

The Stoic



Autumn 2005



Welcome to the new-look *Stoic*. I have worked hard at producing a magazine that is more visually attractive and which reflects the revitalised culture of Stowe as it enters a new era of full co-education. I hope you enjoy reading it.

As part of the re-launch of *The Stoic* this year, I am also making the magazine available online. This is part of my general editorial philosophy of involving as many people as possible in the magazine. With the extended readership that results from online publication, I hope to generate further interest among Stoics and Old Stoics in contributing to the magazine, which is published annually in the autumn. I would welcome any comments, suggestions or contributions for next year's issue: please email me at aradice@stowe.co.uk

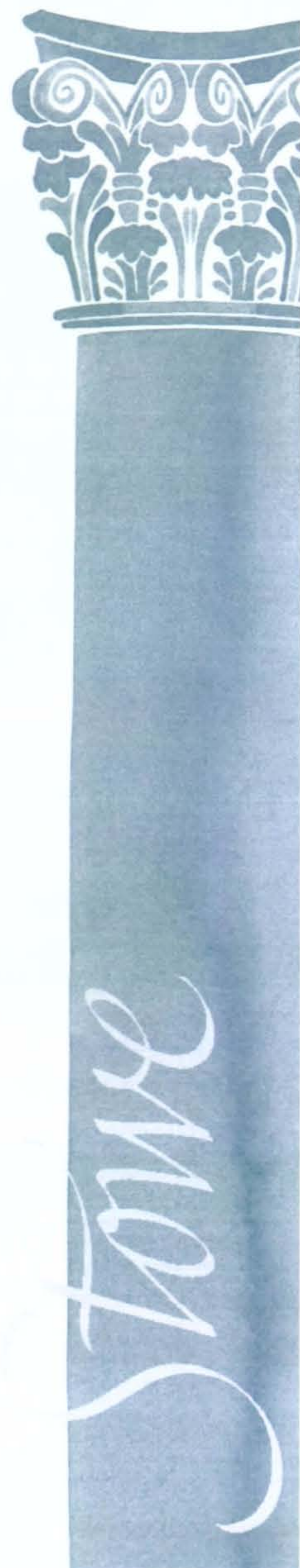
Anthony Radice (editor)





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Sports Review

RUGBY FIRST XV



This was by far the most successful season the 1st XV have enjoyed in the last few years. Until the last few matches the school appeared in the top five of the National School League and were the only side to beat Oakham.

This success was based on a strong management team: Captain Tom Laws, Vice Captain Chica Farr, Rupert Lynch and Adam Cossins. These four characters brought maturity, discipline and direction to the rest of the squad and acted responsibly in their role as liaisons between pupils and staff; they also contributed enormously on the field.

After an excellent pre season campaign, the team got off to a flying start with a home win against Rugby school. The following week saw one of the highlights of the season, when the school beat Oakham for the first time, 17-15. This win, like many others, was based on a powerful pack that dominated many of its opponents. It was supported by two strong centres, Wemyss and Farr, who often provided the penetration wider out.

After a further win against King Henry's Coventry, the side travelled to RGS Worcester for the first occasion of the season, and delivered their worst performance, culminating in a 35-5 defeat. This setback focused the side, and for the next 7 games, it produced some of its best rugby, leading to consecutive wins.

The most notable of these was the Daily Mail Cup win over Wyomondham College. The side dominated the game for long periods, and established what appeared to be a winning margin, but Wyomondham scored two late tries to take a 3-point lead into injury time. With the clock ticking Ru Lynch, top try scorer with 11, forced his way over in the corner, to the jubilation of both present and past Stoics.

The side altered its style during the latter part of the term to account for the atrocious weather conditions prevailing at this time. It was coincidental that with this tighter game plan, the side forgot its strength of keeping the ball alive with offloads and support play. It found it difficult to regain that open style and as a result it lost its last four matches, one of them once again against RGS Worcester.

It played poorly against Bedford before the cup match and the Radley fixture descended into farce after the official lost control of the game. In the final game against Uppingham, 11 of the side that started the game were lower sixth due to the cricket tour to India. It came away losing 35-27 but it was an encouraging performance in view of the number of absentees.

Individually, there have been some encouraging performances from many of the players. In the front row Richard Fraser Smith and Harry Banks supported Tom Laws on the opposite side of the scrum to good effect, whilst the hooking duties were shared between Tom Allport, Miles Gilbert and on occasions Charlie Walker and Max Stevenson. No one had the all round game necessary to command the position and in fact Tom Allport started the season in sensational form as an open side flanker, with his terrier like performances, but his over enthusiasm often led to penalty infringements which eventually took their toll on the team. Charlie Walker became a utility forward, switching from blindside to lock, both during games and through the season as a whole. He is a player who does much unseen work on the floor and is not afraid of that close quarter confrontation. Max Stevenson is, without doubt, the smallest forward but the one who has the highest tackle count and the greatest courage. Tom Elkington was moved to blindside to accommodate Max. Tom had a steady season at 6, bringing an abrasive edge to the pack, a feature not always appreciated by the opposition or the referees.

New recruit Tom Cleary and Henry Worssam were the regular Locks. Tom was a regular source of lineout ball and showed, for a big lad, excellent footwork and pace in the loose. He is destined to move to the back row for next season. Henry, on the other hand is a bruising ball carrier who enjoys the physical aspects of the game and with his shape may step up to the front row next year.

Completing the back row at No 8, Ru Lynch was the player of the season, scoring 12 tries and making countless yards with the ball in hand. In the past he has often promised much but this year he finally delivered and he will be sorely missed next season.

At halfback Adam Cossins and new boy





Sports Review

RUGBY FIRST XV

Ben Howgego were the regular choices. Adam flourished this year not only on the field but off it. He provided a consistent service to Ben who has a great deal of pace which led to some important tries from him. As he matures, it will be interesting to see what his favoured position will be next season.

The centre partnership of Jamie Wemyss and Chica Farr was the most potent weapon we had outside the pack. Jamie is a strong, powerful runner who often broke the first line of defence; too often however he then died with the ball, preventing further continuity. Chica was a revelation at number 13, offering pace and elusive footwork as well as vision. Although leaving this year, he is a year young for his age group and it will be interesting to see his rugby progress beyond school.

Dan Calvert and the ever present Tom Feehan were the regular wingers, each with different assets. Dan was a powerful, uncompromising individual, whereas Tom showed guile and dexterity in his running. Both promise much for next season, although they may play in different positions.

As with the hooking slot, the fullback berth saw a variety of tenants. Hugh Viney always gives 100% but lacked the poise; Ed Joudrey needed that extra yard of pace to support his skills; Will Blackham had a maverick tendency to his game which sometimes paid off and occasionally didn't. All three are around next season and will no doubt feature in some capacity.

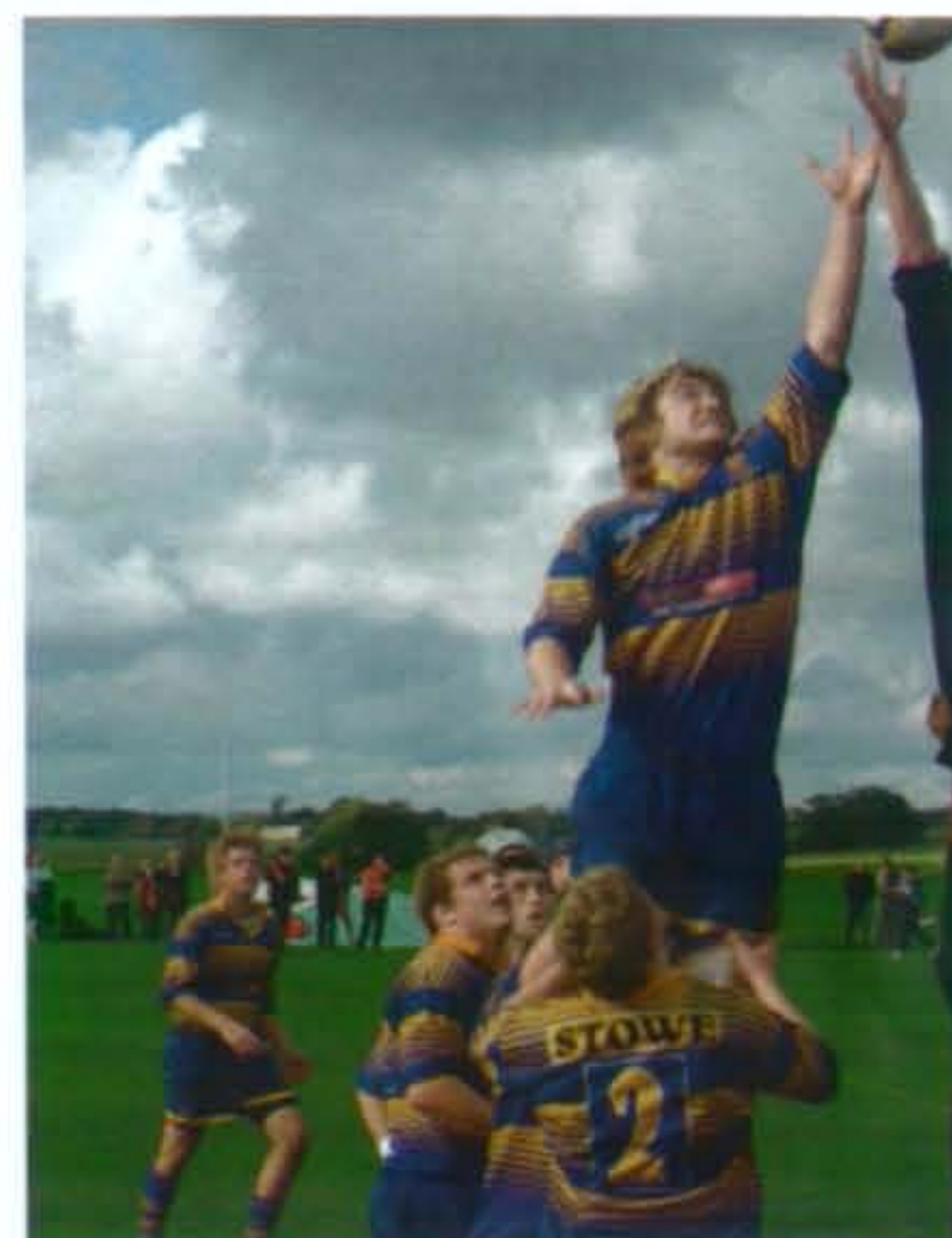
There were also individuals on the fringe of the squad who played their part in the success of the season, most notably Ben Hirst and Ed Hoy.

The Daily Mail Cup was, for the second time in three years, a lengthy adventure, and to reach the last 32 out of 380 is testimony to the squad's strength and commitment. It also makes for the opportunity to bring in younger players. This year it allowed Nick Anstee and George Coote, half-backs from the U16's, to flourish in a hostile environment. George has gone on to represent London Division and is on the fringe of the England U16 squad; both players should go on to have promising first team careers here at Stowe and hopefully beyond.

Last, but certainly not least, I should mention skipper Tom Laws. He joined us last year and has flourished here at Stowe. He became the school's first U18 Schools International last year and is currently in the Senior England U18 squad. Northampton Saints have offered him a one-year contract to join them immediately upon leaving Stowe. He is a shining example of someone who has ambition, and who has worked hard, whether in the gym, the classroom or out on the pitch. Upon the way, he has achieved the greatest honour that can be bestowed upon a young athlete and he is now about to take the first step to fulfilling his ambition of becoming a professional rugby player. There will be many pitfalls along the way and he is not the finished article but he has taken all that Stowe has had to offer and combined that with his own commitment to achieve. We will watch his progress with interest.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Steve Malling, who coached and directed a powerful pack this season, and Annette Howlin, who patched up and sometimes stuck the boys back together again. A special mention also goes to the Headmaster, who made a rash promise at the start of the season, offering dinner at a restaurant to the squad and coaches if they won 85% of home matches. This challenge was achieved, and the promise kept. Moral of the story: never offer a Yorkshireman a free meal.

Alan Hughes





Sports Review

RUGBY SECOND XV



The second XV got off to an excellent start to the term with a good win over Rugby. The next match was a valiant performance against a very good Oakham, who narrowly won in the final quarter of the match.

We had a bit of a hiccup against Worcester, where conditions beyond our control hampered pre-match preparations and as a result we were defeated heavily.

The remainder of the season followed a very simple pattern. At home we were

unbeatable, dispensing with both Mill Hill and Bloxham. Away we struggled to put up the same level of performance and failed to win a match. The highlight of the season was reaching a rank of 11th 2XV in the country mid-way through.

The team was led from the front by Elliot Holmes, whose no-nonsense approach to playing was a standard that all the other players could try to emulate.

Nathan Phillips

RUGBY THIRD XV (AKA HITTITES)

I was anticipating a wild season with Captain Bedlam leading from the front - we were looking forward to running the (Jezza) Hind legs off the opposition and not making a (Gary) Higsear of it all. In fact, we often found ourselves having to (Robbie) Parry the opposition's assaults on our (Keith) try-Leon but we rarely made a (Geordie) Cox-up of it and much preferred to (Rob) Harrington the opposition into making crass errors. Spectators were welcomed as they (Andrew) Drummond-Morayed us on and the lads tried to make (Albie) Derbysure that we played with a great deal of (Guy) Wiles to make the opposition (Jonny) Bowdown to our superior flair. Happily the Hittites played with their customary (Rehman) Khan-do approach and whilst they sometimes failed to score quite as many points as the opposition (and who's counting?), they were never a (George) Walker over. Only in one match did we get the (Jeffrey) Yips and no matter how (Alex) Howard I tried to encourage the boys, they made a right Josh Chandler of it all - this was a game I'd rather (Gavin) Forsget.

If I had one complaint, it was that we failed to take our (Stuart) Gameplan from the training ground to the match situation, but I ought not to complain because we did always maintain our cheerful approach to life. In fact this hints at a sad fact, namely that coaching sessions could be sheer (Tim) Bell; players (and even the coach) would turn up (Harry) Yate and I was often tempted to (George) Fossett because the lads could be exceedingly (Matt) a-Nguyen. Fortunately, I was blessed, as was the whole team, by our very own

Aussie Gapper, Pete Hubert, who was very (Xavier) Keenan. Pete was a veritable (Rory) Shepherd-Barron when it came to his knowledge of the game, and tactically, he was (Tom) Frazor sharp. He had a great supply of practice (Harry) Drilliams which he put the team through, and from time to time, other coaches would look on and (Drew) Gloward-Green with envy as the lads went (Nick) Elwood for leather at one drill or another.

So what do I conclude as I look back on the season? First, I want to (Hamish) Scott the rumours that I'm on the lookout for another (Jamie) Jobson - I love the constant (Krishan) Melagdrama of running with the Hittites, though I have to admit, I did contemplate naming the side after another Old Testament tribe, the Gittites (honest, they existed - 2 Samuel 15:18) after the Teddies Match - the offenders know who they are - if you hear a (Al) Russell in the bushes behind you, then mind your backs! No, honestly, it's been another fantastic three months of what I reckon rugby is all about - good fun played in formation - for the sheer enjoyment of taking part - so my thanks to the thirty five or so Stoics who did the business - I (George) Wheelie look forward to next Autumn. Up the Hittites!

Rev Robert Jackson





Sports Review

RUGBY COLTS A

This really was a season of two halves, with the second half being significantly better than the first.

Following a good win against Rugby, the team went through a frustrating phase of matches in which we performed disappointingly and lost narrowly. There was clearly some ability in the side and the backs were full of promise, but a lack of self-belief and competitiveness meant that we allowed external factors to dictate the result, rather than imposing our particular style on the games.

With the matches after half-term looking rather daunting on paper, it was time for a bit of soul searching. Were we going to accept that the team was simply 'unlucky', or not as good as others? Or were we going to work hard to improve on our weaknesses, strengthen our resolve and compete as best we could?

The attitude in training changed in the week after half term. Leaders such as Duncan Benett (captain), Freddie Porritt (i/c warm ups), George Coote (tactician), Nick Anstee (backs leader) and Jack Fillery (pack leader) ensured the team grew tighter and stronger than before and improved the will to win. No longer were we going to be pushed about!!

The first match after half-term was away against Mill Hill, a team who had beaten us for the previous two years. We won 65 - 0. The confidence flooded in, and self belief and competitiveness were never a problem again. We continued to progress rapidly, training with purpose and approaching the time allocated to rugby in a more professional and mature manner. We went

RUGBY COLTS B

The Colts B side had another good season: at one point after the Bedford match, we topped the inter-school league for Under-16 B teams! The highlight of the season, as it often is, was to see the boys improving so much, both in tactics and confidence in their game understanding. What started as a ragbag team of tired legs and ball-following in the match against Rugby (losing 5-14), gradually came together against successive sides to play some impressive rugby, with secure first phase possession linking to penetrating back-row runs and imaginative three-quarter play. Stand out players were William Shepherd, emerging from nowhere to win consistently solid and vital lineout ball; Harry

on to turn around last year's defeats by John Cleveland and Bedford in style, with the whole team showing tremendous personal development. A defeat to a strong Radley side was by no means a poor result, and the team ended the season with a pleasing win over Uppingham. Josh Wheeler proved to be a talented ball carrier. He can go around defenders, but generally prefers to go through them! He 'boshed' his way through many trembling tacklers, with the feisty, promising figure of Jack Fillery generally on his shoulder to take the ball on. Ben Reeve is an excellent tackler and continues to improve with every game. Freddie Porritt and Duncan Bennett were the true workhorses of the pack. Ollie Ritchie, Charlie Meredith-Owen, Mat Payne and Hamish Hardie all contributed significantly in the pack to ensure technical phases were secure and enough ball was provided for the backs to use. George Coote is an outstanding scrum half. His service and all round skills give a team at this age a tremendous boost. He has the ability and that essential element of self confidence to go a long way in the game. Nick Anstee, Ed Dabney, Tristan Hirst and Jack Jefferson all represented Bucks County and possess the ability to light up matches with dazzling running.

