair Rykens and Tim Pearce amongst others lending support it was off to the English Schools Championships. This year Stowe had 7 runners in the Bucks teams and pride of place must go to Rosie Gurney, rarely given the chance to run for the school team she made amends at Maidstone finishing 3<sup>rd</sup> best Bucks athlete in the Senior Girls Race which is no mean achievement behind the likes of Gemma Turtle.

AMcD

## GOLF

### The Gerald Micklem Trophy

In March five of Stowe's best golfers competed at Woking in the 51<sup>st</sup> Micklem Trophy. In a highly competitive tournament, with some astonishingly skilful play, Stowe were narrowly beaten in the Final by Bradfield (who included in their number the son of Sam Torrance of European Ryder Cup fame). In earlier rounds Rugby and Charterhouse had both been well beaten by a Stowe side whose handicaps range from 1 to 11. Captain of Golf, Haydn Brooks, was playing this year in his 5<sup>th</sup> Micklem and his leadership and example throughout his career at Stowe have been important factors in the high success rate of the School teams. This year George Thacker and Tom Brann won all three of their matches; George still has two years to go and I know he will be keen to go one stage further in next year's competition. Stowe have won the Micklem Trophy more times than any other School.

Micklem Team 2004: Haydn C. M. Brooks (Cobham), Ralph K. T. Rogge (Chatham), W. Tom Brann (Temple), George W. Thacker (Chandos), Harry J Hirsch (Walpole).

Results: First Round – v Rugby (Won 3?-1?),  
Semi-final – v Charterhouse (Won 4-1)  
Final – v Bradfield (Lost 2-3).

RDK

## HOCKEY

### 2 XI

The 2's had a very successful campaign with their results detailed below. My thanks to Fred Kirchner who captained the side and the efforts of all other

players.

10/1 RADLEY W2-0 Ashby, Tett.  
17/1 BLOXHAM W2-0 Holden, Haskell-Thomas  
21/1 KIMBOLTON D2-2 Margesson (2)  
31/1 BRADFIELD L 1-2 Kirchner (S.C)  
7/2 ST.EDWARDS L 4-7 Tett(2), Kirchner, Tedder  
11/2 ABINGDON L 0-1  
25/2 RUGBY D2-2 Holden(2)  
10/3 SHIPLAKE W5-1 Haskell-Thomas(3), Worssam(2)  
17/3 BLOXHAM W3-1 Holden(2), Worssam  
24/3 SOLIHULL W4-2 Scott, Kirchner, Margesson, Holden.

### RESULTS SUMMARY

PLAYED 10, WON 5, DRAWN 2, LOST 3, GOALS FOR: 25, AGAINST 18.

TOP SCORERS – Holden 6, Kirchner 4, Haskell-Thomas 4  
PMB

### Junior Colts XI

The 4<sup>th</sup> form are a great bunch to work with and have made strides as a hockey team this term.

Goalie Chris Price gained great experience playing with the county and senior hockey before Christmas. His shot stopping has been exceptional, while we need to do further work on one versus one defence; Chris's tactical kicking has come on leaps and bounds.

Our defensive line has seen great changes as new faces emerged and more established figures were pushed hard for their places. Alex Trotter has quality stamped all over his play. He lacks physical stature but if we can feed him up (lots of Guinness and red meat please) his anticipation, reading of the game and timing of a challenge mark him out



as a potential star of the 1<sup>st</sup> XI in years to come. Matthew Payne has an outstanding attitude, his reaction to being dropped was to redouble his efforts and play so well in games for the B team and training that I could not afford to leave him out. Matthew went on to be key to the U14 team's success in the Nationals. Harry McCorkell is a player that would run through a brick wall for you, his technique in the tackle may have to be worked on before he meets county umpires but his attentive approach to training means he stands every chance of improving this aspect of his game. Harry Prince came through the ranks and looks like a 'player'. This is no one dimensional blocker, Harry wins balls and then makes himself open to receive a return pass, he could develop into a top class libero stepping up and running a game from the base of mid field. Ben Reeve is another player who has come through the development system. He has grown in stature and shows a turn of pace that all really good defenders have in their locker. Will Gale has also been a regular contributor, he adds a necessary physical presence to the flanks.

We have a midfield of class. Josh Wheeler is a cracking athlete who surprises opposition with a turn of speed that enables him to

get behind opposition. Dom Farr has the ability to do the unexpected and I would like to see him push into the top of the diamond (the job Bergkamp does for Arsenal) to provide the key to unlock defences when the range of his passes increases in range and accuracy. Tom Gladdle has all the ability to play at the highest level. He has learned that he can't take everyone on all the time and added new techniques to his game. He has not looked out of place on the 1<sup>st</sup> XI pitch as a 4<sup>th</sup> former and I look forward to his contribution to Stowe Hockey that he will make over his remaining time here.

Rory Lyon has the stick work

to beat his man and has worked hard to add the delivery into the strikers once he has got to the by line. Kyle Jordan's movement and technique are out of the top drawer, we will continue to work on his physical speed and strength and I am confident that he will emerge as an effective game breaker by the time he leaves Stowe.

Duke scores goals. This game is about scoring more goals than the opposition. Strikers are the most expensive football players. Duke is the best goal scorer in the school. He will get even better if he starts to listen and focus in training.

I have never had to reprimand a single player for poor behaviour; they have represented Stowe with dignity and achieved notable successes. I hope they go on and continue to develop because this group of players has the ability to carry Stowe Hockey up to new levels over the 3 years they have left.

BJLS

### Yearlings' Hockey

The new 3<sup>rd</sup> formers were trialled at the beginning of their Stowe careers and the on looking coaches licked their lips at the potential they saw in front of





them. A strong A and B side quickly emerged while the C and D team were turned into the ruthless machine that we have come to expect from Misses Carter and Sumner.

Alex Jollivet is perhaps the least conventional keeper I have worked with but that does not mean he was any less effective. He has a knack of making saves he really has no right to at vital times and kept us in games in which we would otherwise have been dead and buried. Jamie Hirst is an outstanding sportsman and I look forward to watching him develop, as long as he can keep his collar bones together. He showed that he has the vision to intercept, break up opposition and redistribute potently. I had the confidence to play him as a sweeper in front of the defence, which is exceptional at this tender age. Playing with a high sweeper would not have been possible without Winston Reynolds at centre back. He has pace, tenacity and exquisite timing that meant he looked better as the level of opposition improved. We need to work on his reverse stick footwork but he looks a class act at this early stage. Jimmy Bruce approached everything cheerfully and always gave his all. He has a great eye and produced picks that

left the opposition wingers looking foolish. Will Walker has a great low body position in the tackle and with a little refinement he will start to use the ball usefully. Might there be two Walkers in the 1<sup>st</sup> XI defence in two years time?

In midfield Henry Corner forced his way in to the side. He is a super athlete who will be a really effective midfielder when he learns to commit only when he knows he is going to get the ball. Harry Woolridge-Gordon oozes quality. He strikes a ball well, has a nice touch and works tirelessly. Billy Jackson-Stopps was an intimidating presence who developed enormously as the term went on to add much greater finesse to his athleticism and physical presence. Tom Wilson was the thread that held the side together. He needs to work back as well as forward but when the side played well it was because the ball was going through Tom. The pass he threw over the defence at the Nationals to be smashed into the goal on the volley is vivid in my memory. Sam Scott laboured effectively as a left link and showed that hard graft earns you space. He is a first touch away from being a really class act.

Upfront we were exceptionally fortunate to have two match

breakers. Will Dunn showed there is no substitute for pace and terrorised opposition left backs at every level we played. He also has the magic ability to smash a ball from the top of the D into the far side of the back board inside the goal. Max Macintosh shone from the outset. He has touch, pace and physicality. Tactical awareness will come as he continues to take on board advice and get to the ball ahead of the defenders.

After the end of the season at Christmas, I asked the side if they would like to enter the Nationals, purely from the point of view of gaining some experience and playing some more competitive matches. To my surprise they won the county championships so we set off, more in hope than expectation, to the South East Regional Finals.

Harry Benyon, Archie de Sales la Terriere and Matthew Payne came along, just to see how good the other counties really were. That Sunday was the finest Stowe Hockey performance I have seen.

In the first game we beat Middlesex against the run of play. Alex kept us in the game and Archie snatched the winner with a reverse stick hit to break Merchant Taylor's hearts. The team grew massively in stature, Archie couldn't miss in front of goal, Harry worked his socks off and dispossessed opponents twice his stature and Matthew gave us greater stability at the back combined with the ability to turn defence quickly into attack with his powerful clearances.

Amazingly the team reached the Regional final against last year's National Champions. They all played like heroes, Tom Wilson creating an outstanding goal for Archie that even left their International Coach open mouthed. Eventually we went down 3-1 but our boys showed they can match anyone when they put their mind to it.

They are not the most attentive

bunch but, boy, they can play hockey.

BJLS

It was a very enjoyable season as well as successful on the whole. The team worked very hard, and I think that the county tournament victories were a good reward for us. Winston Reynolds

We had a great time at the regional finals and thanks to Mr Sandow for making that available. Jamie Hirst

I think that our season went well on the whole. We are a team with a lot of potential and next season we will show it. Will Walker

I think the hockey season was enjoyable in training and playing games. I think we played well and hope we'll play as well next year. Alex Jollivet

## Yearlings B

On a very strong circuit the side captained by Richard Lamb, played with strong determination and great enthusiasm. As the term progressed their team work improved, together with the level of skill and stick work.

Although results were disappointing against the strongest sides (Oundle & Uppingham), there were particularly good wins against Loughborough and Stanford. My thanks to all players for the parts they played – an enjoyable season despite results which were: -

Played 8, Won 2, Drawn 2, Lost 4,

Goals for 11 Against 20

Squad: Walmsley, Steiger-White, Lamb, Bennett, Leet-Cook, Hunter, Hanbury, Woods, Dixon, De-Ferranti, Thornton, Percy, De La Sales Terriere, Hall, White, Fontaine, Benyon.

PMB

## RUGBY

### 1st XV

In my parting line in last year's Stoic, I said that the then 1st XV had left a legacy for this year's team to continue, making the dream become a reality. It was a tall order for anyone to follow and I feel in some respects it overshadowed this present crop of players.

Individually we had some of the most talented players we have had for a long time, as evidenced by the fact that no less than 9 of them have regularly represented their counties of origin or adoption. Tom Laws, Tom Elkington, Adam Cossins, Richard O'Sullivan ( all Notts Lincs & Derbys ), Jason Phipps, Rupert Lynch, Nick Forrester, Alex Reynolds and Harry Cobb ( all Bucks), are to be congratulated on their achievements and as I write many of the aforementioned are still in contention for Divisional representative honours. Unfortunately their individual talents rarely gelled with the other members of the side.

Whilst the players as individuals were great to work with, as a group they were more reactive rather than pro active. In training they seemed to lack motivation or incentive to get into their work and this replicated itself on Saturdays when their lethargic opening minutes were often rewarded by the opposition scoring soft tries and consequently the team was always fighting an uphill battle. They would often respond by camping in the opposition 22 and dominate possession, but too often they left themselves with too much to claw back.

Over half the side were lower sixth and their inexperience and, in some instances, immaturity tended to influence their senior peers. Whilst this has held the squad back this year I am hoping that the lessons learnt this term will be used to good effect in their

development next term. The new boys that joined this year, like their predecessors, took time to settle in. Adam Cossins at scrum half needs to work on the consistency of service and his box kicking in order that he can develop his confidence on his basic game. Tom Elkington due to a broken thumb and a two match ban, for a sending off offence, limited his appearances to 5 matches, but in that short time his influence at the breakdown was telling and it was sorely missed on the occasions he didn't play. Alex Reynolds, at inside centre, scored two hatricks in a season where tries were hard to come by. His forceful running, ability to step defenders, speed and crunching tackles were a feature of some, otherwise, ordinary back play. To progress he needs to curb his desire to play offside, learn to drift in defence and become more consistent with his kicking out of hand. Tom Laws has been a rock at loose head, a lad of few words but immense deeds, as all the good props are. He has added a new dimension to his game by carrying more ball and developing an ability to off load in the tackle. Next season could be a big year for Tom.

All this said the achilles heel of the side was who to play at fly-half. We knew we were going to be weak in this area and so it proved. Five boys had a shot at it but none were able to master the art of vision, decision making and the execution of skill to support the previous two pre-requisites. All were reactive and never looked in control of themselves or their backline and consequently the cutting edge never materialised.

This was a pity because up front this was a workman like pack who often dominated their opponents and provided a constant stream of ball. After a season at scrum half Jason Phipps was a revelation at Hooker this year. His new found handling skills gave him greater confidence



in the loose. He was a nuisance to opposition, playing above his weight and because of his versatility, found himself being used to good effect either on the backrow or back at scrum half in the latter stages of matches. Tom Copas made up a formidable front row. If ever there was a case for development rugby in the second term Tom is it. This time last year he was just a steady 2nd XV player, a term playing development rugby he has become a pillar of first phase play and more effective in the loose. Harry Cobb has provided a stream of good performances complimented by his second row partners Stevie Thomas and Bill Burrett who have vied for the other slot in the engine room. On the occasions Elkington has not been available Elliot Holmes has filled the 7 jersey and worked tirelessly for the cause. Hugh Wilson played at 6 until the slumbering giant, Rupert

Lynch, returned from injury. One still feels if ever Rupert got angry he could take the opposition by himself but he plays within himself at the moment. Tom Allport has often started on the bench but has contributed in every match allowing Jason Phipps to move to other positions.

The backs have suffered through a lack of direction and none more so than Nick Forrester. Much was hoped of Nick this season, but a persistent shoulder injury robbed him of his confidence. Likewise Rob Colvin did not blossom as we hoped and was rationed to just one try this season but that represented half the tally for all our wingers such was the poor quality of ball they received. Jamie Wemyss was a young man who progressed individually this term and showed an appetite for defence and an ability to adapt when required. Chica Farr, a year young for his age group,

came to terms with a new position as fullback and with more confidence may well blossom next season.

There have been several lads who have picked up the odd game for the 1st XV this season but the most encouraging sign for the future is the enthusiasm, effort and physical presence shown by the fifth form players who joined us in the Daily Mail Cup. Banks, Worssam, Wilson, Hancock, Calvert, Stormont and Kraynck all had run outs and acquitted themselves well. They were like a breath of fresh air, so keen to get on, without a care in the world about the size and speed of the opposition. I look forward with relish to them joining the squad next season.

The Captain, Richard O'Sullivan, has given his all this term refusing to let injuries disrupt his presence in the side. His rugby has developed immensely,



COLTS XV

by playing on the backrow. His vision of the game has come on and his confidence in the contact arena has grown with his maturity. He must pursue this position if he his to make a mark for himself in the adult game. Captaining this side has been a hard job and I know he has felt frustrated by the attitude of others around him who could have supported him more. This is a lesson, not taught in classrooms, but more at the coal face of real life, where, as a leader, you have to man manage different personalities and if Richard can absorb this he will be a richer person for it. In his two years here, his commitment to Stowe has been total, he is a credit to the school, his family and the support they have shown him and most of all, to himself.

A huge thank you must be extended to Steve Malling who joined the senior squad this year after working with our Colts for so long. Steve has brought a wealth of experience to the coaching staff and he is to be applauded for his effort with the forwards this season.

It has been a season of near misses, St Pauls springs to mind, of frustration, John Cleveland leaps to the fore, but above all else progression and expectation. Our fixture list now includes Rugby and Oakham with the addition of Oundle and Uppingham to come next season. Four or Five years ago we could not contemplate such high profile rugby playing schools and yet although this season in terms of wins and losses has been poor by previous standards, we have run these schools close at first team level, but what is more, lower down the school our A & B teams have been beating them. I am hopeful that the next few seasons will bear the fruits of these early labours.

AH

## 2nd XV

This season has been notable for several reasons. Firstly the number of games played in sunshine – virtually all the games until mid November!

Secondly the sprit and enthusiasm which the squad demonstrated. Thirdly, but by no means least, the improvements the team made during the course of the season in terms of individual skills and team tactics.

The captaincy was shared between Tim Karssiens, Sam Catlin and Guy Acott-Smith all of whom led the boys by example and demonstrated a huge commitment to the overall effort. During the term, as one would expect, a number of players from the squad were promoted to the Senior XV on merit as well as need to cover positions through injuries and illness. Throughout all this the team performed with very creditable results. One recalls the defensive displays against Bedford, Abingdon and Radley the open attacking performances against Pangbourne, John Cleveland, Bloxham, and Mill Hill as being particularly memorable during the season.

The tackling was always fully committed from the whole team, but in particular, Hwei Kim, Connor Melhuish, Ben Hirst and Il Yang were always at the forefront in this department. Harry Taylor, Josh Cornell, Richard Fraser-Smith, Alex Howard, George Wheeler and Harry Thuiller all contributed bravely and successfully in not only winning good ball for the backs in set pieces, but also in forcefully repelling opposing forward onslaughts. As the season progressed the forwards became far better at retaining possession of the ball so that the inventive back line could function productively and excitingly.

Some of the attacking play from the backs was quite outstanding although some frustrat-

ing moments came as usual in the matches when the forwards were finding it hard to gain parity of possession.

Sam Catlin, Guy Acott-Smith, James Whaley, James Robson, James Penny, Ollie Collins, Hugh Wilson, Gary Higson, Freddie Kirchner, Archie Leon all featured prominently on occasions and played with a great deal of skill and commitment throughout. Even though we were beaten in several matches the quality of brave defence remained high and the whole squad is to be congratulated on the sprit and pluck that they showed in every game. The boys who are returning next year will have learned from experiences of this season and will form the nucleus of another successful senior squad next September. Well done everyone.

LEW

## The Hittites 3rd XV

Resplendent in their designer shirts, the Hittites have had a marvellous season. A sluggish start gave way to triumph after triumph as the lads played their way into the record books, giving a right royal spanking to those schools who had the temerity to challenge us. In fact the word got around and all of a sudden, various opponents started to pull out of fixtures. This was deeply frustrating, but we were prepared to graciously accept these walkovers and make the hapless teams honorary members of our expanding collection of annihilated opponents. Our other great frustration was mismatches. Some Schools clearly beat their pupils into playing rugby and put out six or seven senior fifteens. A match against the third fifteen of such a school pits the gentlemen players of the Hittites against aggressively ambitious L6 formers trying to progress to the Seconds. Rather unsportingly, they have a tendency to be well organised in the

loose, and competent at both passing and catching the ball whilst running at full pelt. Even their complex three quarter moves work! Because of this lack of grace on the part of such opponents, our results against such outfits are given special treatment. We tend to focus on comparative performance and ignore the cold harsh figures produced by kicks for goal and touch downs. So, we beat Rugby by a truly courageous performance to a somewhat average one, and trounced Radley by some exciting if somewhat overly ambitious expansive play to a tediously clinical effort.

I would like to thank Richard Robinson for his sterling efforts as our Captain. He took on the responsibility with great fortitude and led by glorious example. Andy Parsons was a courageous fullback who, in the arid conditions of September, regularly sacrificed the skin on his knees for the good of all. Zac Jordan was as busy as last year at hooker, and cheerfully dangled between Stuart Coughlan and Abdul Khan, the find of the season – a cheeky prop who thinks nothing of trying a reverse pass, even if it hasn't worked at the past six attempts! George Walker and Charlie Beldam linked up as our second row, and Harry Darby was the lucky one who generally had his head between their buttocks... and it clearly affected him as he had a tendency to go a little beserk from time to time. A number of individuals flanked, all were suitably aggressive – Nick Plowright, Josh Cole, Benji Seebohm, Ryan Coughlan, Robbie Parry, and even Mad Mike Reynolds. We were particularly proud to persuade Charlie Sanchez to do something physical with an oval ball after a long 'lay-off' and Harry Thuillier also packed down from time to time. We took a couple of games to settle our three-quarter line up, and especially our half back partner-

ship, but when we got it right, my we got it right! Charlie Gardner whipping the ball out to Richie Robinson was often a pleasure to behold, and sometimes, the ball even got as far as the inside centre, our very own international, Ragnor Bond (Luxemburg U11's – they once beat 3<sup>rd</sup> Guildford Guide Company 26-13 in a tightly contested match at Earl's Court). Andrew Drummond-Moray was on his shoulder, and beyond him the splendid uncertainty of Will Tuely - might he deign to rouse himself to running onto a miss pass. (When he did, he was a majestic sight, but he obviously worked on the basis that majesty diminishes with repetition.) This season, for the first time, we were allowed rolling substitutions and so we took full advantage of it. Ollie Winton was splendid... or so he told us, as was George Greenock who tackled anything in reach. Will Puxley played his part with enthusiasm, and Alex Arkell was simply splendid in the role he made his own last year... second half utility sub, playing in a number of positions with equal conviction. We even got a couple of matches out of Tom Brann, but when it comes to Hittite passion, one has a tendency to call to mind Paul Hinds. His courage and fortitude, his desire to serve the team and the cause, and the unlikelihood of his ever reaching second team rugby mark him out as a Hittite of Hittites. But even though the Hittites are unlikely to spawn county players let alone internationals, (though several our number from last year did make the seconds this year), we are not dismayed. Our training sessions are a lot more mellow than most, and I suspect that provincial clubs up and down this fine Rugby playing Nation of ours will have good cause to give thanks to the Hittites for providing more Club Social Secretaries than any other outfit in the land.

RBJ

## Colts Rugby

Tremendous progress, enthusiasm and dedication summarise the season. The squad was a little unsure of themselves when we first started training, back in the dry, long, hot days of early September. The coaches were quietly hopeful of a successful season and soon realised that we had the ingredients for what could become a fairly strong outfit.

Early training sessions were aimed at building the necessary self belief and organisation needed to get results at this level, as well as developing a style of play based around the natural strengths of the side.

These included a solid defence and a fast moving, continuous mode of attack.

Our opening match was a fairly comfortable run out, as we turned round a defeat last year into a solid victory against Windsor Boys School. Confidence was starting to creep up, however a fixture at Rugby School away was going to tell us a lot about the character of the team. The challenge was relished as the team handled the ball superbly, running in five tries. Tom Feehan scored a superb individual try and Henry Worssam proved to be a devastating runner in open play. The team was bonding nicely as we began training with more intensity.

A slight disappointment followed as we lost at home to Oakham, even though we had the majority of the pressure. The match against Royal Latin gave us a chance to play a large squad, with players such as Ben Gaffney, Charles Margesson, and Andreas Labbe playing well enough to secure starting places for ensuing games. The long drive to St. Pauls in London saw the team keep their composure admirably, and a well earned draw was secured by an excellent penalty kick under great pressure by Jeffery Yip.

At this stage of the season a group of leaders was emerging. 'The management', each had dif-

## Colts A XV Rugby

OPPONENTS	VENUE	RESULT	SCORE
WINDSOR BOYS	HOME	WON	21 ~ 3
RUGBY	AWAY	WON	27 ~ 7
OAKHAM	HOME	LOST	0 ~ 8
ROYAL LATIN	HOME	WON	19 ~ 10
St. PAULS	AWAY	DREW	11 ~ 11
ABINGDON	HOME	LOST	0 ~ 5
BLOXHAM	HOME	WON	27 ~ 8
MILL HILL	HOME	WON	20 ~ 0
JOHN CLEVELAND	HOME	LOST	5 ~ 14
BEDFORD	AWAY	DREW	7 ~ 7
RADLEY	HOME	DREW	10 ~ 10

ferent strengths and played a huge part in setting the standards for the rest of the team to follow.

Dan Calvert was put in charge of warm ups and led by example in training. Harry Banks, a extrovert by nature, roused the troops when extra effort was required on the pitch. Alex Hancock brought great understanding of the game to onfield decisions and training moves and lead the pack. The overall captaincy was given to Hugh Viney, a man of many talents, who galvanised the players successfully and earned the respect of the team with unquestionable commitment and a will to do the best for his team.

A rare disappointment followed as we lost to Abingdon, a match in which we underperformed. However we bounced straight back to beat Mill Hill convincingly, with a glorious moment for the rapidly developing hooker Miles Gilbert, as he side stepped and 'boshed' his way to a memorable try. Big Henry Worssam was now really starting to cause problems for the opposition and would always attract defenders with his strong running, which allowed others to run in spaces. The match against John Cleveland gave us a taste of a more abrasive style of rugby. We lost to their strong side but showed bravery and spirit to stand up to them in all aspects of play.

We faced the last two matches against schools we regard as perennially strong. However our confidence and the self belief we were looking for at the start of term were now deeply embedded. We knew we had a good chance of finishing with two victories. Bedford, away was first, where the only match played in the wet just didn't quite go to plan as we ended with a frustrating draw. Daniel Olabbe, the second of our

Chilean friends who was studying at Stowe played his first game and impressed with very hard tackling.

Other unsung heroes who developed such a solid platform in games such as these included, Max

Stevenson, Mark Stormont, Charlie Walker, George Field, Sam Krajnyck, Ed Hoy and Ali Wilmot.

The final test against Radley was a match we had all been looking forward to for some time. The elements favoured the opposition initially and they went ahead by two tries. The team had worked far too hard to allow the season to drift away with a weak finish and responded with two tries to level the score at 10 -10 with ten minutes to go. Stowe had all the pressure as we forced penalty after penalty from a creaking Radley defence. The decision was taken to attempt at goal three times, but

unfortunately the ball swirled away in the wind on each occasion, with the game ending in a draw.

The season proved to be very enjoyable with a fantastic group of boys all putting in a tremendous effort to play their best for each other. Player of the season was awarded to Henry Worssam, Players' player of the year was won by Max Stevenson, and the most improved player was deemed to be the captain, Hugh Viney. Many thanks should go to Mr. Corbould and Mr. Edwards for their huge input into the development of the players.

RCS

## Junior Colts Season

The Junior Colts had a very successful season which culminated in reaching the last 16 of the National Daily Mail Vase Competition. They are a team with a great deal of potential and skill, who play an exciting and expansive game.

Their attitude to the game is highlighted by the fact that the team scored 56 tries in the season, with the top try scorers being George Coote (the captain), Jack Fillery (vice capt) and Jack Jefferson, with 8 tries each. Top points scorer was Coote with 73.

One of the many strengths of the team was the front row of Josh Wheeler, Matt Payne and Freddie Porritt, who provided solid scrummage ball and will come into their own next year when lifting in the lineout is allowed. Josh improved significantly as the term wore on and was a fearsome sight with ball in hand. Freddie showed glimpses of this but it is his soft handling that marks him apart from the ordinary brute at prop! Duncan Bennett was ever present at the bottom of rucks/mauls and fulfilled the traditional role as the rugged second row forward, whereas Charlie Meredith-Owen played a far

looser game. Both were indispensable in the lineout, aided by the accuracy and consistent throwing of Matt.

The back row was a difficulty for selection as there were four players who could all take up the mantle. Jack Fillery's determination and loose play guaranteed his starting position but Hamish Hardie, Adam Forsdike and Ben Reeve had to fight it out for the remaining two positions. Ben was another player who improved significantly throughout the year, starting in the Bs and forcing his way into the starting line up by half term. This depth to the squad kept everyone on their toes in training and it is testimony to them all that they continued to fight for places even when selection went against them.

The half back partnership of George Coote and Nick Anstee functioned well and should develop as time wears on. George's passing and elusive running were instrumental in many of the wins this season, but he must learn to play a 15 man game in the future if both he and the team are to develop their potential to the full. Nick grew in confidence throughout the season and his decision-making improved significantly, with a little more practice he should make a good number 10.

The back five was another area of difficulty for selection with many in the squad fighting for the same positions. Dominic Farr is an outstanding one-on-one tackler (although his defensive alignment lets him down on occasion) and Tristan Hirst opened up many defences with his elusive running. He should have more confidence in his own abilities and 'pin his ears back' when the gap appears.

Jack Jefferson was a potent weapon in attack and was our main strike runner in the back three. Ed Dabney suffered a slight identity crisis, being moved back and forth from back row to left wing. With his pace and strength,

the latter will probably be the best position in the future. Rory Lyon finished off the line-up at full back, showing great courage in defence and his tactical kicking and safe pair of hands gave the team a feeling of confidence.

There were numerous other players that helped make the season what it was, including Ed Colville, Tom Gladdle, Julian Nesbitt, Max Mackintosh, Patrick Tillard and Harry Prince. Of particular note were Harry McCorkell who made 9 appearances for the A team but was unable to play in the Daily Mail team due to his birth date and Harry Nettlefold who played in 6 of the matches, constantly vying for the top spot with Matt Payne.