The team can reflect on an interesting season with a certain amount of pride. We did question their honesty and integrity in the early matches, but to their great credit they proved that this was by no means a weakness. They have emerged as players who are in a position to compete for places in the senior teams next year and most importantly, boys who have enjoyed playing Rugby.

Nettlefold, an inspiring hooker, solid in the tight and always ferreting in the loose; James Richardson, so much improved as scrum-half over the term; Chris Price, an excellent full-back, incisive runner and accurate kicker for touch. All these were held together ably and confidently by James Gray at outside-centre - a super captain for the season. There are too many more to mention, but it was great to see such a good number turn out for practice and matches throughout the year, and though we had a drawing season (5wins, 5 losses) in the end, I hope the boys share my sense of satisfaction with a very happy and hard-fought term.

Mark Edwards





Sports Review

JUNIOR COLTS A RUGBY



The Junior Colts had a very successful season, in which the team won over 2/3rds of their matches, and which culminated in reaching the last 16 teams in the Daily Mail Vase Competition. Having notched up some very high scores playing an entertaining brand of rugby, the team started to get quite excited with their run of wins in the competition. The main aims of the season had always been to play rugby in the second term and this they duly did with a fine 17-15 victory over Parmiter's (who played at Twickenham in the final of the emerging schools cup last year) in the last week of the Christmas Term. The next match against Claire's Court was always going to be tough, occurring the first week back after the holidays. Christmas training programmes were undertaken and all of the squad came back a day early for a mini version of pre-season training. I was very impressed with the commitment and dedication that many of the squad showed and we approached the Claire's Court match with high hopes. Unfortunately the first half did not go our way and we found ourselves 22-3 down at half time. The true strength of character began to show in the second half as Jamie Hirst played a fine tactical kicking game to put us in the right areas of the field and we slowly clawed our way back into the match, eventually turning out 24-22 winners. The competition finally ended for us in the match against Aylesbury Grammar School, who won 14-8 after a very tense match in which we pressured their line for most of the game but couldn't quite get the winning score.

The main season was also very successful. It contained a number of fine victories, the most rewarding being the matches against Rugby (7-5) and RGS Worcester (20-10). The main strengths of the team lay in the pack, who dominated most of the opposition that we played. The cornerstone of this was Michael Tarr who, along with Max Housson, Samson Stieger-White and Chin Chinavicharana began to really relish the physical battle of the front row, particularly after Tom Laws (the 1st XV captain and England cap) gave them some individual tuition in 'the dark arts'! The second row was a difficult spot to fill, until Richard Gordon-Colebrooke came to the fore towards the end of the season, and it fell to the skipper, Sam Hunter, to fill the role. Sam was an exceptional captain who

approached the role with a sense of maturity and thoughtfulness that is rarely seen in a player of his age. His desire for the team to perform and willingness to see the broader picture was clearly illustrated as he continued to fill the gap in the 2nd Row despite being a number 8. The back row positions were very admirably filled by Henry Corner, Josh Hunter and Will Walker, all of whom were invaluable to our ball retention and the flow of the game.

The back line was very well marshalled by the half backs of Winston Reynolds and Jamie Hirst, both fine players. Winston was the top try scorer in the team with a total of 9, and Jamie was the top points scorer with 72. Both have a great deal to offer and are tactically quite astute. Jamie's placement of the ball and ability to maintain the pressure on the opposition through his tactical kicking were a cornerstone of the team's success. The outside backs caused a few selection problems throughout the term but for the majority of the season the centres were filled by Billy Jackson-Stops and Harry Wolrige-Gordon. They worked well in combination, being very different players. Billy's aggressive and hard attitude to the game and ability to suck in the defence was complemented by Harry's pace and elusive running. He combined well with the force of Max Mackintosh, as well as Sam Scott and Will Dunn who shared the second spot at winger. Giles Hoare performed very well at full back throughout the season, providing a strong defensive role and astute tactics. There were many other players, such as Jack Bartholomew, James Hemsley and Stephen Percy who contributed throughout the season and it was invaluable having so many players to choose from in the squad.

This has been a very enjoyable season, as the squad has been a pleasure to coach and watch. They deserve credit for the way in which they have conducted themselves both on and off the field, and the professional way in which they approached their training and matches.

Three players made the County A Team, Sam Hunter, Josh Hunter and Henry Corner, whilst Jamie Hirst, Matthew Payne, Harry Wolrige Gordon, Winston Reynolds, Michael Tarr and Giles Hoare all made the County B team.

Barney Durrant





Sports Review

JUNIOR COLTS B RUGBY

We had a really excellent term with a very hard working, talented team. The results say it all: Played 11, Won 8, Lost 3. Points for 300, Points against 72. It is a reflection of their sheer hard work that so many ended up in the A Squad.

It is difficult to identify outstanding players, as this team were a great example of team work. Jimmy Bruce, ever hard working, played in many positions for the sake of 'The Team'.

Archie de Sales La Terrière led from the front and was our best Captain. Marcus Bennett suddenly discovered that

he liked rugby and was our most improved player. Matt Williamson and Richard Lamb led the tackle count, whilst Will Randall-Coath controlled our lineout. Stephen Percy found his voice as 'Mr Motivator'. Alex Jollivet steadied our backs in the line, and Kris Bhromsuthi, Valentin Franco, and Enrico Ayllon worked hard to learn the game, making huge strides forward. All in all, they have been a great pleasure to work with

Ray Dawson



JUNIOR COLTS C RUGBY

The Junior Colts C XV had a thrilling season with plenty of exciting matches and although the results did not always go in our favour, we had some creditable wins against Oakham, Mill Hill and Radley. Twenty-seven boys in total represented the team during the course of the season, proof enough of the depth of skill and the enthusiasm of the year group. During the course of the season the performances of individuals got better and better, as did the overall team effort.

In the front row, Stephen Li, Tom Wiggett, Ed Cutting and John Beaumont provided a very strong platform and it was no surprise that Stephen Li was awarded the "Most Improved Player of the Season". Stephen listened very well and tried to put into practice everything that he had learnt. The remainder of the forwards, George Beaty,

Kris Bhromsuthi, Alex Johnston, Ed Benson, Will Walmsley, Alex Georgalides, Freddie South, Sam Morris, and Humphrey Wood all committed themselves enthusiastically to attack and defence and Alex Georgallides was awarded the "Best Tackler of the Season" as a result of his tireless commitment to stopping the opposition. All these forwards are very capable with the ball in their hands and their retention of the ball going forward improved throughout the season.

Behind the scrum, the halfbacks Kit Dickinson, Johnnie Puxley, Rory Marchant and Oscar Thornton all played with plenty of enthusiasm and energy.

At scrum half in fact Kit Dickinson is a good prospect especially with his ability to place kick. As he develops more strength in the years ahead, he could be a prolific point scorer for the teams later on. Adam Clitheroe and Henry Fenwick in the centre both captained the side during the course of the season to great effect. Ludo de Ferranti, James Leet-Cook, Freddie Shirley, and in the latter matches, Tom Wilson, contributed a great deal to the team effort. Only in a few games did we get a monopoly of possession and when we did, the three-quarters were able to make full use of the ball. However, it was in the matches where we were struggling to win the ball from the opposition that our lack of pace was exposed. In fact, in the matches we lost, it was usually down to one player who was much faster than any of ours and of course when he broke through the defence, there was no opportunity of catching him before he scored. This was particularly true in the matches against Rugby, Akeley Wood, Abingdon and Uppingham.

As a team, the spirit amongst the boys was very commendable. In two or three years' time a number of these boys will be representing the 2nd, and in some cases, the 1st XV no doubt if they retain their keenness and enthusiasm for playing. Congratulations to the whole squad on their performances during the course of the season.

L. E. Weston





Sports Review

SENIOR SEVENS RUGBY



The Rosslyn Park squad who reached the last 16 out of 125 schools
Back row: Henry Worssam, Adam Cossins, Jamie Wemyss, Rupert Lynch, Tom Cleary and Charlie Walker

This was another very successful sevens season. The season started in late February at Solihull. Snow, lots of snow, wet pitches and very cold conditions made the day a tough mental and physical ordeal. We were knocked out in the quarter finals with some ability being clear, but many organisational aspects to work on.

Newbury Blues RFC ran an inaugural day/night tournament with 20 well renowned rugby schools being invited. Our group of RGS High Wycombe, Radley, Blundell's and St Brendan's looked fairly stiff, but we managed very pleasing wins against Radley (34-0) & St Brendan's, whilst narrowly losing to RGS and Blundell's by 2 points each. With confidence building and a huge, physical pack including Charlie Walker, Tom Cleary, Henry Worssam and Ru Lynch proving to be powerful ball winners, we won through to the knockout stages and continued our winning ways against Bloxham and Christ College, Brecon. Pangbourne met us in the Plate Final and unfortunately just got the better of us by one try. The backs showed they also had some class, with Adam Cossins running a superb try in from 75 metres and Tom Feehan, Charlie Farr and Jamie Wemyss all ending the day with many tries to their names.

Rosslyn Park is always the highlight of the sevens year, with 125 schools split into groups of four. We expected Eastbourne College to be our biggest obstacle, and so they proved to be, as we reached a nail-biting finale, with number of points scored by each team in

that particular match determining the group winner. By this time Charlie Farr had caught the eyes of many spectators and was known as 'the guy with the amazing sidestep'. He was cutting all teams to shreds and proving to be one of the most exciting players of the tournament. Ru Lynch was equally effective but chose to take a more direct route for his many tries. After a long wait we realised we had won the group, so faced a playoff match against the winners of the group above us. A fantastic match ensued with Stowe trailing by three tries with three minutes to go. The effort and determination that had characterised the team all season again surfaced and we won the game in the dying seconds. Our reward was to return to the Rosslyn Park Club ground with the top 16 teams in the competition. Other stars of the thrilling day were Max Stevenson, Ben Howgego, Will Blackham and George Coote.

Unfortunately Charlie Farr damaged his ankle badly at the end of the day, so we would be without him in our first game against the winners of the previous two years' tournament, Cheltenham College. We had the worst possible start, conceding two early tries. Although Ru Lynch scored his customary brace of tries later in the match we were not going to progress any further.

I would like to commend the players for another hugely exciting sevens campaign. The team demonstrated true Stoic characteristics when the going got tough.

Craig Sutton

YEARLINGS B RUGBY

The Yearlings Bs had an excellent season with 5 wins out of their 7 matches. The term started with a narrow loss to Stamford.

The next match was probably the hardest of the season: Uppingham away. Whilst Uppingham were much the bigger side, Stowe, strengthened by some newly promoted Yearling Cs (Henry White and Marcus Fountaine) took the game to Uppingham. The game was a stalemate all the way through until the last 5 minutes where some excellent driving play by the forwards and slick handling by the backs allowed Stowe to run away 17-5 victors.

The season then went from strength to strength with 58 and 59 nil wins

against the Leys and Wellingborough respectively.

This led onto the return fixture with Uppingham which again was another hard fought encounter which went down to the wire. Unfortunately Uppingham just pipped the Bs by 10-5.

A lesser side may have been knocked by this, but the Bs went onto beat Mill Hill away and Oundle at home.

Stars of the team this year included the ever enthusiastic Fred Lynch, the silky centre play of Marcus Fountaine and Harry Batchelor and some huge hits by Max Daley.

Nathan Phillips



Inspirational captain and player Charlie Farr rouses the team for another huge effort.





Sports Review

YEARLINGS A RUGBY

In view of the fact that this is one of the best U14 squads we have had in recent years, the results do not justly reflect their promise, enthusiasm or ability.

There were narrow defeats against Prince William Oundle, Stamford and Uppingham and but for another 3 points all three matches would have been won and their record would have been far more credible. To be fair they played their first match short of four of their better players as they were representing the U15's on the same day in the Daily Mail Cup and against Stamford and Uppingham the opposition were right to admire our players and recognise they had got out of jail on the day by sneaking victories. These plaudits, however will only be of substance if the squad can reflect on how these matches slipped from their grasp, and if they come to gain a greater awareness and understanding of the game,

In the front five, the likes of Percy Lendrum, Will Randall-Coath, Ben Manser and Toby Dunipace all provided the physicality needed in the key area of first phase play. They were aided by the diminutive Max Fossett who played above his weight; he stole numerous opposition scrums and has a steady arm when throwing in.

The back row was an area of strength: Forrester, Stevenson, White and Tett all challenged for places and each brought his own style. Freddie Forrester is quick to break down and reads the game well, whereas Felix Stevenson and Henry White are more destructive in their play. Oliver Tett on his day could be both abrasive and a good link man but was inconsistent and had a habit of drifting in and out of matches.

Half back was a problem area in so far as several players were used and whilst they all had attributes they all lacked that ability to command and dictate in these pivotal roles. Will Anthony at scrum half is a handful for any back row forward and he started to develop his kicking skills. He needs to work on his pass, however and recognise when to attack himself and when to distribute. James Wale by contrast was the opposite: he is a boy who will

develop well in the Bs where the pressure is slightly less. At fly half Hugo Empson was solid in defence and could make some excellent breaks but his passing and kicking skills let him down. I am sure as he physically develops he will be one to watch in the future. Harry Birke had the handling and kicking skills but lacked that yard of pace to boss the situation from 10 and I feel he will be best suited to the inside centre berth.

The rest of the backs did have more pace than usual but too often their handling skills let them down at crucial moments. As with many back lines they did have a tendency to creep up and therefore find themselves under pressure when trying to move the ball wide. The loss of Matthew Constant with a broken collar bone early in the season was a blow and his ability to make the outside break was sorely missed. Harry Batchelor filled in well and showed his ability to distribute a ball better than most, but he must work on his pace in order to fulfil his ambition.

The back three often had the beating of their opposite number but because of the speed at which they received the ball they were often shut down before they had a chance to demonstrate their superiority. Rowley Barclay is a powerful runner but he needs to watch more of the game to gain a greater understanding of his role. James Hale at times showed some sublime running skills and as he grows he will become more of a potent threat. Meanwhile Angus Blayney moved to full back from the back row and once he gets the hang of his positional responsibilities he could be a very useful strike runner.

Several players developed as the season unfolded, Toby Dunipace and Henry White in particular standing out. Next season will, I hope, see more progress and I will be expecting a good run in the Daily Mail Cup at U15 level.

A big thank you must be expressed to Chris Townsend, Barney Durrant and Nathan Phillips who all contributed their expertise to this squad and to the many boys who took on the responsibility of being captain.

Alan Hughes





Sports Review

FIRST XI HOCKEY



Won - 5, lost - 7, drawn - 3

The Senior Hockey XI had a mixed season. Many of the team from last season were seniors and therefore this year we had a high turnover. The pressure was on this young team to achieve after a very successful previous season. Some of our players had benefited from the Autumn term 'development squad' training and matches. The team was well led by Charles Farr, Elliot Holmes and Hamish Scott. Unfortunately we lost Archie Leon early in the season to a serious knee injury and also Charlie Farr half-way through the season to injury. Despite these disruptions our team spirit and effort was superb. It was pleasing to see a good training as well as match attitude, and we had some very good wins over Bloxham, John Hampden and

Harrow.

This year we had many young players and I am looking forward to working with them next season. We have seen fantastic improvements from many players but especially Tom Gladdle and Tom Blain. Colours were awarded to Charlie Farr, Elliot Holmes and Hamish Scott. I thank all the senior members of the team for their hard work.

On behalf of all the staff and pupils I would like to thank Barney Sandow who is leaving us this year. Barney has taken Stowe hockey to new heights, through quality coaching and enthusiasm. He has left the Hockey here in a very strong situation and I hope we can build on the foundations he has left.

Richard Pickersgill

GIRLS' HOCKEY



The Girls' Hockey 1st XI made good progress this season. Yet again their performance was impressive given that they only had the opportunity to play together for 11 weeks and then competed against schools who have played together for more than 3 years. Naturally the problem that faced the 1st XI was learning to play as a team in such a short space of time and yet as the season progressed the girls improved both collectively and as individuals.

Captain and player of the season Kathryn Curle must be commended for her outstanding contribution to the team both in defence and in midfield. Kathryn was also selected to represent the County at U18 level for the second consecutive year. Romy Scarffe had an excellent season in the centre of the strong defensive team of Francesca Savage and Louisa Tuely. A special mention goes to goalkeeper Georgina

Newman for saving the team from defeat on a number of occasions.

Bella Stanley had another impressive season of commitment in midfield. Bella's determination combined well with Rosie Gurney's athleticism to give Stowe a formidable midfield; this contributed enormously to victories over Bradfield and Rugby. Vice Captain Clare Porritt's skill on the right wing enabled her to deliver numerous crosses throughout the season and top goal scorer and most improved player Hermione Winterton was on hand to finish.

Colours were awarded to: Clare Porritt, Romy Scarffe, Francesca Savage and Rosie Gurney with Kathryn Curle and Bella Stanley having received their 1st Team colours in the Lower Six.

Tracy Hooker





Sports Review

SECOND XI HOCKEY

Played 11 won 5, drawn 3, lost 3, gf 37, ga 22

The 2nds have had a very successful season, not only statistically but also in the manner they have performed and played the game as gentlemen. They have competed fiercely but always fairly, showing that you do not need to sacrifice old fashioned ideals for modern day success.

Chris Price looked capable of stepping up into the 1sts at any time, and was frequently outstanding for our 2nds: it is a massive bonus to have such a finished article who is only in the 5th form. Matt Broomfield decided to stick with us and was rewarded for several class displays with a few 1st Xi caps by the end of term. I wish I could persuade Charlie Walker to pull his shorts up a bit but he has been a great stopper and his aerial distribution certainly added another dimension. Josh Wheeler melts a dead ball and surprises people with his turn of sustained speed. Catherine Curle was our most secure defender and did win respect as at least the equal of the boys by the end of term. Her attitude may well be held up as an example to the girls following her into the school to show that if you are good enough you are in, no allowances made, no concessions asked for. Princey has the class to turn defence into attack: he is a rare breed at Stowe that understands space and where he needs to get to; a star for

next year. Dom Farr is another cunning player, always capable of producing the unexpected; he even showed he was capable of stepping up a level and playing competently for the 1sts when the call came. Tom Tett ran the park, showed he had the skill and learned through the term to use it more as the space opened up. He was second highest scorer despite being stolen by the 1sts, and oozed classy potential. Geordie Cox was a man who covered colossal distances, captained by example and was the positive influence that every coach hopes he will have to work with. Ru Lynch terrified defences with his power and pace down the flank and created chance after chance for others in the team. Henry Worssam swings fiercely and sometimes hits the ball. He was top scorer and has added a more cultured distribution to a great nose for goal. Kyle Jordan runs into space beautifully and has improved his pass conversion rate greatly as term has gone on. Rory Lyon had the beating of his man each game and now completes the pass from the space he has created.