Some of the highlights of the season were the wins against Windsor (38-21), Abingdon (7-0) and Pangbourne (23-3) but the main factor was the Daily Mail run. After stringing a series of wins together we unfortunately lost 10-12 to Whitecross school in Lydney. It was a very close fought match, in which all hinged on the final conversion. At the time of writing, Whitecross are in the semi-finals and look set to be playing at Twickenham! Nevertheless, the experience was a great one and it stiffened the resolve of the team, vowing to make it back in the U.18 competition and start their weight training programmes sooner rather than later!

BGD

### Junior Colts C

The Junior Colts C side enjoyed some memorable moments during this season, beginning the year with a victory over Rugby, and finishing with a good win away at Radley. The squad comprised a real mixture of characters, and at times they did not gel as a team, but when they did, they had some fine ball-carrying forwards, and elusive run-

ners in the backs.

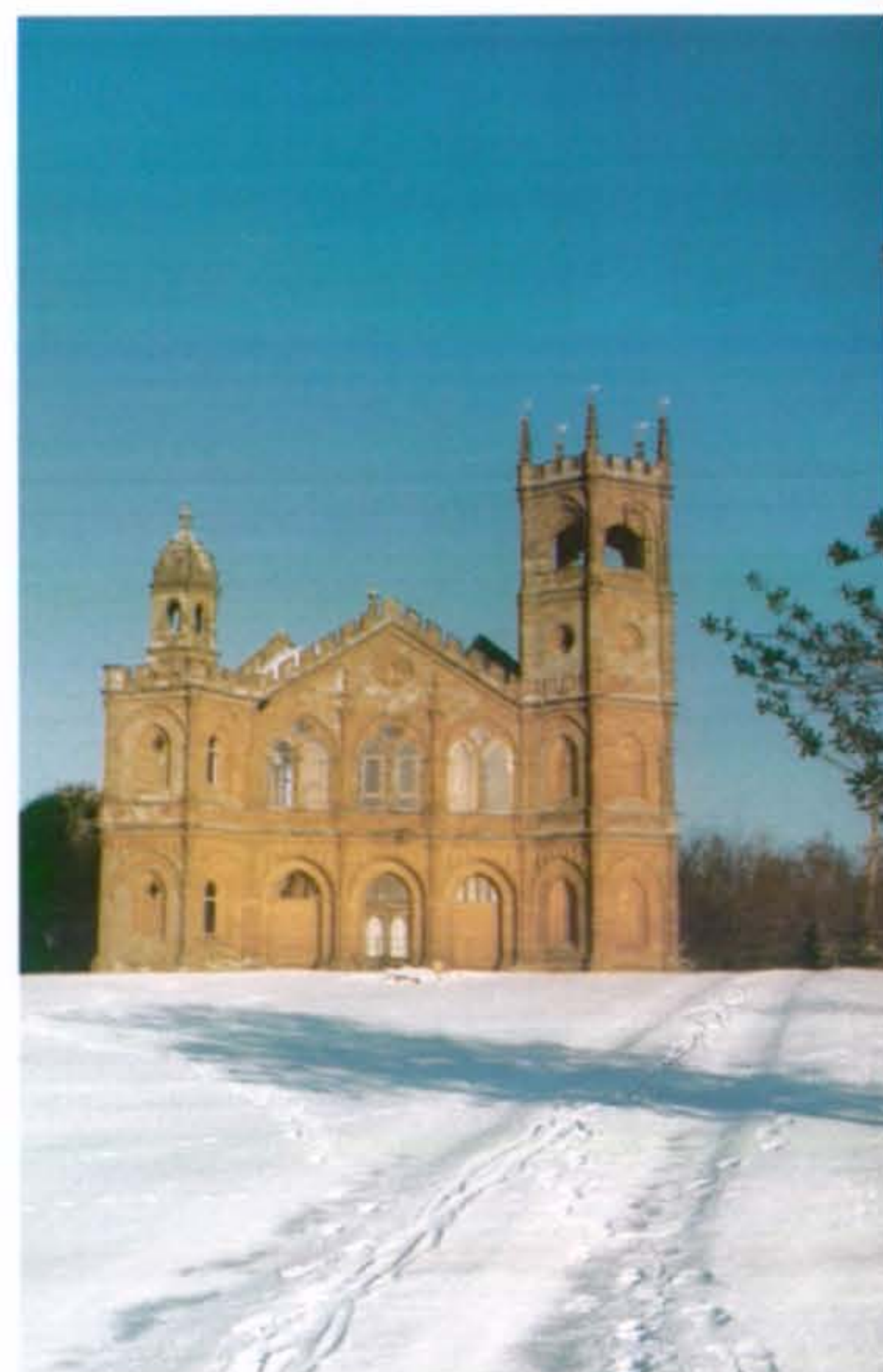
Drew Leeman was the leading try scorer, from number 8, while David Nahmad at hooker was also a powerful force in the loose. The loss of Kit Arkwright for much of the season unsettled the side a little, but Richard Hill stepped up to join Jonny Elfer in a powerful front row. The half back pairing of James Richardson and Will Bond was outstanding, in commitment, defence and attack, and Richardson was deservedly promoted to the B side for much of the season.

The outside backs all had their moments, but Toby Marshall was probably the most effective runner, while Alex Trotter defied a lack of size to knock down anyone who dared to try to get past him at full back. There is no doubt that the majority of this squad could push for B team rugby next season, and I hope that they will continue to enjoy their rugby.

Players' player of the season: Will Bond

Most improved players: Toby Marshall and Alex Trotter

RTD



# FOOTBALL

## 1st XI

Despite playing relatively few games the boys have displayed some fine talent this season and have continued in the tradition of competitive and well-motivated Stowe Football teams.

Arguably, the highlight of the season were the two wins against fast-improving Old Stoic squads who appear keen to look for an opportunity for

revenge sometime in the near future.

The 1st XI won as many matches as they lost and showed an ability to fight tenaciously against some quality opposition – the defeat away at Marlborough being just such a memorable occasion.

A first game for the 2nd XI brought a fine draw against Marlborough, indicating a fair strength-in-depth at Stowe.

AKM



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Harriet Hill  
Needlefelting



Laura Hayhurst-France  
creating a needlefelt  
design



## CREATIVE TEXTILES

Throughout my 5 years at Stowe I have taken part, once a week, in the Creative Textiles activity. Here, you can make all kinds of things, from simple drapes right up to clothing. I've learnt and used many different techniques, including batik, silk painting, dyeing, stencilling, marbling, sewing, printing, upholstery, and much more to make bean bags, drapes, wall hangings, cushions..... There is always a very fun and friendly atmosphere, a great opportunity to decorate one's own room, as well as to create the odd Birthday or Christmas present too.

Freddie Laing

Left: Caroline de Peyrecave – Silk painting and Batik; Francesca De La Fuente – Silk painting.

Below: James de la Force – Rag rug.



A selection of tie dyes in preparation.



Oliver Ritchie and Alex Fisher with Oliver's tiger fur bean bag

# DESIGN



Charlotte Scott-Gray



Will Kenyon



Henry Barany



Matthew Dalton



Andrew Wood



Cassandra Fullagar



Dominic Heath



Eleni Mezulanik



Samantha Simmonds





Alex Hancock



Bank Sakultantimetha



Bertie Cassels



Jonathan Rudland



Harry Taylor



Ollie Wilkins



Charlie Travers



Harry Hirsch



Rupert Knox



Josh Downing



Gully Gold



photos: Mark Stormont

## DRESSMAKING

Dressmaking this year has seen a wide variety of items made. In the weeks leading up to the various House dances the Creative Textiles Department has been packed full of sixth formers making their own outfits. Kelly Kerruish making a complete cheer-leading costume and Lydia Coles with her 60's inspired skirt to go with the rest of her Alice in Wonderland outfit.

The Easter term has seen leavers ball dresses beginning to take shape, Phoebe English currently creating a dress designed by herself and Lydia

Coles adapting a pattern to make an evening skirt.

Other regulars include Theo Warre who is making a winter coat out of a challenging chequered fabric and having to match all the stripes, Cassie Fullger's adaptations to her clothes and her new creations, Louisa Tuely's pyjamas and Regan Gardener with her very 'way out' designs.

But of course this would not be possible without the help, time and patience of Mrs M. Thanks.

Phoebe English

# ART



Jack Randall, 5th Form



Tom Feehan, 5th Form



Jack Jaffray, 5th Form



Edmund Jones. 5th Form



George Greenock, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



James Gold, 5th Form



Nick Greenwood, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



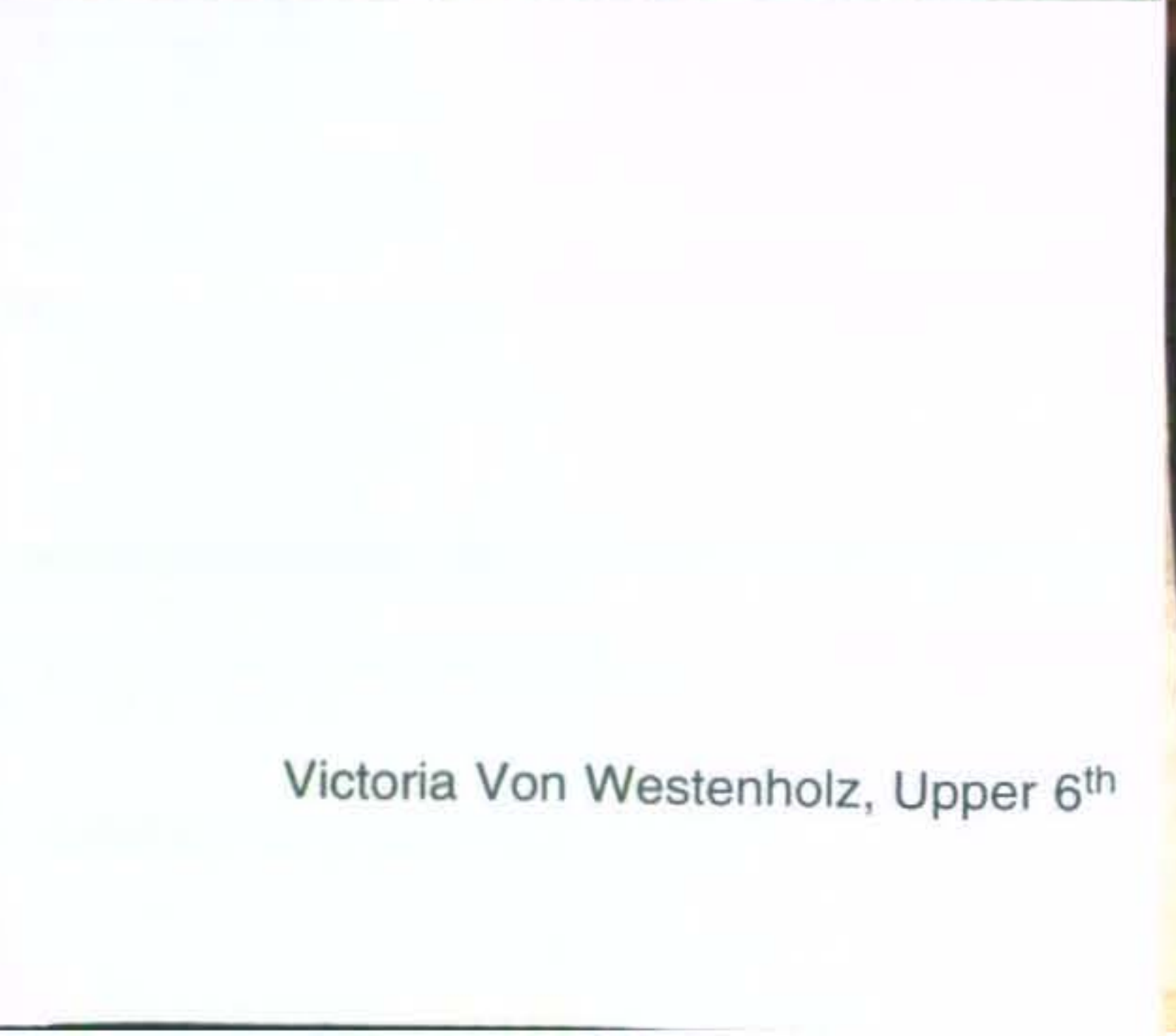
Caspar Sheppard, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



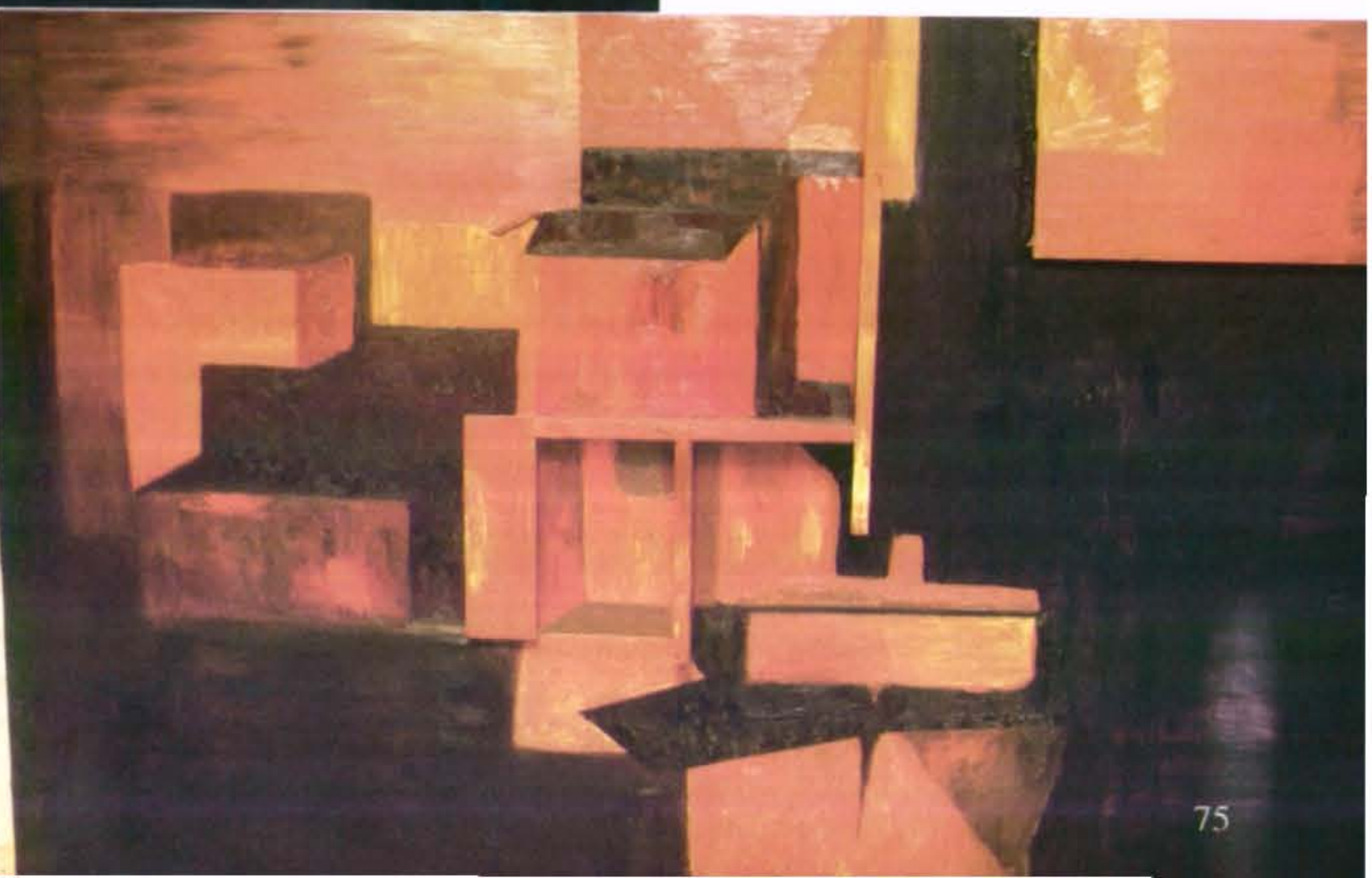
Stevie Thomas, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



Kate Clive Powell, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



Victoria Von Westenholz, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>





Anna Lageder, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



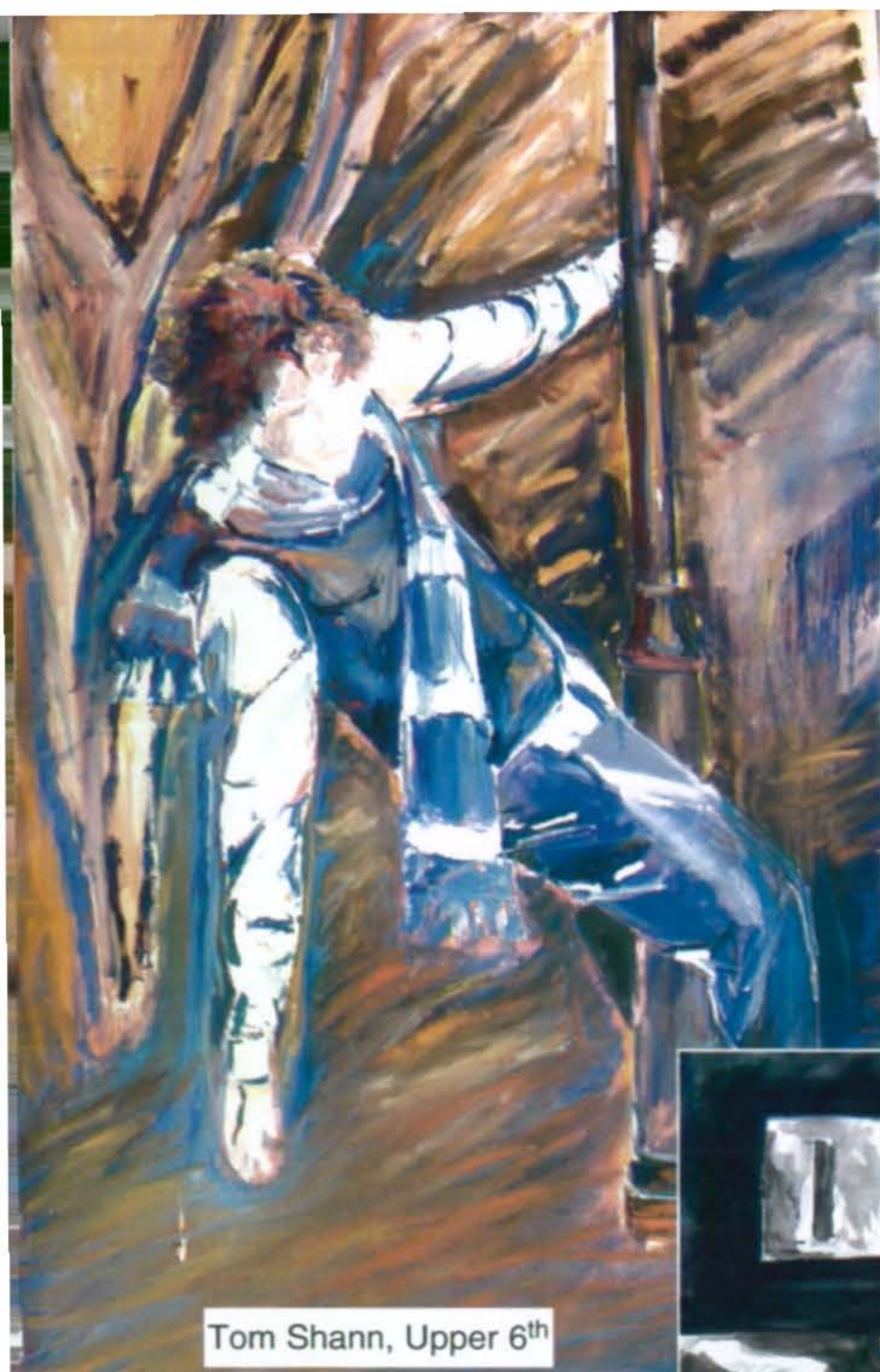
Harry Darby, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



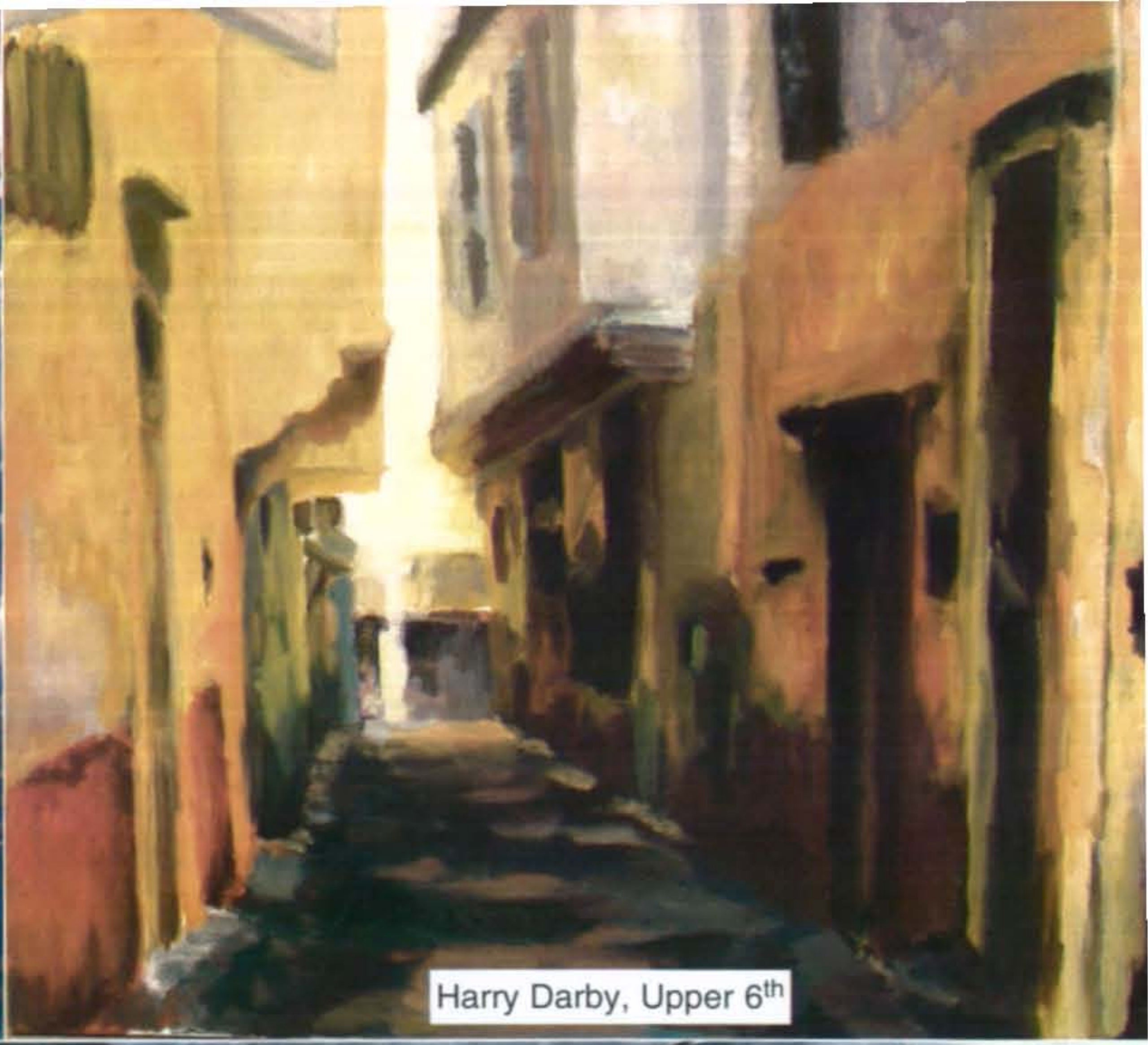
Champ Donovanik, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



Tom Shann, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



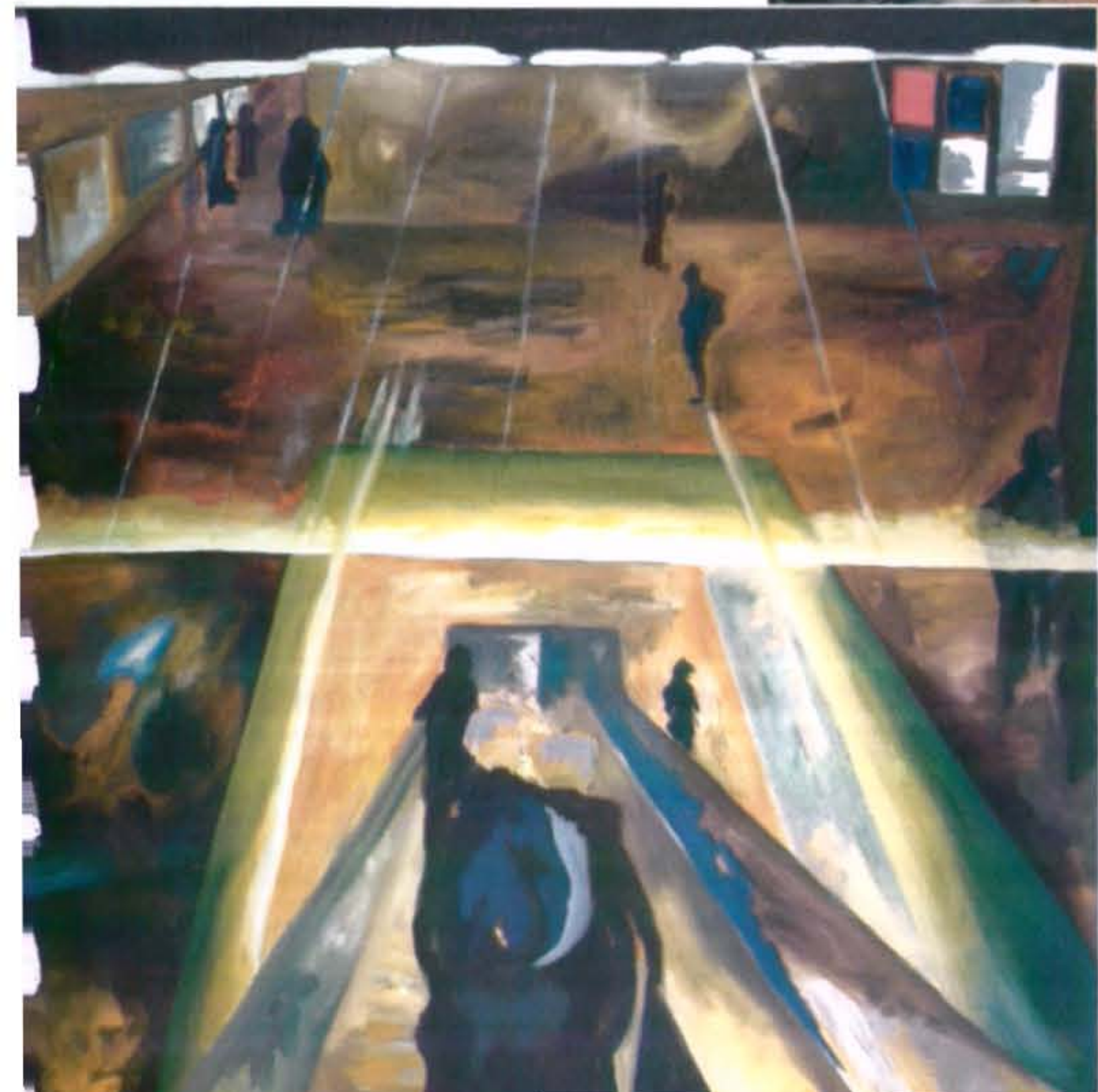
Tom Shann, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



Harry Darby, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



Harry Cussins, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



Harry Cussins, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



Romy Scarffe, Lower 6<sup>th</sup>



Taleri Bankes, Lower 6<sup>th</sup>



Eliza Ferguson, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>

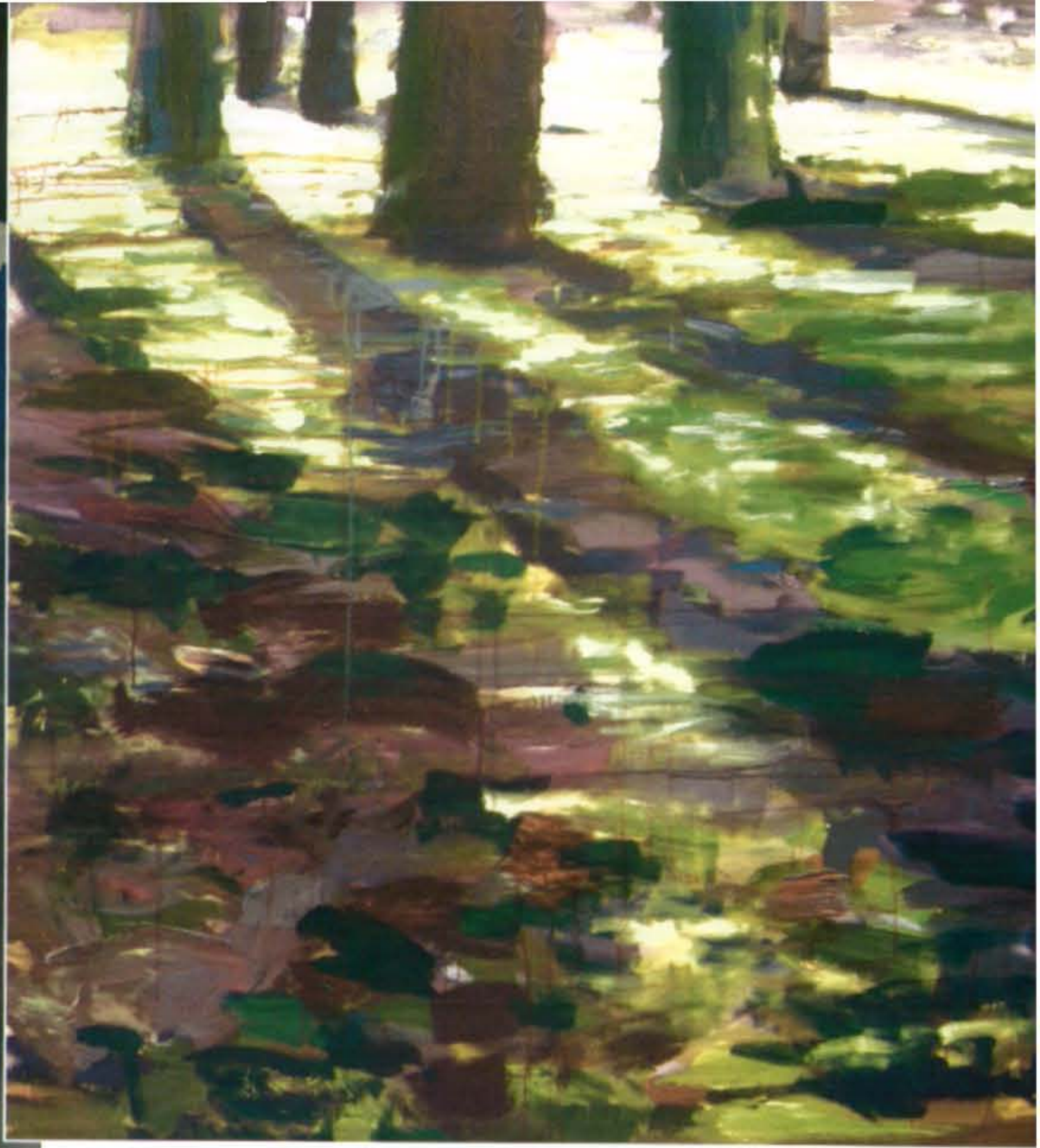


Lauren Keeley, Lower 6<sup>th</sup>





Lauren Keeley, Lower 6<sup>th</sup>



Rosanna Durham, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>.