They have been a cracking bunch of lads to work with; their results speak for themselves and all that remains to be done is to thank Mr. Board for all the time and effort he has put in.

Barney Sandow]

THIRD XI HOCKEY

Played 10 Won 5 Lost 2 Drew 3

It has been a good season with plenty of positive play: even the 3 draws were winning draws which we could so easily have won had we put away our chances. Allport and Gilbert provided a cutting edge at different times during the season. Gilbert is not the most mobile of players, but skilful roofing short corners is not expected at this level, and Allport has a taste for dancing around defenders and then finishing with a huge back swing. Certain players have come on enormously, particularly Reeve, who has matured

and grown in confidence in the middle of the pitch. Troughton has shown some pace and appetite at right half and Empson has provided some good service from the right wing. Fenton joined the team half way through the season and he has shown good promise as a keeper. Captain White led the team with great aplomb, having forced his way into the reckoning with some excellent performances lower down. A good season played with excellent spirit.

Tony Lewis





Sports Review

FOURTH XI HOCKEY



The Senior 4th XI had a good season, with many players constantly knocking on the door of the 3rd XI squad. The season began with an away match at Stamford on grass where we managed a 3-3 draw. Graeme White made an excellent start to his season and it was already clear that he would soon be moving up to the 3rd XI. Next came Bloxham at home where we had an outstanding 9-0 win, including goals from Graeme White, Tristan Hirst, Josh Chandler and Alex Ayoub. Other wins came at Shiplake (3-0) and again against Bloxham (3-1) with an excellent goal from Max Strivens. We had narrow defeats at St. Edwards, Abingdon and Radley with goals from Tom Allport and Josh Chandler. In defence Alex Howard, Jack Peile, Mathew Payne, James Richardson and Bertie Cassels

were always totally reliable and Bertie also caused the oppositions many problems running from defence into attack on several occasions. There were solid performances throughout the term from James Bradshaw, Charlie Allport, Tom Allport, Allan Cameron, Alex Sainsbury-Bow and Nick Hill and our goalkeeper Robbie Parry who was outstanding. I was particularly impressed by the enthusiasm and improvement over the term of some of the fifth formers who joined the team, including Mathew Payne, Alex Sainsbury-Bow, Charlie Allport, Max Strivens, Ned Boyd and Tim Deacon. With a relatively young squad this year, next year should be an even better season. Well done to all players who contributed to such an enjoyable season.

Kerry Sumner

JUNIOR COLTS A HOCKEY

Played 9 Won 3 Lost 3 Drew 3

As the results would suggest, this season was a mixed one. However, they do not do justice to this Stowe Junior Colts Side. This team came into their Junior Colts year as a side that had won the County Championship, and got a respectable way in the National Knockout, beating some very strong opposition on the way. I would especially like to thank and congratulate BJLS for this excellent platform that he built in their first year, and there is no way they could have achieved half of what they did without his expertise.

We had a difficult start, not winning our first game until our fourth attempt against St Edward's. On the way to that first win, we had a thrilling draw with Bloxham in the fading January light, which was certainly one of the most nail-biting matches I have watched. The St Edward's win is a very noteworthy one, which really kick started some positive hockey from that point onwards. A strong Abingdon side dampened our spirits, with a very professional display. After this, the boys played superbly for the next four games. Some clinical finishing against Rugby, and Bloxham second time around, settled a few old scores. In our match against Shiplake, we tried our hardest to lose by giving away two pen-

alty flicks, but fortunately luck was on our side, and we managed a draw. It was disappointing to finish such a promising season with a loss against MCS, but in this game, as with all they played, the boys showed glimpses of some outstanding hockey.

In conclusion, I think that the 1st XI will be in very good order for the next couple of years. Providing these boys can continue this very steep progression from when they joined Stowe, in my opinion, at just the right time, they will find every success available. Another very positive thing for most of the Junior Colts to look forward to is the planned tour of Argentina and Chile in August 2006. This is a fantastic opportunity for the majority of this team to develop their hockey dramatically. I very much look forward to seeing these boys represent their school 1st XI, if not county, region, and country, at the very highest level.

Thanks for everything guys, and all the best.

Player of the season – Alex Jollivet.

Most improved players – Jimmy Bruce and Sam Scott.

Philip Arnold





Sports Review

JUNIOR COLTS B HOCKEY

The Junior Colts B had a season of two halves. They began with an excellent win over Stamford, the only Stowe team to do so that day, but then lost to Bloxham (Ludo de Ferranti was outstanding on the left wing in this match) and Bradfield despite dominating the games and having the majority of possession. Heads had a tendency to go down early but a change in attitude saw a much improved performance against St Edward's (a draw - with Jimmy Bruce, Dominic Woods and Samson Steiger-White the outstanding players). Next there was a loss to a particularly strong Abingdon side, in which we gave away too many short corners. There were good performances here however from Carlo Fountaine and James Leet-Cook (our most improved player of the season).

After half term we gained consistency and were unbeaten. We scored draws against Rugby, Bloxham, MCS Oxford, and the highlight was a 7-0 demolition of Shiplake College. Jamie Hirsch scored 4 in this match and generally had a good season as centre striker. Sam Hunter was very solid as centre back and Richard Lamb must take a lot of credit for consistently good performances and captaining the side with gusto. Late in season Harry Benyon, Nick Anson and Jack Leech came into the side and immediately looked the part. On the whole it was a successful and enjoyable season for the JCB team, and I would like to thank all the players for their efforts.

James Knott



YEARLINGS B HOCKEY

The team played with enthusiasm and determination despite some very strong opposition, especially Uppingham, Oundle and Perse. Particular credit goes to the goalkeepers, Ben Cattell and Luke Davison, and the ef-

forts in midfield of Jack Berner and Fred Hicks. They were a great group to work with and showed much promise for the future.

Paul Board

YEARLINGS C HOCKEY

The Yearlings C team had an enjoyable season where wins were hard to come by but they played the game with spirit. The highlights were two 3-0 wins against Stamford and Mill Hill. Milo Drake had a very good season, scoring many goals, including a hat trick in a losing cause against Loughborough Grammar School (4-3). Luke Davison and Freddie Greenish shared the goal keeping duties and it was difficult to pick between them. Oli Ayoub, Freddie Hicks, Toby Dunipace and Monty Lewis showed talent in the midfield and Row-

ley Barclay used his electric pace to run round the back of opposition defenses on the wing. A late arrival into the team, Matthew Gibson, finished the season well. At the back the two Henrys (White and Pilleau) played well and thoroughly deserved their call ups into the Bs - with Henry Pilleau going all the way into the A team squad where he recently scored four goals in a County Cup fixture. Rob Barnard improved with every match and became Mr Reliable in the back four. Other players were in and out of the side but



YEARLINGS E HOCKEY

The Yearlings E team only had three matches of which they lost two and drew one against Oundle. This was their best performance, turning around a 3-0 deficit at half time. They finished the game well on top and with an extra five minutes to play would have been the victors such was their domination by this time. Players of note were Zandie Trevor, Richard Hay, Will Tobin

and Jack Rose. Nikolai Ugland and Harry Parker also need mention for their efforts and were rewarded by promotion to the Ds by the end of the season. William Page-Ratcliff was very good in goal and was easily up to C/D standard.

James Knott





Sports Review

YEARLINGS A HOCKEY



This year's Yearlings are the most successful side that Stowe has seen on the national stage. They are one of the top 8 sides in the country and have shown they can hold their own with the very best sides in their age group.

Normally trials at the beginning of term throw up a few stars immediately. There were not the normal twinkles because this time there was strength in depth: quality across the A team. The first weekend's house matches gave us a better insight. The pace of Stefan Rogge, the way Harry Batchelor could pull the strings, Ben Smith's tenacity, Tett's predictive positioning were more apparent when they were in a little more space.

The side have developed hugely through the year. We play Uppingham and Oundle twice in the first term and it is a great test for how well we coach our sides. We lost first time out, as you would expect to larger schools with an excellent quality of intake, but we beat them both the second time round. At Oundle, goalkeeper Ben Manser kept us in the game, Henry Pillau gave us an out ball from a hard pressed defence, feeding Stefan Rogge and Will Anthony who ripped them apart to win comfortably with high quality counter punches. The victory against Uppingham showed how resilient this team was and the desire they had for the fight, hanging on grimly to a slender lead to clinch a thrilling victory.

Ben Manser in goal has the brains to get into the right place and with foot-work practice will go a long way. Marcus Fountain times tackles and distributes well enough to look like a quality player when he plays for the staff team. Will Scholfield battled with fitness but will have more to add as a cultured full back. Henry Pilleau is one of the fine products of the C team that shows we have the sense in the coaching staff to ensure that the cream does rise to the top at Stowe. Michael Warner has pace to burn and the eye for a ball to ensure he is beaten less frequently than Lizarazu in his pomp. Felix Stevenson adds physical presence and a sweet jab to our miserly defence. Olly Tett always appears to have time and breaks up attacks and gives us the option to hit long balls as well as play pretty short hockey. Our midfield oozed quality: Batchelor, Forrester and Blayney can all beat a man to penetrate into the final third. It is very tough to marshal a defence against so many potential points of attack. Upfront Stefan Rogge has pace to scare and close control that is deceptively effec-

tive. Will Anthony needed encouragement and new wheels but has shown that he is a match winner on his day. The outstanding player in a cracking side is our regional player Ben Smith. He has the ability to lift the side above the mediocre and fight to raise the play of those around him through sheer bloody mindedness.

After a first term of improvement and consistent progress we started the national campaign in convincing style, winning the first few with cricket scores (even Felix got on the score sheet). The county final came the day after a bruising rugby encounter that meant we were facing a strong RGS High Wycombe with only 10 fit players. Fortunately John Moule spotted Hugo Empson on a distant rugby pitch: he was hauled onto the astroturf with grubby knees, shoved into my trainers and scored the winning goal with my stick.

As county champions we represented Buckinghamshire at the South East Regional Championships, playing the other county champions. Jamie Hirst came into the side and added a further cutting edge that made us irresistible. We blew the opposition away! South East regional champions!! Through to the Nationals!!

The quarter final was against the Perse School Cambridge to whom we had lost 6-1 in the regular season. I knew we had improved but had we improved enough?

The game started well as we went 1-0 up: parents, players and the odd diminutive coach leapt for joy, but 3 crucial injuries robbed us of our fruitful penalty corner team and we ended up going down 2-1.

So near and yet so far: Perse went through to the National final; our boys are as good as that. If we had been fully fit, if I had put Hirst to centre forward earlier, if if if. But ifs don't win championships.

What is certain is that we have an exceptionally talented group of youngsters who have made amazing progress. They will be excellently stewarded by Richard Pickersgill and Philip Arnold in the future and I look forward to watching from afar to see if they can get right to the top of the tree.

For their age, for their never say die attitude, for their ability to learn, they are the best I have ever worked with.

Barney Sandow





Sports Review

LACROSSE

The autumn of 2004 saw two very successful seasons for Stowe girls' lacrosse. The 1st team played ten games and only suffered two defeats and the 2nd team had an impressive three victories in five outings.

Both teams' win lose ratios, although very good, was not the defining mark of this term's lacrosse. The ability of the teams to come together and create an ethos of self belief and pride in their team-play was the most successful achievement this term. The support of both the teams for each other was extremely impressive, with players being very willing to move between the teams to help out in any way they could.

The second team started the season with two straight losses, which saw them unable to score in both games. The team was playing well but with most players only having picked up a stick for the first time they were not receiving much reward for their hard work. Milly Beddall, Maha Rous, Clare Floyd and Antonia Morrison volunteered on several occasions to give up their place on the first team and assist the second team. The ploy worked and the second team went on not only to score goals but record three straight victories.

The traffic was not just one way. The second team also provided players for the first team. First year players Emma Lovett and Esther Wegner made amazing transformations from having never played lacrosse before to establishing themselves as first team members.

We have been very fortunate this year

to have had two incredible characters playing for us in the position of goal keeper. Anna Semler and Eleni Melzuanik deserve all credit and praise one can muster. To have the courage to play in the goal is noteworthy, but to work as hard as these two have has been exemplary.

Clarissa Knox, our most outstanding player of the term, also went on to represent Buckinghamshire in the county championship, where she performed very well. Alex Carter, Jo Lee and Alice Wiggett have all contributed a fantastic amount to the 1st team's success this season.

Thank you to all the team captains this year, and a particular thank you to Olivia Brabant who performed a very admirable, and very much unnoticed job, as the second team captain.

Well done to the Stowe boys who played their first ever game against Radley School an occasion that was enjoyed by all.

In a final note I wish to point out that all Stoics should be very proud of what their lacrosse teams have done this season. It is no accident that they have enjoyed so much success and it is no pipe dream that they wish to seek more success in the future, particularly at the national and small schools tournaments next term. Pride and self belief combined with some hard work out on the practice field hves seen one of our most successful seasons.

Damien Orr





Sports Review

NETBALL



The netball season began well: the U6th girls were enthusiastic and determined to improve on last season's efforts, while the L6th were just determined to make it into the squad!

It was clear from the start that Rosy Gurney's focused attitude, excellent skill and incredible level of fitness made her the obvious choice as captain of the 1st VII.

The 1st VII were an incredibly talented team this year: they showed dedication and finesse throughout the season and were unfortunate to keep narrowly missing out on victories. They began the season with two excellent games against Bloxham and Downe House, demonstrating their talent and ability to work as a team.

As the season progressed the girls secured two well earned-victories over Buckingham School and Bradfield.

The first team girls were very passionate about the game and really gave it their all on the court. Although they were disappointed at times to narrowly miss out on a win, they never let it affect morale and their efforts are a credit to the school. Girls who deserve a special mention for excellent play are: Rosy Gurney, Bella Stanley, Alex Levett, Francesca Savage, Romy Scarffe, Kate Murray-Willis and Katie Lamb,

who will be the captain next year.

The 2nd VII had an outstanding season, motivated by their excellent captain Clare Porritt and their inspirational coach, Lisa Greatwood. Although they started the season with a couple of losses they went on to have wins against Bloxham (twice), Piper's Corner and Tudor Hall. They also had two draws against Pangbourne and Bradfield. The girls' fitness and skill improved as the season progressed and they should be extremely proud of their efforts. Girls who deserve a special mention for excellent play and commitment to the team are Clare Porritt, Hermione Winterton, Olivia Pendered, Olivia Prichard and Jessica Reid.

The third team had a slightly low key season but were inspirational in their determined victory over Buckingham School. They came up against some tough competition during the course of the season but were always enthusiastic and enjoyed being part of a team. Araminta Thompson deserves a special mention for captaining the team and Georgia Raimes for being extremely scary in defence.

Overall, much promising talent was in evidence, which bodes well for next year.

Katie Callaghan



U16 BASKETBALL

The U16 had an excellent season, losing only to Eton and Bradfield. There were many close games, including Bedford, and the heart-stopping last match of the season – the local derby against Buckingham. The score was tied against Buckingham as the final seconds wound down. Stowe's towering Harry Duncombe blocked three shots, then as the final buzzer sounded, he took a shot and was fouled. He had two free throw attempts to seal the final match of the season: no pressure! He missed the first, to the delight of the Buckingham bench, while hearts started thumping on the Stowe bench. Then the second shot went up, hit the ring and dropped; cheers rang out and the team jumped on Harry in delight. That moment summed up the season for the U16 team: they gave 100% each game until the final buzzer, which is all a coach can ask for.

Naz Imam is a captain who will be

missed next year as he goes onto the senior team. He has led by example and had a strong appetite for victory each time the team came on to the court. He has inspired the team and helped them turn around matches when we were behind. We have a number of rising stars in the team in the 4th year, including Kris Bhromsuthi, Enrico Ayllon and Giles Hoare. A number of newer players also deserve a mention this season. Will Bond has come on as an excellent guard supporting Naz, and has clocked nearly as many points. His dribbling skills were excellent, taking apart defences on a regular basis. Jamie Gubbins and Harry Duncombe have also proved effective forwards and defensive players scoring many offensive rebounds for the team. Overall, a strong season for the U16 squad. As coach I am very proud of their sportsmanlike conduct and attitude. Well done.

Paul Gooding.





Sports Review

SQUASH

This year the 1st V squash squad was captained by Charles Sheldon; Cris Carter was vice captain. The squad was well coached and drilled by our new coach Fraser Liversage, and the 1st V successfully won 7 matches in 8 scheduled fixtures. A number of these results were against some stiff opposition, such as Berkhamstead, Rugby and The Oratory, and the future looks promising, with a number of younger

players emerging as potential 1st V players next year. The squad had its first international tour this year, with a visit to Luxembourg, where they took part in a number of tournaments. The experience has certainly put Stowe on the squash map, and the squad are keen to make this a regular annual visit.

Panos John



U19 BASKETBALL

Played 8 Won 4 Lost 4

Squad from:-

Aidi Zhang; Christopher Maitland-Walker *; Muhammad Alhaji (Captain) *; Kevin Wen *; Arthur Pang *; Mark Nelson *; Gary Higson (Vice Captain) *; Jay Lim *; Derek Wong *; Hwei Joon Kim; Sarayi Hatendi; Jack Coates; Manuel Poblador; Alex Tarlo *; Nasiru Imam

* denotes Colours Awarded.

Although it must be said that this has not been the most naturally talented of squads, they have more than made up for this with their superb attitude towards training and their commitment in matches. All through the term there has been an excellent camaraderie amongst the players. That does not mean to say that we have not had competitive training sessions; far from it. It is important to develop the competitive element in a game like basketball. Much credit must go to Mo Alhaji, who blossomed in his leadership role. His gentle friendly approach towards his team mates was certainly repaid with mutual respect.