Charlie Travers, Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



Dominic MacDonald, Lower 6<sup>th</sup>

Cassandra Fullagar . Lower 6<sup>th</sup>



Caroline de Peyrecave.  
Upper 6<sup>th</sup>



Miranda Parker, Lower 6<sup>th</sup>

# Creative Writing

## A DANGEROUS OCCUPATION

He put the car into gear and pulled away from the lights. Loretta, if that was her real name, sat next to him in the Sedan. Harry ran his eyes over the bottle blond and summed up what was on offer for the punters. She had long, slender legs, finishing at a short skirt. Then came a curvaceous figure, shown through a tight shirt, topped by a head with dull blue eyes and long fair hair with dark roots. Under the heavy make-up, Harry thought he could see a couple of thin lines, the signs of this woman's age perhaps or, more likely, scars.

Harry didn't want to stir things up at a time like this, but what Loretta had said was bothering him. He understood what this tip meant and what it would entail, what the consequences would be, but Harry knew his duty. Now he was in possession of the information, he had to act. That was the price of knowledge.

He parked the car round the back and brought his guest into the station. He had taken barely two steps when the guy on the desk called out, "Williams, the Super wants to see you." Harry had the girl put in an interview room with a cup of tea, and hurried off to find his boss, well aware that Loretta wouldn't stick around if she got rattled.

Superintendent George Davis was a good man, so his colleagues said. He was an old fashioned cop, who had risen to become a big cheese in the neighbourhood. He sat back in his chair as Harry entered the room and slid the bottom draw of his desk open, producing two glasses and a bottle of Bell's. His craggy features creased into a half smile and he asked Harry to sit down. Davis outlined the situation. Things were going all right. This part of town was being run just the right way. It didn't need anybody to make waves. Did Harry get his drift? Both men departed, one to the bathroom, the other to talk to Loretta, leaving two untouched whisky glasses, in the time honoured tradition of this type of meeting.

Harry pushed the veneered door of the interview room open and sat down at the free chair with his cup of coffee in his styrofoam cup. The other chair was occupied by Loretta, who had put her feet up on the desk and was filing her well-filed nails. She said, in her distinctive accent, "Off the record,

right?" Harry reassured her that it was and asked her to elaborate on what she had said earlier.

"I had just arrived at this bloke's house, he'd picked me up from the park, you know, just seemed like an ordinary punter," said Loretta in a hoarse whisper, "and we'd just got through the door. He lead me straight upstairs, but we passed the kitchen, and there was George!"

"You on first name terms?"

"Let's just say he got me out of trouble a while back in exchange for certain services."

"Carry on, that's not it, is it?"

"Na, 'cos when we got upstairs and into this guy's bedroom, I got down to business, and, well, from this certain position, I could see under the bed and there was plenty of gear under there, white powder in polythene bags..."

Harry interrupted. "What was it? Could you tell?"

"I wasn't in a position to do a close inspection, was I? I had my mind elsewhere."

"Anything else?"

"No. Don't let it get out, if some of my more sensitive clients find out I've been talking to the Old Bill, I'll be in the canal before tomorrow."

"Sure, I'll keep it under my hat, you've been a great help." Harry paused, he needed some time to think about what he could do with this. He gave the standard policeman's line: "I'll be in touch."

Harry sat in the Sedan, slumped in the seat to keep his face out of the street light. The Super had gone into the house five minutes earlier and the raid was now imminent. For the past six months he'd snooped around the station and found out some interesting things. The bloke who had picked Loretta up all those months ago was Dave Quinn, a small time crook trying to make it with the big boys. He'd got some finance from somewhere and was trying to muscle in on the drug market in the area. The other dealers had been caught in a flurry of arrests over the last 10 weeks, but Quinn had remained elusive. Meanwhile, George Davis had grown suspicious and last month Harry had been made Child Services Liaison Officer. Chief Inspector Phillips of the Met's internal investiga-

tion unit sat beside him. He was a tall, thin man of about forty, with a long drawn face. He looked permanently tired, but seemed to Harry to be a good man. The atmosphere had been tense all day and neither of them had uttered a word for more than an hour. The radio spat some static and crackled into life.

"Cole here, both targets in upstairs front room," said the voice of the policeman in the house opposite.

"Right that's our signal, you best stay here, we know Davis suspects you, but if he sees you here then he'll know for sure." He picked up the radio. "On your toes every body, this is it. Lets go."

Ten minutes later, the Chief Inspector emerged through the gap where the front door used to be with the rest of his team in tow. Davis and Quinn were both handcuffed. Suddenly, Davis made a break for it. He was surprisingly quick for a man of fifty and was a hundred yards down the street in no time. Harry sighed, got out the car and took off in pursuit. He caught up with him and both men crashed on to the tarmac. Harry caught a look of Davis' eyes, they were bright and fiery. "I suspected you Williams, I thought..." Harry leant on

him and forced the air from his lungs. Phillips and his team arrived breathless, and escorted Davis away, leaving Phillips and Harry in the twilight glow.

"You shouldn't have done that, Harry," said Phillips, "we'd have caught him."

"Don't worry, wasn't a problem."

"You'll have to go into witness protection. From what we've seen of this lot, they'll come after you."

"How long do you reckon it will take to come to trial - six months?"

"About that. You know the deal with these schemes, don't you? New identity, another city."

"Think I could take a transfer, work wherever I end up?"

"No, Harry, clean break."

Harry looked out the window of the train as it flew north and considered the events that had brought him to this point. He thought of the day that Loretta approached him, which seemed so long ago. He thought of George Davis in his cell. He wondered if he'd have done it if he had known this was what it would entail. One thing was for sure, he'd paid the price of knowledge.

Paul Hinds (U6<sup>th</sup>)

## MOODY PHOEBUS

Darkness shrinks away from the light  
Dissolving under the illumination of lazy sun  
Soporifically emerging from the depths of the earth.

His aloof rays expose the blemishes the night has wrought:  
Glutinous spew erupted by a reveller lurks in a street doorway,  
Sunbeams twinkle sheer fragments sprinkled before a window display  
Like shattered stalactites dislodged by Phoebus,  
Plummeted from the roof of night.

Stark, black images infiltrate the reluctant consciousness  
With sordid scenes of nocturnal events.

The paling sky relieves the tension the night enforced:  
Objects merge back into their familiar forms,  
Shadowy street inlets are robbed of their sinister manifestations  
That toyed with the twilight imagination.

Lamps extinguish one by one east to west across a bay  
As dark ghosts wither beneath the gaze of the glowing east.  
Ripples splay upon the shore as it stains with the first rays.

Time is distorted. The youthful countenance fears age,  
Dreads the inevitable exile of light by night  
As the sun is rolled over the edge of the world,  
Protesting in red fury.

Harry Thuillier (U6<sup>th</sup>)

# METROPOLITAN MUSINGS:

Jimmy sits and he plays,  
He plays and he plays.  
His fingers bleed from the work,  
Yet his stomach electrifies them.  
His voice is hoarse and breaking,  
Yet his eyes sparkle like stars  
Leading to a cosmos of angels.  
People come and people go,  
But Jimmy stays and plays on.  
He is the background of their lives,  
The Silence of Sound.  
In the wind, rain or snow, Jimmy plays  
His fingers bleed from the work.  
He's played longer than memory,  
Yet smiles like a man who knows a secret.

No-one heeds Jimmy, no-one hears;  
His starry eyes are holes to heaven.  
A man most humble and gentle.

I watch him, my Starbucks in hand,  
Wondering how long he's been there.  
Collecting small change for being irrelevant.  
But Jimmy still plays,  
His fingers bleed from the work.  
While I sit and write  
These Metropolitan Musings.

Charlie Sanchez (U6<sup>th</sup>)  
Winner of the Senior Roxburgh Verse prize

## TRAMPS

I wake up  
Brush my teeth  
Look out the window.  
He is there -  
The tramp.  
Just a piece of the background  
Collecting the tin cans.  
Not really there:  
Begging at the side.

Throw the spare coppers in his hat,  
He will say thank you;  
You go by.  
He just isn't there,  
Just a piece of the wall.

I wake up  
Brush my teeth  
Look out the window.  
He's dead.  
Suddenly he's part of the world:  
In the zipper bag.  
And he's gone:  
That part of the wall.  
It's not there.

Now he is dead, he is realised.  
I walk past, throw my copper to him.  
It's another one,  
Taken his place.  
There are lots around.  
But this one.  
No thank you.  
Not even a sound.

Marcus Beresford (3rd)

## THE TIME HAS COME

I'm lying on the hospital bed  
The soft beep, beep, beep is running through my  
head  
Not quite sure of the time, but I know it's dark  
Dark enough to give me a taste of what's coming  
with the lark:  
The soft song that will come in the morning  
Letting me know that the end is dawning.

The smell of the hospital room  
The feeling of the bed pressing into me, bringing  
me doom;  
No one thinks I'm here  
No one thinks I can re-appear;  
They're turning off the machine in the morning,  
The end of the soft beep, beep, beep  
And the start of a deep, deep, sleep.

My life is being ended by the people I love the  
most  
My family, my blood, they're the ones changing  
me to a ghost.  
The room gets busy, the familiar sounds -  
I assume they are nurses - I cannot see, I'm  
Lying here and their morning has come  
And yet for me, the end has just begun.

Jessica Hydleman (L6<sup>th</sup>)

# A VALENTINE'S WASTELAND

We hug and hold hands  
But I still don't know where we stand;  
I am a sound Portrait of a Man  
Twisting Lilacs and talking of Chopin,<sup>1</sup>  
But at my back I always hear<sup>2</sup>  
Valentine's Day drawing near.  
What a day! What an occasion!  
Where men, bent double,<sup>3</sup> attempt persuasion.

We lay waste our powers  
By getting and spending<sup>4</sup> on cards and flowers.  
But how should I presume<sup>5</sup> that I will be alone?  
For nothing will come of nothing as he should  
know.<sup>6</sup>  
Love be not proud, you have no cause<sup>7</sup>  
Cupid, you deserve no applause.  
See better, Love<sup>8</sup>, why am I alone?  
With the 'ache of modernism'<sup>9</sup> in my bones  
Am I such a sea-monster or fox<sup>10</sup>  
That I must sit alone and drink my bocks?<sup>11</sup>

No! Valentine's Day you open old wounds anew  
For Love thou art a reaper too.<sup>12</sup>  
I am not jealous, nor should I be,  
Thinks't thou I'd make a life of jealousy?<sup>13</sup>  
Whom do I kid? I truly need her -  
Her: Juliana, myself the Mower;<sup>14</sup>  
By her beams I am torn apart  
Yet drawn to her like adamant, by my iron heart.<sup>15</sup>  
Together we could brave all the legions of hell<sup>16</sup>  
And escape this blighted star as well<sup>17</sup>  
Where vice infects the very wall<sup>18</sup>  
And a mother's pure milk turns into gall.<sup>19</sup>  
O Valentines Day! My heart shrivels when I  
behold<sup>20</sup>  
The thought of being another year old.

Charlie Sanchez (U6<sup>th</sup>)

<sup>1</sup> T.S Eliot 'Portrait of A Lady.'

<sup>2</sup> A.Marvell 'Coy Mistress'

<sup>3</sup> W.Owen 'Dulce et Decorum est'

<sup>4</sup> W.Wordsworth 'The World is too much with Us.'

<sup>5</sup> T.S Eliot 'The Love Song of J Alfred Prufrock'

<sup>6</sup> W.Shakespeare 'King Lear'

<sup>7</sup> J.Donne 'Holy Sonnet X'

<sup>8</sup> W.Shakespeare 'King Lear'

<sup>9</sup> T.Hardy 'Tess Of the D'Urbervilles'

<sup>10</sup> W.Shakespeare 'King Lear'

<sup>11</sup> T.S Eliot 'Portrait Of A Lady'

<sup>12</sup> A.Marvell 'Damon The Mower'

<sup>13</sup> W.Shakespeare 'Othello'

<sup>14</sup> A.Marvell 'Damon The Mower'

<sup>15</sup> J.Donne 'Holy Sonnet I'

<sup>16</sup> E.Bronte 'Wuthering Heights'

<sup>17</sup> T.Hardy 'Tess Of the D'Urbervilles'

<sup>18</sup> A.Marvell 'Upon Appleton House'

<sup>19</sup> W.Shakespeare 'Macbeth'

<sup>20</sup> W.Wordsworth 'My heart leaps up when I behold'



# THE CITY, THE NIGHT AND I

Wandering through the streets at night  
I pass a woman standing there,  
Just on the corner: vibrant thoughts  
Ripple through the accusing air  
No noise emits from her trembling lips  
No movement from her body shakes the ground,  
Yet I feel her anger tormenting me, she shouts  
So loudly, but makes no sound.

Walking on, my heart pulsating,  
I catch a glimpse of the glittering sky,  
Oh, but no - no stella luce shines above,  
Just luminous windows, so I walk on by.  
My flow of consciousness leads me on  
Past the music store, past the bubbling bar  
And then, through that archway, I stop to stare:  
I see myself, just standing there.

Imagination envelopes me, I feel it closing in,  
A shroud of thoughts and fantasies  
Visions and realities.  
Nothing really exists as you believe,  
Just impressions of surroundings  
Stretched tight across your mind.

It's strange how such thoughts form your existence.

I once thought I believed in humanity  
But no - it's only sanity that evolves  
Through the degeneration of your mind;  
It's mobility that's realised  
Through the deterioration of your body;  
And disorder is what unfolds  
Through the liberation of your soul.

Oh - and now I see it,  
Shimmering in the midnight air,  
An eternity in a second  
(I see clearly now):  
The woman, the one just standing there.

Catriona Hands (L6<sup>th</sup>)

# THE PRICE OF KNOWLEDGE

That blink...or was it a twitch. One couldn't tell, it was so slight. His entire demeanour said it was a twitch, but I guess that's what I wanted it to be. A twitch of insincerity that ripped away his dignity, as he was to do to mine. It certainly went with his slick black hair that seemed cemented to his scalp, barbed wire eyebrows, flecked with grey, and a suit that cried out failed lawyer.

"Tell me again," I softly, but ever so slightly stiffly asked, "What you know?" He complied, but he could sense my discomfort with the situation. It was in his shift of position on the seat causing a squeak, the smug sniff, so unnecessary, but then again that is part of the torturer's process - make them suffer. Let us sweat it out while he smugly squeaks in his seat and sniffs, so that his face contorts in a nightmarish fashion, as though his visage of sincerity were being slowly pulled off to reveal the smug, laughing, vicious perpetrator of my misfortune.

There again...the blink, the twitch, whatever. It isn't true, it couldn't be true, it can't be..un- but no. There must be some explanation. She wouldn't do this. I'd know it; she would have shown signs of

discontent, of being uneasy with me. She can't hide her feelings; I would have seen it in her eyes...

"I understand you are unhappy with a revelation of this magnitude but I can assure you, what I have stated can be, and is in fact the truth," issued the man in the chair, bringing to my attention that what I had previously presumed were my own disquieted musings had in fact erupted from my person as a tirade against the man's accusations. I glanced at him nervously and the back of my neck buzzed with the electric tension of fear, which began to spread down my spine when I saw the satisfaction in those glassy, copper-rimmed eyes. I was the tree and he was holding the axe that would lop a branch. His face probably split into a grin as I turned away from him and stared as hard as I could out of the window, his teeth boring into the back of my head, gold plated, no doubt.

"You can deny it until you are blue in the face, Percy, but I have the proof right here, in the briefcase. Photos, letters, tickets to the theatre. Undeniable proof, one might say, but if you persist in this charade then so be it. You are only fooling yourself. So my advice to you - Percy - is to take a

look for yourself and accept what I think you know are the facts."

He used my name and it rang in my mind. It sounded unnatural carried in his voice. Somehow forced, like the axe in my bark, so it echoed around my mind. Then slowly, somehow suddenly, but yet inevitably, her voice took over. Nothing had pulled into focus, at first, outside of the window, but now it did, sharply. As her voice sharpened, so did the picture, zoning in on one particular spot, where the wind had silently danced through the grass and flowers. There was a patch of roses. A circle of roses. "Percy," she sighed. I heard her, I felt her and I saw her. Fingers running through my hair, the touch of her lips on mine, the softest, sweetest sigh that sensitised the feeling on the back of my neck, intensifying it. It was there that we first made love. The image blurred with choking tears of pain, of rage, of fear.

Once, there had been a luscious, blooming spread of red roses cradled in summer earth, the soil hugging the roots tight, close. The hot air caressing the moist lip of each petal, and the sun licking its smooth skin. Birds had sung such wonderful tunes that one's heart was lifted at the very sound of it, and all of nature teemed with the noise of life: the hum of the bees and whispering trees; the peacock crying.

A tear slid from my eye, clearing my vision and again my eye focussed on the patch of grass, now flat and sterile. Winter's claw had cracked the clods of mud, now isolated from the rose's withered foot, and the harsh winds had caused the lips to curl and dry, now devoid of attendant bees. I heard nothing but her voice sighing, "Percy" - now dim and dull like the deadened sound of a broken bell.

I didn't want to give him the triumph of an

answer just yet, but the sight outside was sickening. It induced a lump in my throat - one I couldn't remove, however hard I swallowed. In fact, it became heavier, the more I did and, consequently, so did the flow of tears. The window gave no comfort, for it revealed the source of my grief and a lonely grey sky that brooded sullenly, like a featureless white face looking down and seeing nothing of any worth.

Do I want to know? She's no different for it. It makes her happy. I want her happy, so I don't need to know...I don't need to know. "I love her."

"I know you love her, Percy," came a voice from behind me, low and sycophantically comforting.

"You don't know. How could you know?" I muttered, once again staring with all my force at the windowpane.

"Well, it seems I know a little bit more than you do at the moment, doesn't it? Now let's put ourselves on an equal footing, shall we? Look in the briefcase."

Sniffing, and wiping my eyes and face (the last thread of my pride not allowing me to display weakness) I composed myself. You are going to turn around and show this man the door. He is not worth it, You love her. You don't need this. Show him the door.

There was a click. A tiny click. That little click. The sound of businessmen in starched suits, closing the deal, signing the cheque, tearing up contracts. I don't need this, but I want this. Like the soldier face to face in combat, finger on the trigger, emotion goes out the window, so I let my love go. I breathed, I turned, I looked.

Harry Arkwright (U6)

Winner of Gavin Maxwell Prize Senior

# RELIGIOUS STUDIES

The following was found in police cell no.6 on Sunday, the 6th May, 2003

It wasn't my fault, or at least it was, but his as well. I mean, you're probably not a teacher, so you wouldn't understand. I want you to know the true story how it happened, not how it was told.

You see, it was a Friday. I hate Fridays, especially seventh period. The bell had gone after sixth and the same thought went through my head as it did every time that bell rang. Why? Why did I have to teach 5A? Does my lord have something against me? More importantly, why did I have to teach 5A

General RS? I am a theologian, not a scapegoat. Or at least I was. No one in 5A believed in God, or at least no one who mattered.

They stumbled in to the classroom shouting their obscene jokes, greeting me with a casual 'Hiya, Dick.'

'Robinson, do up your button!' or 'Smith, please tuck in your shirt' I would say.

'Whatever sir,' or 'In a minute' they would laugh back.

It was always in a minute. Everything was in a bloody minute with 5A. Nothing was sacred, not even the Bible, not even God, and especially not



Work. They knew RS didn't matter, I knew RS didn't matter. The difference was, I still tried. At one point I thought they were trying too, but no. Not even Farrell cared. No point trying, I thought, but I still did.

I read out the register as normal, and they replied as normal.

'Potter? ... Potter? ...Has anyone seen Potter?'

'Why? Haven't you?' said Potter

'Smith?'

'Gone home,' said Smith

'Thomson?'

'Yep, Dick.'

'My name is not Dick, it is Mr. Parker to you, Thomson.'

'If you call me by my last name, I'll call you by your first, Dick,' said Thomson.

'Fine then. JOHN?'

'Who, me?' said Thomson.

I looked up at him wearily.

'Yes, you.'

'Oh, I'm not here.'

And so it went on. And on. And on and on.

When I finally finished the god-forsaken task, we had 20 minutes left, and I had given out 5 defaulters, 3 standards, and 2 days' sanctions to Lowcroft for walking out.

'As you've wasted 20 minutes of my teaching time, I'll waste 20 minutes of your free time. You will all stay behind 20 minutes at the end,' I said as calmly as possible.

At this they exploded. About a thousand paper balls White and Potter had been making at the back hit me, all at roughly the same time, and I wouldn't be surprised if there was a pencil case or two amongst them. I must have heard at least three words thrown at me that not even I knew, and when I opened my eyes from the floor all I could hear was cheering.

I jumped up, seething.

'Stop it!' I shouted at the top of my voice. 'Stop it or you will stay behind a further ten minutes, yes, even you Farrell, and I don't care if you have basketball, Carter!'

At this they quietened down a bit. I think they knew that I wasn't joking.

'And I'm not joking either. Another peep and you will all stay an extra ten minutes. ALL OF YOU.'

'Except Lowcroft,' said Smith.

Everyone laughed.

'In fact, if I leave now, I won't stay in either,' he continued.

'You leave now, and I'll give you sanctions,' I said.

'I'll get sanctions if I leave late, 'cos I'll be late for rugby see, so if I leave now, I'll actually reduce my punishment list. Goodbye sir.'

'You will NOT leave this class room until I say so!' I shouted.

'Says who?' said White, also standing up and making for the door with Smith.

'Says me!'

'Oh I'm trembling!' said Potter, who was already at the door, holding it open.

'NO!' I roared.

'And what are you gonna do about it?' shouted someone. The rest joined in, crying the chant at the top of their voices:

'What are you gonna do about it,

What are you gonna do about it.'

I couldn't take it. I was losing control and they knew it.

'Stop it!' I screamed. 'Stop it! Stop it! Shut up! You're all staying in! I mean it.' But it was no use. They would not stop. They would not shut up. The chant grew louder and louder and even Farrell joined in, knowing I couldn't do a damn thing. I just went red and mouthed punishments at the lot of them.

Thomson stood up, and I knew I was done for.

'He's losing control! He's lost his grip!'

'Sit down now!' I boomed

'NO,' he replied firmly.

'Sit down!' I said approaching hysteria.

'What are you gonna do about it?'

'I said, sit down, Thomson!'

'Dick!' he said, throwing a setsquare at me, which hit me on the forehead. I clutched my brow, and there on my hand was the telltale sign of an open wound.

This I couldn't take. I picked up the damn thing and threw it back as hard as I could. Thomson shrieked with pain, and the class began to say, 'Oooo', but their taunt was stopped midway by Thomson throwing the set square back at me. Normally, I imagine, this would have no effect on the rest of the class, but this time it was different. The setsquare was now only partly complete, and there was a large red mark on the white board next to me. The other half appeared to be embedded in Thomson's eye.

For what seemed an eternity, there was utter silence. No one moved. Not even Thomson. My face turned ghostly white as I realized what I had just done. Ring leader though Thomson was, I would never get away with this.

Then, taking his bloody hand away from his eye, and looking at it and then me as best he could, he dived over his desk and landed square into my stomach, spoiling my designer suit with his inner fluids in the process.

'Bastard! BASTARD!' he was shouting at me. I lay on the floor, heavily winded, being kicked to death. He must have broken three ribs by the time I could respond. I instinctively pushed a leg into the body that stood, bleeding, above me. I can only presume that I hit him in the groin, because he staggered back, doubled over.

By the time it took me to stand up, Thomson had regained control over his muscles. He stooped down and picked up the rest of the setsquare, and clutching it, lunged at me. I received a piercing blow to my left arm. He stood once more, eyeing me up. I managed to pick up the Bible I kept on my desk. As he went for a follow-up swoop, I swung my arm at him.

The class gasped as Thomson's head collided with the whiteboard with some considerable force, blood splattering everywhere. He slumped onto the floor, and in a frenzied daze I continued to bash his head in with the Bible until it was a sort of avant garde decoration on the floor. For the first time, I had control over him. The little bugger had finally been defeated by religion.

I straightened myself up, panting. The Bible was battered and torn, covered in blood. I have to be honest. I was satisfied. I had shown my authority over the satanic herd.

I could taste blood. The cut on my head was bleeding profusely. My shirt was torn, and the cotton on my left arm was crimson. Taking a tissue, I wiped away the scarlet war paint that covered my face. Then, straightening my tie, I turned to Potter, who was still standing at the door, gaping.

'Sit down, please,' I said, without a hint of anger. He silently obeyed.

'Right. We shall begin the lesson. Any further interruptions will be dealt with very seriously.'

I eyed the class. Each and every one of them was staring at me, gripping his desk in terror. I loved it.

I wiped the blood off the board, and wrote the title.

'Buddhism! Centred around the... What is it Farrell?'

'I-is he d-dead sir?' he trembled.