Although we had big Jack Coates in the centre, we were somewhat lacking in the height department this season, which meant several of our smaller players had to 'post up' and play out of position. We were not particularly effective on the defensive or offensive boards and therefore struggled a little against the bigger teams. New boy Alex Tarlo was a revelation. He was quite effective inside for a small player

and hit 20 plus points a game on a regular basis. He will be even more of a threat next season if he can improve his outside shot. We really lacked fire power in offence as we relied far too much on the outside shooting of Gary Higson and Mo. As his confidence develops Kevin Wen will score a hatful of baskets: it is a real bonus to the squad that he will be staying on another year. We had to rely heavily on a quick transition game to score most of our points and Alex Tarlo's ability to get up and down the court on the fast break was superb. He was well supported by some excellent distribution from our point guard Mo with Jay Lim and Gary Higson filling the lanes well.

Due to the lack of height we had to rely heavily on our man-to-man defence, which turned out to be very effective as we had a fairly mobile squad. Gary Higson played excellent 'help defence' all season. Chris Maitland Walker and Mark Nelson also battled well in defence against opposition who were usually taller than them. The results show some fine wins early in the season and two epic tussles against Bedford, both of which we lost narrowly. The only game where we were truly outclassed was against Bradfield. The team lost a bit of confidence after that game, but should be congratulated for their commitment throughout the season. Having coached schoolboy basketball for over 20 years, this must go down as one of my most enjoyable seasons.

Isaac Michael





Sports Review



CROSS COUNTRY

The term finished with a good turn out for the Old Stoic race on the last Saturday: Wellington College joined in this year which gave the school team a close fight; the Old Stoics could not match their efforts of last year and the school team won over both.

During the course of the season there were many fine individual and team performances. Among the girls Katie Lamb, Frankie Dickens and Olivia Prichard were all selected for the county team for the English Schools Championships.

The best result of the season for the girls came at St Albans where we led the relay race at the end of both the first and second legs before fading a little, but still won the team bronze medals. Olivia in particular had a very good run, winning the individual bronze

medal for the 3rd best time of the day.

The boys' teams had some good results during the term. At Wellington they took some notable scalps: Charterhouse, Cranleigh, Eton, Radley and Wellington. They followed this up by beating Rugby, St Edwards, Christs Brecon and RGS Worcester at King Henry's.

It was no surprise therefore that they became the Buckinghamshire County champions in February and had 5 runners, Ben Gaffney, Keith Wood, Tom Bailey, Will Bowkett and Andrew Wood, all selected for the county squad. The inter schools matches finished with a good result down at Worcester, beating Worcester, Wrekin, Old Swinford Hospital, King Henry's and KES Birmingham

Tony McDaid

FENCING: TROPHIES COME TO STOWE

Fencing is very much a minority activity at Stowe, but it is thriving for the small group of enthusiasts who pursue it regularly, usually a little over half a dozen each term. Over the last year the Fencing Club has started to realise its potential. With a few practice matches for experience under their belts in the Autumn term, the team are improving and are hoping for more victories next year.

The Easter term saw some real success. During the second exeat a team of three fencers, Charles Price, Edward Lotto and Fencing Club Captain Alexan-

der Paull, competed in the U18 regional foil competition and beat all comers to take the trophy.

Two Stoics also competed in the National Public Schools Championship: Charles Price came 28th and Alex Paull came 125th, out of many hundreds of entries. Charles Price also won the county event and came second in the southern region, and within the top fifteen in the nationals. This augurs well for the future of the Fencing Club at Stowe.

Alexander Paull (Club Captain)

GIRLS' TENNIS

This term has been quite challenging for the girls involved in team tennis as they have all had to work towards AS and A2 exams.

The tennis played over the season definitely showed a marked improvement, particularly as a direct result of the extra effort from the girls who formed the nucleus of the team. This meant we were able to rise victorious over Bloxham and Buckingham School. Well done to the core group of U6th and L6th girls who played in those matches and a special mention must go to Clare Porritt who was an outstanding Cap-

tain.

After a close fight, Nugent were victorious in the House match. Well done to all who participated

The Captain of Girls Tennis for the 2005 season is Olivia Pendered and the Vice Captain is Cressida Brothstone, who both received their colours.

Colours were awarded to the following for participation in matches over the 2005 season:

Kate Winsor, Hermione Winterton,
Clare Floyd and Theo Warre.





Sports Review

FIRST VI TENNIS

Hamish Scott captained the School 1st VI this year. He played as no.1 pair and was partnered by the ever present James Bradshaw, a lower sixth former in his 3rd year in the 1st team. These two won considerably more sets than they lost, combining Hamish's all out attack attitude with James' steady ground strokes. Hamish led with a pleasant, laid back and fun approach to training and matches, which contributed significantly to the enjoyable season shared by both the 1st and 2nd teams.

The 2nd pair comprised the lively duo of 'Robbo' and 'Troughts'. We, and I'm sure they, never quite knew what was going to happen from match to match, as a somewhat wild shot was often followed by a screaming pass. They certainly enjoyed their tennis and can both claim to be very solid players indeed. Playing at 3rd pair were Alex An-

gus and Charlie Beldam. These two worked hard on their games all season and definitely improved in all areas. They also managed to pull off some superb results, beating the higher ranked pairs from other schools. Again they played positively throughout and made up a fun filled, good humoured team.

With 3 wins and 5 losses against school teams, the overall results were not as successful as Stowe has become used to in the recent past. Stowe has built a strong reputation and some schools got their own back on us after heavy defeats in the last two years. Wins over Warwick, Royal Latin and Bloxham kept spirits up, among some tough matches against the likes of Shrewsbury, Uppingham, Oundle, Abingdon and MCS Oxford.

Many thanks go to Dennis Ross for his coaching assistance.

SECOND VI TENNIS

Many players could potentially have played for the 2nd team this year. There were real difficulties with selection, as the strength in depth ran right through the 3rd team. At first pair, Max Darby and Henry Worssam proved to be players who could become real forces next year if they add some more solid technical understanding and wiser shot selection to their obvious natural ability. Garry Higson and Robbie Parry formed a good experienced pair playing at no 2. They kept their games on steady paths whilst some around them tended to fluctuate rather more! Ed Joudrey partnered Tom Tett as the 3rd pair, another somewhat volatile concoction, but both played very competi-

tively and were desperate to win throughout. The lower sixth formers developed rapidly this year and with some attention to their games throughout the winter, they may well provide the backbone for a solid team next year.

The Stowe second team had not been beaten since the 2000 season, but all good things must come to an end, and it was Oundle who finally ended the run. This was a reflection of the opposition's strength rather than our weakness and the team bounced back with some good victories against Shrewsbury, Abingdon and Bloxham.

Craig Sutton



James Robson and James Troughton rehydrate after beating Warwick on a scorching day on the Shop Courts



Alex Angus, Hamish Scott, Charlie Beldam and James Bradshaw: happy and humorous as ever.





Sports Review

TENNIS IN BRIEF



Colts

The squad has varied a little this year due to injuries and the need to look at different partnerships. The first pair have predominantly been Charlie Empson and Dominic Farr who have played well together demonstrating a good understanding and team work.

Our second pair, Ned Boyd and Kyle Jordan, had the ability to produce some quality strokes and whilst they were in front played with confidence.

The two foot soldiers in the thirds, Ben Nesbitt and Raffi Bilenjjan, lacked a little finesse but never the less were effective and often achieved results against supposed better opposition. It is a tribute to their tenacity that not only did they win their matches they often provided the vital win to help deliver victory for the whole team.

Two easy victories against the Royal Latin and Bloxham were quickly followed inside 4 days by two heavy defeats at the hands of Oundle and Shrewsbury. With the season now in the balance and heading towards meltdown it became a test of character as to how the boys would address the slide. To their credit the rot was halted with a stirring victory over Uppingham that was then followed by comprehensive wins over MCS Oxford, St Edwards and Abingdon, producing the term's statistics of 6 wins out of 8.

Alan Hughes

Junior Colts

The season was given an excellent start weather-wise and the boys were

very keen to show their coaches how well they could perform. Unfortunately, we met a number of schools with very strong sides and this meant that the Junior Colts A team won just 3 of their 6 matches. The Junior Colts B team gave a wonderful performance by winning the only match that they were able to play against Magdalen College 5 sets to 4.

Notable performances were given over the whole season by Freddie Hall and Harry Benyon with Sam Hunter and Sam Barnard also showing excellent play and sportsmanship.

Kim McMahon

Yearlings

The U14 have had a mixed season, with almost an equal mixture of wins to losses. What I have been impressed with, though, as a coach, is that the team has battled hard and shown true sportsmanship, even in very close matches. Forrester and Schofield have made a strong first pair, serving consistently and attacking the net at every opportunity. Raymond and Drake have also made a strong contribution this term, stepping up to first pair status during cricket fixtures and coping remarkably well. Other strong contributions worth mentioning have been made by Warner, Rogge, Blayney, Morris and Porritt; each have made significant impacts on the squad. Well done: a strong appetite for tennis has been shown, which is encouraging for the future of Stowe tennis.

Paul Gooding





Sports Review

GOLF

Seniors: Played 12, Won 2, Lost 7, Drawn 3

Juniors: Played 2, Won 2

Following the huge successes of the past two seasons this was inevitably going to be a time for rebuilding. No regular players from last season's side were left and inexperience was bound to be an issue. The highlight of the year was the team's fine performance at Woking in the Micklem: to win the Plate when Eton had thrashed us in the first round was a brilliant effort. In the regular school fixtures the team was very changeable and all sorts of different players were given the chance to represent the school. Against highly accomplished opponents there were many impressive matches played; some of the results were very close indeed and with greater care and effort I am sure we could have won more often. It was particularly encouraging that our juniors won their two fixtures:

next year I hope to organise more matches for them. Stoic golfers have the chance to play on some outstanding courses: this year we have played at Woking, Collingtree Park, Frilford Heath, Hockley, Broadway, Northamptonshire County, Huntercombe and Radley. Our own course is kept in superb condition and each pupil here has the opportunity to play; lessons from the Pro at Buckingham are also on offer each week so that golfers of all standards can improve their game.

House matches:

Junior Competition: Winners Grafton

Senior Competition: Winners Walpole

School team: Ben Bannister, Oliver Howe, Will Blackham, Jean-Michel Hall, John Galvin, Charlie Sheldon, Josh Wheeler, Matthew Dalton, Chris Price, Chris Carter, Patrice Philipp, Stefan Rogge.

Richard Knight



BADMINTON

The season was again filled with some great badminton played by both the girls and boys. We have been very fortunate this season to have had Peter Jeffrey available for coaching, a member of the England squad. Peter's skills, coupled with the enthusiasm of the students, have again started to build a strong team. The team spirit, particularly amongst the girls, driven by their Captain, Kathryn Elliott, has also been excellent and a real encouragement. The girls' team did not win any matches this season but their play and competitive abilities certainly developed so that given another season with them, I definitely feel that our rivals at Rugby, Bloxham and Uppingham would have been given a run for their money. Well done all! The girls' team captain for next season is Anike Nixdorf, and she certainly shows the same enthusiasm that Kathryn did for the sport, so great things are expected.

The boys' senior and colts teams have had a relatively satisfactory season

overall. The Senior team won the majority of their matches, led by their captain, Giles Gray.

Giles and his partner Arthur Pang made a very strong pair and lost only one of their games in the term. The colts only play a couple of matches and although they find this frustrating, it allows more time to get them trained up ready to take over from the seniors. The boys' captain for next season is to be Jean Michael-Hall, a very competitive player.

I would like to pass on the students' and my thanks to my colleagues, especially Panos John for his tireless efforts on and off the courts. Also to our Stowe Harvard Fellow, Sarah Dawson, for supervising some of the training sessions. Thanks also to Simon Collins and Iain Young for taking some of the matches during the season.

Kim McMahon





Sports Review

FIRST XI CRICKET

All matches

Played 22 Won 16 Drawn 3 Lost 3

Full matches

Played 13 Won 9 Drawn 3 Lost 1

Twenty/20 matches

Played 9 Won 7 Lost 2

However this season is judged, it must rank as one of the finest in the proud history of cricket at Stowe. The 1st XI won a remarkable sixteen matches (almost certainly an all time record), they reached the semi finals of a national competition (the national schools twenty20 cup), there were no defeats to other schools in regular fixtures, Uppingham, Rugby and St Edward's Oxford were all among sides beaten, three members of the side have earned national recognition (Graeme White, Mark Nelson and Ben Howgego), the Stowe Twenty20 challenge trophy was retained, and the school hosted its first ever county cricket (the Totesport league match between Northants and Gloucestershire).

There is no doubt that this was a talented side, and they were led by one of the outstanding school boy cricketers in the country in Graeme White. To score over 700 runs and take 55 wickets in a single season is a remarkable effort in itself, but he also led the side with a determination and confidence that gave them an edge. He was brilliantly supported by Mark Nelson, a wonderfully gifted all rounder, and Adam Cossins, perhaps the most destructive batsman in Twenty20 cricket, and a wicket keeper with superb hands, as his stumping tally shows. Sadly all three move on from Stowe now, along with Rupert Rowling (always a word to say, but a very effective bowler in all situations, and slightly manic batsman), Harry Taylor (a disappointing season with the bat, but a calming influence, and superb hands in the deep) and Charlie Sheldon (an all rounder, whose chances were limited in his last year, but was capable of contributions in either department). Also leaving, after five years of fine service to the first eleven is Archie Leon, who was cruelly denied much cricket this summer, because of a knee injury. He tried to return, played in three wins, but then sadly aggravated the injury once more, and had to watch from the sidelines.

Of those who remain for next year, Ben Howgego stood out, and will captain the side in 2006. His century against Radley was pure class, as was his innings to ensure victory in the final of the Stowe Twenty20 challenge. The others to make major contributions were Rory Lyon, primarily as an off spinner, but also showing signs of useful middle order player; Jeremy Hinds, who played with such calm assurance in the run chase against Uppingham; Gareth Bateman and George Coote, who played minor roles this year, but should be ready to step up next year; and Chris Fenton who has the awesome job of replacing Graeme White as the left arm spinner, although he does seem to have the ability to take wickets. Others to play were Chris Carter, Harry Banks, Adam Forsdike, Charlie Walker and Jamie Hirst.

Of the games, it seems best to pick out just a few highlights. Against KCS Wimbledon, Mark Nelson and Ben Howgego added 174 in 17 overs, to turn a tricky situation into a crushing 8 wicket victory. Against Uppingham, Graeme White bounced back from being hit for an incredible five 6s in consecutive balls (all to the same shot, and going further each time), to score 97, and take his side to the verge of a 3 wicket victory. Abingdon's total (81) that took 46 overs to put together was overhauled in just nine overs. Radley's bowlers were put to the sword in a total of 266 for 7, based around Howgego's century, before their batsmen decided to give up the chase, and block out the last hour, despite being only four wickets down.

The Templars were beaten for the second year in a row, despite the absence of White and Nelson for most of the innings, as they were receiving prizes in the speeches. Rugby were dispatched, despite batting for 70 overs, with time to spare, thanks to Graeme White's 101 not out. Dauntsey's were hit into submission by a brutal innings of 73 from Adam Cossins in the Twenty20 quarter final. Run out in the tenth over of the innings, he was denied what would have been a remarkable century. Bedford escaped with a draw, when some poor shots and a remarkable catch hampered what would have been a great run chase (in 38 overs, compared to their 72). Westville and St Edward's were both victims of





Sports Review

FIRST XI CRICKET

Graeme White's remarkable all round form, as he claimed 5 wickets and fifty in both matches.

John Fisher put up stout resistance, but were edged out, with Charlie Sheldon hitting a six to bring the win, set up by Ben Howgego and Chris Carter. To finish the season, the Stowe Twenty20 challenge was won easily, with three crushing victories. Howgego's 80 in the final was a superb knock, while Rupert Rowling produced his best figures of the season to claim 4 for 19.

The only down sides were the three defeats. First to Cheltenham in the Twenty20 group, when run outs became common, and panic set in. Only

a superior run rate let us through to the knock out stages. Then, the MCC, when a bold decision to bat first backfired through poor batting, and a fight-back in the field was halted by PRA (41 not out). Finally, in the semi final of the national Twenty20 to Hampton, when the situation seemed to get to us, having reduced them to 17 for 3. Mark Nelson's early excellence was wasted, as they made 140, and we then threw away wickets at the top of the order. White stood alone, as his ship went down, and it was a shame that they didn't get the Edgbaston final that they deserved to top off a remarkable year.

Chris Townsend



GIRLS' CRICKET

For the first time in Stowe's history the school fielded an all girl cricket XI. Stowe played two games against Uppingham School, with the first of these fixtures being played at Stowe.

Katie Ann Lamb and Laura Gillingham captained the team with great enthusiasm and quality leadership skills.

The games were conducted with a slightly altered set of rules to normal school cricket. Each batting pair would face a maximum of four overs and when a wicket fell they would simply change ends and have four runs subtracted from their score.

Stowe played valiantly in this first home fixture and narrowly suffered a defeat, but notable batting and bowling performances from Katie Lamb and Kate Murray-Willis meant that we were looking forward to the return fixture at Uppingham.

After the hour and a half journey to Uppingham Stowe found itself in beau-

tiful sunshine and ready to play our second ever fixture of girls' cricket.

Having won the toss and elected to bat, Uppingham put on a strong performance on their home turf. Stowe fielded and bowled very well and managed to limit the number of wides and no-balls that were bowled in the first encounter.

Batting second on a wearing pitch the Stowe openers Gillingham and Lamb got Stowe off to a steady start and set up a nice platform for Stowe to chase victory. However the loss of wickets due to Stowe's inexperience of running between them made the difference in this encounter. Uppingham again managed a victory by a very small margin.

The introduction of girls cricket has been an immensely enjoyable experience for all the Stoics and staff.

Damien Orr





Sports Review

THIRD XI CRICKET

Played 5 Won 2 Lost 3

This has been a short but spirited season in which many of the boys have performed well. Although we won only 2 of the 5 matches played, at least 2 of the other fixtures could have gone our way had the luck been with the team.

Tom Allport performed well with the ball, taking 5 wickets against Uppingham, with Gary Cooper (occasionally 3rds and sometimes 2nds) hitting a good 30. Abingdon were beaten by 8 wickets, whilst Radley provided tougher

opposition. Bedford Modern went to the final ball with Stowe losing by 2 wickets, but the season ended on a high when Stowe made 263 with Bedford being bowled out for 251. Charlie Margesson captained well when his shoulder was in place; Ollie Carr provided entertainment behind the stumps with rare flourishes with bat in hand. There were some good contributions from some up and coming Colts players including Chris Price and Alex Sainsbury-Bow.

Tony Lewis



COLTS CRICKET

The side played 4 games this year, with the 5th (Oundle) being lost to the weather. Chris Price captained the team with great enthusiasm, leading from the front at all times and encouraging his players after every ball. Results were mixed: two wins against Uppingham and Bedford, a draw against a strong Royal Latin side and a disappointing defeat to Radley. Price and Harry Prince scored 50s in the opening game but otherwise the batting was rather inconsistent, whilst the leading wicket taker was Nick Anstey

with his threatening seamers. The season ended with a two day game at Cheltenham College, when 6 of the colts joined junior colts players for the first time. This was a real success in all respects apart from the result (Cheltenham won by 9 wickets): we were treated to a superb unbeaten century from Jamie Hirst, and 83 from Rory Lyon. My thanks go to all the players for an enjoyable term's cricket and I look forward to them going on to play cricket in the senior sides next year.

JUNIOR COLTS A CRICKET

Played - 7 (so far out of 8) Won - 4 (5!) Lost - 2 Drew - 1

The most successful team in the school last year as Yearlings (unbeaten), the Junior Colts had much to live up to this year. After a well attended and very beneficial pre-season, the Junior Colts season got underway in the rain! A trip away to Uppingham was our first challenge. Sadly this produced our first loss, in a game where one Uppingham batsmen batted very sensibly, scoring very well, sadly a feat not matched by any of the Stowe batsmen.

It was a poor start, the only consolation being that it was our first game and things could only get better. They duly did with a very convincing win against Abingdon two weeks later. Then came our biggest game of the season against a strong Radley side. Here, Radley batted first and posted a reasonable target in a large number of overs. Our bowlers did well to keep going, and were rewarded for their efforts. Our batsmen got off to a brilliant start, with

the opening pair of Mackintosh and Hirst looking as if they might get close to Radley's total. Unfortunately, when Hirst was out, the momentum switched. By the time we got back on track, we could not have realistically won in the number of overs they left us. This left the team with only one other option, the draw. Sadly it did not look like some of our boys knew how to 'save a game', and promptly got themselves out one after another. This was a bitter loss to swallow, as we had been in such a commanding position. It is in this arena, where the boys need to learn the skills needed for the longer format of the game, which a large number of this side will be playing in the senior squads next year. Lesson hopefully learnt!

After the Radley defeat, the Junior Colts went from strength to strength. A very pleasing fact, as the whole team contributed in some way to our next three wins and one draw: everyone's performances were peaking at the right time. As I write, we have one game left, against Bloxham, and if we win





Sports Review

JUNIOR COLTS A CRICKET

this one, it will be five wins out of eight this season. Despite it not sounding as impressive as last year, I believe the boys have improved dramatically. More importantly, they have matured into cricketers who, without exception, would all be very able to play an active part, if needed, in the 1st XI next year.

The highlight of the year for me was the parents and staff match against the Junior Colts Side on Speech Day. A

very willing parents and staff team, made up of 7 parents, including a certain ex-test player, Allan Lamb, lost to the boys in a thrilling game. A few cars were damaged in Allan's and some of the boys' innings, but more dented was the parents' pride I think! Thanks to all who made that such a special and entertaining day.

Philip Arnold



JUNIOR COLTS B CRICKET

The Junior Colts B team have had a very successful summer. We have played 7 games and had 2 cancelled. We have won 5 and lost 2. If we had played the two teams we lost to at the end of the season, I firmly believe that we would have won. The atmosphere within the team has been wonderful: the boys have wanted to win and have had a superb attitude towards training and playing. The team has been very ably led by Richard Lamb, who has grown into a really confident and mature captain.

There have been many team heroes this summer: Will Dunn, Archie De

Sales Le Terriere and Jack Leech have been consistent with the bat, Richard Lamb, John Beaumont, Freddie South with the ball and Samson Stieger White and Alex Jollivet in the field. There have also been many memorable moments: Samson's flick over the boundary, Alex MacIntyre's 100 not out and the win over Rugby at the Bourbon are just a few of them. I would like to thank all the players for all their hard work this season. I would also like to thank all the parents who have supported us so well through all weather conditions.

Richard Pickersgill

YEARLINGS B CRICKET

This year's Yearling B team was quite exceptional. Coming from an age group where there wasn't deemed to be much talent, they have produced results of the highest quality. It was a team which was quite rounded in its layout with an extremely strong bowling attack with the likes of Matthew Constant, Andrew Consett, Freddy Lynch and Toby Dunipace. Our batting style was quite aggressive and this often led to us making quick runs but losing wickets and ending up with a mediocre score. In this department Hugo Empson, captain Felix Stevenson, Ben

Manser, Freddy Lynch, Marcus Fountaine and Jonathon Wale showed good promise.

Our fielding at times was poor but generally we managed to out-field the opponents each week.

The Yearlings B Team showed promise throughout the season and have only lost one match as I write. They are a team who have shown a great spirit towards the game of cricket and more importantly have been excellent ambassadors for the school. Well done boys.

Mark Blew

YEARLINGS C CRICKET

After a disappointing start to the season (losing our first three matches to Uppingham, Radley and Abingdon), the turnaround started when our visit to Oundle was cancelled due to bad weather. This draw helped the confidence of the team and we achieved a comfortable victory over Rugby school by two wickets with Oliver Ayoub nearly completing a hat-trick.

Against Bedford the boys built on the win and achieved the second victory of

the season with James Robson scoring a magnificent 90.

Credit should go to all the boys for keeping their heads and composure even when they became frustrated by the disappointing results. In particular I would like to thank James Robson for captaining the side and leading by example both with the bat and the ball.

Matthew Pitteway





Sports Review

YEARLINGS A CRICKET



A pessimistic coach remembering the quality of last year - unbeaten till the final day of the season - looked a little forlornly at the 2004 intake in the practices of the Lent term. But we came away from Uppingham with a creditable draw and things began to look brighter. A good week, a win against Abingdon and we could face Radley with confidence . . . alas. For the best laid plans and all that. A weak Abingdon side should have been dispatched but run-outs galore, poor shot selection and we had only got 132. Still, at 94 for 8, we could have won but an excellent and gutsy 9th wicket partnership saw them home, and they deserved it. It was going to be a long season.

It could have become longer still without Jamie Hirst. Our import from the fourth form scored a magnificent 102 not out as we faced Waddesdon in the County Cup (next highest score 18) and with the opposition at 110 for 0 chasing an albeit unlikely 174 in 20 overs, panic began to set in. But a wicket fell and runs dried up and we won by 36 runs. But still not good. And Radley were next.

I remember Radley being 110 for 9 with one ball to go chasing 123 a few years ago and a massive - and reasonable - LBW shout going up. I turned it down and still regret it. No team of mine has ever beaten them and, unbeknownst to the team, I knew that this would be my last game against them while coaching at Stowe. I dared to hope but hardly. Yet they bowled wides galore, we recovered from 114 for 6 (Scholfield 32 and Morris 38) and made a decent 164 for 7 declared. Hope grew. And then came cricketing nirvana. Blayney 4 for 3 in his five overs; Morris 3 for 8 in his five, Tett 3 for 17 (including the last two in two balls); five were bowled; five got ducks and, magnificently, they were all out for 47. People might remember the wonderful Australia all out for 79 from 2005; I will remember Radley's 47.

Oundle was cancelled because of rain. Little should be said about the next round of the County Cup. With the opposition at 9 for 4, the coach suggested that we give some others a bowl, they made 97 all out and then turned out to have a quite magnificent left-arm quick. Seven wickets (for him) later and we had lost by seven runs. At least it was a cracking game. Suffice to

say that the coach has not yet heard the last of it. Oh dear.

But back to winning ways. Rugby were beaten in a feisty game with us defending 113 all out and winning for 13 runs. Tett's 35 was excellent on a poor pitch and basic accurate swing bowling from Morris (4 for 29) and Porritt (3 for 13) saw us home despite their opening partnership of 47. And then we started scoring runs. St Edward's were panned around the park by a lucky but clean hitting Will Anthony who scored a speedy 93; the first fifty of the season was quickly followed by the second from Freddy Greenish (52) and we won by 100 runs. And the following week, Bedford seemed to bring out the best in our team for some reason (possibly to do with the coach's impending defection there) and we won comfortably by 60 runs.

Suddenly the season looked rather good. In fact, unbeaten in school matches with the exception of the aberration against Abingdon. We entered the Festival with confidence. We heard Cheltenham had drawn against St Edwards and narrowly beaten Radley. We had thrashed them both. But oh dear. Luke Porritt was bowled first ball against Whitgift and despite a good last wicket partnership between Dunipace and Forrester, we simply did not get enough. A six wicket defeat. We got even fewer against Cheltenham (Greenish' frenetic 47 provided half the total) and lost by eight wickets. And at 58 for 5 chasing 158 to win against Ardingly, the wooden spoon beckoned. But a magnificent and gutsy (if not very stylish) partnership of 82 between Forrester (34) and Empson (45) and lots of byes took us close and we won by two wickets. The Twenty20 the following day was going very well with Ardingly beaten and Cheltenham struggling, but a downpour ended the season with a little anticlimax.

If Porritt could run between the wickets, Tett fulfil his talent with the bat, Greenish calm down, Scholfield add quicker scoring to his undoubted batting proficiency, Anthony add a little shot selection to his excellent eye, Morris avoid the temptation to hit it in the air to deep fine leg, Blayney avoid broken wrists, this can and will be a very good side further up the school. And if they play like they did against Radley, then all is well, and more than





Sports Review

YEARLINGS A CRICKET CONTINUED

well.

It was an odd season. Let's get it right: the coach thought we were bad . . . and we beat Radley. The County Cup looked easy . . . and we lost. We entered the festival on a high and played like idiots for the first two and a half

days. It's a funny old game. But we beat Rugby, Bedford, St Edward's; good by anyone's standards. And Radley. Oh joy.

John Moule

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE VS. GLOUCESTERSHIRE

Sunday 19th June saw the inaugural visit by Northamptonshire County Cricket Club's 1st XI to Stowe. Their opponents were C & G title holders Gloucestershire, this time competing in the Totesport trophy, complete with the one-day regalia – coloured clothing, white balls and black sightscreens. A glorious sun-drenched day brought over 2000 spectators into the school, the awe-inspiring landscape a brilliant setting for first class cricket and in stark contrast to the Northants home ground, Wantage Road. School Staff hoped to see the return of former pupil, Rob White, in the starting XI for Northants but he had to settle for 12th man duties, sharing the honours with current pupil and Colts A cricketer, Harry Nettlefold.

On a belting pitch, expertly produced by Stowe's Head Groundsman Steve Curley, the Gloucestershire Gladiators won the toss and elected to bat first. They started well, adding 53 for the first wicket before Louw and Phillips both got breakthroughs for Northants. They continued to build pressure with accurate seam bowling and brought about a top order collapse, reducing the visitors to 69 for 5. However, Hardinges (63), at first with Gidman (31) and then with the Ex-England player Mark Alleyne (26), set about rebuilding the innings, mixing sensible running with calculated boundary hitting. After their 45 overs, the Gladiators made a respectable 215 for 9 and gave themselves a chance of victory.

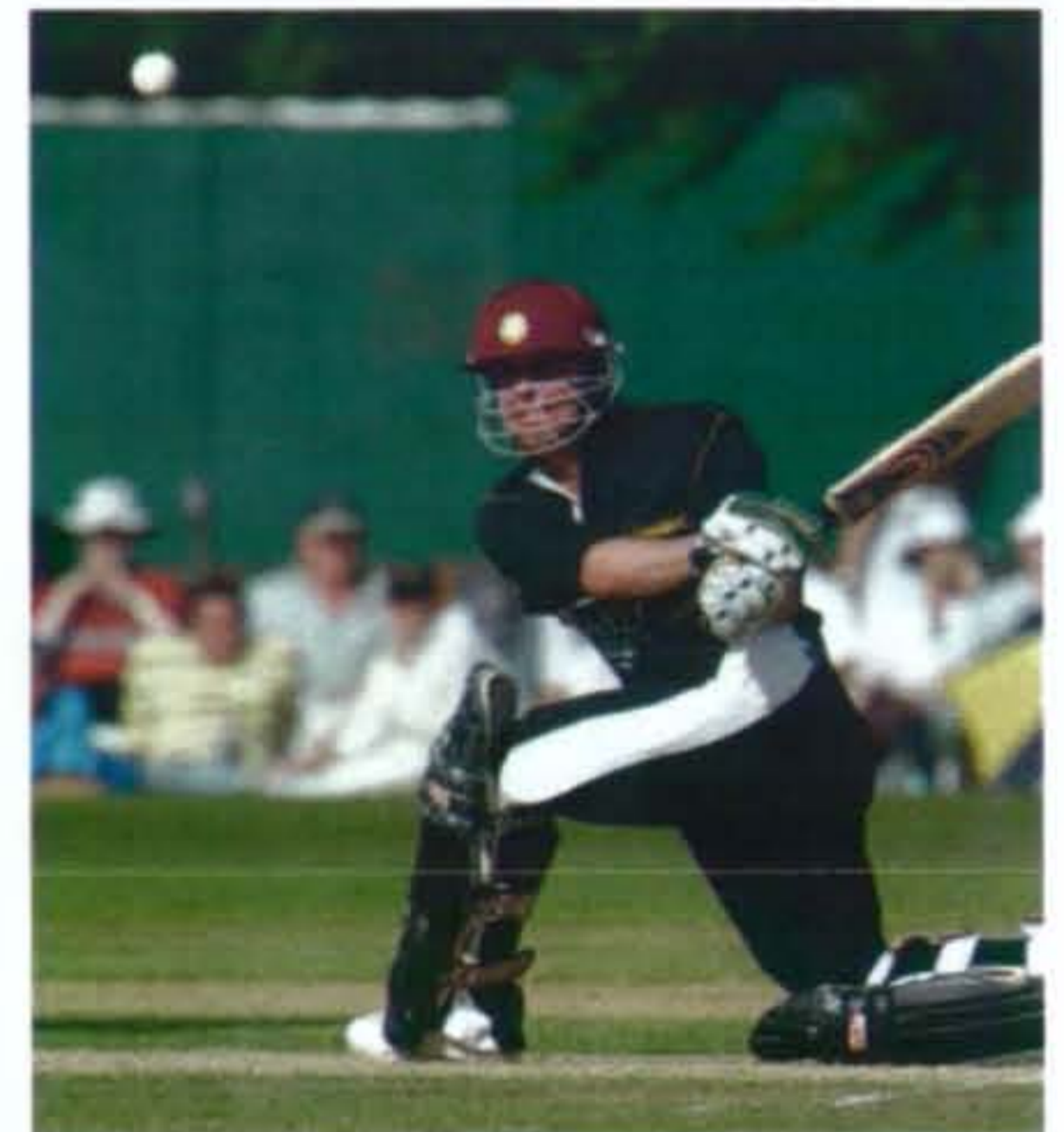
Northants Steelbacks set about their target in dominant fashion, with Tim

Roberts and Bill Shafayat putting on 166 for the first wicket, Roberts in particular scoring very freely, before he fell to Ball for 90. This started a mini collapse as the home side began to lose wickets. Shafayat however held his nerve while those around him lost theirs, and batted through the innings for a well compiled 97 to get the home side over the line with a comfortable 10 balls to spare. A great result for Northants on their first outing to Stowe.

The School was very honoured to have hosted the fixture and is proud that it has the pitch, ground and facilities to do so. It joins one of only 5 elite schools in the country to host first class cricket matches. It is hoped that this starting point of a one day match will extend to a week-long festival of county cricket for Northamptonshire CCC in the future. In addition to this fixture, the school put its excellent cricket facilities to good use throughout the summer, hosting two Northants 2nd XI fixtures as well as the England Ladies for their Super 4s competition. Add to this the finals of the Buckinghamshire District cricket and the Lady Taverners U15 and U13 festival and Stowe is building up an impressive external fixture list in addition to its own.

We are looking forward to hosting Northamptonshire County Cricket Club again in 2006 and hope to continue developing the close ties between school and county.

James Knott



Tim Roberts, who scored 90 from 85 balls.





Sports Review

REFLECTIONS ON THE INDIA TOUR



The colourful scenes of Delhi.

My wife went to India when she was 18. It changed her life. I remember when I first met her that she was a vegetarian; she had become so in India. She eats meat now but the longer-term impact of the country has not been erased. I have often wondered what the magic of the country really amounted to, and whether I too would appreciate it. I have long wanted to go. And, of course, they love their cricket. From a country where the numbers playing the game are dwindling (till now perhaps), the number of school grounds diminishing, where even in schools like Stowe the exam doom merchants cause havoc with the fixture lists - to a country where their best cricketer, Sachin Tendulkar is revered, is David Beckham and more, where on every patch of waste ground cricket is played, where we saw six separate cricket fields adjacent to one another in the centre of a city. A journey worth making. So, rejecting the conventional trip to South Africa, we planned for the unusual, the exciting school cricket tour. We planned for India.

Fifteen days is nothing. It felt as if we travelled far and wide and yet a glance at a map tells us how little of the country we even passed through or over. We did not see the real India, if such a term is not patronising: we were tourists staying in expensive hotels. We saw the sights we were supposed to. We travelled in an air-conditioned coach. Even the schools we stayed at, wonderful though they were, existed as enclaves, often of English Public School tradition, for the wealthy. We cheated really.