'Probably. Anyway, Buddhism is centred around a figure who is not considered a god. Believe it or not, his name is 'The Buddha', although he was once a Prince named...'

And so the lesson went on. By the time the bell went, I had explained all about enlightenment, the Buddha's Death, and cultural practices, without the slightest interruption.

'You've all been very good. Very good indeed,' I said. 'Because of your good behaviour, you can go on time. Off you go!'

No one moved.

'Go on!'

Still nothing

'GO!' I shouted. At this, they all stood up and edged their way to the door. No one spoke. No one breathed. They all just stayed as far away from me

as possible, mouths open, faces white. As they caught sight of Thomson, they ran. It was barely 30 seconds before the room was empty, besides myself, the Bible, the set square, and Thomson.

I breathed a sigh, and stepped out into the cold winter day. As I sucked in the cold air, I pondered the events of the last 20 minutes. That is when it hit me. I had killed a boy. I'D KILLED HIM. I panicked. Running back into my classroom, I stared at the mess. Hyper-ventilating, I tried looking for a pulse. There was none. Of course there was none. There could be none. He was dead. I knelt on the ground, crying. I prayed. I read the appropriate passages from the Bible, Psalm 23 etc, but I am not sure which of us they were for.

I was still there when the police came for me. Still praying. I am still praying now. I went without resistance, but I left my Bible covering his head. I couldn't bear for other people to see what I had done.

I was taken here. They let me see my lawyer. I didn't say anything, though. They'll come and take me away soon. My trial awaits. I have been recommended to say it was self-defence. But I can't. I am guilty of murder. I contaminated the minds of 20 other children. I can only hope that my Lord Jesus can forgive me, but I think that is beyond even his mercy.

William Parker was sentenced to 25 years imprisonment after pleading guilty to murder. Judge Martins said upon sentencing, 'William Parker, you are a very dangerous man. I can only be glad that you recognize this.' Six months later, Parker was found dead in his prison cell, having hung himself with his sheets. He left this suicide note:

You may not believe it, but I am sorry. I am sorry for everything. But I cannot go on being sorry. I cannot live with the knowledge that I have killed an innocent boy and ruined the lives of many others. This is the price I must pay for what I have done. I am not a psychotic, but a human.

Smith, Potter and White all committed suicide in August 2003. Farrell ran away from home after completing his GCSEs and has not been seen since. All other pupils from class 5A have regular counselling, but none are reported to be making progress. Lowcroft continues to walk out of lessons.

Edmund Jones (5<sup>th</sup>)

# EARLY MORNING

Like the first lamb of spring,  
The boy woke on the fourth hour  
To the ding of the rusty bell and the nightingale's melody.  
Linen crumples and that orange glow transfuses,  
First and last to be seen, the catapulted orb soars.  
Now tread carefully on the carpet, think deeply of those stiff doors,  
Remember each sound is magnified, multiplied in thousands.  
Rustles and creaks, echoes that venture timidly out into the kitchen,  
Cats eyes beam, the basket stirs, a claw tugs on the terracotta.  
The key in the door, an hospitable cacophony to the ear,  
Wait. Sniff that crack in the paint, the wind against the cheek,  
Standing there, the best part of your life.

Dark and husky, roaming and fruity, sweet but citrus.  
Brisk feet leap, like cotton wool on a shiny sheen of dew, silver pearlets rest in perfection.  
Cold but warm, surely we are in heaven,  
Better to come! The sheer ecstasy of those legs against the long wet grass,  
So clean and conscious you are, you fall into the bank,  
You are privileged to be in God's water.  
You rise like a stag; wet weeds cling to your body,  
Creatures quake in your presence.  
The moon and sun bow and the earth curtsies as the first wind follows its course,  
That English Hedge splits for the wooden stile,  
Your hand caresses the soft decaying thing,  
Slivers lie in the flora, wood gnawed, fresh pickings.  
The virgin milk cart spouts the first exhaust on the rainbow tarmac,  
The crystal air takes it for its first naughty cigarette.  
The morning's first frog lies disembowelled in dirty dregs, spawn strewn,  
The sunshine melts the jelly, the tadpoles scream, no one hears save the flies.  
Run back all the way, skipping over the first adder, break the first dandelion.

But not for long, wake again for 6 o'clock.  
A trip to the airport, family seats to a summer holiday.  
The journey is hours too long, a nauseating fever of agitation, life-blood draining,  
Giddy, I step from the airless tube to the Mediterranean furnace.  
Morning and day roll into one, the ruthless dumbing down of a neighbouring Tropic.  
Those deadly rays shower to the beat of the grasshopper's lovemaking.  
The tension gasps in a heat wave as a fiery rope hangs from the olive tree to the sea.  
Oh, how I cry to smell an Albion morn again!

Alex Orchard-Lisle (U6<sup>th</sup>)

# GARDEN OF THE MIND

Looking in through the old stone gate  
and stepping beyond the border  
you find something to which you may relate  
in its untidy sort of order;  
for the ancient orchard comes into bloom,  
yellow trumpets in the grass,  
attacks and conquers the winter gloom  
to banish the icy farce.

Looking in through the old stone gate:  
flowers flanking the path,  
banks of colour and a roof of slate  
swimming in a scented bath.  
Flowers gaping to lure the bees  
reach gaily from the leaves.  
Birds singing in the shady trees  
adds to this gorgeous scene.

Looking in through the old stone gate,  
the garden is on fire,  
hedgehogs settle and the roe deer mate  
around this colossal pyre.  
The ancient orchard creates sweet fruit  
braced for the coming assault  
and gunfire crackles from the shoot  
before coming to a halt.

Looking in past the old stone gate:  
this world is perfectly still;  
creatures and plants are silent while they wait  
the ground is too hard to till.  
The trees are skeletons, the borders seem dead,  
specks of white are starting to fall  
the frosty sward their bed;  
these add to the winter pall.

Looking in through the old stone gate  
the ivy is wrenching apart,  
this paradise nature seems to hate  
for she has pulled out its very heart.  
The glasshouse is now but a weathered frame,  
the vines inside are dead,  
but a single rose she has yet to tame  
within an ancient bed.

Marcus Crofton (5<sup>th</sup>)

# METROPOLITAN MUSINGS

You have one choice in the city:  
"Who dares wins".  
I see equal faces in front and behind,  
Kids on whizz, madams on Charlie,  
Men wrapped in sheets to sleep.  
This is the new city.

The corridor of stone resounds with the sound of  
voices  
Even when empty - you still hear the cries.  
Turn left up the street,  
Nothing but grey concrete and litter,  
Neon lights flicker as people run for the last train:  
This is the new city.

In the city every man is his own hero;  
We all get caught up in the commotion,  
Which becomes flowing emotion,  
It's a sea of corruption and anger.  
This is the new city.

But we still smile and ignore,  
It isn't important any more.  
People groan, people cry,  
We turn and hide:  
Maybe we're just scared,  
Feel it's a waste of time.

The drugs still flow like blood,  
Guns rule the streets,  
Men lie on concrete to sleep.  
This is the new city.

Jamie Gray (4<sup>th</sup>)  
Winner Junior Roxburgh Verse prize

# THE PRICE OF KNOWLEDGE

Montague Reid-Morris was sitting on the balcony of the Britannia pub in Euston Station. He sat blissfully unaware of Estelle Tucker who was heartily munching her way through a KFC Family Feast on the storey below. To passers-by it was quite clear that the super-size bucketed poultry meal for 6 had not much bucket time left. Indeed as the last morsels of breaded chicken were engorged by Estelle, passers-by could see that this was not the first Family Feast finished by the elephantine Estelle. She leant forward to throw away the now empty cardboard bucket and as she did so several great slabs of excess fat crumpled upwards so that for a few seconds she must have been temporarily blinded by her own vast flabbiness. Her immense proportions meant that she covered a whole station bench, which creaked slightly with every lumbering movement of the balloon-like creature that it supported. She looked up at the departure board and after pausing for a few seconds hauled herself upwards onto her stubby legs.

Meanwhile Montague had just paid his bill and was making his way slowly down the two flights of stairs to the centre of the Station. He walked to the exit, hailed a taxi and got in. After stating his destination (Lupus Street) he reclined in his seat and contemplated that evening's plans. The annual Old Miscellaneous Club dinner and then his speech on extortionate pricing of trivia books – The Price of Knowledge. He chuckled at his own feeble pun. Noticing the taxi had hardly moved, he knocked on the Perspex partition, "I say my good man" drawled Monty "What's the reason for this unholy delay?"

*"It's the footy of course"* came the reply.

"Footy?" inquired Monty with a certain air of disdain.

*"Yeah yunno, England v Germany, the opening of Wembley all that malarkey"*

"I'm glad to say I don't." muttered Montague and slumped back into the sofa-like seat.

Miss Estelle Tucker was wobbling through the station at an alarming pace; having bought her one-way ticket to Milton Keynes she was now waddling towards the escalator that would transport her down to her platform. She boarded the escalator with relative ease and began her descent to Platform 3. It was only as Estelle reached the end of the escalator (which was slightly tapered to encourage people to disembark quickly) that she realised she had several problems.

The traffic on the Euston Road had moved about

4 feet. Montague Reid-Morris was becoming increasingly agitated at the progress of his journey and with football supporters whom he blamed entirely for the traffic. As he ranted about the evils of football in his mind his taxi lurched forward another few feet.

The first problem that Estelle Tucker faced was how to disentangle her new shiny (extra large) blue and white striped Addidas poppers from the escalator's railing before she reached the end of the escalator. The second problem she faced was how to remove her great bulk from the escalator in which she was now completely wedged. These problems were two more than Estelle could cope with, her brain overloaded with conflicting solutions; should she rip her brand new tracksuit bottoms and free herself at some embarrassment and cost or should she hope miraculously that she could free herself. She chose the latter option and as a result remained stuck in the escalator, like Winnie the Pooh she wriggled to try and get through the gap but she was just too fat. The zombie horde of commuters behind her suddenly realised that the blob in front of them was immobilised and that they were being slowly lowered towards her formidable presence by the escalator. The quickest to react started to walk back up the escalator but inevitably some didn't realise until too late and squelched into the shiny airbag blocking their path. Trapped between a mountain of flesh and a mass of panicking travellers they called for help. This cry was echoed up the escalator until it finally reached Colin Smurdley, the London Officer for Safety at Euston Railway.

He reacted like lightning, producing in a manic flurry of his hands a bunch of keys. He rummaged through the keys until he found the right one, The Euston Station emergency console key. He was trembling with excitement, this was the first time he had been called into action, the first time that the emergency stop buttons that lined the escalator had failed and the first time that he, Colin Smurdley, had been given any responsibility. He knew what to do and he knew his responsibility, he knew that being a London Officer for Safety at Euston Railway meant more than having the initials L.O.S.E.R. embroidered on his overalls. His shaking hand clasped the key and he thrust it into the lock and unlocked the cabinet that housed the Euston Station Emergency Console. He swung the small door open grabbed the red telephone inside and flicked the switch marked POWER OFF. His

body was pumping with so much adrenalin that as he spoke to the emergency services operator and requested the fire brigade it didn't occur to him that the station was rather dark.

Montague Reid-Morris was lying on the back seat of the London Taxi that had transported him 10 feet in twenty minutes. He was staring forlornly at the traffic light ahead of him when it just turned off. Released from the restraints of civil order all directions of traffic drove forwards and met in a car blancmange. Montague sighed loudly enough to startle an old woman walking hundreds of times faster than the stationary taxi in which he was entombed.

"*Sorry bout that*" mumbled the disconsolate taxi driver

"Wasn't your fault old chap" said Monty who decided that if he was going to be waiting for hours he might as well be nice to his compatriot – even if he was a football supporter.

Colin Smurdley was hysterical; he could not understand why the emergency lights were on and why all the other electrics had gone out. He had only pressed ESCALATOR POWER OFF and so what possible reason could there be for the total power loss, he had done what he learnt in training, and then it hit him, the penny dropped, he Colin Smurdley had pressed POWER OFF and had cut out all the power in Euston Station. The only thing that could possibly make the situation any worse was precisely what Colin decided to do next, he switched the power back on.

It was at this point that London North Central Power realised they had a problem. The emergency cut off of power was a slight problem but the turning on again really messed up the whole system. As Colin Smurdley flicked the POWER OFF switch back to POWER ON, he caused the entire system to short circuit. This caused the whole system to fuse and so as a consequence the whole of North Central London was without power. This explained Monty's mysterious traffic lights.

However what neither Monty nor Alan English of London North Central Power knew was that when London North Central Power fused, it caused a short circuit between London North Power Grid and London Central Power Grid causing them in turn to fuse and power in those areas to be shut down.

Just as Wayne Tyndlsey of London Power central control decided to switch to the emergency power supplied by Dinorwig Hydroelectric Power Plant in Snowdonia, Perluigi Collini blew the half time whistle at Wembley. 30 seconds later 12 million kettles were being put on across England. Wayne Tyndlsey had forgotten about the football

and so by re-routing emergency power from Dinorwig, he took all of London's high demand surplus power. So as England put on the kettle, London lost all of its power. The gap in electricity flow spread to the neighbouring counties and by the time 12 million Britons realised that the kettle wasn't working the whole of England was without power.

It was the power surge in Kent however, which caused the greatest problem. Ironically it was the one place that shouldn't have been affected because of the power link to France and Germany in the Channel Tunnel. However, just as David Beckham and co. walked into the dressing room at Wembley, Lance Armstrong pedalled his way down the Champs Elyseé and won a seventh consecutive Tour de France. Kettles for 21 million pots of coffee were switched on. Naturally this meant that there was not enough power for Kent and France and so neither of them got any at all.

If France couldn't cope there was no way that Luxembourg could, its entire power was knocked out. Strangely enough, it was also half time in Germany and so as they were operating at peak capacity the Anglo-French surge short circuited their entire power grid. A minute after Colin Smurdley's big mistake, most of Western Europe was without power.

Meanwhile Estelle Tucker remained wedged between the two now stationary railings of the Euston Station escalator. She had been there no longer than a minute yet her enormous flabbiness had caused the greatest power failure in the history of the world. The fire brigade arrived ten minutes later to free Estelle who by now had remembered that she had a packet of crisps in the dog sized pouch that was on the front of her pink Diadora hoodie. After three or four minutes unscrewing and wiggling Estelle Tucker was freed and in the five minutes that it took her to get to her platform, The National Grid reset their system and total national power was restored.

Amazingly Estelle's train was only two minutes late but still she grumbled to herself about it as she sat on her two seats and slowly returned to Milton Keynes.

When Monty arrived at Lupus Street - several hours late. The taxi driver said cheerfully,

"*Sixty Quid please mate*"

Reaching into his wallet Montague Reid-Morris knew then that he had found the true Price of Knowledge.

Charles Reynolds (5<sup>th</sup>)

# THE PRICE OF KNOWLEDGE

The price of knowledge is the loss of your freedom, and or the creation of an overwhelming guilt. Once in the possession of the knowledge, you are unable to escape it, like a contract signed, I am bound by my enlightenment for ever, until death's sweet sting releases me from my torment, and hopefully takes me to the place that I have suffered to reach. Otherwise I suffered in vain, and this can be seen as the further price, the hidden debt, the balloon payment, the last joke on you, saved till the very end. If all I have suffered for, all I have lived without, all I have put aside was not for the truth. If the knowledge I based my life around was mythical, a creation of man's imagination, and if he was mad, bad, and not the Son of God, I will never know, and I will be eternally without the objects, actions, and items I have desired, but was forbidden to capture.

C.S. Lewis said he was "the most reluctant convert" in all of Christendom, and as I sit I begin to understand the author's sentiments. Although expressing his thoughts in regard to other circumstances Mr Lewis' statement can be taken and reapplied to the modern day. This is quite ironic considering that many Christians actually do this with stories, parables, and peoples of the past. Many seek modern day parallels in passages from their bibles, and the experiences of those God fearers who have lived, suffered, died, and risen before them. They link themselves with the life of Job, beset by his troubles, and his losses. They relate their unfortunate circumstances (lesser in comparison with Job's) with those of a man who lost everything. They link with the death of Stephen stoned for his belief in Jesus Christ. They also are persecuted for their beliefs you see, and they are willing to share their persecution with those long dead, those who have suffered amply already. They await the resurrection promised to them by their Patriarch, him resurrected before them, the Shepherd waiting to guide the way. As such I like them am joined with a long history of those seeking to associate their troubles with the inhabitants of the past. Just like them, I vainly try to associate my grievances with those long dead. I like those I curse, bend and mould the torment of my predecessors to form a trouble that appears as mine in some strangely contorted form. Just like the predecessor, poor Mr Lewis, whom I associate my troubles with, my grievances shall also be contorted, and associated with by those in the future, forever and ever. Amen.

Some find the knowledge of Christ enlivening, enriching, a food that nurtures their every happy clappy desire, it fuels them on their path to group worship. Celebration in the big top at a Christian Camp hosted at your nearest Butlins.

Some drift in their knowledge, happy to accept it, and easily forgetting it. When smaller facets of their being lust after some ignorance and other forbidden

fruits, they have a momentary flash of amnesia, perform their sinful deeds, and quickly repent.

Yet some are willing to shun their knowledge aside for moments of enjoyment, purposely willing to forget, knowingly turning their back on the knowledge they understand to be true, with the full intent to return to their life of piety after one last jaunt in the sea of freedom.

Others still, find parallels with a man who got onto a double decker bus one day in 1929 as a heathen, and got to forever be known as the reluctant convert. These are the reluctant few who have the knowledge but long after the ignorance. For ignorance is freedom. Ignorance is the ability to enjoy life with those who lack restraints, in truth ignorance is bliss, and is longed for by those with knowledge. For although knowledge provides you with power and privilege, it also traps you with responsibility.

The knowledge, the ever-helpful knowledge, informs you, as its possessor that this bliss received through ignorance is ephemeral, and as such must be avoided at all costs. This ignorance induced bliss reaps foul tasting fruit at the end of days.

These reluctants form an amazingly obtuse entity, a cross between the Enlightened man, and the Romantic figure. The head, after much reason, and internal deliberation, has decided reluctantly; "yes it can only be true", "I must believe" "I cannot disobey". The soul however cries, aches, and yearns "if only it were not true", "If only I could be free from these restraints, these bonds incarcerating my inner desires, and natural urges".

By depriving the soul of these liberties, they are strengthened, and the desire grows stronger. Like the Hydra unless killed in one foul sweep, these desires for deliverance germinate more and more powerful desires until you entire body spasms with the fervour for the ability to break the shackles that constrain you. The ability to be among the free. It is the desire for ignorance that the hoofed villain feeds upon, and builds his ministry. Trying to provide you with avenues of ignorance, avenues that lead to the abyss, he plants seeds of doubt in your mind. These seeds of doubt will never grow into mighty trees of ignorance, they do not dispute the knowledge as you would like them to do. They only grow into a bush that screens the knowledge from you eyes, this bush can not protect you from the knowledge in the end, for the bush will die, but the knowledge is, and always will be.

The reluctant one searches the teachings, lusting for the pathways to ignorance, the pathways that disprove his knowledge, the pathways to freedom. Instead he finds the only clear path is the narrow one. Knocking, seeking, he looks, and he finds only knowledge, the one thing he desires to loose, the spender of freedom, and the creator of guilt.

Cameron Sinclair-Parry (U6<sup>th</sup>)

# THE TRAIN

In the cold  
On the tarmac  
I shiver  
Gazing.

2 minutes late  
3 minutes late.  
Though I freeze  
Time continues

Slow as before,  
Slow as before.

I wander  
To exercise  
Those Stiff  
Frozen limbs.

I wander to the Concrete Slabs  
That suck all interest out  
Of the ever lifeless grey  
That is the fabric of the station.

My eyes crawl  
This way and that,  
Gulping that refreshing interest  
A lifeless billboard brings.

I look to the horizon,  
And through the steam  
That is my breath  
The train glistens  
With a non-existent sun.

'4 minutes late-  
Not bad' I say  
To a platform void of life  
Save a few coughs and sneezes.

Forward the train glides,  
Snaking its way  
Towards the spiritless crowd  
Who rise in expectation.

Soon I hear its engine  
Droning like a siren,  
Forewarning us, the crowd  
Of its imminent arrival.

It closes the gap,  
Filling it with brutish metal might.

The machine rips past me,  
The siren changing pitch,  
The sickly smell of diesel fuel  
Engulfing all my senses,  
And the deafening bang  
Of massive wheels  
Wrenching my head asunder -

And for a moment,  
I am petrified.

My body is lost -  
Clinging to my legs,  
The foul air  
Tears straight through me.

I sway with the beat of Hell's great drums,  
With the rhythm of demons stamping their feet,  
With the pulse of the heart of Satan himself -  
With the throb of hot air from its cars rushing past.

And then,  
It is over.

With a screeching greater  
Than a thousand owls  
The train rumbles  
To a reluctant stop,

And I forget  
The fear that gripped me so.  
I forget horror that was so close,  
The panic that clouded my mind.

I step off the concrete,  
Onto the metal,  
And depart, glistening,  
To the horizon.

Edmund Jones (5<sup>th</sup>)



# THE DREAMER

He sits,  
Awake, and yet asleep,  
The mundane as fascinating  
As it would be  
To a baby,  
New  
To the very concept of Boring.

Eyes glazed he blankly Stares,  
His head full and yet empty,  
Thoughts swirling  
In an uncontained wind  
Whisking away sanity  
Whilst still preserving it.

For the teacher drones on,  
And his paper sprouts legs,  
The windows spring to life  
And he is in a Jungle,  
Machete clutched in one Hand,  
And - something -  
he doesn't know what  
In the other.

He is an explorer,  
A scientist,  
Discoverer of talking trees,  
Like the ones from last Period.  
He is snake, back in the Jungle,  
Silently Slithering Slowly through  
The undergrowth.

Prime minister  
Or Astronaut  
Or Bill Gates  
Or even perhaps  
King -  
Anything  
But the mathematician  
He isn't now.

For the teacher still drones on,  
As the waking bell makes  
The Paper stop running  
And the windows freeze once more.  
But it isn't over yet because the teacher moans  
about Prep,  
But the Dreamer Silently Slithers through the  
class room door.

Edmund Jones (5<sup>th</sup>)

# STRANGE BEAUTY

Lonely footsteps in the middle of the night,  
frightening in their regularity  
and authoritative tread,  
robotic and inhuman  
provoke the dark.

Pace quickening, corners turned rapidly –  
with mounting unease.  
Halt – silence – the city waits.  
The lamplight flickers, casting an orange glow  
across the featureless face  
of an expectant stranger.

The city bears many secrets.

A red post box, stout and presumptuous,  
holds its ground – stands expectantly  
with open mouth  
rectangular and toothless,  
greedy with anticipation.

The mock intimacy of  
transparent telephone boxes  
strikes me as absurd, uninviting and  
vulnerable, obvious targets  
of voyeurism, I think ...

The prostitutes' trade ground,  
criminals' playground.

The manic neon flicker  
of 'Saints Tattoo parlour'  
reflects in the cracked windows of an ancient  
Volkswagon,  
weathered like man-made driftwood,  
creates an epileptic electric ecstasy  
in the black of the night.

In the deserted market place  
echoes of silence resound,  
accumulate, peak, are broken,  
shatter and diffuse into cracks in the brickwork  
splits in the pavement –  
holes in the ground.

Yet there is more beauty in the street  
than in every immaculate white house,  
sparkling sash window,  
polished chrome doorknob in London.

A pair of faded turquoise 'Converse' soothes the  
rubbish-strewn road with their soft step.  
The chaos, the inexplicable vitality of the street,  
is communicated through rubber soles.  
Electrifying.  
The road pounds silently  
emitting urban splendour  
through its tarmac pores.  
The street sweats decadence,  
accumulating in puddles,  
a collective fantasia of liquid evocations  
of urban beauty.

Inane musings,  
abstracted through personal obstinance,  
litter my mind.

Lucy Russell-Hills (L6<sup>th</sup>)

# A TALE OF TWO TEMPLES

In 1945, having given up the violin after only two terms (I disliked it), I happened to hear Leon Goossens playing Handel with Beecham and was so entranced that, there and then, I decided to “go it like Goossens”. So, the very next term, I trudged up to the Queen’s Temple to see Mr. Geoghan, who ran the JTC band, in his lair in the basement.

Despite the gloom and the basic atmosphere of decay I was made thoroughly welcome and took to the instrument very easily. Stowe music at that time was virtually moribund. Mr. Geoghan did very well for his pupils with non-existent resources and without any real backing.

A year later, however, the whole set up was transformed by the return of Dr. Huggins from the war, followed soon afterwards by the appointment of Mr. Webb, who replaced Mr. Geoghan as bandmaster and wind instructor. They kick-started the orchestra and band, both which I was encouraged to join, although still a beginner.

All practices took place upstairs, the downstairs being cleaned up and used for individual tuition and practice. The whole building soon became ablaze with music. I managed to establish an excellent rapport with Mr. Webb, who I greatly admired. As a professional bandmaster (he could play every wind instrument) he turned the band into a cohesive and impressive unit on and off parade and, as far as I could tell, without any real encouragement from Bill McElwee, the O.C., who was inclined to make snide remarks about it. I owe both Mr. Huggins and Mr. Webb a tremendous debt of gratitude for their encouragement to all of us and also for making the Queen’s Temple, with its fine acoustics and real beauty, come alive again. It was good enough for us in those days, although not the modern, self-contained, purpose built music school which, shamefully, Stowe still lacks, despite the legacy of £5,000 which Leslie Huggins actually bequeathed to the school over 50 years ago for that specific purpose.

The second Temple is the House itself. On a very quick visit a couple of years ago, I was struck by the complicated lay-out and the numerous little “play stations” (if that is the right word) for each boy. I

felt mildly claustrophobic. In contrast, in my time, the whole House up to the upper school (who had studies under the East Colonnade) lived and worked in the large and beautiful houseroom, between Assembly and the main dining room. We had four very large tables and enough wooden armchairs and benches to go round. At the back, behind the billiard table, was the domain of the settlers - they were too young to be monitors or prefects - who were there to try and keep basic order on a day to day basis. A monitor only came in to supervise prep in the evening and to get us out into Assembly next door for meals and assembly itself. We each had our own locker and managed very well in what was a kind of monastic atmosphere. There was always someone leaning on the windowsill of the great window, perhaps watching a match or passers by on the South Front below, or simply drinking in the marvellous view of the Corinthian Arch across the lake. There was always something to see. The view from the great window across the lake to the Corinthian Arch was absolutely magnificent. In the winter there was a great deal of scrimmaging for a place on the radiators under the windows, our only source of heat on a cold day. There was ample room for the annual performance of our House play, which we all put on as a pantomime.

The main dormitory for almost half the House was in the West Colonnade. All the new boys started there and after a year or two were then moved into one of the smaller dormitories in the Main Building, now part of the Housemaster’s rooms.

The washing facilities were basic but adequate, the beds hard. There was very little supervision, although J.F. would always come round towards the end of term to wish the dormitory a happy holiday!

Our open plan type of existence is in contrast to the present arrangement which I am sure works well in its own way. For myself I would still much prefer the space, the light and the view!

Humphrey Bowles (O.S.)

# Abroad

## AS BUSINESS STUDIES TRIP TO BARCELONA

Departing at 5am, leaving the house at 4:50 trying not to wake up the rest of the house (well...) we walked tentatively to the coach to catch the 8.30 flight to Barcelona. The coach picked us up at 11am from Barcelona airport and we cruised in a typical Spanish February, which was unsurprisingly sunny, to the chocolate factory. When one thinks of this, the man that appears in my head is Willy Wonka. Not only was it not the famous chocolate factory, but also it was a massive let down. It consisted of 3 people wrapping chocolate bars, and a short movie claiming how it's the best chocolate in the world and that we should check out their zoo on the way out, which consisted of a couple of sheep a few ducks, a donkey and a small, grimy pond! We then progressed to the town of Figueras to visit the bizarre Salvador Dali museum, of which Nelly was trying to display his sophistication by explaining

some of the pieces! Overall the gallery was a unique and interesting experience. We finally retired after a long day back to our hotel 'Don Juan', which apparently had been shut down at one point in the late 70's for its catastrophic food. The funniest part is that Mr John, had stayed there in the mid 70's!! That evening we went out in the evening to an arcade place, which outside had people running in hamster wheels! After we spent countless coins we eventually retreated to our accommodation and caught up on some much-needed kip!