And yet we saw sufficient to experience enough. Enough, for me at least, to fall in love with the place, to want to go back, to explore further such a fascinating country. Each section of the trip was different, with different memories. In Delhi, the train station. A huge place with vast numbers of people, impossible to navigate without guides to help us; the feeling of helplessness as we tried to get our luggage to the right platform. I took one or two pictures with my digital camera and showed one of the images to a porter who immediately insisted that I take one of him. On seeing it, his face lit up with a simple delight: not saturated by technological familiarity and indifference, he appreciated its miracle.

At the Doon School in Dehradun: the

hospitality. What wonderful people they were. From the WG Grace look-alike Gursharan Singh (who quickly assumed legendary status amongst the Stowe coaching team) to the urbane and eloquent Headmaster. From the impressively well-spoken and imposing Head of School to the Deputy Head who suggested an annual fixture between the schools (and wasn't joking...). From the History-teaching Housemaster whose measures of whisky had to be seen to be believed to the magnificent former master i/c cricket who had not missed a game on the ground for fifty years. We lost a game we should have won (to Gursharan's delight) but for me, it was the best two days of the trip.

In Agra, THE MATCH. A crowd of 3000, permanent commentary, demands for autographs all day long, cadets armed with sticks to protect us (and using them) and a great game of cricket. We thought we had got the crowd on our side early on with some judicious walking around: they clapped some boundaries with enthusiasm. And then they took a wicket. Deafening. And to see their coach leading a pitch invasion late on to celebrate a 6 as they came dangerously close to forcing victory had to be seen to be believed. Our narrow win will be remembered for the cricket, but in actual fact, we came closer to Indian culture that day than on any other. Much closer than at the Taj Mahal the following morning. The Taj was the sort of place that you suspect beforehand might not be worth the press it gets... but believe me, it is. And the greatness of India's splendour when at it most splendid is reflected in the fact that it was only half finished; there was supposed to be a parallel black marble Taj Mahal on the other side of the river connected by a bridge of silver. Mmmm.

The road to Jaipur. Well, to be honest, the road to anywhere. It is difficult to describe the driving in India. Suffice it to say that the margins for error are somewhat different. A yard from collision brings out the shiver and the sweat in Britain; in India it is the equivalent of the recommended two chevrons. Our driver obviously had Grade Eight (Distinction) on the horn, was preparing for a life as a stuntman on the next Bond movie, and had an inbuilt sense of hierarchy that meant that his coach could be anywhere where he wanted it to be. A young boy



The reception committee for the game against St. Andrew's School : Agra.





Sports Review

REFLECTIONS ON THE INDIA TOUR

of about ten on a bike with no lights calmly walking the wrong way down the middle of a road at night in a city about sums it up. I even reversed the habit of a lifetime and began to think that Health and Safety might on occasion have a point. But we survived.

I wandered around Jaipur on my own for a few hours. I remember cows and camels calmly sharing the road with motorbikes, hundreds of street stalls each grossly overmanned, the noise and the smells. I was accosted by people wanting to sell all sorts of things and followed by beggars for hundreds of yards. I got hugely lost but was always consoled by the fact that a rickshaw was never more than about six inches away. The sheer variety and intensity of the streets was intoxicating. Then I took a rickshaw. I vaguely knew where I was and where I had to get to; the rickshaw driver went somewhere else. And suddenly I was on a busy four lane motorway equivalent with lots more than four lanes of traffic being taken the wrong way. Of course, it was his attempt to get more money out of me. I actually got a good ride out of it and felt extra specially proud to only pay a few rupees as the Guide Book had told me. Guilty, but proud nonetheless.

By the time we left Jaipur, we had played four and won three. Then to the Sagar School. Bizarre experience. Travelling for hours into the middle of nowhere to find a sumptuous school with only 100 students (and space for 500), a perfect cricket pitch with the hills as a backdrop and again, wonderful hospitality. A benefactor had built the school near to where he was born with apparently no regard to the fact that it was difficult to get to. But it was a great place when you did.

Mumbai was different; an internal flight took us to far more westernised sur-

roundings. The taxis were recognisable as such, not rickshaws (but still lethal). But to be trailed home from dinner out by a crippled woman demanding money was still shocking, still difficult. And the market was amazing. And the number of cricket grounds astonishing in the middle of a city. We were tired; we lost two games, the trip was coming to an end. But one last story. At our final game, we lined up before the match to be addressed by the doyen of our opposition who lectured us on lots of things. He then introduced us to someone who had made a century in 'Monsoon Cricket' (apparently the sporting equivalent of Don Bradman averaging 99 in Tests) who said a few words. Finally, we thought, we can play the game. But no. Another man was introduced who was a local notable and had 'seen much cricket in his years at this ground'. He spoke to us about 'discipline', 'discipline in the batting', 'discipline in the bowling' and then 'discipline in the fielding'. It was all too much for Mr Townsend and, sadly, myself. Giggles were only just suppressed.

But in many ways, that speech summed up India for me. They take themselves seriously, have remarkably traditional formalities, are wonderfully hospitable, a little eccentric, and love their cricket. A slightly fussy waiter in Agra was a little short with us when we arrived late for supper one night. When he heard we were cricketers, he rolled out the red carpet. As we now reflect on a wonderful summer of Ashes triumph, perhaps we can begin to glimpse how a country that loves its cricket might be. But it still is no match for India. I did not become a vegetarian but, like my wife, I loved the place. And I'll definitely return.

John Moule



The stunning backdrop for the game against Tagore Public School : Jaipur.



Archie Leon survives a stumping attempt during his innings of 38 against Payyade Sports Club : Mumbai.





Sports Review

SCULLING AND ROWING



This is the first year that it has been possible to row all the year round using Bedford Rowing Club as our base and as of the next academic year it is hoped that we will be able to extend the number of days available to participate in the sport by using rowing facilities nearer to Stowe.

Over this last academic year some 20 stoics has been involved in sculling/rowing with a nucleus of about 12 being able to develop their skills to novice competition level. We have an excellent four which by next year will be capable of holding its own in regattas in which we intend to compete; they have progressed from "oh dear!" to "wow!!" (in the words of Mike our Bedford coach) in just a few months. Our Stroke James Gold has been able to take the lead and help mould a crew that works as a team and that is a credit to the school. With James are, Sam Secombe, Robert Harrington and Marcus Bennett. The one with the big voice, Tom Bailey, our Cox has rapidly developed his skills and to his credit, hasn't (as yet) speared any other boats on the river.



These five along with our very capable and dedicated team member and single sculler Kathryn Elliott have all been awarded rowing colours for this year.

Others such as Genevive Howlin, Tim Field and Conor Curtis have gone from complete novices to very capable scullers and rowers, with Tim and Conor showing potential as a pair in the sculls.

We have managed to put an eight on the water on a number of occasions but school commitments, exams and the like severely restricted the number of times we could do this. For this reason the four was considered the best option; we will however continue to have the formation of an eight as a goal for the future.

There are also others who are helping to develop an excellent team spirit in a small but enthusiastic group of sportsmen and women and we look forward to welcoming others into our select group during the next year.

Sarah Print and Alan Longworth

SAILING

The summer term has again seen a good number of Stoics sailing, both novices and team members, girls and boys. The fleet of 420s at Great Moor has been brought up to standard and has given better sailors a worthwhile challenge, especially in the many windy afternoons of this season. Beginners have made good use of the Toppers on the Eleven Acre Lake at Stowe.

Only two regular members of the team remained from the previous season, so it has taken the team a while to rebuild. All its members on different occasions have proved their worth, but not yet regularly enough for many wins. Nevertheless, in some of the second matches in a series Stowe has been successful, showing the potential for another year. In the Eastern Championships of the British Schools Dinghy Racing Association the team did especially well, not only to cope with very strong winds, but also to be placed second in the plate series when time ran out.

I am grateful for the usual invaluable support of Dr James and Messrs Corbould, Hirst, and Sandow. We thank Mr Sandow for his skilled help to Stowe sailing in recent years and wish him all the best for warmer waters.

The Helmsman's Tankard: Alastair Russell

Housematches: Temple

Junior Pennant Competition: Xandie Trevor

Team from: Edward Lotto, Alastair Russell, Cicely Robinson, Jonathan Rudland, Christian Cook, Harry McCorkel, James Hampton, Hugh Birchall, Freddie Wojnarowski.

Colours awarded to: Alastair Russell, Cicely Robinson

Results: Radley: 0-3, MCS: 1-2, Bloxham: 1-2, Rugby: 0-2, BSDRA (Easterns: 2 won, 3 lost).

Michael Bevington





Sports Review

CLAY PIGEON SHOOTING

The Clay Pigeon Shooting Team has competed with tremendous enthusiasm this year and has received an infusion of promising younger shots. A number of boys made their debut at the West Midlands Schools Championships in March and performed very commendably. The A team was very unlucky to finish without a trophy in fourth place.

The next major fixture was the Warwick Challenge and Stowe competed very well over a testing course on a very cold day but finished fourth, once more, behind Warwick, Millfield and Bromsgrove. Quite unusually, the B team outscored the A team at this tournament. I think this helps to illustrate the fact that some of the boys have struggled to be consistent this year and others have produced some extraordinary scores.

The final competition of the year was the National Schools Championship held once more at Riseley in Bedfordshire. Stowe entered A and B teams who shot entirely different courses. The A team emerged with a very competitive score and looked certain to be placed in the top three but were

nudged into sixth place late on the second day of the tournament. The B team finished fourth overall on a very challenging course. Both teams performed with considerable merit in some awful weather conditions which included bitterly cold winds, rain and hail.

The Inter-House Shooting Competition was won by Grafton A with an excellent score of 51/60. Close behind was Temple A with 50/60. These two teams were vastly superior to their nearest competitors as Grenville A and Temple B teams shared third place with 34/60.

The Old Stoics triumphed over the School for the second successive year on Speech Day. Stuart Randall and his father won the Wyvill Cup for the third consecutive year.

Stuart Randall has captained the team superbly during his final year at Stowe and will be replaced by Ben Hussein.

Colours: Oliver Carr, Edward Cutting, Jack Peile, Frederick South, Patrick Tillard and Nikolai Ugland.

George Ford



ATHLETICS

The term got off to a very wet start in beautiful Birmingham. A match in Solihull kicked us off on the first Wednesday, followed by a trip 3 days later to Bromsgrove.

Dan Calvert and Stephen Li ran well in the sprints. Ben Gaffney and Keith Leon held their own in the middle distance races, captain dependable Stuart Coughlan putt the shot just as he has done so successfully for 5 years in the school team, but it was Mark Stormont throwing the Javelin to a personal best almost every time he lifted the spear who really set the term off well.

Bromsgrove was a first run out for the girls. Clarissa Knox and Katie Lamb looked likely to be the stars of the season, but Anika Nixdorf and Natalie McDaid provided the back up covering for a lack of numbers in all sorts of unlikely events.

The rains seemed to continue right through the first half of term, culminating in a famous non-fixture at Harrow when the coach had to turn back before it reached Buckingham in teeming rain.

The juniors and inters had a hectic schedule of matches and trials before

half term. Ben Corner kept up the Temple tradition of javelin throwing. The middle distance events were the domain of the Hunter twins, who successfully avoided each other all term, until a sweltering day in London saw them go head to head wearing county vests in the steeplechase.

The juniors were also well represented in the county team. Bint Bencharongkul, Rowley Barclay and Harry Burke in the hurdles all produced personal bests in county colours, but our top event this season had to be the high jump. We provided the entire Buckingham district boys teams in this event. Will Blackham edged in front of Dan Calvert in the seniors. Elliott Barnes proved very strong in the juniors but Matthew Gibson provided excellent back up, though pride of place must go to Tristan Hirst in this event with his season's best of 1 metre 78 cm, ahead of - would you believe it - the battling Hunter twins tied together on 1metre 55. But when it comes to training, guts and intelligent running the best performance of the term would have to be the win by Luke Sparrow in the junior boys 800m on speech day.

Tony McDaid





Sports Review

SWIMMING

Won 11 Drew 2 Lost 1

Senior Boys' Team

DMS Merritt* (cpt), A Ward*, MCR Kirchhoff*, DW Macdonald*, JWA Randall-Coath*, FJL Playfair, J Lim, HC Williams.

Senior Girls' Team

FKM Savage* (cpt), OC Prichard*, LH Greaves*, AF Morrison, C Dorenberg, A Levett, A Lees-Buckley.

Colours *

Inter Boys' Team

ETG Colville (cpt), DM Nahmad, AAH Lemdrum, SAE Hunter, JTR Hunter, SRC Morris, AJ Forsdike, AR Wynne.

Junior Boys' Team

JD Wale (cpt), MEC Drake, FJ Alexander, (Bint) Bencherongkul, E Crisford, OJ Tett.

Senior Water Polo Team

FJL Playfair* (Cpt), J Lim* (Goalie), ETG Colville*, DMS Merritt*, AT Dixon, DM MacDonald, HC Williams, JWA Randall-Coath, MCR Kirchhoff, DMJ Nahmad, AJ Forsdike, HRG Birchall, A Ward, HJT Yates (Goalie).

Colours = *

Won 2 Drew 0 Lost 6

Junior Water Polo Team

SAE Hunter (Cpt) JTR Hunter, SRC Morris, HW Burke, V Zivinic, JD Wale, MEC Drake, FAF Hall, TR MacDonald, NPE Anson, BJ Manser, W Dunn (Goalie), J Leech (Goalie)

Won 3 Drew 0 Lost 3

Swimming teams throughout the year have enjoyed considerable success. There have also been some excellent individual performances with personal bests and school records tumbling. Hard work, along with extra evening and early morning training sessions, has certainly paid dividends in competition where increased stamina and fitness have been evident.

The season began with the Swimming Sports in February. Last year it was time to pack up the lane ropes at the half way stage as Temple had garnered an unassailable lead, but this year, in the guise of Grafton there was a new house on the block. Their captain, Fer-

gus Playfair and vice Max Kirchhoff determinedly led from the front to win their individual races. As a house they continued to pick up good points across all the events but it was in the relays where their comradeship ensured that the overall championship was theirs, along with the senior boys' trophy and the title of relay champions. In the individual events Temple's Alex Ward continued where he had left off last year. He almost made a clean sweep of trophies by winning 4 out of a possible 6. It was no surprise that in baseball parlance he was lauded as the MVP as he was presented with the GEH-Spencer Trophy for Senior Boys Champion. In the girls event Linda Greaves set out to prove that whatever Alex could do she could go one better. Not content with winning her races, she smashed school records in the free-style, backstroke and individual medley. The intermediate boys' championship was always going to be close to call; David Nahmad, last years runner up, was going to have to fend off tough competition from fellow Templar Algeron Lemdrum and Grafton's Edward Colville. Algeron started off well by winning the freestyle, the backstroke was taken by Edward but David's successes in the fly and individual medley gave him the individual championship. It was also, thought that the junior championship would be down to 3 boys. However, a virus ended Bint Bencherongkul's challenge, so the competition was down to Jonathan Wale from Walpole and Chatham's Milo Drake. Ultimately the day turned out to be Jonathan's, with success in 4 races and a new breaststroke record, a second faster than Sam Hunter's old time. Milo's win in the freestyle gave him overall second place.

The competition continued for the swimming team at the County Championships held at Wycombe High School. It proved to be an eventful evening as Alex Ward stormed to victory in the Senior 100m freestyle, and in the 100m Butterfly David Nahmad secured silver in the inters, missing out on gold by only 2 hundredths of a second. The best swim of the day came from Edward Colville, smashing the school record for the 100m backstroke. In a field, or more appropriately pool, of 24 schools, the Stoics finished 2nd in the county, a superb result in an action packed month.

Later in the month, the school hosted



David Nahmad (Temple) Intermediate Individual Medal Minner



Algy Lendrum





Sports Review

SWIMMING

the second Stowe Inter-Schools Relay Championships. The success of the competition had resonated far and wide and we now had a field of 20 schools eager to enter the fray. Undoubtedly a larger field should produce a sterner test of ability and this was certainly the case on 10th February. New championship records were set across all categories. The times were of a very high standard and would have ensured their victors success in the Bath Cup, the zenith of independent school swimming held later in the year. The school equipped itself well by making 5 of the 6 finals, and the girls set a new school record in both the medley and freestyle events. This year the trophies were kindly presented by former swimming captains Kit Clucas (1960) and Gavin Merritt (1970), father of the swimming captain Dominic.

There is tremendous enthusiasm in the swimming camp, especially among the girls, where morale is high, as they continue to break school records. They have set new times for the medley and freestyle relays and Linda Greaves broke 5 individual records in one meet. The boys have enjoyed impressive victories against Oakham, Uppingham, Warwick and the schools from Bedford. We had fingertips finishes against Bishop Stortford and Stamford where the scales just tipped in our direction, but against Eton, the balance just

swung the other way. Towards the end of May the school travelled to St. Paul's to compete in the venerable Otter Cup. In all the years we had competed, 15th was our best position. The boys from 2005 proved to be of a finer vintage and captured 7th place. The next day, the boys again hit the M1, as we headed down to Whitgift to take part in the prestigious Bath Cup with a competing field of over 80 schools. Despite breaking our 4 x 100m freestyle time, we didn't make the finals. However, our team was young, and the time and their spirit bodes well for the future. If this progression continues, we should be pushing for a place in next year's final.

All that remains is firstly to thank pupils, parents, staff and the ever helpful matrons of Lyttelton, Walpole, Temple, Chandos and Cobham who have kindly acted as officials throughout the term. Secondly many thanks to my captains Dominic Merritt and Francesca Savage, not only for their powerful and determined swimming, but also for their exemplary captaincy. Finally I would also like to offer special thanks to Di Bisp, who over many years has contributed much to swimming at Stowe, and to Jacquie Berard-Spiers and Iain Young for their assistance and good humour.

Stewart Cowie



James Randall-Coath, Dominic Merritt, Gavin Merritt (Father, Chatham 1970), who donated the cup for senior freestyle, and Dominic Macdonald



Adam Forsdike gasps for breath



Alex Ward





Clubs and Societies

CREATIVE TEXTILES



The 2.50 bell rings marking the end of another day of lessons and a flurry of tired faces spill out between the grey classroom blocks, each already thinking of what is to be done next in the hustle and bustle of Stowe life. Every Thursday, for two years, I have enjoyed the comforting prospect, when stepping out amongst this bedlam, of retiring to the Creative Textiles Room for an hour or so of recuperating calm. The room is, at first, a haven of soft, colourful fabric, where small groups of pupils chat casually over the radio whilst pursuing their individual projects.