The second day was very active, beginning with a 9am start, (politely) reminded by our lovely new tour guide called Sonia. The first site we visited was the San Miguel glass works factory in Badalona. This was really interesting, not only because the glass was being blown and placed into perfect wine glasses in seconds, but because the average age of a



Outside the chocolate factory



Casa Mila

glass blower there was about 53! Mr Pitteway was entertaining, as he was a typical tourist, by taking hundreds of photos over the whole trip. Next was the Park Guell in Barcelona, which was created by the famous architect, Antonio Gaudi. Upon returning back to the coach driven by Raphael, (who was actually a biker and the coolest man on the planet!), we journeyed to *Sagrada Familia* which is a cathedral, also created by Gaudi and still being built. Which we all went up, well, actually only Jacko did accompany the teachers (except for Miss Broadhurst who cunningly met up with some Old Stoics currently studying in Barcelona) while we visited the town. We finally made our way to the Torres vineyard, which was the largest vineyard in the whole of Catalonia. This was also interesting and we all got taught how to taste wine. The night that followed was great. We all went out to a bar and were entertained by Stuart's and Kate's dancing!

After an eventful night, we set off feeling it, as we got up for a 9am leave on the bus to take in a full

tour of Barcelona. During the tour, we saw the Olympic village and stadium, a castle which was a former prisoner of war camp, and the 2<sup>nd</sup> largest port in the Mediterranean. Following the famous street of *Las Ramblas*, we viewed a peculiar modern art museum, followed by the highlight of the trip, Barcelona's home ground itself, the Nou Camp. A full-guided tour that informed us that it can hold over 102,000 people at any one time! We later regrouped, and discovered Mr P and Johno bearing a pair of socks and a mug! Later, Elky and myself returned with Johno to the hotel, still feeling rough due to the hotel's cuisine, while the others stayed for the last night in the city of Barcelona. They were also treated to (allegedly) Patrice's first every trip on a train, he did really ask what the station was!



The last day arrived and we chilled outside Barcelona in Girona round a lake, where Adam, Jacko and myself unfortunately experienced the water. Twice! Our dry clothes were on the bus, so we had to wear just our boxers. Catching a mid afternoon flight to England, we all agreed that it was a fantastic experience, and that if it wasn't for Mr Pitteway, Mr John and Miss Broadhurst, and the right sort of people, the trip wouldn't have been as half as worthwhile as it was. Thanks.

Xavier Keenan



Torres vineyard

# ART DEPARTMENT TRIP TO NEW YORK 2004

The trip to New York this year was energetic, fast moving, educational and exhilarating. It built on last year's trip in which we established links with galleries, artists and notable members of the New York Art establishment.

This year we were hosted by the Metropolitan Museum of Art who gave us a splendid introduction to our time in New York with a special tour of the Impressionist and 20<sup>th</sup> Century collections. This personalised approach was so typical of the quality of experience that we wished to establish in order to make the Study Tour a unique and wholly memorable event.

New York artist Janice Gordon advised us on the merits of our gallery visits, which was hugely appreciated. Also, John Richardson, Old Stoic and friend and biographer of Picasso, hosted our students generously at his Fifth Avenue apartment.

Our days were very full. The Art and Design Museum had a very interesting show on the human figure as expressed through the techniques of craft. Photography and painting featured in the various shows in galleries on Madison Avenue, where we visited among others, the famous Mary Boone Gallery.

At the Whitney Museum of American Art, we were very fortunate to have our visit coincide with an exhibition of drawings by the Abstract Expressionist, Arshile Gorky. The Frick Collection was appreciated by all for the stunning collection of work, including two examples of the Dutch artist Vermeer and some exquisite furniture, and as a



bonus we were treated to a fabulous string quartet in the conservatory.

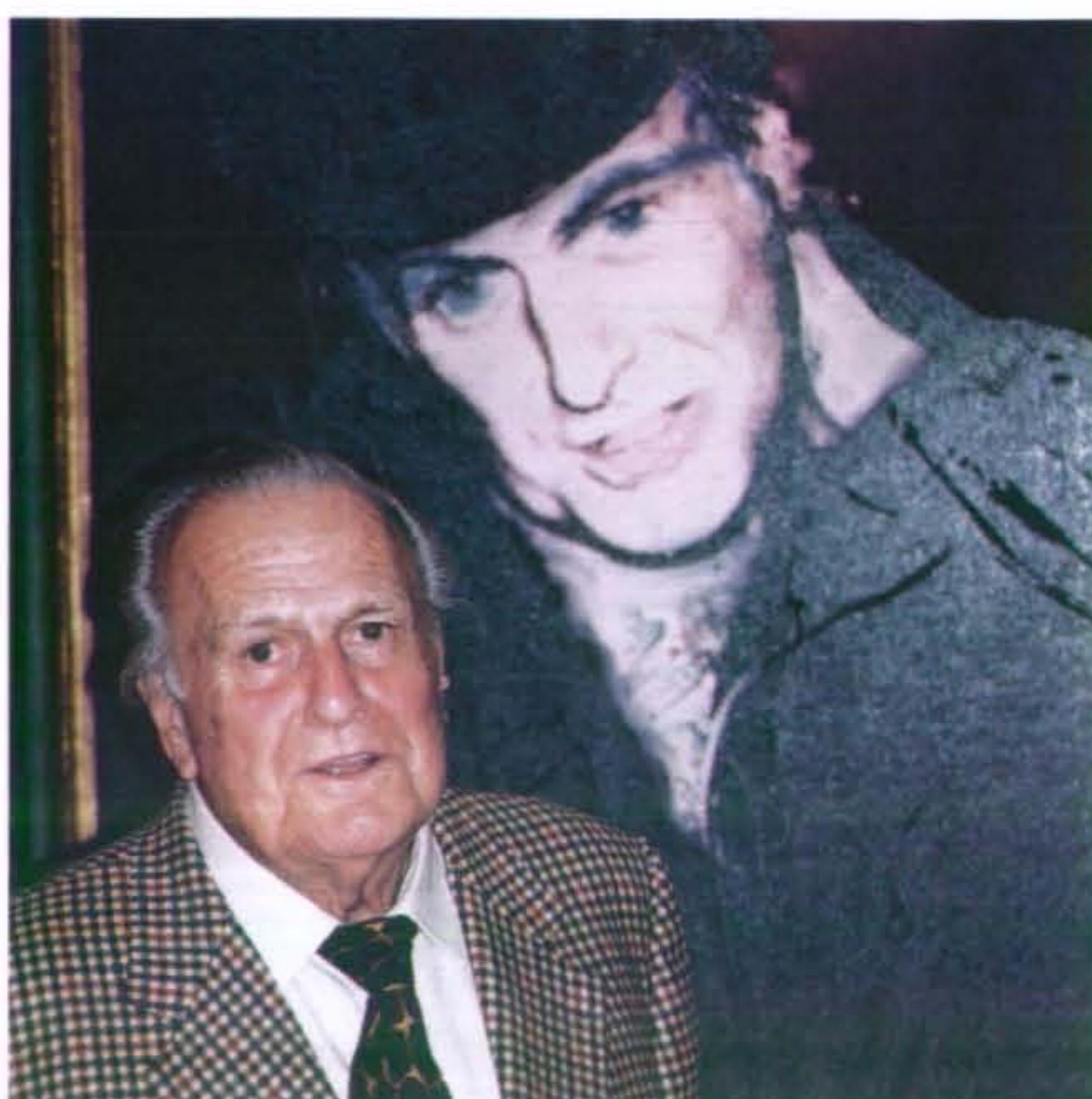
This year we benefited from staying in Manhattan itself, placing us in close proximity to all our destinations. Walking between these places of interest we were made so aware of the extraordinary scale and variety in the architecture.

New York food critic Matthew Stillman advised us where to find some of the best food available within our budget, from Chinese food complete with karaoke, to a Turkish feast, an Italian bistro and finally a superb Pizzeria.

The students gained an interesting historical and cultural perspective from the boat cruise around the island of Manhattan itself; we were fortunate indeed to have days of glorious sunshine for



BLJ



John Richardson

outdoor events such as this. As we walked around we were delighted by what seemed like a 24 hour film set, a source of visual stimulation for any art student.

The entire visit was a very intense experience that will have made a big impact on the students'

ability to move confidently around a challenging environment within safe and guided circumstances. It was a thoroughly successful trip, with all of us only wishing we could stay longer!

BJL, GAI, LRC

# THE ATHENS MODEL EUROPEAN PARLIAMENT

The selection process for the Model European Parliament involved writing an essay, followed by a nerve-racking interview. Luckily I had read the right bits of that day's newspaper and so was able to answer the interviewer's crunch 'current affairs' knowledge question concerning the recent assassination of a Swedish politician. Once I had been told that I had indeed gained a place on the MEP a decision had to be made as to which committee I wished to represent. I decided that the committee on foreign affairs and defence: concerning Iraq and relations with the USA would suffice as it was and still is an important issue of our time.

Previously I had seen the names of all my fellow representatives from the UK, but it was nice to put names to faces when we all met for the first time the day before we were all due to fly to Athens. Some people already knew each other such as the three representatives from Oundle School, but for all of us there were new people to meet. Therefore it was nice to discover that we all got on well, which was to be a big bonus as we got into scrapes later in the week. The next morning we were all tired from staying up all night and talking, but somehow we made it out of bed and to breakfast.

We bonded well as a group, possibly helped by the worry of what our impending fate would be when we arrived in Athens and found out who our host families were going to be. At this point the Greek organisation was still not showing too many cracks and I was fairly swiftly introduced to the Bakalis family who spoke fairly decent English, which was useful as my Greek is still yet to be perfected! For the next two days we debated in our committees, each committee had one person from each of the EU member states. First we identified problems and then tried to provide solutions, here it was amazing how the national stereotypes were shown up. In this time we also had the opening ceremony in which the head of delegation from each country introduced his or her nation, in alphabetical order, trust me, by the time you get to the UK nobody is listening anymore!

Throughout the week the English and the Irish delegations had been getting on well, on quite a few nights we went out for a quick drink and a social. However, the requirement then was to get back to the host family's house, the use of a distraught 'I have a small problem' being uttered down the phone at gone midnight after trying to get back for the previous three hours became farcical and regular in occurrence. My particular host family lives well out of Athens and necessitated the use of a taxi to get around, this would be fine, however, not when they don't know where addresses are and I could therefore not get back on a regular basis. There also seemed to be no law to necessitate that taxi drivers must be a) sober, b) have a licence, c) drive between the lines on the road. Oh well, at least it made it exciting.

At the end of the week the individual committees introduced their bills to the MEP. They were debated hotly by the parliament and then voted on, ours was narrowly passed and should be forwarded to the European parliament to be examined. During this time the Greeks were also keen to show off their new Olympic facilities, they explained how they are going to build up infrastructure such as railways and also build stadiums. Obviously we hope that they will have got round to it by next year! One can only remain optimistic.

All too soon though it was time to leave Athens and return to school, just as we had finally begun to understand the Greek transport system, we all met at the airport, surrounded by the perpetual clouds of tyre smoke and juddering of ABS. There we met our Irish friends whom were flying to Heathrow with us before catching another flight to Dublin. Through mishap, controversy and strife we all enjoyed it and made some great friends while gaining a fuller understanding of the EU. We even got through it all without calling upon Mrs Andrew too much I hope, although she was always there for us, and Dr. James only found out about the things he didn't want to find out about when it was all over and I was back in Cobham.

Tom Mallett

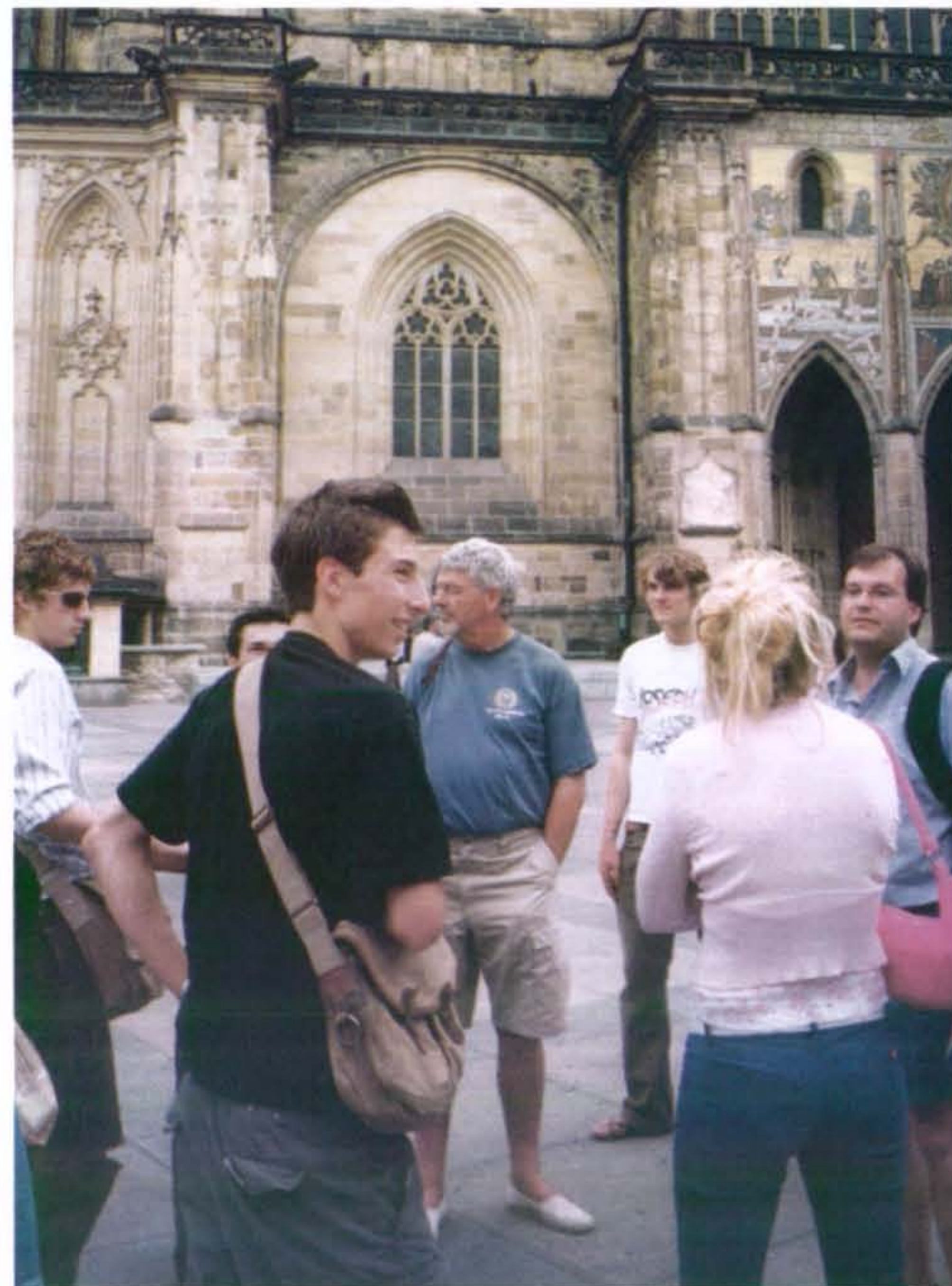
# THE PITT SOCIETY TRIP TO EASTERN EUROPE – JULY 2003

Words: KELLY KERRUISH – Illustrations: HARRY DARBY

The expression 'whirlwind tour' does not even begin to describe our ten-day tour around three Eastern European cities and yet it is the only apt phrase that springs to mind. From the 7th to the 17th of July seventeen intrepid Stoics and five equally intrepid teachers were spirited through the economic, social and cultural history of Prague, Krakow and Berlin.

Our trip began at the ungodly hour of five o'clock in the morning when we met at the South Terminal of Heathrow. Some of us more bleary eyed than others (not mentioning any names Rob Colvin and Nick Forrester)! After a short flight and several hot, black coffees we found ourselves landing in our first port of call, the beautiful Czechoslovakian capital, Prague. A city that sprawls outwards from an antiquated, historic centre to modern, industrial suburbs we found it to be a city of contrasts, our modern youth hostel contrasting strongly with the old-fashioned guesthouses in the centre of town. Our bags were unloaded quickly and, finally beginning to wake up, we were ready to explore. Piling onto a refreshingly clean and efficient underground we made our way to Wenceslas Square in the centre of Prague, a huge, westernised square that commemorates the former King Wenceslas IV with an enormous statue, in front of which we later discovered a man had set fire to himself in protest to the Communist regime. This regime, we discovered, plays an enormous part in the history of Prague, as it was forced upon them after the Red Army defeated the Nazis and was only abolished in the past decade. Our next stop was therefore the Communist Museum. Hidden in an alley that stretched off the square it was an immensely interesting place that both commemorated and celebrated the last 50 years of Czech history with huge billboards that told the story of the passage of Communism and were surrounded by fascinating pieces of memorabilia. A surprisingly moving introduction to Prague, we moved further into the centre of Prague to the Old Town Square, the centre piece of which is another statue, this one of Jan Huss, the pre-reformation martyr burnt at the stake for criticising the established church, the corruption of which we discovered at the cathedral of St. Nicholas. An almost grotesquely ornate renaissance building, whilst being artistically interesting,

its opulence jarred with the fact that at the time thousands of Czechoslovakian citizens were starving. To get to this cathedral we had to cross the Charles Bridge, a footbridge full of amazing arts, crafts, jewellery and photographs of the city. Our resident shoppers, Lucy and Betty had to be positively dragged off it! In the next two days we also paid tribute to the Freedom Wall, a wall in the centre of the city that has become a huge symbol of freedom as it was here that young people graffitied their protest to the corrupt communist regime under which they were living. It is now the only place in the city where graffiti is legal and people from all over the world have left their own thoughts and political messages. I believe a few Stoics insisted on leaving their own mark on the site! We spent a moving afternoon in the Jewish ghetto, a solemn place in which generations of Jews have lived and died, a vast cemetery in its centre serving as a





A delicate time-consuming observation of Gothic architecture.

reminder of this. It was to here that Jews were confined during the Nazi occupation and from here that Jews were taken to the concentration camps in which they were to end their lives. Finally, we visited the fortified castle that peers down over the entire city. Feeling like we had walked up a million steps to reach the castle we were then informed that the view from the central church's tower was unmissable and we were confronted with a 300 step spiral staircase! The view of the city stretching out below us along a still, wide river was indeed worth it (for those of us who don't get vertigo!) and the photo opportunity unique. An entire day of our time in Prague was dedicated to the...fascinating experience of visiting the Skoda Factory. Situated about an hour away from Prague in small industrial town, the Czechoslovakian car company is one of the country's biggest employers. Although it brings the country much of its prosperity the overall impression was very depressing. Engineers are employed to make one tiny part of the car on the production

line and they repeat this one tiny job hundreds of times a day, every day, often being watched by nosy tourists like us. It was definitely a good advertisement for staying in education!

Our evenings in Prague were spent eating in unbelievably cheap restaurants, where we began thinking that £5 was a lot to spend on a meal (!) but the most memorable was that spent in a jazz club. A huge symbol of freedom in Prague due to the communist ban on any Western cultural influences, the place was full to bursting and the music rang out, at times up beat and triumphant and at other times hauntingly sad, a reflection of the general atmosphere of the city.

To travel to our next destination, the Polish city of Krakow, we had to take an overnight train, an experience that I personally hope I never have to repeat again! Between the terrifying guards that shouted at us for our passports, in Polish, at 2 o'clock in the morning and the...overexcitable Stoic boys, it was not the best night's sleep I've ever had! (Although everyone assures me that I slept the most of all of us!) As soon as we stepped off the train from hell we found ourselves in a city that differed in size, atmosphere and, of course, weather from Prague. As we walked through the town in the pouring rain we were confronted with a greyer, much more modern city than the one we had left the night before. After a sleep and some breakfast however, our spirits rose and we began exploring what was actually a fascinating place. A huge centre of Nazi control and later communism, Krakow still bears the scars of its troubled past. An industrialised city spreads out from its historic square, reminiscent of the Old Town Square in Prague and containing a huge arcade of spectacular amber jewellery shops. However, shopping was not to be first on the agenda and our day was spent comparing a spectacular renaissance cathedral with a unique art deco one a few hundred yards away. The highlight (and by that I mean the moment when Mr Robinson was in his element) came with visiting Leonardo DaVinci's *Lady With an Ermine*, a stunning revelation in the painting of women that when lectured on by Mr Robinson and Freddie Campion-Awwad, attracted a huge audience. On this, our first day we also discovered the pizza restaurant that was to be our home away from home for the next few days and that Krakow was, if anything, even cheaper than Prague!

Our second day in Poland was not spent in Krakow and it was perhaps the most valuable and moving experiences of my life. We travelled an hour and a half to the town of Birkenau, situated in the hills of Poland and home of the forever-infamous Auschwitz. To describe to you the emotions and horrors we were presented with at the barracks of Auschwitz I would be impossible. Building after building depicted the atrocities that the Nazis car-



ried out on different groups of people in search of the so-called 'perfect race.' Piles of possessions brought by the prisoners who believed they were going to a new life were on display and pictures of those who died, their ages ranging from infancy to the late seventies hauntingly lined the walls. However not even this could prepare us for Auschwitz 2- the death factory. Five kilometres of land that was dedicated to the killing and disposing of Jews, gypsies, Poles, rebels and other 'impure' people. Although largely destroyed by the Nazis when the Red Army moved in in 1945 the foundations of the buildings remain, the chilling, half decimated gas chambers and the structures, smaller than Nugent house, that were expected to hold over 1000 people at a time. The sick efficiency of the camp and the amount of countryside dedicated to unimaginable horror boggled the mind and the journey back to Krakow was perhaps the quietest any of us had ever experienced with a group of Stoics, as we sat letting the horror, the evil of human nature that we had just been confronted with slowly sink in.

The rest of our stay in Krakow was somewhat spent recovering from what we saw at Auschwitz. We discovered possibly the slowest restaurant in the world with the smallest wineglasses and grumpiest waitress in Krakow (word of advice: never ask for ketchup in Poland!) and an excellent example of a eurotrash bar just off the town square. Our final day, however, was spent...down a salt mine. No, I'm not sure of the historical value of this either but it was fascinating, boasting an underground cathedral, lake, salt statues of gnomes, restaurants, shops and the scariest lift I've ever had the misfortune to step in! Still raining, we were soon to be confronted with yet another overnight train journey, which although fairly uneventful ended with Nick cutting his head open on one of the fold down beds and then leaving his passport on the train! However waking up after a (marginally) better sleep we found ourselves in the scorchingly hot, sunny, thoroughly modern city of Berlin. Desperately in need of a shower and breakfast we were informed by our hotel that our rooms weren't ready and so our exploration of the city began, perhaps not on the best note! However, discovering a pastry shop we soon cheered up and made our way to see the spectacular government Reichstag building. Destroyed during the war, and redundant whilst the Berlin

Wall remained it had been rebuilt, boasting a huge glass dome from the top of which you can see the whole city, it stands as a symbol of a united, modern Berlin that has put its troubled past firmly behind it. Photo opportunities came at the freedom gate, the remaining part of the Berlin Wall and, of course, at Checkpoint Charlie, the only gateway between the Communist East and the Allied West. We visited the museum, dedicated to the fascinating history of the Berlin Wall and its effect on the German people, where it was possible to purchase a 'genuine' piece of the wall itself.

As I mentioned earlier, one of our senior prefects, Nick Forrester had managed to leave his passport on the overnight train. However Toja, our resident German, without whom we couldn't have survived, had managed to establish that it was in Potsdam, a short train ride from Berlin. Mr Robinson became very excited and the seventeen of us set off for Potsdam, to collect the cursed passport but also to visit the stately home. Built in a neo-classical style, with landscaped gardens, it was distinctly reminiscent of Stowe, though it has been preserved as a tourist attraction. We took a tour of the house and it's extensive art collection involving works of Rembrandt and wandered through the shady gardens in the scorching hot sun. As the



Kaiser Wilhelm Gedächtniskirche. For the 5 minutes I drew this, it rained. Therefore, in an effort not only to capture the state of the church and its environment, I drew fast and full of excitement. Catching the falling rain in my fingertips, I proceeded to combine pen and water.

afternoon drew on we made our way back to Berlin to go to the Jewish museum. Built by Daniel Libeskind as a memorial to the holocaust the very structure of the building is designed to reflect the struggle of the Jews in Nazi Germany. The corridors are slanted upwards, there are numerous flights of stairs and this, combined with the moving personal stories and artefacts make the experience exhausting, a reflection on of the exhausting fight against absolute, indiscriminate hatred that the Jews were made to face.

The scorching weather in Berlin meant that our trip had to include an afternoon at the largest man-made beach in Germany and a trip to a beer garden. Our final evening was spent at the birthplace of premier German playwright Bertolt Brecht, a house that has been converted into a commemorative restaurant and our final day in the centre of modern, European Berlin. We visited the Berlin museum, a visit that ended in a visit to an actual nuclear bunker where we all decided that rather than live with a thousand people under ground with very limited showers, food and oxygen (!) we would take our chances with a nuclear bomb!

Although we had set out on this journey through Europe with a certain amount of trepidation, all of



us agreed as our final day drew to a rainy close and we arrived at Berlin airport, that we did not want to leave. We had learnt about and experienced a culture so far removed from that of Britain and Western Europe and our only wish was that we could experience more than we had in our brief ten days. So, to all future Pitt trippers, my only advice: go and enjoy every second, it is a once in a lifetime opportunity.

# Alice Braithwaite and Caroline de Peyrecave

McELWEE —DUBROVNIK

For our Mc Elwee trip we went to Dubrovnik, a city and a port on the Croatian coast. Croatia is an Eastern European country situated on the Adriatic opposite Italy. The origins of Dubrovnik show a historical similarity to the origins of Venice and Split. Initially the city owed allegiance to Byzantium but became increasingly under the influence of the Venetians who gained control of the city in 1204. For this reason we had decided to look at the Venetian influence and also planned to visit Split for a night to try and gain a fuller experience of Croatia as a whole.

The world watched with horror in 1991 whilst the historic centre was shelled by the Yugoslav navy. Over 70 percent of the buildings were damaged in some way, but most have now been repaired.

We set off for Dubrovnik on the 22nd of July. On the first day we decided that the best plan would be to tour the city walls. The city of Dubrovnik is com-

pletely surrounded with walls and forts, including the old port. The Florentine architect Michelozzo Michelozzi began the Bokar fortress in 1455. Nowadays the tower is used as a stage events during the summer festival.

The church of St. Saviour's next to Pile gate. It was built in 1528 by the architect Petar Andrijić of Korcula. It is a good example of harmonious Renaissance architecture in Dubrovnik. This church has a nave with a Gothic cross-ribbed vault and there are gothic shaped pointed windows. The three leaf semicircular top and the semicircular apse reveal a recognisable Renaissance concept.

The Franciscan monastery has all the marks of the Gothic style, but the solid volumes of the figures show Renaissance spirit. The figures St. Jerome and St. John are above the door posts. The church was reconstructed in the Baroque style. The Franciscan cloister is one of the most valuable late Romanesque creations on the Croatian shores.



The monastery owns one of the richest old libraries in Croatia. The collection contains art objects, paintings by old masters such as Titian, valuable specimens of gold work and rare books, which are exhibited in the large Renaissance hall.

The way the Venetians solved the problem of the water supply was by building large cisterns for rain-water in many Croatian cities. However Onofrio della Cava designed a fountain for the middle of Dubrovnik

Little Onofrio's fountain is another fountain placed on the eastern end of the city to supply water to the market place, which was in the Luza Square. It was built in 1438 and is a combination of function and decoration. Pietro di Martine of Milan made the sculptures. In the Middle Ages water had a religious significance and was only for the use of Christians.

The church of St. Blazes is a baroque church built in 1715 for the patron saint of Dubrovnik. The senate hired the Venetian architect Marino Gropelli who built the present church on the model of the Venetian church of St. Mauritius. The interior of the church is richly decorated according to the norms of its representative Baroque style.

In the middle of the main square is a high column decorated with the figure of the legendary medieval knight Roland. The column was set up in 1418, with the flag of the free republic above. The figure of the proud knight is a fine example of monumental Gothic sculpture.

On the left hand side of the square is the monumental Gothic-Renaissance Sponza Palace. The porch and the sculptural ornaments of the building were made after 1516 by the brothers Andrić, masters from Korcula. A beautiful monogram and two angels were carved by the sculptor Beltrand Gallicus on the back wall.

The Rector's Palace used to be the palace of the formal council and now it a very good example of Croatian secular architecture. It was used for defence in the Middle Ages, and takes Gothic and Renaissance forms constructed and decorated by the Italians such as Onofrio.

In Gundulic square there is a monument by Ivan Rendic which is an example of modern Croatian architecture and schiachato.

We woke up morning at 5 o'clock one morning and set off on what we thought would be a short stroll to the bus station, so off we went following our rough guide map in its search. We arrived there an hour and a half later to find our bus just about to leave, it was pretty empty so we got on and instantly fell asleep.

Split is one of the most vibrant cities in Croatia. It contains a lot of culture including The Emperor Diocletian's Palace, one of the most significant creations of late classical architecture because of its original structure and technical achievements

The Cathedral of St Domnius used to be the mausoleum of Diocletian. His body rested here for 170 years before it disappeared. Inside there is a dome, which is ribbed with Corinthian columns and the walls are covered in scenes ranging from hunting to portraits. The high altar is in the baroque style it boasts a set of very beautiful gilded angels holding what looks like a carriage clock with painting on its faces.

The only preserved chapel is the one of St. Arnir. He was a local bishop in near by Poljica who collected church taxes. Next to this monastery with Renaissance walls stands the monumental bronze statue of Grgur Ninski by Ivan Mestrovic.

When we got back to Dubrovnik we decided to explore the Elafiti islands where we visited many churches and monasteries in order to do this we had to take an organised boat trip stopping off at several of the islands. On our last day we decided to visit the near by town of Cavtat here we chilled out on the beach and took advantage of the local water sports.



# ART HISTORY TRIP TO ROME 2003

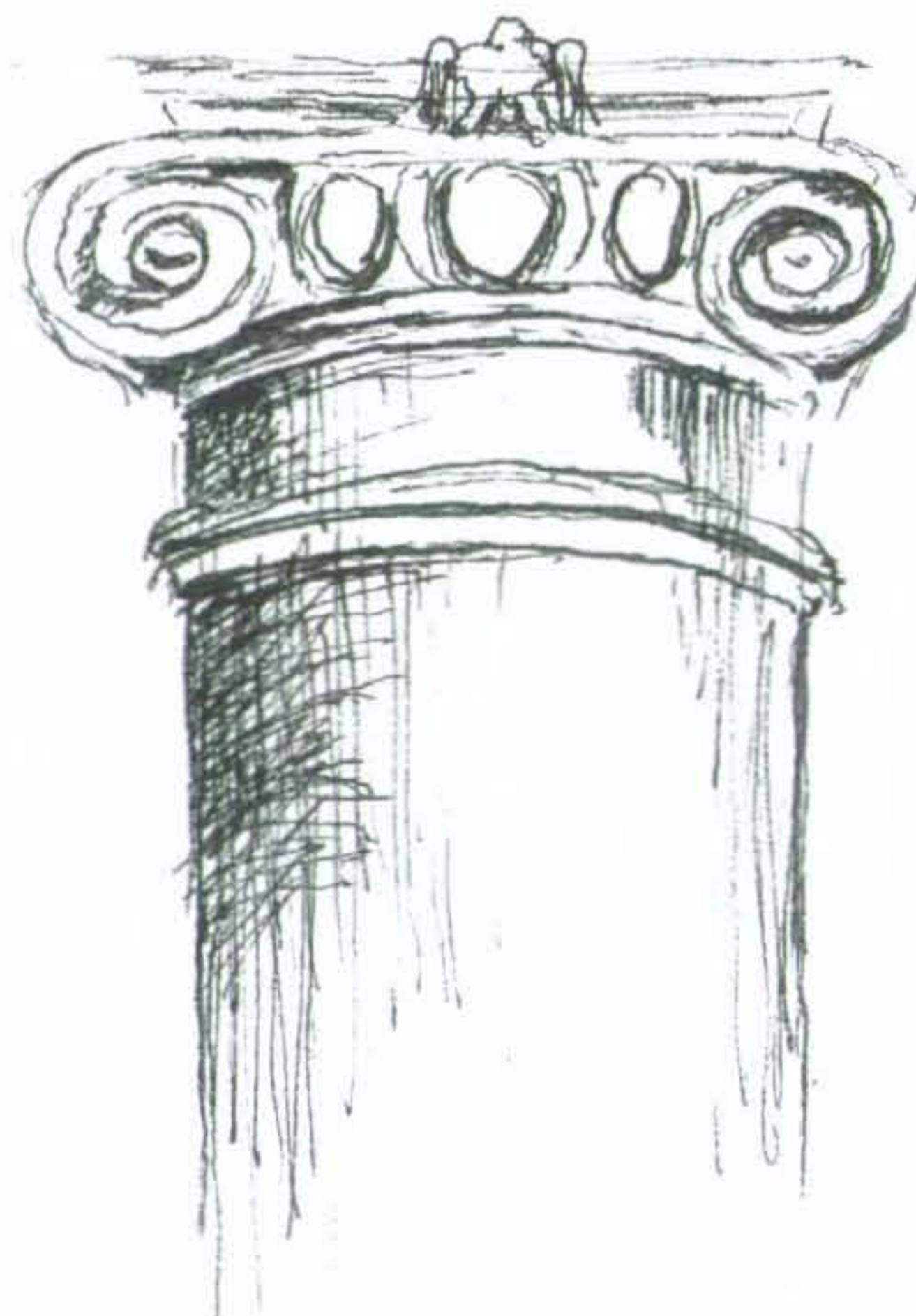


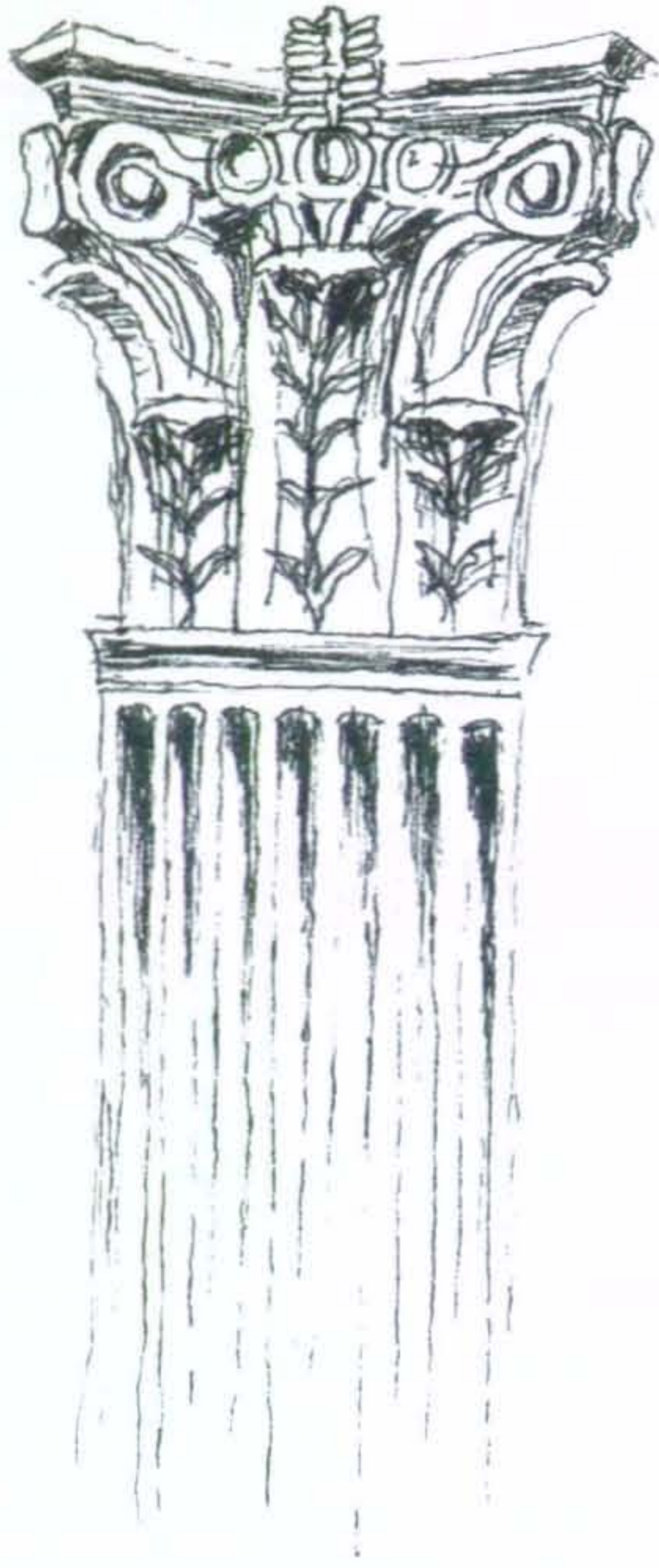
In October 2003, 20 Stoics travelled to Rome to study Baroque Art and Architecture. This was a week packed with artistic tutoring from Mr. Robinson and Mrs. Williams. A week where the true genius of Caravaggio, Bernini and Pietro da Cortona suddenly became the image in front of us, the dome above us and the sculpture around us. This too was a week of torrential rain (literally dampening our spirits), 'civil ???' confrontation with fellow German student groups, serious shopping and late nights spent at the Hotel bar (well, what was remaining of it, green swimming pool and 'Autumnal Suits' galore) socialising.

Trailing the tiny alleyways of this cultural capital became an unmatched, unique experience. On the turn of a corner a whole maze of Architecture curving and angling about us would be presented to us. Bernini's expansive colonnades introducing the monumental St. Peters paired with



this Baroque master's living sculptural forms at the Borghese collection were over-powering. After two months sitting in front of a textbook real appreciation of the Counter Reformation artistic beauty, captured in the timeless brushstrokes of Carracci and Cortona, only came after the visual experience gained from the trip. We were transported into the world of 17th Century Rome by Caravaggio's touching embrace of humility, lively figurative gesture of real flesh and saturated colour. At Vatican City, Michelangelo's Sistine Chapel ceiling broke our necks with his historic masterpiece and Raphael's delicate expressions of human emotion in his fresco works transfixed our gaze. As did





Cortona's secular pinnacle piece, the Barberini Ceiling where the illusion of vibrant, twisting figures, tumbling architecture and heaving giants had us lying on our backs in awe.

How can you capture this invigorating week in words? You might say a visit to Rome will have you trailing on the path of artistic stimulation for it is here you will see, as we did the true beauty of creative genius.

Rosanna Durham

Illustrations by Harry Darby



Photo: Mark Stormont

# LOWER SCHOOL BERLIN TRIP

## OCTOBER 21ST–25TH 2003

The thinking behind the lower school trip to Berlin this year was to give Stoics in the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> form a chance to practise speaking German as well as giving them a taste of Germany, its culture and everyday life. Berlin was the obvious destination for the trip as it is not merely the capital of the recently unified Germany, but it is additionally a fascinating city moulded by its unique history.

Our trip to this diverse city came at the end of a long half term. We left Stowe at 4am on a very dark and cold October morning but unfortunately the chilly British morning did not prepare us for the freezing temperatures that met us as soon as we landed at Berlin Tegel airport. Despite the weather, our programme was action packed and left us little time to let the cold hinder our plans.

After settling into our hotel, a renovated tobacco factory in the somewhat fashionable area of Kreuzberg, Stoics received their first linguistic challenge of the trip. We spent the afternoon in KaDeWe (the Harrods of Berlin) and the group was given a list of things to find in the store, their prices and other relevant vocabulary.

The next day was spent on a walking tour of Berlin. We started the morning in the former eastern centre, Alexanderplatz, and walked in a westerly direction towards the Tiergarten. Although the walk only lasted a few hours, we passed by many sights and buildings that have witnessed much change over the years. For example, the rather sinister looking Palast der Republik, the seat of the former East German parliament, which now stands empty: a

constant reminder of a not so distant era which has now past. We continued our tour along Unter den Linden towards the Brandenburg gate and the Reichstag. Unfortunately we'd picked the same day as the Israeli Foreign Minister to visit that area of Berlin, and security was understandably tight. After dodging the rather intimidating looking German policemen and the odd sniper on the rooftop, we reached Potsdamer Platz – the patch of wasteland that used to divide east and west, where the famous Berlin wall once stood. However, all we were able to see of the vanished wall was a line running along the road which marked where the wall once was. The memorial was made more poignant by the fact that that particular ground in the 1930's was the seat of the Gestapo, the Nazi's secret police. It was hard to believe that this spot had witnessed so much change and in such a relatively short period of time.

That evening we were honoured to have a special tour of the interior of the Reichstag – the German equivalent of the Houses of Parliament. Although the tour was all in German and somewhat complicated for someone only studying GCSE German, it was really interesting to see where the parliament meets and where all the different MPs sit. The newly renovated Reichstag is famous for its Glaskuppel: the glass dome on the roof, which we were able to walk inside and from where we enjoyed a fantastic view of Berlin by night. It was very satisfying to trace the outline of the route we had walked that day and to congratulate ourselves on how far we'd walked!



Stoics standing before a remaining part of the Berlin wall.



The World Cup comes to Germany.



Outside the 'Palast des Republik'.

We spent Thursday afternoon at the home of Hertha Berlin Football club. Unfortunately, at that time Hertha was at the bottom of the German first division and that week the manager had been given two matches grace to prove himself as a manager. As a result, the training session was quite tense. We had been hoping to speak to one of the players after the training in order to ask him some of the questions we had been preparing in German on the underground on the way there. Unfortunately, we did not get an opportunity to speak to the player directly but the friendly PR man who looked after us allowed us to play with the microphones in their pressroom!

On Friday we spent the day in the Kopernikus Oberschule, a mixed secondary school in the district of Steglitz. It was an early start, as school began at 8am and the tiredness was made a little worse by the boys' natural apprehension about what the day would entail and whether their German would get them through a day surrounded by German teenagers. We were split up into twos and threes and the Stoics spent a morning going to the different classes and getting a taste for what school life in Germany is like. Despite their fears, the group coped excellently and I was very proud of their attempts to speak German and to interact with the pupils they met. Additionally we were honoured enough to have the photos of our visit put on their school web page. These can be viewed under: <http://www.kopernikus.be.schule.de>

Our final evening in Berlin was spent enjoying some fine German cuisine in a local restaurant. After working out what everything was on the menu the boys at this stage were very confident in making their orders in German and asking for extra information about the food. We finished the evening with a trip up the Berlin Fernsehturm, the TV tower which is 368 metres high and has a revolving restaurant at the top where we sat back and watched the array of lights below revolve around us. It was a beautiful sight and a great end to a very successful trip.

EMP

Below four fourth formers have written about their strongest memories of the Berlin trip:

*I enjoyed the Berlin trip thoroughly and I liked our trip to the cinema especially. We went to see the League of Extraordinary Gentlemen and I enjoyed it a lot and I was amazed at how much of the film I had understood, because the film was in German. I thought that my German improved drastically because of this trip to Berlin and especially the trip to the cinema and the German school, which really tested my German to its limits.*

*I would love to do such a thing again some time.*

William Bond, Chandos House

*One thing that hit me when we arrived in Berlin was how well everything worked. For example when you bought a train ticket it was valid from the exact time you stamped it, not the day you bought it like on the London Underground. Also the buses and trains arrived on time, not when they felt like it!*

Hugh Birchall, Chatham House

*On the Friday night of our trip to Berlin we went up the Berlin TV tower. After travelling up the top in a very fast lift, we entered the rotating dining room. From the tables we could see Berlin lit up at night and whilst the rest of us ordered a hot chocolate or coffee Will Bond decided to sleep on the table through the whole 360 degree view of Berlin! Throughout the trip I had a great time and I feel my German improved a lot.*

Charles Williams, Chandos House

*One of the things I enjoyed the most on the Berlin trip was the visit to the cinema. When I realised that the film would be in German I was quite reluctant to go as I had been looking forward to watching it with my little brother in English! However about halfway through the film I found myself really enjoying and I was really surprised to find that I could understand it. By the end of it I had understood everything which was really satisfying!*

Stuart Stevens, Cobham House



On our way to Hertha Berlin Football ground.

# LOWER VI GEOGRAPHY TRIP TO NORTH WALES

During the first term of the Lower VI, we took a small trip up to the north western area of Wales to a place called Plas Tan y Bwlch. The idea behind the trip was to give us all first hand experience of field study and a wonderful opportunity to explore somewhere new.

The study centre is set on a hillside, and the name of the area, literally translated means "Castle in the Woods." The views from the centre were breathtaking.

This photo shows just one of the views from the terrace outside the centre. This was the place that we were all to call home for the next five days.

However, we were there to work and not just admire the stunning views! There were three studies we were to conduct. The first was a study of the Sand Dune systems at Harlech beach. This was to study sand dune succession with increasing distance from the beach, i.e. how the vegetation, soil pH, wind speed etc change as you move inland along the sand dune system. At the end of the day, we went back to the study centre to collate all the data and create a model of the dunes, showing in graphical form the shape and changes that occurred.

The second study was at Criccieth beach where we were to investigate pebble shapes and sizes. The idea was to answer the mystery of what formed the bar that fronts the lagoon. To do this we had to measure pebbles along the beach and ascertain

whether that sediment supply was from long-shore drift or offshore supplies. We did this by measuring the 'B' axis of a number of pebbles and judging the shape of the pebble according to its roundness. Back at the study centre we again collated all the data we had collected from the trip to the beach, we managed to show that in fact LSD had been in action along the beach and that the area behind the beach/bar was in fact a lagoon in the past.

The third of the studies we did was in fact just a taster for next year for all those who intend to take Geography at A2 level. We went to Cwm Idwal, the most famous glaciated area in the Welsh highlands, well its not actually glaciated any more but you get the idea! We went there to study the evidence left behind by the glaciers that were there 12000 years ago. Corries and peaks showing where masses of ice sat heavily on the mountains, and huge landscapes carved out by the heaving ice, a brilliant and beautiful sight.

The trip was a success and we all learned a lot from Mrs. Akam, Mr. Durrant, Mr. Murray and Mr. Gooding, who very kindly escorted us to the fabulous location and helped us put together the coursework reports that resulted from it.

Miles Barley





# Upper Sixth French Exchange 2003

On Sunday the 12th of October 2003, 16 Upper Sixth French Students and two Teachers (Miss Hooker and Mrs Sandow) left Stowe early in the morning to catch the Eurostar from London to Gare du Nord, Paris. When we arrived in Paris we were met by our Exchange partners and their teacher Madame Volmer, before immediately being taken to the various Houses and Appartments where we were to spend most of the next week. Our exchange families lived all over Paris – some members of our group were staying on the very outskirts of Paris and had to make a 20 minute Metro journey to get to 'L'école Jean Baptiste Say' every morning, whereas the luckier ones amongst us had only a 5 minute walk, however everyone was made to feel very welcome at their temporary home and most people got on very well with their exchange families.

The Schedule for the week was very busy and a lot of trips were fitted in – we became very familiar with the Paris Metro, often using it 4 times per day. We did however, spend lots of time at our homes, not only in the evenings but also on the Wednesday afternoon (which is the afternoon off in the French School system, and during which most pupils go to their local sports club.) We also spent the whole of the Saturday (the day before we left) with our exchange families and most of the group were taken sight seeing in Paris for the Day. Time was also made in the Schedule for us to sit in on our exchange partner's lessons, from the long and complicated lessons such as Biology and Physics, which served to show us how very different the Baccalaureat System is to our own A-Level System, to the significantly more relaxed English lesson, in which we were treated to an English Film - 'Notting Hill.'

Most of our time, as a group, was spent on trips and visits within Paris – the purposes of which were, so that we could visit some of Paris' more famous museums and landmarks, and also to help us with the Knowledge of Society element of our syllabus and especially background on the German Occupation during World War 2. Famous Museums included the 'Louvre', the 'Musée d'Orsay' and the 'Musée Carnavalet' at which we saw a vast number of world famous works of Art such as The 'Mona Lisa' ('la Joconde'), 'Liberty leading the People' and a catalogue of Monets, Manets, Renoirs, etc. These museum visits were greatly appreciated, especially by those of our number also taking A2 History of Art.

The trips aimed at broadening our knowledge of the German Occupation included a visit to the 'Musée Jean Moulin' (a Parisian Museum dedicated to the memory of Jean Moulin, the leader of the resistance in France during the Occupation), a visit to the 'Archives Départementales' (the Paris 'county' records office), and a visit to the 'Musée de l'Armée/Les Invalides' at which we learned a lot about France in World War 2. It was here also that we were able to visit the Emperor Napoleon's Tomb along with those of 4 other French War Heroes – all within a magnificent building which could easily be mistaken for a gigantic Cathedral.

On the Wednesday evening after having spent the afternoon with our Families, we saw 'Le Dindon' at 'La Comédie Française' – one of Paris' oldest and most famous theatres. This was a fascinating experience but most of the group had some difficulty in understanding the plot.

One of the highlights of the trip was meeting Maurice Joffo, brother of the celebrated French



author Joseph Joffo and 'co-star' of his most famous book, the autobiographical 'Un Sac de Billes.' Despite the fact that he was very hard of hearing, he was very enthusiastic and strived to answer all of our questions about the adventures of his brother and himself in the book, fully and in great detail.

Overall, the trip was enjoyed by all 16 Stoics and much was learned about French Culture, Society and History. We were also able to improve the quality of our spoken French and I am told that by the end of the week some Stoics had even picked up the Parisian accent!

Ben Holland

# MYLES HENRY 2003 – NEPAL

HUBERT BOURKE-BORROWES and GEORGE MARGESSON

We were lucky enough to win the Myles Henry Award this year, and so during the summer we travelled to Nepal in the Himalayas to teach English. Nepal is a very poor country, and only 14% of children complete their education. However, tourism makes up a large part of the economy, so a basic knowledge of English is vital for many people. Unfortunately, the government-run schools are corrupt, expensive for parents, and badly run. Charities, like the one we worked for, try to improve this situation by providing cheaper schools with better teachers. Our charity, SHIVA, helps run and support several schools in Sri Lanka and Nepal.

Before we left for Nepal, we decided to raise some money for the charity we were going to work for. So, in late July we found ourselves getting up at quarter to 5 to climb Ben Nevis. It took us 40 hours to complete the 3 highest peaks in Scotland, England and Wales, and the weather was typically British: rain, wind, mist, and some more rain.

During the autumn term, Chatham and Walpole, with the help of the other houses, played a 24 hour football match up on the Bourbon. It went very well, but it was noticeably the housemasters' team that was the most competitive and violent! These two events together raised almost four thousand pounds.

DAY 1/2 In early August, we set off for Kathmandu. After a 12 hour flight, stopping in Qatar, we were met by the chairman of Shiva charity, Bob Uppington. We were rather alarmed to see tanks parked outside the airport!

In our really inspiring hotel, we were given malla, flower necklaces, to welcome us to Nepal. That evening Bob took us to sample some of the local cuisine and beer! We then met Anil, the project manager of the charity in Nepal.

DAY 3 The next day we drove for about an hour east to Banepa, the town where we were going to be

working. We went in Anil's extremely clapped out car, which was very nerve wracking. Our room in the hotel was pretty good by Nepali standards. It cost about 6 pounds a night for the two of us!

We could admire the view of a nearby town, surrounded by paddy fields, from our room high up in the hotel. Rice is the staple food in Nepal, and is grown everywhere in these terraced fields. Higher up in the mountains, where it is too steep for paddy fields, maize is the main crop.

Later, we walked into the centre of the town to have a look round. We saw a statue of King Tribhuvan, who overthrew the dictator-like Rana Prime Ministers in the 1950s. There were also lots of shrines, as in many Nepali towns. Most Nepalis are either Hindu or Buddhist, but the differences seem quite vague – some of the Buddhas are also revered as incarnations of Hindu gods. Religion is generally much more of an everyday fact of life in Nepal than in Britain, and when we were teaching the children were always asking what religion we were.

Whilst walking to a temple, we stumbled across some of the local plant life: marijuana, growing randomly at the side of the road, but none of the Nepalis seemed in the least bit bothered! It is technically illegal, but it is so common that the police couldn't really do anything about it, even if they wanted to.

DAY 4 Saturday is the day of rest in Nepal, so we decided to visit Bhaktapur, one of the many ancient cities in the Kathmandu valley. We decided to take a bus, which was an experience in itself. It was dusty and very uncomfortable, and at times absolutely packed. It had a tendency to stop every hundred yards to pick people up.

There were lots of temples dotted around, as well as the many women washing or working in the streets. The main square in the city is a popular tourist spot, there were far fewer people at this time,



during the monsoon. Also, the recent unrest after the murder of practically the entire royal family in 2001 has tended to scare Western tourists away.

**DAY 5** The following day we started work at the school, Everest Academy. When we arrived we were met by almost 150 children running around in the dusty playground just outside. The school was rather dilapidated, but the teaching is a lot better than at the government schools. Bob told us that in one of the government schools the children were often left sitting in the classroom with no teacher, whilst the headmaster was a complete drunkard.

To start with, we were both quite nervous of teaching, but we picked it up pretty quickly. Hubert's speciality were the balloons he had brought from England – they are really expensive in Nepal, so all the children loved them! On one occasion, they nearly caused a fight in the playground.

It was noticeable that the boys in the class were more confident in English than the girls – apparently because the girls have to do chores at home, such as cooking, rather than do their homework.

The children paid a lot of attention to us solely because we were white. They also had a lot of respect for teachers; every time we went into a class, they stood up and chanted "Good morning, sir." It came as quite a shock to be called "sir," instead of the other way round. They were very well behaved, and whenever we asked them a question they promptly stood up and answered. They then didn't sit down again until told to, which actually became quite annoying!

At the end of the day all the pupils lined up for a sort of assembly, which included marching, praying and singing the national anthem. We noticed a major difference from England – in Nepal the teachers are allowed to hit the children, and they do so regularly.

In the evening we went with Bob and Anil to a café for supper, with Anil's heavily pregnant wife, her sister, and Anil's adopted son. This is what we

tended to do most nights. It was good because Anil seemed to know everyone in the town, and as a result we got to meet many different people, including the local chief of police.

Nepalis tend to go to bed early and start work early, partly because the electricity is very erratic, and so they have to make the most of the daylight. As a result the manager of the hotel got quite annoyed when we returned at 9.30 in the evening to find that the gates had been locked and everyone had gone to bed!

**DAY 6** Our second day teaching was easier, since we were more confident and were starting to get to know the children a bit. It was interesting to see the differences between Nepali and British teaching methods: in Nepal, it is much more old fashioned, learning things by rote. The one thing all the children questioned us about was football, and David Beckham in particular.

Although most of the children were well behaved there was one boy in particular who was not so good. We had to resort to giving him 80 lines to copy out, but that did not seem to deter him.

That evening we went to Anil's house for supper. This is a good house by Nepali standards, although built in the usual way: gradually extending upwards year by year. The top floor was still being built. Here we ate the traditional Nepali dish: dal bhat. This is rice, lentil soup, with curried vegetables, and is not too bad, but 3 times a day, it could get quite boring! We had some raksi, the local spirit, which is basically distilled rice wine. Everyone makes their own, and it costs about 30p a bottle! It is a very strong and bitter drink, and on some days people could be seen staggering from the town having spent their day's wages on far too much of it!

**DAY 7** During August, the monsoon, there are several festivals in Nepal.

The festival was about sisterly love, and there were priests tying coloured pieces of string, raksha bandhs, around people's wrists to symbolise this, as well as giving us tika dots. Lots of men walked around banging drums, and people gave flower offerings in a small temple.

On the way back down, we ended up following a procession. Some men handed George a drum, but he couldn't really get into the rhythm, to their great amusement!

**DAY 8** Since there was no school on the Wednesday either, we travelled into Kathmandu with Anil and Bob. Nepali driving is absolutely atrocious. Horns were used as frequently as brakes, and motorbikes or cyclists randomly veered out in front of cars. Overtaking works on the basis of honking and swerving wildly. Since Nepal is a

Hindu country, it was quite common to see cows sitting in the middle of the road, oblivious to the chaos they were causing. In Kathmandu, tuk-tuks were a common, if dangerous and extremely dirty, means of transport. They are basically 3-wheeled motorbikes, with a fabric cab stuck on the back.