As the afternoon progresses, however, it will inevitably become filled with a flurry of activity as a chorus of voices call out "Mrs M...", each competing for

help to thread the machine, or to find the right dye. But somehow Mrs M manages to ensure that her attention is evenly spread, and under her guiding hands the opportunities are endless. There are always a number of high quality works under way, ranging from long, woven fabric rugs and knitting to tie-dye drapes and usually an assortment of cushions and bean-bags in progress, or someone working carefully on a batik or silk-painted wall hanging. This year there has been a particular trend for fluffy dice and needlefelt cushions, and there is always the opportunity to customise one's wardrobe or to produce a birthday or Christmas present.

Laura Hayhurst-France

DRESSMAKING



Once again, dressmaking has had a very successful year. On Friday afternoons, the Creative Textiles department welcomes those who have an interest in clothes. Stoics come to dressmaking with different ideas, and not only do they bring items to alter and customise, but very often students branch out with their own designs and create them. One of our favourite regulars is Cassie Fullagar, and this year she has been working hard to create her perfect Leaver's Ball dress, which I am sure, once finished will be the centre of attention! Cassie has chosen to make her dress from the cutest green silk, and is hand sewing all the beadwork, which takes a lot of patience.

The altering of garments seems to have been a favourite this year, along with the t-shirt transfer syndrome that many have had. My favourite thing to do in dress-making is to customise clothes, because it is truly awesome to see your designs and ideas come to life

in clothing. The most recent things I have made are a blue and white checked dress (complete with baby pink ribbon), and a punk style 'The Clash' t-shirt. Laura Hayhurst-France has been an inspiration to ballerinas everywhere and has made (among many other things) a really cool blue netting skirt.

One of the most crazy and outrageous items made this year definitely has to be Drew's furry, leopard print body suit. A rather wild idea on Drew's part but worth the mention as it is very unique. I have to wonder where he is planning to wear this garment!

Dressmaking is a fun and interesting activity, but we would not be able to do it without the time and watchful eye of Mrs. Mullineux, who always makes sure we do the best we can. Thanks Mrs. M.

Regan Gardner





Clubs and Societies

LITERARY SOCIETY

The Stowe Literary Society flourished this year under Dr Miller's excellent direction. English A-Level students were treated to a diverse and stimulating range of topics, ranging from the process of writing a novel, to Shakespeare, Chaucer and post-war theatre.

The literary year kicked off with a lecture from Jonathan Smith, author, playwright and Stowe's Writer-in-Residence. Mr Smith spoke to the Society about the process of writing his latest novel, *Night Windows*, from concept to publication, and was able to provide those budding authors among us with some extremely valuable tips.

Our parting gift at the end of Michaelmas Term was a visit from Dr Mike Woolf, a specialist in post-1945 drama (one topic for the A2-Level Synoptic Paper). Dr Woolf's excellent knowledge of this era offered the A-Level students an invaluable foundation for their studies. His observations on such renowned playwrights as Osborne, Pinter and Ayckbourn, amongst others, and his ability to relate their plays to not only theatrical but also historical context, proved most informative.

Michael Alexander, retired Professor of English at the University of St. Andrews brought the society into the New Year with a fascinating talk on sexual jealousy in Shakespearean drama – another core element of the A-Level syllabus. The importance of sexual tension in Shakespeare can never be underestimated, but Professor Alexander was able to enlighten the Society further as to its fundamental role in the process of *hubris* leading to *nemesis*, particularly in plays such as *Anthony and Cleopatra* and *Measure for Measure*.

February saw the annual Creative Writing Recitations of student work, an event organised in conjunction with the Literary Society. This evening is always inspirational, as it offers the whole School a glimpse of some of the amazing creative talent present at Stowe.

Stowe's creative talent was further showcased in Mr Moule's outstanding presentation of T.S. Eliot's *The Wasteland*. This evening consisted of a dramatic reading of the poem by some of Stowe's most talented performers (Edmund Jones, Alasdair Shaikh and Antonia Melville), accompanied by a

backdrop of haunting images, followed by Mr Moule's personal observations on the poem and his own testament to its magic. This event was possibly the Literary Society highlight of the year: the audience were left intrigued and spellbound by the power of Eliot's words.

Following the long Easter break, Literary Society members were treated to a visit to Stantonbury Campus Theatre to watch a Harold Pinter double bill. This was one of many theatre trips undertaken by the society over the academic year – others included *King Lear* at Stratford-upon-Avon, *Faustus* in Northampton, *A Streetcar Named Desire* in Oxford, and *The Tempest* at the Globe in London. Harold Pinter is a key author in the post-1945 drama module, so the chance to see more of his work was relished. The performances of *A Slight Ache* and *The Lover* were excellent, and perfectly showcased Pinter's bizarre yet astounding talent.

Unfortunately, all good things must come to an end, and so it was with a feeling of wistfulness that Literary Society members entered their final lecture of this academic year. This was presented by Malcolm Parkes, Fellow of Keble College and retired Professor of Palaeography at the University of Oxford. Professor Parkes investigated literary and graphic humour in the work of Chaucer. Particularly interesting in this lecture was the chance for Literary Society members to view photocopies of original manuscripts of Chaucer's work, and thus to be able truly to understand Chaucer's comic purposes in writing.

It has been an honour and a privilege to be involved in the Literary Society this year, and to be able to listen to the thoughts of such significant scholars on such monumental works of literature. The opportunity to see some of these works performed live has also been received most gratefully by the entire Society. Membership of this group has certainly broadened the intellectual and creative horizons of all involved. Next year will surely be another eventful and exciting journey through our literary heritage, which the society anticipates with excitement.

Marielle Cottee



Edward Hopper's Night Windows





Clubs and Societies

CCF



As ever, it has been a full year for the Contingent.

This year's Coldstream Cup was a first rate event with all the usual build up to the final afternoon of hectic but intense competition. After the obstacle course, the six mile march with lake crossing provided its customary challenge to individual will power, the shoot tested the ability to be calm when knackered, and finally, the drill phase explored the extent to which a group of stoics could teach themselves to operate in close harmony whilst looking smart. In a tight competition, Temple retained the trophy whilst Lyttelton were the top girls' house.

Our guest of honour was the Second Sea Lord, Vice admiral Sir James Burnell-Nugent KCB CBE ADC OS. (His office were curious about the OS – what does it stand for they asked... hah!) He came with his staff, and witnessed the competition, presented the prizes, and spoke at the dinner in the evening. The latter was once again a splendid occasion, and greatly enjoyed by all, not least by our many military guests whose uniforms brightened up the occasion.

This competition is always a time for reflection, and time to look back with enormous contentment on another great year. The highlight for me was our visit to Paderborn in Germany where we were the guests of the Royal Regiment of Wales. They had barely returned from Basra, and sadly, they had left their Warrior armoured cars behind so there was not the opportunity to charge around in 35 ton tracked vehicles at 65 mph. They did however lay on a cracking programme for us, and we had what for some of us was the weird experience of living in a camp



that had been the home of the German SS during WW2.

Whilst we were in Germany, Ray Dawson, the SSM, ran his annual Adventure Training Camp beside Bassenthwaite Lake near Keswick – another very successful venture making excellent use of qualified instructors from the military, and giving the cadets the opportunity to sail, canoe, walk, orienteer, mountain bike, rock climb, abseil, and plenty of other things besides. We also had our most successful RAF camp ever with seventeen cadets going to RAF Cosford for a week.

So, it's a massive thank you to all of those who help make the CCF possible. All the staff are terrific, and the senior cadets themselves have been first rate. We will undoubtedly miss the latter as they leave, but we do have a good bunch coming up to fill their spaces, and it is really pleasing to report that an unprecedentedly high number of the Fifth Form have opted to stay on into the Sixth – twenty three in all – we must be doing something right!

Finally, it is with a degree of sadness that we say farewell to Sub Lieutenant Greatwood – we will miss her as she moves to Rugby – and also Captain Gooding, who will be moving to Abingdon at Christmas. Both have been excellent members of the team, and both will leave gaps that will be hard to fill.

All in all, a first rate year, and we look forward to next year which will include our biennial inspection – our opportunity to show the authorities not just what we get up to, but also the quality of the cadets themselves.

Rev. Robert Jackson

CCF: A STOIC'S VIEW

This time last year I was part of a small group of Stoics who spent a week with the Royal Regiment of Wales in Senne-lager, Germany. This saw us 'playing' with simulator equipment used to train front-line troops, firing live bullets from a range of weapons, and conducting a night exercise against regular soldiers using a laser target system (not un-similar to laser quest, but with real guns).

Over the academic year I have seen this group (and the rest of the Advanced Infantry) develop into more co-ordinated and more co-operative cadets; with some even beginning to en-

joy (or at least put up with) the discomforts of soldiering.

The first field day with the entire Advanced Infantry contingent back in September was an ideal situation to see the typical Stoic attitudes towards CCF converted to determination and willingness to get tasks done (even if the incentives of a warm sleeping bag were to be thanked for this!). It is worth noting that many of the contingent went on to form key figures to their house team in the training for, and competing in, the Coldstream Cup.

Spring term saw the annual Stowe patrol competition. To be part of this





Clubs and Societies

CCF: A STOIC'S VIEW

small team was excellent; under the guidance of regular soldiers we learnt a variety of new skills and developed upon our previous military experience, whilst at the same time having a great time. We had a clear advantage on the route 'march' (a run with full kit and rifles), as we had trained on the precise route.

Directly following the patrol competition a group of us NCOs went on to join the Advanced Infantry field weekend. Despite the sub-zero temperatures, frozen water-bottles, wet clothes and hard ground, all persevered and managed to complete the remainder of the exercise the following day. This is substantial proof of how the 5th form cadets of Advanced Infantry have developed to endure the hardships and meet the demands of the CCF.

The cadets who are now leaving the CCF take with them a level of inde-

pendence and a hardened personality (knowing that they can survive sub-zero temperatures under a plastic sheet, and feed themselves in the wilds).

Another highlight to the CCF year was the familiarisation visit to the Royal School of Artillery in Wiltshire, attended by sixth form NCOs. This included live firing of the field guns (by no means very light at all), and enjoying the typical squaddie humour.

As I write, I am gearing up towards a week on a central cadet camp, at Longmoor, in a more leading role, with another small fresh group of Advanced Infantry intake. It is rewarding for me, and those in my position, to see the cadets that we have been leading over the last year taking over from us as we move up the chain of command and put into practice the leadership and military skills that the CCF instils in a person.

Will Bowkett



CCF ARMY SECTION

In the autumn term the advanced infantry section, Anderson Company, completed a series of blank firing exercises using the 600 acres available on the school grounds. The cadets learnt various military skills, including: section attacks, ambushes, occupation of a harbour and principles of good patrolling. The autumn field weekend took place to the north of Stowe and the cadets had a chance to extend their training. The morning attack came as a bit of a shock: the enemy had found the main harbour location and there was a rather loud awakening at 630am – the cadets mentioned later that they hadn't ever experienced an alarm clock quite like that!

During the spring term the field weekend was at Yardley Chase training area. Colour Sergeants Bowkett and Bonsall deserve special mention as they had already been on the Stowe Patrol Competition weekend. Despite being very tired they led their platoons extremely well, carrying out effective close target reconnaissance and leading effective section attacks on the infamous enemy: none other than the Silverstone Mafia! Lt Print was also pleased to have her own command and control vehicle.

The Army section also carried out a very successful day visit to the Royal School of Artillery on Salisbury Plain. They had a chance to fire the light gun, do some Army PT and observe troops

in action at close quarters. The close combat trainer provided a lot of entertainment, Major Jackson being a particularly good shot! We were also paid a visit by the Army air corps helicopter and cadets had the chance to fly around the grounds, which was most enjoyable.

My thanks go to WO George Walker who was a real asset on last year's Padderborn Camp with the Royal Regiment of Wales as well as leading the Anderson Company NCOs very effectively, winning the respect of the cadets: not always easy to achieve. Thanks also to Colonel Herbert of the Oxford University OTC who has provided officer cadets to help on our weekend exercises.

Thanks also to Ray who has coordinated all the liaisons with the National Trust to get land to train on as well as providing a plentiful supply of logistics and ammunition for field weekends and summer camps. Without his input the cadets' experience wouldn't be half as much fun.

The success of the year can be measured by how many 5th formers in the Army section wanted to become NCOs: we had over 20. In this regard it has been a good year for the CCF and satisfying for the staff to see the cadets grow in confidence and leadership.

Captain Paul Gooding





Clubs and Societies

CCF RAF SECTION



Some 20 cadets attended an excellent Summer camp at RAF Cosford where they integrated as part of an operational Air Force base. Activities on offer included a tour of the hangars housing Jaguar aircraft, an exciting and demanding night exercise, shooting, a tour of the excellent aircraft museum and of course the opportunity to fly. The academic year has seen many excitements also. The cadets have been flying powered aircraft at nearby RAF Benson, and gliding opportunities have been at RAF Halton and Hinton airfield. They have also participated in a kayak activity here on the 11 acre lake. The cadets have also had the opportunity of a helicopter flight kindly organised by the Staff Sgt. Major .

We have been extremely fortunate to have the services of Sgt Jones, our Test

NCO, who has helped and instructed Stoic cadets in many areas of RAF expertise. He sadly left us this year to train at RAF Cranwell. In his place, we welcomed Sgt. Steve Day.

Our own cadet NCOs have been superb role models to the section. I am particularly grateful to Flt Sgt. Stuart Randall for his input and great enthusiasm throughout the year. I am pleased to report that numbers joining the section have remained very healthy, and look forward to another good year with our new recruits. I should like to record my thanks to Robert Jackson and Paul Gooding for their assistance with the section during the academic year.

Jonathan Kingston

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

In the autumn term we welcomed Dr Simon Price from Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford University, to talk to a wide range of classics students on Sparta. He gave a fascinating review of the different types of evidence and how we could use them to build up a picture of their extraordinary society. In the spring term we welcomed back Mr David Stephenson, now Head of Classics at Felsted School, to give a critical analysis of parts of Virgil's *Aeneid*, book 2. He used a variety of means, including projecting the relevant portions of the text onto a screen, to help everyone appreciate the full range of Virgil's literary techniques.

In November a group of Lower Sixth classicists saw Euripides' *Bacchae* produced by the Kneehigh Theatre company at the Lyric in Hammersmith. It was a powerful and vigorous perform-

ance: both shocking, to some, and thought-provoking in its portrayal of gender and violence.

In the summer term Stoics themselves took the lead. The lower sixth Latinists each contributed to a stimulating seminar on various texts. The third form sets each provided a team of winners for the Power-Point presentation competition in May. The finals were kindly judged by Dr Masters and Natalie McDaid, assisted by David Christie Miller, won with a detailed review of Roman life. Meanwhile the department has been encouraged by the steady numbers of lower school Stoics opting for Greek. They are looking forward to the visit to Greece being organised by Mr Townsend for March 2006.

Michael Bevington





Clubs and Societies

CHESS

The year has centred on three events. We have had two club tournaments, with Nathalie McDaid, one of our first 3rd Form girls, winning both, but tying at the club stage of the UK Land Chess challenge with Tom Borwick. They will play a tie-breaker.

These two players went through to the Megafinal stage of the UK Land tournament, and deserve praise for that. Nathalie, like last year, has won through to the Gigafinal stage, in which she will play during the summer holiday. Nathalie is becoming a redoubtable competitor, and this has been noted by Bucks County Chess, which has selected her for the appropriate section in county matches.

DEBATING

This year, debates were held on many varied areas of life, from the introduction of co-education, to the number of hours we spend watching television. Mr Robinson spoke as a guest in favour of co-education, but the debate was won thanks to a clever twisting of the motion by the final speaker, John Galvin. The highlight of the year was undoubtedly the balloon debate (Saints and Sinners), where Delia Smith, Pope John Paul II, Barbie, Tony Blair, an obscure character from a popular television programme (Sandy Cohen?) and the Devil were all evicted from the balloon in favour of our own John Moule. Although it was often hard to tell the difference from the real Walpole Housemaster, the speech was in fact given by Andy Drummond Moray, who captured many of Mr Moule's eccentricities with style and humour. It can

have been no coincidence that it was the next day that Mr Moule revealed that he was leaving Stowe at Christmas to go to Bedford School. The society's year ended with an excellent dinner

Regular club membership has been fairly low, and we welcome more members across all ability ranges. Finally, we extend thanks to Tom Borwick for his loyalty over the years, and wish him happy chess playing in life after Stowe.

Steven Thompson

I am grateful to Peter Farquhar for his support this year, and to Max Kirchhoff who has been chairman of the society, and has spoken in two debates.

For next year, debating should move on a pace, with entrance into the English Schools' competitions at both junior and senior level, and the intended start of some form of house competition. The quality is there, but some fine tuning is required, and it would be nice to see even greater support from the rest of the school in future debates.

Chris Townsend





Clubs and Societies

PITT TRIP 2004



Auschwitz

The Pitt trip started badly for me, with six British Airways chocolate chip muffins that made their presence felt for the rest of the day - and it was obscenely early in the morning. Happily, I never again sank to such depths and the rest of the trip was entirely successful. Travelling from Berlin, through Krakow and finally on to Prague, we encountered a fascinating diversity of culture undreamt of by most; certainly I'd never have imagined I knew so little about my own continent.

Starting in Berlin, we visited Libeskind's overpowering Jewish Museum, its monumental architecture oddly outshining the museum itself - a terrible thing to say, perhaps, given the contents of the museum, but a credit to the emotional transcendence of the architecture. The semi-sculptural elements within it, the 'Void' and the 'Garden of Exile' aroused an uncomfortable empathy in many of the group, even in the cynics who found that those conceited titles couldn't attempt to define the profound emotion they represent. By contrast, the eerily placid Wannsee, the location of the famed conference, betrayed none of the nightmarish contents of its museum in the appalling, Neo-Classical serenity of the grounds and the lake beyond. The horror of the Holocaust was to be brought more definitely home as we travelled to Poland to visit Auschwitz and Birkenau.