Our first job in Kathmandu was to hand over a digital camera that we had bought with the money we had raised. The man we donated it to helps run the schools for the charity, and will use the camera to take photos of the children for the Shiva website. This then helps the charity attract more sponsors and so raise more money.

We then went to Swyambu, a Buddhist temple on a hill just outside Kathmandu. There were many small Buddhist shrines dotted around the main stupa. These big white domes are usually solid the whole way through – there is no way inside – and it is often said that relics are buried within it. There were prayer flags hanging from the top, and prayer wheels around the base, which must always be turned clockwise. The flags are supposed to say prayers whenever they flap in the wind, and the wheels contain scrolls on which prayers are written. In the temple complex was a Buddhist monastery, and when we went in the monks were in a very lively music practice!

At the front of the temple was long flight of steps, with crowds of wild monkeys playing around. According to legend they guard the temple, but all they seem to do is annoy visitors!

DAY 9 The next day was back to school. We mainly tried to make our lessons as fun as possible, playing hangman and getting the children to speak in English. The children in the school start at 3 years old, but we mainly taught the older years, from 10 to 13. Their standard was fairly good, so we didn't have too many problems in being understood. However, after a while we began to speak in a sort of Pidgin English, using their style of language, such as "I 18, I from England. Where you live? I start school 12 year before."

The school day started at a quarter to 10, and ended at 3.30, with a 40 minute break for lunch. There were about 8 teachers, many of them from India. This is because the Nepali teachers are simply not educated enough to teach properly!

DAY 10 We had prepared some of our lessons back in England. We taught a bit of basic grammar and did the odd reading comprehension from the local English language newspaper. Hubert had a rather relaxed style of teaching at times, putting his feet up on the desks! One day he accidentally made one of the girls cry by putting her name up on the board as being naughty. However, as soon as he rubbed it off, she started laughing!

DAY 11 On Saturday there was no school so we headed back into Kathmandu by bus. If we so much as looked at anything in a shop, the owner leapt out and started trying to sell us anything and everything. Shopping in Nepal always takes a very long time, thanks to the time-honoured tradition of bargaining. There are virtually no fixed prices, and as soon as a shop-owner sees a white person they double the suggested start price. You then have to haggle for about half an hour to get them down to a reasonable level, fending off claims that they have a starving family to feed, or have not had a customer for years.

We then visited the main old square of Kathmandu, where the old royal palace is. The kings of Nepal lived here until about 100 years ago, and now it is a museum.

Adjacent to this square is Freak Street, which used to be a hot-spot for hippies and drugs, hence the name.

DAY 12 With some of the money we raised from the 3 peaks, we paid for a new Learning Centre to be opened in Banepa. We paid for the rent for the first six months, which was only about £400. The Learning Centre is designed to teach children before and after school, helping those at the poorer schools. We had the honour of cutting the ribbon, which proved a lot harder than it looks.



We then walked for 2 hours up to another school run by the charity in a remote village. Here we donated a computer and digital camera. The school was noticeably poorer than that in Banepa, with rough brick walls and no lighting. The school had been set up by the family of Ginette Harrison, a mountaineer who died in Nepal in 2000, and Shiva helps the local villagers to run it, paying for new equipment and improvements to the buildings: a few of the classrooms were just mud huts! The children also younger and dirtier at GHS than at the Everest Academy.

DAY 13 Monday was our last day teaching. Once a week, normally on a Friday some of the girls had dancing lessons, so we got them to demonstrate their skills in front of the class, to their great embarrassment. The boys however had guitar lessons as well as playing volleyball outside.

We noticed towards the end of our teaching that the children, rather than nod when meaning 'yes', actually waved their heads, looking as if they were saying no. It really confused us until we realised they just had a different movement that meant 'yes'.

The children gave us a cheery goodbye, wondering if we were coming back next year!

DAY 14 The next day Hubert was feeling ill. We later discovered he had a parasite called giardiasis, that caused a high temperature, sickness and diarrhoea. There was another festival, so George went into town, to see what was happening, which was again just general milling around. Some people managed to make it to the temple, where they gave offerings at the shrines.

In the afternoon we got a taxi back to Kathmandu with our trekking stuff.

DAY 15 We got up early the next morning and went to the domestic airport. Since there were no X-ray machines, they had to search our hand luggage by hand. The airport was very dirty and busy, and nobody seemed to have the slightest clue as to what was happening. Our plane was delayed due to bad weather, and at 11 o'clock we were still told that our flight was due to leave at 9, 2 hours earlier. We had to sit on the ground until eventually a man suddenly started shouting for us to board. We boarded the ancient 16-seater, with the luggage crammed in behind the seats, and flew fairly low through the cloud, heading for the Everest region, occasionally glimpsing the tops of the mountains in the distance. When we arrived at Phaplu, the plane practically nose-dived into the air-strip, which was pretty much just a long strip of gravel with a tiny concrete building next to it. We got off, and the luggage was simply thrown out after us before the plane left again. We were then met by Kale, a Sherpa, who then led us, carrying Hubert's bag, on the suppos-



edly 5 hour walk to his lodge at Taksindu.

There were Buddhist stupas dotted around in the villages, and we often saw the hammer and sickle of the Maoist guerrillas. The Maoists are quite a big rebel organisation that had been fighting the government in a civil war until earlier this year. When we were there, however, they had signed a ceasefire. This broke down just as we were leaving Nepal, and there have been quite a few bombings since then, as well as numerous curfews.

Unfortunately Hubert was still feeling ill, so the walk took longer than expected, and it was dark and misty by the time we finally arrived.

DAY 16 The lodge was well built, and empty since hardly any trekkers come to Nepal in the monsoon. Up here in the mountains the nearest road is about five days walk away; all the food and equipment has to be carried up by porters, who often manage to carry absolutely vast loads. Kale's house was well stocked with almost everything you could imagine because they frequently get snowed in during the winter. There was no electricity, so at night it was a matter of using candles and torches (George's promptly broke). As a result, we tended to go to bed even earlier than when we were teaching. One night however, during supper there was a bang at the door – everyone in the kitchen fell silent and two Maoists entered. It turned out that Kale had already paid them their 'tax', and all they wanted was to buy some tuna.

Hubert was still feeling ill, so we went to the Buddhist monastery in the village to get some medicine. They were very helpful and spoke good English. The clinic consisted of a bare room with a plank for a bed, and they gave us some antibiotics, that seemed to do the job.

DAY 17 Bob had asked us to go to one of the

charity's schools in the area, to take photos of the children for their sponsors. So, with Hubert still ill, George went on the 4 hour walk with Kale. The path was very overgrown, and in places had been washed away by the rain. There was also quite a lot of cannabis growing wild – and again everyone was quite unconcerned by it. They seemed to think it strange that Westerners get so excited by it!

We finally arrived at the school, which had been set up and run by Babu Chiri Sherpa, Kale's brother. He was a famous mountaineer from the area who climbed Everest 9 times, one time spending a night at the top. Unfortunately he died 2 years ago, so Shiva charity took over the running of the school, which was actually built with Canadian money. The children were all very dirty, and several had various open wounds.

While we were at the school, it had rained, and this brought out lots of cheerful little leeches. They hang on the plants, and whenever you brush past they stick on, crawl onto your skin, and start sucking. They were a menace throughout our trek.

DAY 18 After 2 days of rest, Hubert was feeling a little bit better, so we decided to climb what is for the Nepalis a fairly small hill. In fact it was nearly as high as Mont Blanc, although we were very high up to start with. Unfortunately, at the top it was quite misty, so we couldn't see very much. There were prayer flags were dotted around everywhere. It was also noticeably colder. We should have been able to see Everest, only about 20 miles away, had it not been so cloudy.

DAY 19 The next day we started on our trek. We hired a porter for about 5 pounds a day. Although he was 65 and looked frail, he managed to carry my rucksack, which we had filled with all the heavy

stuff! He also did not speak any English, so we didn't even find out his name. Every now and then we passed wooden gateways, plastered in Maoist slogans. Our favourite was "long live the great martyr." At one long, perilous bridge, some men were trying to persuade a herd of cows to cross. The cows kept escaping through the side of the fencing, but eventually the men managed to drag most of them across. We then had to trail after them up the hill!

After stopping for lunch at 4pm, we continued towards a village where we were going to stay for the night. As we continued we kept losing our porter. We later discovered that he had been going into houses and drinking the local rice beer and spirits.

By the time we got to our lodge, it was dark and raining heavily, and George had to go back down the hill to retrieve our porter, who was by now very drunk and finding everything hilarious. Fortunately our lodge keeper who spoke fairly good English asked him to pull himself together and not to drink any more.

DAY 20 When we woke the following morning Hubert was feeling ill again, so George walked a short way up the track to a pass.

DAY 21 By this point the Maoists were on the point of breaking off their ceasefire, and they had called a bandh for the Wednesday. This is like a general strike, except no one is allowed to travel anywhere. This meant we had to cut short our trek and return to Taksindu so we could be within a day's walk of the airstrip.

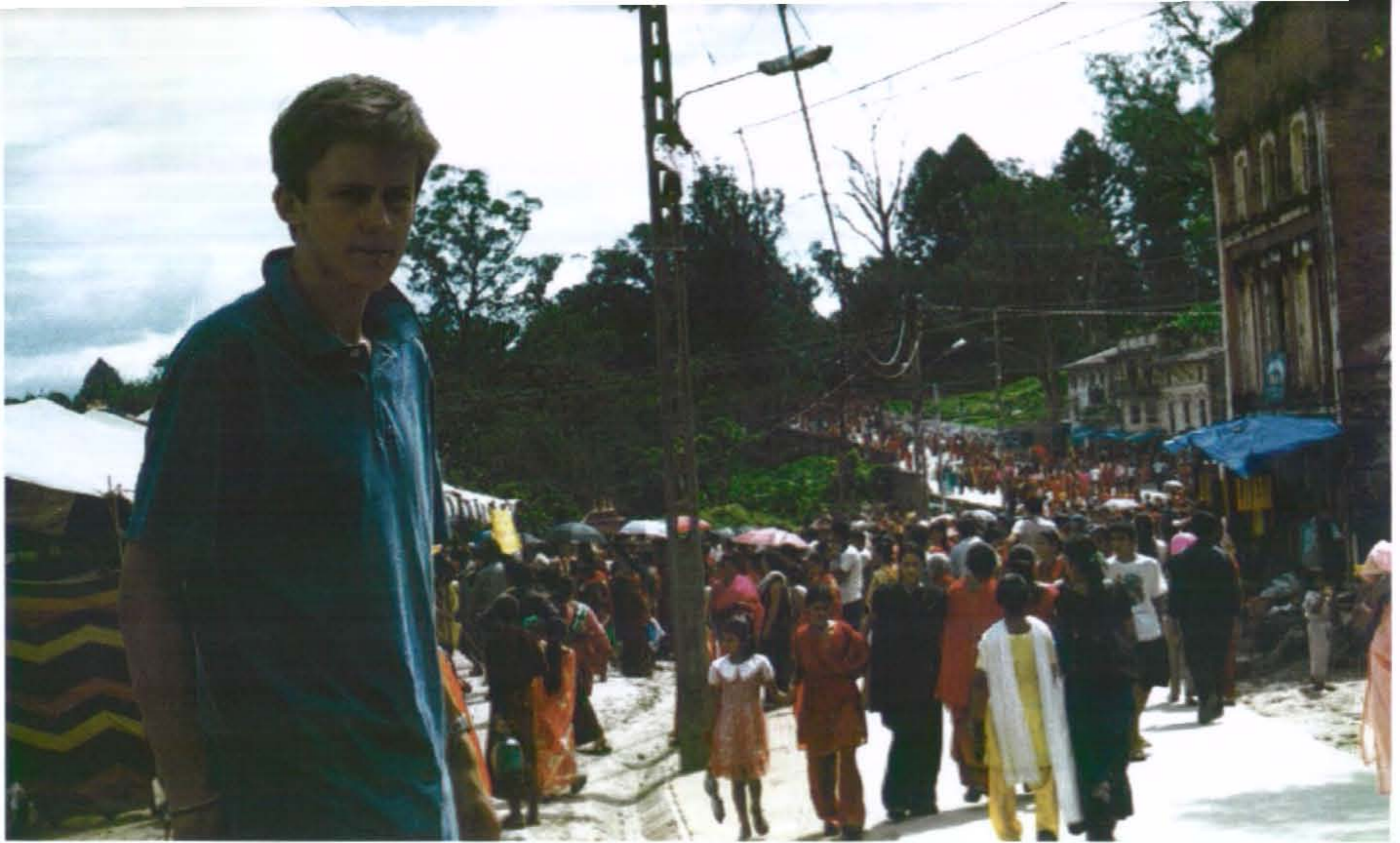
We retraced our steps along the path, this time with a different porter. Despite what our lodge keeper had said to him, our first one had got drunk again, so we had to go and find him, still drunk, in the morning to get our money back, so we could pay a new man!

DAY 22 Wednesday was the bandh, so we could not walk far. Kale, our sherpa, took us up a hill to show us a telephone radio post that had been destroyed by the Maoists last year. It had only been built 5 years ago, but 2 men came with sledgehammer, told the guards to go home or they would be shot, and smashed everything up. There were broken solar panels, cut wires, and the batteries inside the hut had been burnt.

In the evening we visited the monastery. There are lots of these monasteries dotted around the countryside, and they often have schools to teach young apprentice monks and some of the local children as well.

We saw a huge prayer wheel in one of the monastery outhouses. The monk is supposed to sit on the ground and spin it around with the idea that





by spinning the scrolls inside the prayers are said for you. However, Kale's three-year-old son decided to hold on to the side and run madly round. After a while with us pulling him around, it generated in to a game as to how long he could hold on before he got so dizzy he collapsed in a fit of giggles.

**DAY 23** The next morning, we left Taksindu in mist and rain. It brightened up as we made our way back down to the airstrip, but when we arrived at Phaplu, we confronted by swarms of soldiers patrolling for Maoists. There was a barracks in a nearby town, complete with mines around the perimeter.

We visited the local hospital, which did not provide medicine and was very dilapidated. It was set up a few years ago by Edmund Hillary, but now lacks funding. It was very sobering to see that such conditions passed as a hospital. It seemed more like just a place to be sick or die in – there wasn't really any proper equipment.

**DAY 24** We woke up early for the aeroplane the next morning, and were given silk scarves by the chief lama of the monastery in Taksindu. The soldiers at the airstrip decided to completely empty our rucksacks, and confiscated all our batteries, and even more annoyingly, the whisky Hubert had bought, so we gave it all to Kale, who was very pleased! Our plane arrived 2 hours early this time.

**DAY 25** On our last day in Nepal there was another festival, for women to show their devotion

to their husbands. This happened at the main Hindu temple in Nepal, Pashupati. There were thousands of women walking around in their red marriage saris, traditional for the festival. They gave offerings of flowers in the temple, and paid homage to the statues of the god Pashupati, who is an incarnation of Shiva. They also ritually wash in the holy Bagmati river.

There was a strong smoke in the air that turned out to be dead bodies being burnt on cremation blocks. This is a very holy site, and only the most devout are allowed to be cremated here after their death. Near here is where dead members of the royal family are burnt.

We then walked the largest Buddhist stupa in Nepal, with the all-seeing eyes of Buddha on all sides.

**DAY 26** The next morning we got up at 5 o'clock to fly back to England. The airport hadn't actually opened when we arrived!

We would like to thank the Myles Henry family for giving us this wonderful opportunity. The trip was an unforgettable adventure that could not have happened without this award. We would also like to thank Miss Carter and our parents for giving us so much support from this time last year up until now. Thank you also to all those who have raised money for the twenty-four hour football and the Three Peaks in aid of Shiva Charity. Finally we encourage you all to apply for the Myles Henry award, as it really is the opportunity of a lifetime.

# CONSERVATION EXPEDITION TO NAMIBIA

Last summer, under the auspices of the Biology Department, seven Stoics plus Dr and Mrs James set out to observe the diverse wildlife of Namibia whilst helping with conservation projects en route. The expedition was organised by David Peddie, director of the Sindisa Foundation, an educational organisation dedicated to informing young people about conservation issues in the southern part of Africa and providing practical means to preserve wildlife and their habitats.

Our first challenge was to raise sufficient funds, over and above our expedition costs, to buy equipment necessary for our own trip as well as for future scientific work. Following a highly successful appeal to the parents of members of our own boarding houses we invited a number of bands (external, pupil and staff) to give an open air concert in Cobham Court. Profits from this entertaining evening, blessed by good weather, enabled us to exceed our fund raising target and purchase a scientific trailer to carry equipment to various conservation sites in Namibia and elsewhere.

On Monday 14<sup>th</sup> July we duly set off for Windhoek and an amazing month long journey through Namibia.

## Windhoek

On arrival in Windhoek we had some difficulty in clearing immigration as the officials were very confused by our insistence that we had been told that our first night's accommodation would be in Joe's Beer House. This resulted in much debate back and forth but they eventually believed us. In fact it transpired that we were actually staying in a hostel called 'Roof of Africa' which, unlike the image that had been painted for us by the James', was surprisingly lavish with a swimming pool. Yes, all five boys were to share a room designed for twin single beds, but there was a bar, and a pool, so Stoics being Stoics, were happy.

Our first meal (at Joe's Beer House) was an unusual experience with everyone choosing meats that no one but the locals, and the seasoned travellers amongst us had heard of before. About the least exotic dish on the menu was Kudu in a wild spice and cream sauce. Everyone had an enjoyable dinner before making our way back to the hostel for an early night, as we were leaving at some undesirable hour of the morning to start our road trip around Namibia.



Road regeneration

## Klein's Farm in the Namib-Rand private nature reserve

After driving most of the day on Namibia's fine roads (made from compacted sand and gravel worn away into small ridges by the rain/wind), and stopping only for lunch and to refuel the vehicles, we made our way into the Namib-Rand nature reserve. It was here that we were to have our first encounter with Achem. Achem was the park ranger, and several years earlier he had lost a fight with a local lion. As a consequence he has also lost his hand. After this introduction to African life Jamie was to spend every waking moment worrying that the lion (or for that matter any/every other animal in Africa), having got a taste of flesh would come after him.

When we arrived at the campsite, deep in the mountains, and with no facilities, we began to set up the tents. Not an easy task in daylight, the exercise was complicated because first, we had never seen this type of tent before, and had no idea how to set them up, and second, it was pitch black. This also made the digging of the obligatory bush toilet quite interesting!

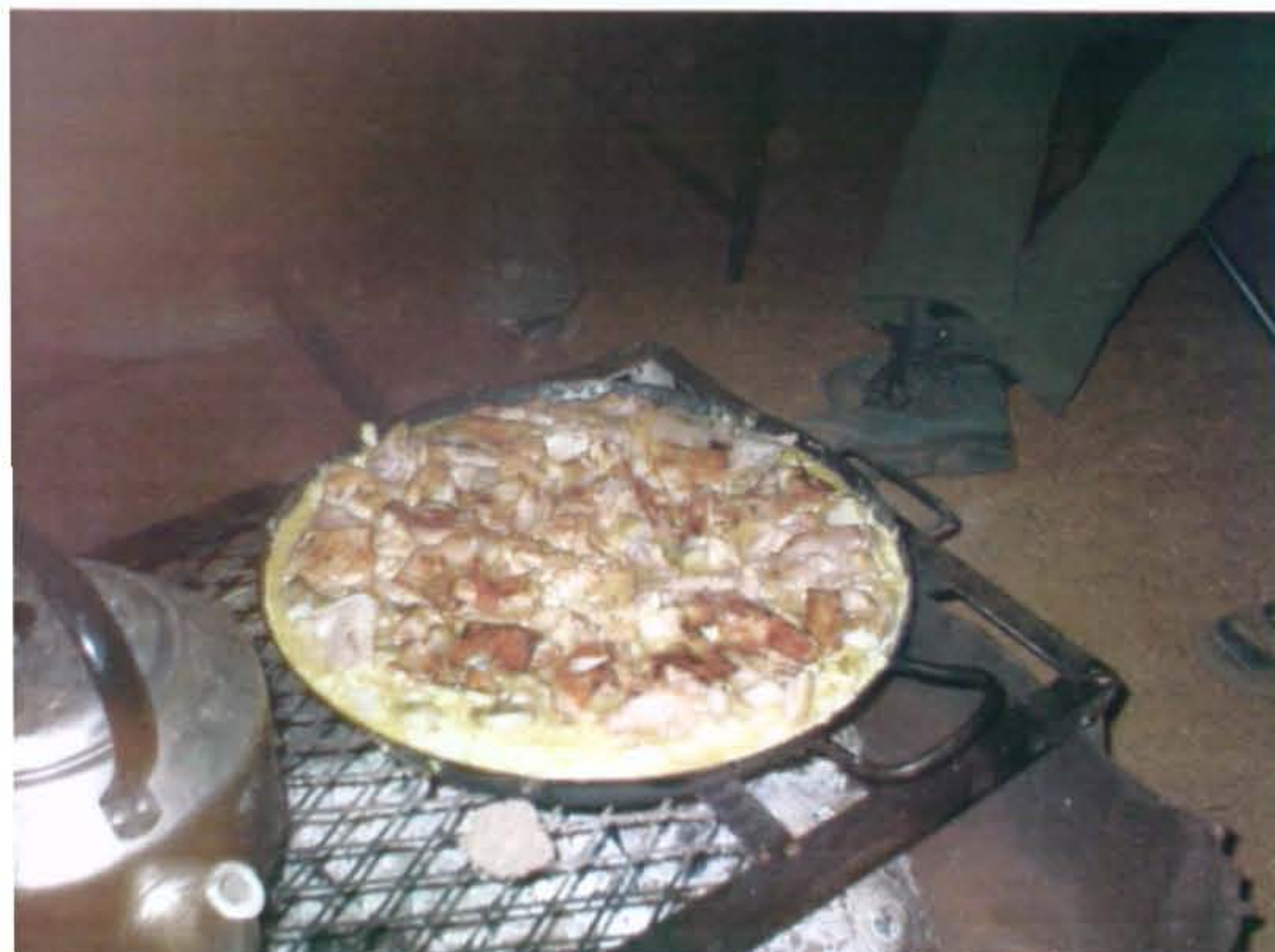
Over the next few days we began to get a feel for the landscapes of this remote reserve. We went on early morning nature walks, game drives, visited the water holes frequented by flocks of thousands of sand grouse and visited a 5 star desert safari lodge being reconstructed after an extensive fire. Designed for extremely wealthy clients the highlight of this property was the honeymoon suite which included a double 'star gazing' bed. Inevitably Izzy and Henrietta vowed to advertise this venue to their





Solar cookers

prospective husbands in due course. Another highlight was a visit to a children's conservation centre where Namibian children are challenged over the course of a week to compete to see who can survive using the least amount of water. In addition to recycling equipment this centre is pioneering solar cookers with parabolic reflectors and novel ways of cooking with no water waste at all.



'The omlette'

Our time at Klein's farm campsite almost complete, we decided to combine the remaining rations in a giant Spanish omelette, about 65cms in diameter. An early start next morning necessitated us breaking camp in the evening to sleep under the southern stars in our sleeping bags – a magical experience.

### Dune 45 and Swakopmund

The following morning we had to leave at about 3 am for the drive to Dune 45, a dumfoundingly large sand dune located in the Namib desert. Arriving at dawn we managed to be on the ridge for



On top of dune 45, sunrise

sunrise, a dramatic event. Even more dramatic was the descent back down the face of the dune which involved much rolling and tackling, and resulted in sand finding every orifice. Having reached the bottom, we all tried to de-sand ourselves resulting in the formation of several new smaller dunes in the



Getting down dune 45

car-park. Our next destination was the relatively civilised town of Swakopmund in Walvis Bay. During the long drive north we stopped briefly to view the extraordinary Sesriem canyon, carved by flash floods and exposing some interesting geology, and we stopped in Solitaire to pick up some of, what the Lonely Planet guide book claims, is the best apple cake in Namibia.

Swakopmund in the Namibian summer is a popular tourist centre which makes maximum use of its coastline and nearby dunes. Here we went kayaking with seals and dolphins (which jumped over our paddles and bows) tried sand boarding (a sand version of snow boarding but much more painful!), drove quad-bikes at frightening speeds over and



Dune bugging

between huge dunes, and celebrated Doc's birthday in a local hostelry. It was here that we met up with Richard and Luke Worrall (OSs) again who kindly cooked a barbecue in freezing conditions on the beach for us. Richard and Luke, who had both spent time with the Sindisa Foundation before, were to act as our supply vehicle for the rest of our trip up the Skeleton Coast. On our last night in Swakopmund they introduced us to our one and only night of civilised revelry at a local night club they had found.

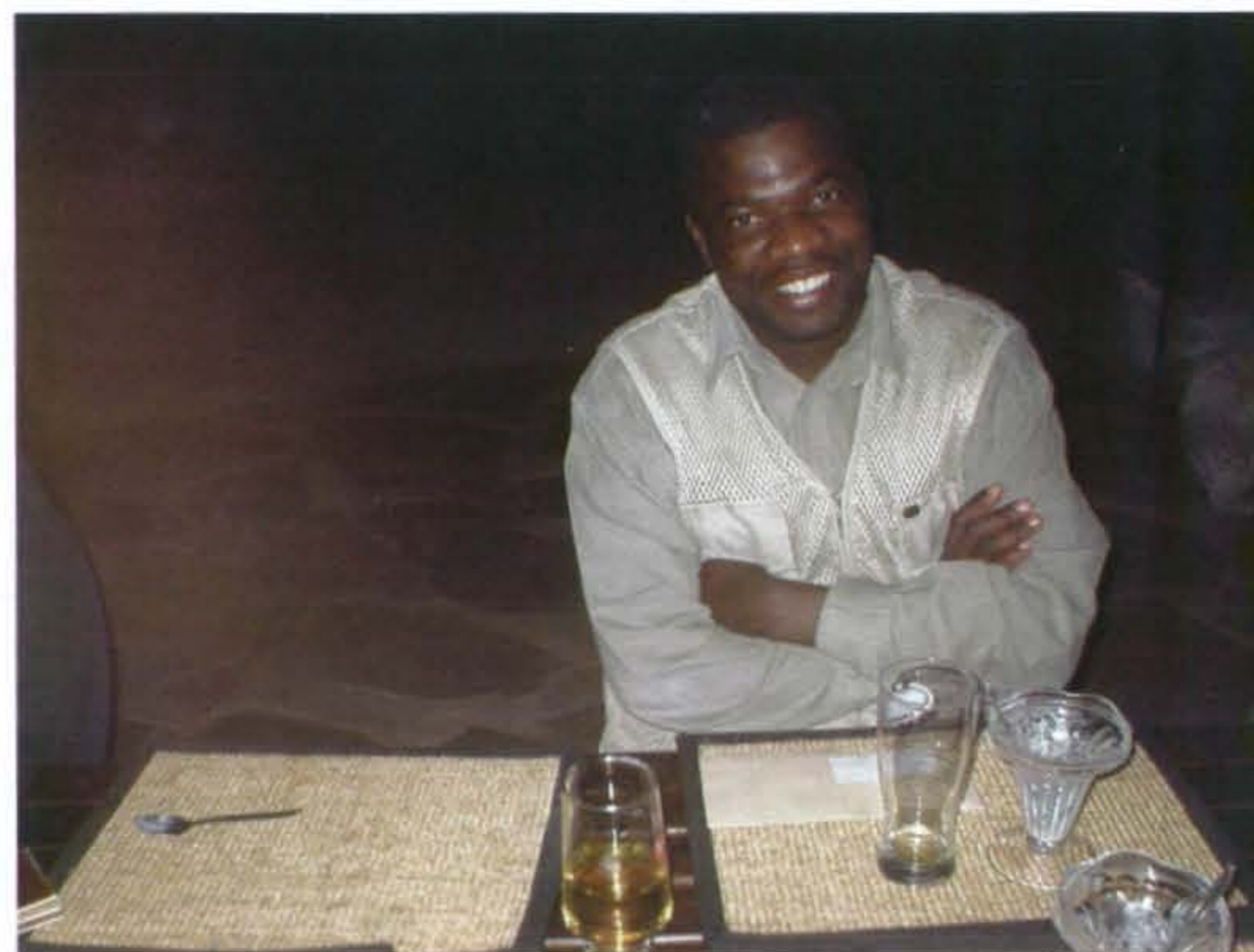
**Rock etchings, burst tyres, Sesfontein, the Skeleton Coast, and The Save the Rhino Trust.**

The vast size of Namibia was highlighted on our journey from Swakopmund to the Skeleton Coast Research Station. This took two days with stops only for snacks and to changed punctured tyres. We



Sesfontein Camp

of the first day we reached the fort at Sesfontein where, arriving late and due to leave early the next morning, we again slept under the stars. Half way through the night Obi, our Namibian guide, was



Our local guide, Obi

woken after a dream in which Henrietta had apparently driven the Land Rover into a patch of thorn bushes bursting the tyres. Mysteriously, the following morning, we discovered that another of our tyres had indeed been punctured during the night.

We reached the Skeleton Coast Research Camp having crossed some very rough terrain and deep sand and began to appreciate just how remote this area is. Our time here was divided between helping students from universities in America and the UK with research projects and attempting to repair mindless damage inflicted upon pristine 2000 year old lichen fields by the careless or uncaring drivers of 4WD vehicles. The fine gravel crust to the lichen fields protects them from wind erosion allowing these very slow growing plants to colonise the sur-



Ancient rock etchings

did call in to see the ancient rock carvings at Twyfelfontein which were drawn by hunters and depict the predators and prey of the time. At the end



Skeleton Coast camp

face. Tyres break through this crust exposing loose sand below, which then blows away and coats nearby lichens. Repairing this damage is no mean task and is never really satisfactory. While staying at the research station we also visited a local Himba tribe, famous for the use of ochre to protect their exposed bodies from the intense and harmful sun's rays. We left the research camp with some reluc-



Himba tribespeople exhibiting their wares

tance for our next destination at the 'Save the Rhino Trust' in Palmwag. Much to our amazement we were met by Blythe Loutit, a world renowned conservationist, driving a Land Rover sponsored by the David Shepherd Wildlife Trust. David (OS) visited Blythe several years ago and was so impressed by her work with rhinos that he decided to sponsor her vehicles. Many of us have seen white and black rhino in captivity or even in nature reserves. Few will realise that, given complete freedom, rhino's natural tendency is to roam over hundreds of kilometres. Many nature reserves are surrounded by fences either to keep wildlife out of agricultural

areas or to restrict their movement to give tourists a better chance of viewing them. Blythe's dream is to see as many fences as possible removed so that the initiative as to where to roam is left with the wildlife. Blythe took us out into the Palmwag Concession surrounding her base camp and we had to search hard to locate our quarry. We were rewarded first by glimpsing a herd of desert elephants browsing on the leaves of distant acacia trees. It took a further four hours to spot our first white rhino. Tracking it on foot in the gathering gloom was a surprisingly frightening experience, knowing that at any moment it could charge. That



The group after the trek with the 'Save the Rhino Trust'

night many of the party slept out on top of the Land Rovers and their trailers only to be told by Doc the next morning that hyenas had been munching on the remains of our supper during the night not five yards from where they slept.



Evening rhino trekking

### The Farm house at Ongava

The next phase of our journey took us off the dust tracks and onto tarred roads for the first time. Our destination was an abandoned farmhouse at Ongava close to Etosha, the most frequented nature reserve in Namibia. David Peddie had warned us that the farmhouse needed a great deal of tlc and we were not disappointed. Recently vacated by labourers building a luxury lodge nearby, the building and its surrounds had fallen into acute disrepair. Our task was to make the place respectable enough to encourage sponsors to invest in the Sindisa Foundation's aspiration to turn the site into a tutorial and research centre for students from both Namibia and the UK. For four days the majority of the party worked all day threshing grass, scrubbing floors and walls and even tackling basic plumbing. Sadly almost everyone fell ill at some time with only David Peddie, Obi and Mrs James escaping the ravages of Montesuma's revenge.



Tractor at Ongava

To ensure that our adrenaline continued to flow we were visited at night by the local rhino and even a small group of lions whose progress was thankfully diverted by one of the intact lengths of fence around the property. In the evenings our efforts were rewarded by seeing how the rich live when they visit such places as we were entertained by the manager of a 5\* ecolodge who provided us with sundowners by the side of the artificial waterhole. After leaving the farmhouse we entered the nearby Etosha nature reserve. This very large park, known internationally for its stunning salt flats, is fenced. Here it is possible to view a huge range of species at close quarters but somehow, after our experiences in the Namib-Rand, Skeleton Coast and Palmwag, it all seemed somewhat contrived. Numerous signs warning 'for your own safety do not get out of your vehicles' were routinely ignored, especially by one group who got out of their car to take a closer photograph of a huge bull elephant



Hippos Okavango river

even though it was only twenty feet away. We longed for our solitude back in the bush.

### The Okavanga river system, the Waterberg Plateau, and the Thermal Spa

From Etosha we moved north to the Popa falls and the river systems which feed the Okavanga delta. The difference in the surroundings was astonishing. The areas up near the Angolan border are green and lush, very different to the areas in the south which are so barren. While in the river areas, we went for a boat ride, floating past hippo, crocodile, and many water birds. Alex was even able to catch a fish large enough to feed all of us for dinner. On a game drive into the Mahango reserve we spotted sable antelope for the first time, unmistakable because of their majestic horns. Here too we were courted by black faced monkeys whose cheek, like monkeys wherever they are found, ensured that they supplemented their natural diet.

From there we moved via the Hoba meteorite (80 tonnes of almost pure nickel) to the Waterberg plateau, a gigantic plateau formed over millions of years as the surrounding soft rock eroded around it. As a result the species of animals living on the rock have become isolated and have evolved slightly differently. The area is also a breeding ground for the cape vulture. We spent the night on the plateau in rock shelters ingeniously designed by a team of volunteers working with Raleigh International. An unarmed walk to a game hide, also built by Raleigh International members, brought us uncomfortably close to a black rhino with young. It was at this point that David Peddie told us that this was the most dangerous walk we had taken on the trip.

Our final destination was to enjoy a little R & R at thermal springs reputed to have healing powers at Gros Barmen on the road back to Windhoek. Our poor Land Rover, so reliable on all the rough ground to date, now decided that it had had enough

and developed clutch problems. All of David Peddie's years of experience living in Africa were now called upon to nurse it back to Windhoek and our final champagne breakfast.

Such was our enjoyment on this trip that Alex Pike is returning to southern Africa this summer in his Gap Year to join a Royal Geographical Society scientific expedition. Julio Shah and George Nissen have also vowed to return and I (Cameron) and a new recruit, Sophie Pearson, will be helping the Sindisa Foundation in our Gap Year next year.

Our special thanks go to David Peddie without whose interest in and enthusiasm for educating us, and not insignificant financial risk, this expedition would not have been possible. We wish him every success with his multifarious projects in the southern part of Africa and hope that a similar school party will be able to benefit from his considerable expertise in the future.

Cameron Sinclair-Parry/DWJ



Julio and Alex celebrate tarmac

Expedition team members:  
Cameron Sinclair-Parry, Alex Pike, Isabelle Katthagen, Henrietta Addams-Williams, Julio Shah, Jamie Savage, George Nissen, Gail James and David James.



Skeleton Coast Camp nightlife

# SCUBA DIVING TRIP TO EGYPT: APRIL 2004

Photos: KB, Andrew Marshall-Read, Mark Stormont

Egypt: land of Pyramids, the Nile, Pharaohs and some of the best diving in the world. In April eight Stoics, KB, Leonie McDaid and Paul Clarke were lucky enough to spend a week in Sharm El Sheikh on the Red Sea coast and experience some of the best dive sites around.

We arrived at Gatwick at 8am on the Sunday morning after a very early start from Stowe. Charlie, Tom and Andrew having been privileged enough to spend a night in Nugent! After a couple of hours milling around the airport we set off on our six hour flight to Egypt. Most people availed themselves of the in-flight entertainment, and we gazed in awe at the Nile as we flew over it; you see the river, about a mile of fertile land either side of it then desert as far as the eye can see! We arrived in a not too hot Sharm, and after a little bit of confusion over the visas were taken by coach to our very plush 4 star hotel.

Monday was our first day diving, and for six of the boys their first two qualifying dives for their Open Water qualification. We teach the PADI (Professional Association of Diving Instructors) qualifications at Stowe, and had spent the winter practising in the pool and learning all the theory. For this first day we went to Shark's Bay (no there aren't any!) as it's an easy site for beginners to learn in, and a nice place for the rest of us to do some review dives in. As soon as we got to the beach it was action stations, there was kit to set up and dive briefings to be had. It was great to see that the boys were so excited about their first proper dive, and Tom and Charlie who had qualified in British



Stowe's Commando Troop

waters were looking forward to actually being able to see something.

Then we were off. The difference between swimming on the surface of the water and then descending underneath is outstanding, and something which amazes me every time I dive. Fish swim into view, totally unconcerned by your presence and the light begins to change. My first dive was without the boys. It was going well, we went down to 15 metres and waited for someone who was having problems with their weights. Then we shot down to 43 m – a bit of a shock that! – before making our way slowly up the reef. It was a good dive though with lots to see. During our surface interval (the time you spend above water before a following dive), the boys told me all about their dive, in which



Fish are abundant in the Red Sea



Barracuda



Clam and Coral

they had to carry out several skills to prove that they knew what to do in certain situations, and we then attempted to teach them about the intricacies of The Table.

When you scuba dive your body starts to absorb Nitrogen and if you don't deal with this properly you suffer from something everyone's heard of – the Bends. In order to work out how much Nitrogen you have in your body after diving, and how long you have to wait before diving again you use something called the Table, and as you progress you then use something even worse called the Wheel. Imagine GCSE Maths and Physics combined and then multiplied several times and you will have some idea of what it's like trying to work out what you're doing with these two items. They're vital pieces of equipment for divers, but very very confusing!

Tom and Charlie came with me on the second dive. We saw many fish including three lionfish resting under a ledge of coral – very pretty and very poisonous, they also have this really annoying habit of following you to see what you're up to! Fortunately for us, these three seemed to be in siesta mode. At Shark's Bay you can also see many fish



Red Sea Bannerfish

by simply snorkelling on the surface as the reef comes within a metre of the surface.

That evening we returned to the hotel and took advantage of its great swimming pool to have a quick game of Water Polo before going to Egypt's slowest restaurant – the food took 1½ hours to arrive!

Tuesday saw us returning to Shark's Bay for the last of the boys qualifying dives. The boys were getting much more confident with their diving and even making up new hand signals – the most popular of which was "Commando". Indeed, I really did feel like an extra in a Bond movie as, all kitted-up, we moved off across the beach ready to enter the water! The next time a Bond movie's filmed at Stowe they can put in an underwater sequence in one of the lakes! Highlights for Tom, Charlie and I included seeing a Blue-Spotted Stingray and an absolutely huge Moray Eel - fortunately hiding under some rocks – it was about as big as a person!

The boys having passed their Open Water, we decided to stay on the beach until the evening in order to do a night dive (always best carried out in a familiar spot). As it gets dark that much earlier in Egypt we didn't have too long to wait, and we could



Sohal Surgeonfish



Mark and Charlie



Mark, Charlie, Freddie and Jack

hear the faithful being called to prayer as we got ready. It was very cold, very dark, especially when we turned off all the torches in order to see plankton, but worth the effort as we saw some underwater plants which only come out at night.

Then it was back to the hotel for a hot shower!

After an early start on Wednesday we arrived at a new dive site –Ras Um Sid. Now it was my turn to do another diving qualification. Learning to scuba dive is an on-going process, you are always having to review safety procedures, and there are many courses to take, covering many different aspects of diving. Having already passed my Advanced Open Water, I was going to be doing a speciality course in Deep Diving, so rushed around sorting out my dive plans for that. Just for the record I went down to 50m, that's 165ft in old money! More importantly, my £14 water resistant watch also survived the experience!

At Ras Um Sid you have to snorkel out over coral for about 100m. If it's high tide this is fairly easy and you get a good view of fish and clams, unfortunately, by the time we went in for the boys' first dive of the day, the tide had gone out. This mean snorkelling barely inches away from the coral



Lionfish

and other aquatic life and we sustained our first two sea urchin victims, Charlie and Hugh.

Fortunately, by the time of the boys' second dive the tide had come in, making entry into the water a much more pleasant experience. I was buddied with Harry and we had a great time watching Tom and Hugh acting like an old married couple and fighting over my waterproof fish chart! It was around this time that we discovered Hugh's new ambition, to become a marine biologist. This meant that every time we now dived we had to note down what fish we'd seen, and every time we went shopping we had to look for fish charts.

That evening we decided to go round the local town and try our hand at haggling for presents. At almost every stall we went to we were all given a scarab for luck, and the boys had a great time trying to get the best price!

After a very welcome lie-in on Thursday (it's amazing how tiring diving is) we set off for a lovely resort called Towers. The temperature was nearing 40°C so it was a welcome relief to get into the water! We had to go down through a hole in the rock to get into the water which was great fun. On our second dive we went in off a pontoon, then had



Tom, Charlie and Hugh



Ras Um Sid



a really hard swim against a strong current.

As I have said, diving is an ongoing learning process, and the last two members of our group, Leonie and Paul, were taking one of the most important courses possible – Rescue diver. Today was the practical exam with a realistically staged diving emergency. In fact it was so realistic that some Italians who were sunbathing nearby actually had to be dragged back from calling the emergency services!

That evening we had one of the highlights of the week – our camel ride through the desert at sunset. We drove out in a minibus over what looked more like gravel than sand, and eventually found the Bedouin waiting for us with the camels. There was also a “little” baby camel with its mother. Then it was the moment of truth, fortunately I’d been on a camel before so I knew what to expect, but the boys coped admirably well, there is an art as to how you balance whilst the camel stands up! The Stoics proved to be quite adept at camel riding, most especially Mark “Stormont of Arabia” who was instantly given control, not only of his own camel but Freddie’s too! We stopped for a break half-way through the ride and then everyone on the lead camels was given control, thus began the Stowe Camel Grand National with each boy vying for the lead. A great time was had by just about everyone except Tom, who didn’t look as at home on a camel as he did in the water.

On Friday we were lucky enough to be invited to go diving in the Ras Mohammed National Park. It was quite a long journey there involving mad taxi drivers, passports and military checkpoints – and we discovered quite how much Harry seems to know about military installations. We went past many remains from the war between Egypt and Israel over the Sinai Peninsular, and it was a stark reminder about how close we were to the Middle East and conflicts past and present. Eventually we arrived at our destination, a white hot beach, con-

taining the world’s worst toilets. Great as the diving was here, it was a really difficult entry into the water through huge waves and a strong current. I actually began to feel seasick! It was a good dive though, on one of the best reefs in the area, and on their second dive the boys were lucky enough to see a turtle! We had lunch prepared for us by a Bedouin tribe which included, I’m sorry to say, some very tasty fish.

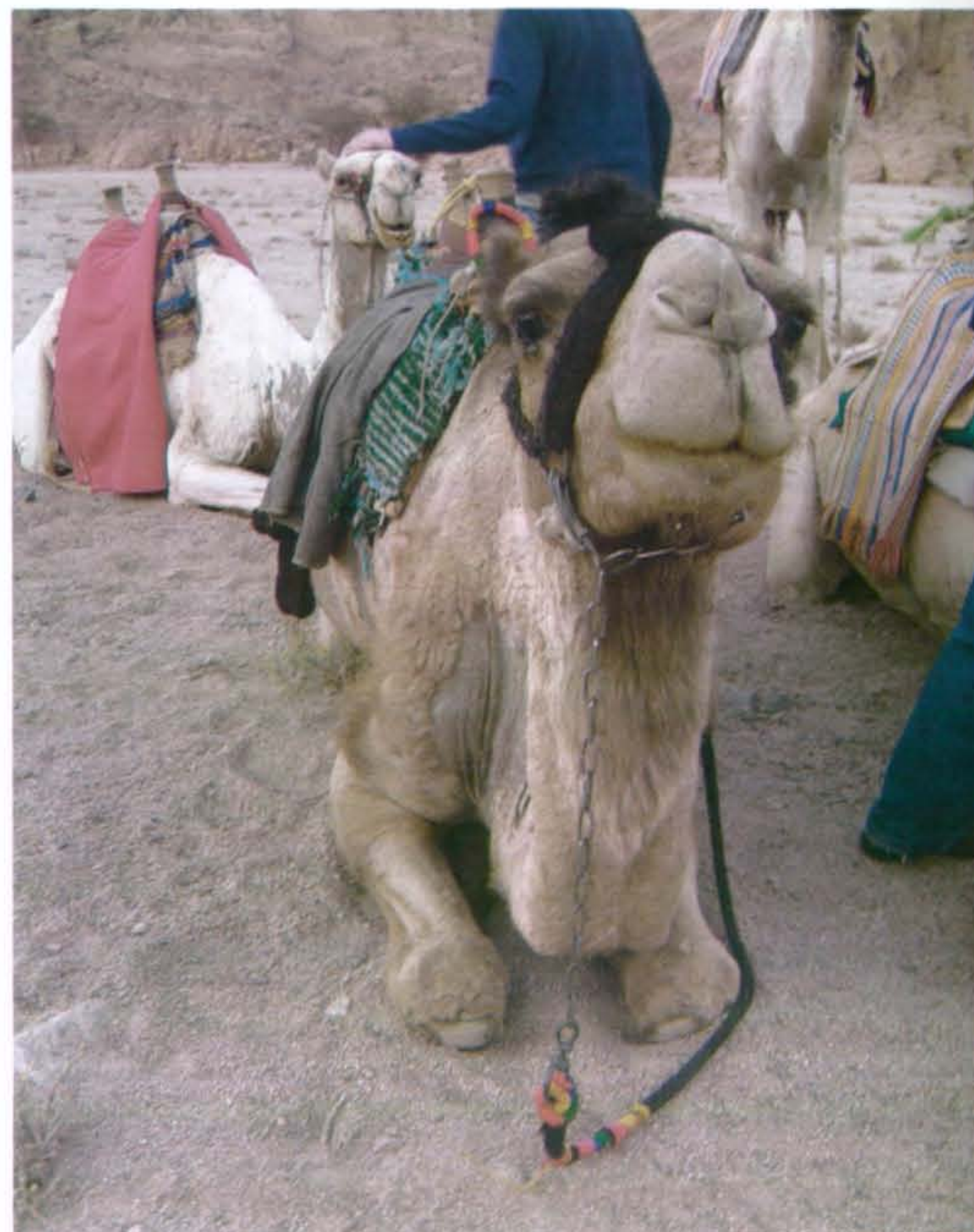
It’s a real privilege being able to look into what is basically another world. I often feel like the ultimate tourist when I’m diving, after all, it’s not as if the fish and the coral have any say in the matter. What are our responsibilities as tourists? Should we haggle in markets? Should we eat with the Bedouin? Certainly as far as the Stoics are concerned they were rewarding, educational experiences. The Stoics who went on this trip now have internationally recognised qualifications. They have had to learn about health and safety, physics, tides, currents and a little about conservation. Surely that makes us more than mere tourists?

After a very long day out we then decided to further punish ourselves and go shopping again. The boys came back laden down with presents, obviously another successful night’s haggling was had by all.

Saturday was our last day diving as you have to leave at least a 12 hour gap before flying. It was



Grabbing a well-earned rest



Ship of the desert!

back to Ras Um Sid for the boys to tackle Underwater Navigation (the last skill they needed to pass to become Advanced Open Water divers). Fortunately the tide was in so we were able to snorkel out. As the boys set off trying to map out squares and triangles, Leonie and I set off on our dive objective – to take some photos. We did all stop together to take some “team” photos underwater – in “Commando” pose of course! We saw so many fish including a Stingray fluttering along, and “Nemo”. By the way, disposable waterproof cameras work below 10m too. Tom, Hugh and I went out on a second dive in the afternoon. Unfortunately the tide had gone out, and as a result I ended up becoming our third Sea Urchin victim. It really does hurt! Once we were out there it really was worth the effort though for what would be our last dive of the holiday. Unfortunately we then had to wash all our kit in fresh water and lug it back to the hotel for the return flight. That evening we went out to what

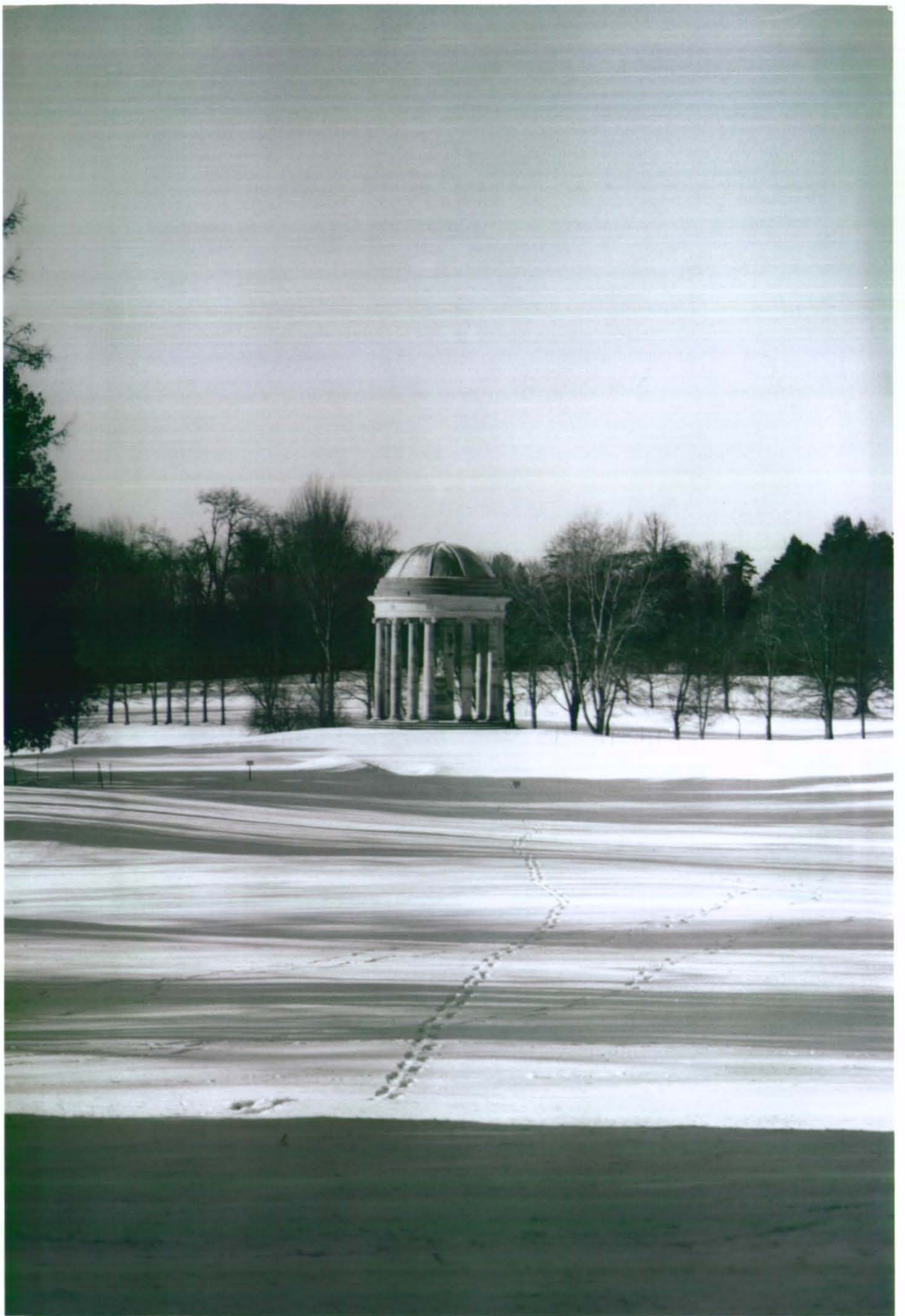
looked like an “Ali Baba” theme park as it was a purpose-built shopping centre with minarets and camels. (Yes, it was yet more shopping!)

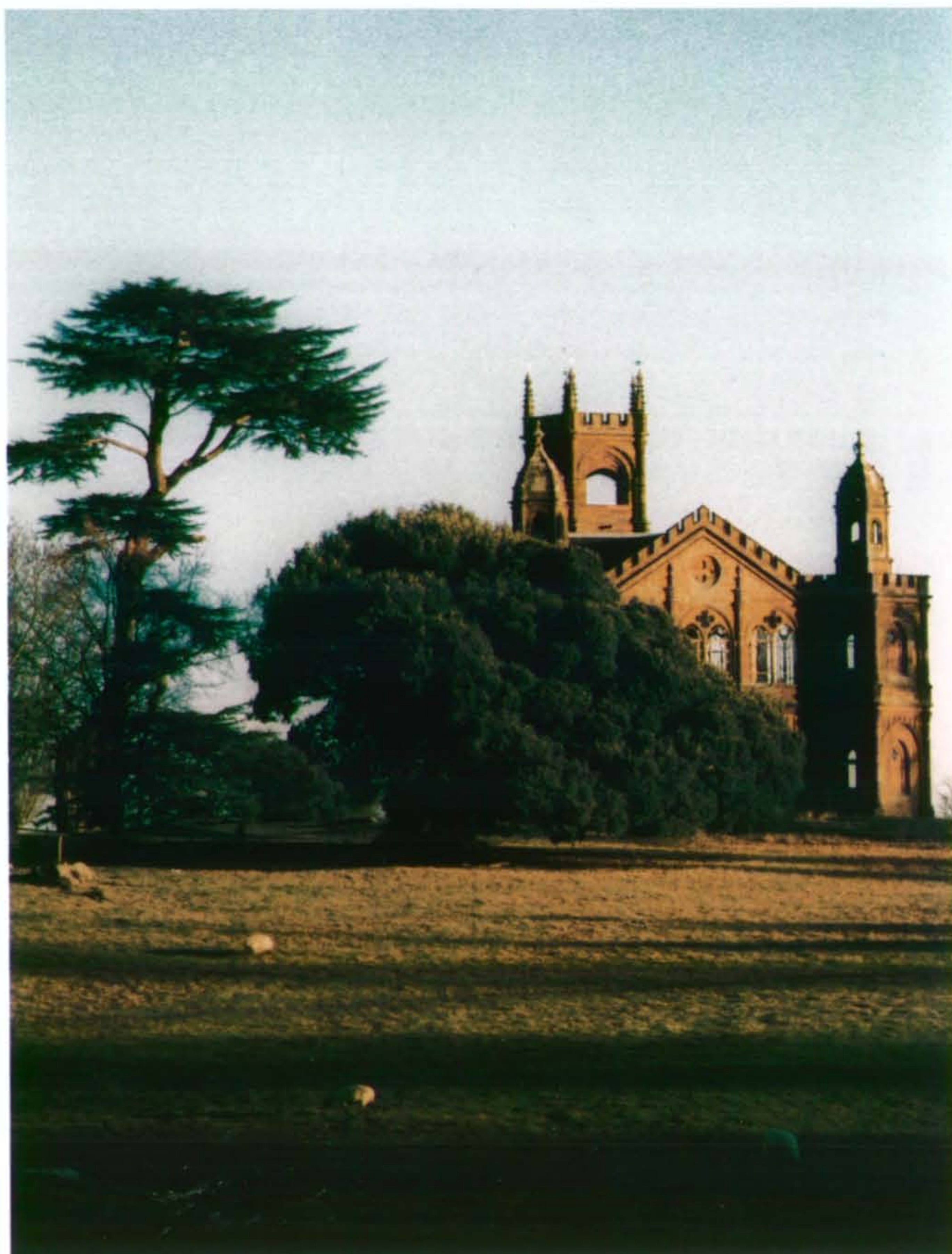
On Sunday we all had a lie-in as our flight wasn't until the evening except for Jack who had to leave at the crack of dawn to go and join his family in Cairo. We spent the rest of the day playing what probably was the world's longest water volleyball match. Other guests at the hotel would join in, then leave as they couldn't take the pace. I hung round the net in true IM style waiting for what Charlie dubbed my “moment of glory”. Eventually we had to give up on our last minute sunbathing and head for the airport. There's not much to do at Sharm airport, and even less in the way of places to sit so it was a fairly long and frustrating wait. Then, of course, once we arrived at Gatwick our baggage was delayed! However, it was a very happy, if a little tired, group of Stoics who burst out of arrivals into the arms of waiting parents.

KB



The Stowe Camel Grand National





Stowe School  
Buckingham  
MK18 5EH  
Tel: 01280 818000  
[www.stowe.co.uk](http://www.stowe.co.uk)