Berlin's architecture and structure as a city was perhaps itself the most interesting thing we saw there: the sheer quantity of concrete everywhere, the incredible bleakness of Alexanderplatz, and the soullessness of the celebrated Potsdamerplatz, which reminded me of a poshed-up Milton Keynes 'Xscape'. The level of culture within this impassive façade is incredible: the Pergamon Museum, for example, has a real gate of Babylon as well as the Hellenistic altar. Berlin also boasts the nicest kebabs I have ever known, involving crusty rolls and bits of *real meat* which are a world away from the flaccid pitta bread and gristle of our English equivalents.

A hair-raising episode on a night train which stopped on the tracks in the middle of a truly elemental storm - we thought we were all going to be gassed through the windows and our Raybans and passports all nicked - brought us to Krakow (my biggest regret of the trip is

having resisted the urge to wake up the whole of my compartment at 3 am to point out that it was the 'Krakow dawn'). A long and excessively sweaty bus ride followed by an equally long and sweaty walk took us to our hotel, whereupon we dumped our bags and repeated the same exercise backwards. The rest of that day is a blur in my memory of delirium and chafing boxer shorts.

The gruelling events of that day, however, were nothing to the emotionally draining excursion to Auschwitz and Birkenau. The museum structure of the Auschwitz camp only served to reinforce the inhumanity of the place: 50 yards away from the entrance, on the other side of the car park for the sake of decorum, a kiosk sold hotdogs and burgers to hungry tourists such as us. Within the site, the trees planted by victims of the Holocaust along the paths between buildings have grown to an impressive height, and cast a silent, dappled shade on the cracked paving below. The iron arch bearing the legend 'Arbeit Macht Frei' is smaller in real life, not the towering dread portal imagined from photographs. Inside various blocks, different exhibits and records of victims are displayed, piles of shoes, suitcases, the sickening mountains of hair and, next to these, bales of the grey, felt-like cloth woven from it.

As we moved from the small, concrete gas chambers, which looked for all the world like empty school changing rooms, into the incineration chambers, standing in front of a person-sized oven, our hollow-eyed tour guide told us not to feel relieved at the distance history has removed us from the Holocaust; the same thing is happening at this very moment in other parts of the world.

At Birkenau, there is no museum. The train tracks, landing platform and ruined buildings have been left to erode. There is no kiosk. We walked up the tracks alone, and wandered through the wilderness beyond. Melted and rusted fragments of cutlery lie among weeds and wild grasses, within the identical foundations of innumerable huts that stretch away to the horizon. The hush that surrounds the place is natural; no sense of church-like inviolability prevents the odd insensitive bird making painfully cheery noises in the trees. I can't remember who it was





Clubs and Societies

PITT TRIP 2004

who talked about the terrible mundanity of horror, or the horror of mundanity, but I know what they mean. Nobody spoke on the way back.

We, or at least I, experienced horror of a more easily escapable kind at the salt mine near Krakow, absolutely the most unnervingly bizarre place I have ever been. Our tour guide made what we thought were jokes about getting lost and dying, but her sinister persistence and inability to smile whilst doing so turned our nervous laughter to a chilling dread as the tour progressed. The macabre presence of endless dwarves, carved out of salt, in the darkened passages, gave the tour a threatening sense of Wagnerian peril, or an uncensored version of 'The Lord of the Rings'. Their insanely glinting eyes and maniacal grins, whilst performing, with satanic glee, the most arbitrary of tasks, their wheelbarrows, hammers and chisels and even fishing rods (in a salt mine), gave the imagination enough material for a moderately successful horror flick, or at least an episode of 'Buffy'. In addition, a brass band, in full uniform, plumed helmets and all, play the same circus oom-pah-pah accompaniment to the dwarves' arcane pursuits *all day long* in their timeless, salty realm. Further on, chapels carved out of salt by the miners display salt chandeliers, salt crucifixes, and salt saints, in what appear grotesque attitudes of agony. Finally, beyond the *pièce de resistance*, a cavernous hall (of salt: I licked the wall) in which people apparently like to get married or have conferences, and where you could buy some tasteful salt jewellery, a desolate cafeteria apparently sold only chips and a sort of watery soup, made of salt.

The kebabs in Krakow, too, incidentally, are very good. But on to Prague, by way of another, only slightly less terrifying train journey, from whence we explored the Skoda car factory. The Skoda factory is a sprawling complex in

the midst of a no-man's-land of parking lots and distant tower blocks, and a McDonalds where one of our group ate for the very first time in her life that day (I think it was a salad). After watching a series of badly translated Skoda adverts in a little cinema in what must have been the visitors' centre ("Skoda: Tested by Genuine Men!") we toured the factory itself, where ranks of over-alled Genuine Men do unfathomable things with clipboards and wrenches in an atmosphere of clinical whiteness. It seemed something like a sterilised version of the dwarves in the salt mine.

In Prague itself there was a pointless tower to climb, some stunning Baroque architecture, and a medieval-themed restaurant which served us, on our last night, platters of about one metre across piled high with every kind of meat it is possible to boil, and some unbelievably dense dumplings which sank like lead into the very bottom of one's stomach and stayed there, an unfortunate reminder of the muffin incident at the start of the trip.

I have left out references to the more contingent aspects of our trip, all of which conform to the 'had to be there' tradition of anecdote. These instances, involving variously the wearing of extremely camp shirts in R'n'B night-clubs, naked Germans on trains, and the writing of profanities upon the coloured paper in the kids' section of the Skoda visitors' centre, whilst I am sure they are cosmically echoed in every Pitt trip, made it our own. The value of the whole experience cannot be accurately gauged, as it meant different things to different people. For me, it showed me places in the world I never *really* believed existed, gave me the opportunity to travel with a lot of my friends, and taught me things I could never have learned at home but which have proved invaluable wherever I go.

Pablo Navarro



Potsdamerplatz





Clubs and Societies

PITT TRIP 2005



Arriving in dribs and drabs to Terminal 1 of Heathrow airport at around 5.30am, and still tired from the end of term, the Stoics about to embark upon the Pitt trip had no idea that they were about to have one of the trips of their lives. It seemed a ridiculous suggestion that in the next 10 days we would happily spend 60 hours walking around strange cities, eagerly absorbing their culture, sights and food with equal relish. It was only after 1 ticket had been lost, the turbulent flight had finished, and we stepped out into scorching Berlin heat that we had our overdue wake-up call and the sense of adventure started to creep into our veins.

And what a wake-up call it was. Realising too late that we were all completely inappropriately dressed for the weather, having anticipated a murky day like the ones we had seen in England, we all felt rather hot and bothered as we tramped through the heavily graffitied streets to our hostel. Once we arrived, however, and the rooms had (finally) been made ready, we followed suit with a swift shower and a change of clothes and we were out in the town feeling fresh by lunchtime. The main attractions of the day were the Reichstag building and the Brandenburg Gate, both of which were aesthetically pleasing and steeped in history - both were victims of the Nazi regime, and play an important part in the country's cultural rehabilitation since. Interestingly, the Reichstag seemed to represent Berlin as a whole. The importance of rebuilding it and starting again was true for the whole city after the war, and the mixture of old and new styles of architecture was a recurring theme throughout the city.

Over the next few days, we went to many galleries, Schlosses and museums. Particular favourites were Schloss Charlottenburg, where an exhibition of Fabergé eggs was being shown, the Berlin Museum ("The History of Berlin is the History of Heating" - Karl Marx eat your heart out), the 'Checkpoint Charlie' museum, where we could buy "real" bits of the Berlin wall, and the Pergamon and Altes Museums, where we saw the most incredible collection of ancient architecture, including the gate of Babylon. What was particularly remarkable was the distance that the German people have intentionally put between themselves and the Nazi regime. Almost everywhere we went we

were reminded as to how horrible (and, in the case of the Reichstag building - illegal) the regime was and how much has been done to try and correct the wrongs committed. However, none of these wonderful places quite put us in our place as much as the Sanssouci Schloss and Gardens in Potsdam. Arriving at a building with a size and appearance to rival Stowe, we were informed that this was not in fact the main palace, but a minor residence. The main palace happened to be about two miles away, through some of the most amazing grounds we had seen, and breathtaking buildings. It was perhaps the best mistake we made all trip.

After a rather unpleasant journey on the night train to Krakow, we arrived tired and wanting breakfast. As Mr Robinson and Mr Ruben pointed out to us, Poland is always being invaded. And now is no exception to that rule. It is being invaded by companies. KFCs and McDonalds had pride of place in the fantastic medieval square. It seemed that Poland is being consumerised at the expense of its culture. But that didn't bother many Stoics as we had a very Western European large Big Mac and Fries for lunch - which cost us about £1.40.

The most humbling experience of Krakow was our visit to Auschwitz and Birkenau concentration camps. What we saw there was both moving and horrifying. The Nazi persecution of the Jews was a recurring theme on the trip, and each time we encountered it, the feeling created was too big to experience. It was something we are too young to even begin to understand the scale of, but something that we are better people for having been exposed to. The bus on the way back was close to silent.

On the final day in Poland we went to a medieval salt mine. As if walking down what must have been thousands of steps wasn't enough, our guide then informed us that there were eight further levels, and if we wanted to visit the entire mine, it would take us four months by foot. We respectfully declined. The mine contained seven chapels, and hundreds of statues, several huge reception halls, gift shops and cafeterias - all made out of salt. It was amusing that the gift shops had salt on sale, when you could simply scrape it off the walls.

When we arrived in Prague after a rela-





Clubs and Societies

PITT TRIP 2005

tively comfortable night on the night train, we found the main square silent. It gave a misleading impression, as for the rest of the trip, the streets were heaving. We were greeted by a completely different atmosphere compared to the other two cities. Whereas Berlin was a business-as-usual city, and Krakow a consumerised but otherwise untouched capital, Prague was a tourist trap, and had wised up to that fact. Every second shop was a souvenir stall, each selling the same merchandise. The tourists (which included, as we were uncomfortably reminded, us) were also treated differently. We were fairly insulted at a Bureau de Change, when a worker (because we were too early for business) told us to go away and "have a beer" – at 8.00am. It was a painful reminder as to what this wonderful city has been subjected to over the years: hundreds of British Lager Louts. Not only that, but after nine o'clock we were offered marijuana every third step. It was a shame, as otherwise the city would have been pretty much perfect. We all had sore necks by the end of the trip having spent our time looking up at the wonderfully quirky mixes of great architecture. One of the most significant places we visited all trip was the Skoda car factory. It seemed ironic to me, that having liberated Czechoslovakia from communism (the worker's government), capitalism had provided its inhabitants with fantastic jobs at the

factory on the production line, jobs that in other countries would be done by a machine; the cheapness of labour in the relatively poor eastern European countries is so easy to exploit.

We were all starting to experience the fatigue of constant walking, travelling, learning and having fun by the time we reached Czechoslovakia, so the pace was beginning to slow. This was not to say that the experience was less enriching. We were all learning just as much but in a different way. We had time to take in everything around us. And Prague was the perfect place to do that. Just about everywhere we walked we were bombarded by great architecture. Every building had its own appeal, and it was a shame that the flight home had to come so soon. We had learnt so much over the trip. Our lives had been enriched by the vast amounts and different types of culture we had been exposed to. Because we had to dig our own way out of our holes, and because we were given the freedom to learn as much or as little as we wanted, we had matured too. The trip offered us an experience that even Stowe, with all its merits, and all its capabilities, could not alone offer us, and there was never a trip that I have been more glad of taking. It was unforgettable.

Edmund Jones



Clubs and Societies

DUKE OF EDINBURGH SCOTLAND TRIP



We began our trip at Stowe on the Bus with the rest of D of E gold and silver. The journey took about an hour and a half until we reached East Midlands airport. Our plane journey took about the same time and it all went smoothly with only a minor delay. After another coach journey upon arriving at Edinburgh we finally reached our destination, Blair Atholl. It's not a very exciting place as it consists of a hotel and a newspaper shop. In fact it's in the middle of nowhere and there would be no chance of finding a night club or bar in the area.

three hours trying to kill. We were not successful.

The second day started with the steepest hill I have ever had to walk up, but then eased up afterwards, with a nice smooth path. Along the way we found a huge waterfall in which a few of us went for a quick dip and found out what cold water really is. The second day we camped out next to a bridge which was quite nice as there weren't as many midges around.



We were dropped off just outside the hotel, where we began our walk, which seemed to take ages, to our base camp. The camp was based next to a stream which later turned into a river when the dam was opened. Upon arriving we all began putting up our tents and spent the night in the surprisingly not-so-freezing-cold Highlands. The next day was spent walking aimlessly with a compass which to be honest I still find very hard to understand and use. It was an orienteering exercise where we had to find small notes on landscape. However this was still not the beginning of the torture that had to come. It was the next day when we set off on our journey after being dropped off again about 60 miles away in the middle of nowhere. By this I mean not seeing signs of a car or human.

The third day began with the crossing of a very large river which luckily no one fell into. It was a very sunny day and found myself getting very sunburnt. At the end of the day, just when I thought that I had avoided falling in any rivers, I found myself head first in a river with all my equipment absolutely soaked.

The fourth day was finally our last day of walking. It went all right, but the group did start getting annoyed with each other because we had spent way too much time together. It was hard walking as we had to walk through bogs most of the time and uphill through marshes. We reached the top of the hill to see our camp, and we knew it was almost over. We all stank as we hadn't washed in a while and all I was thinking about was a nice warm indoor toilet with bog roll that wasn't similar to sandpaper or nettles.



The beginning of the walk is always the worst, as you know that you have got a lot of walking to go. And you know that you're going to have to ration your food, unlike someone in my group, who ate their entire week's supply of sweets in about an hour.

We arrived at camp and spent our last night recovering and airing out our feet, which were absolutely covered in blisters.

The next day we made our way back home and finally were able to take a shower and a number two in peace.

The first day was the shortest of the four days of walking. Our campsite that night was pretty cool as we were camped out on a beach next to a loch. However we were attacked by not only a large swarm of midges but some hungry sea gulls which we spent about

James Harvey and Peter Ross-Beeby





Crossfire

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR

Each Friday night Crossfire, the Christian meeting run here at school, is in action. The idea of Crossfire is to provide a friendly, informal environment where Stoics can come to find out more about God, ask tricky questions relating to faith and hear from older Christians on a range of subjects. It is also a place for relaxation and for socialising away from the boarding houses. Each week about forty Stoics make their way to the Blue Room before Crossfire starts to chat, eat biscuits and meet that week's speaker. This term we have been pleased to welcome a number of sixth form girls as well as regular glimpses of our third form girls to our meeting.

The sixth form, once arrived, take control of the meeting, introducing the speaker and inevitably asking the question 'What is your most embarrassing story?' a question our speakers are learning to dread! This year we began with a series of talks from the gospel of Mark, followed by a series entitled 'Christians in the World'; talks from a number of Christians following various occupations in the world out-

side Stowe: a doctor, a policeman, a lawyer, a sportsman, a vicar and more. The speakers were often very engaging and offered a different side to Christian life, not often seen here at Stowe. This last term we have listened to a series entitled 'A Christian View on...', with topics ranging from sex and divorce to money and evolution. Eye-opening and occasionally provocative!

Next term we look forward to welcoming a number of new speakers to Stowe as well as some of the more familiar faces. We will be dashing through Luke's Gospel over the term highlighting some of the main themes contained in it and hearing some accounts of how its content can affect our behaviour and attitudes.

Remember everyone is welcome, from the atheist to the faithful, from third former to upper sixth. Find out about God and further your knowledge of the faith which formed the foundations for this school.

Sarah Print





Creative Writing

POETRY

On either side of ages

One indulges childhood in imaginative tales;
 Active creations and detailed adventures.
 Adult contributions include forgiveness,
 An ear, but what of respect?
 Underestimated. Patronised.
 A road of inferior capabilities.
 Behaviours seen in a light of all varieties,
 Yet none they demand or expect.

A world ahead still unexplored.
 An adulthood still waiting to begin.
 Imagination moves to a focused aspiration,
 Yet parental expectation still restrains.
 Remaining caught between two phases -
 Lost among the categories of life
 The memories of childhood still vivid in the mind.
 Possibilities lie ahead - not yet suited to their kind.

Sheltered eyes of innocence blindly obey
 Until the growing mind begins the separation.
 Experience, awareness accelerate
 But unperceived by those who demand
 Advance signs of growing up to take their place.
 Mixed ideas and conflicts complicate: static
 Yet sprinting - realms of childhood fall behind
 Await judgements from the adult empire.

Cicely Robinson

A Dream of Bridges

The gulf that separates yawns between them.
 The fierce sun blinds, the light reflected
 Awkwardly on the surface of their anguish.
 But yet they continue to stare at each other.
 The differences between their peoples are undeniable,
 The attitudes of their peoples are irreparable,
 Victims of this troubled, turbid water before them:
 Separated by those who will not communicate;
 Separated by those who will not accept.

A bridge is the hope they cling to inside;
 A bridge is the support they rely on to resist;
 A bridge is the unity they strive for.

War has mutated it: guards
 Loom at the iron toll gates
 And the road is thickly overgrown.
 Wounds will not heal quickly.

But still they stare.

They are young.
 Together they will build
 Together they will restore
 Until their two worlds, once again, are one.

Lavinia Spurr





Creative Writing

POETRY

Building Bridges

As a well respected guy around school,
 I know that friendship is what matters most.
 Half the reason that I am so cool
 Is who my friends are - That, and (not wanting to boast)
 My dashing good looks. I know that school is not
 For learning; it's for making contacts, as
 My Daddy says, 'Cash, Contacts and Looks
 Will get you everywhere.' When one has
 All three in abundance (like me), who needs books
 And intelligence to get through life? I always say
 That friendship's like a bridge: easy to take
 For granted and good for getting you from A
 To B. You see, because I'm able to make
 My friends so easily, I'm not about
 To choose some loser, some guy without two pence
 To rub together, some common chav without
 An inheritance, as my mate. I see sense
 And choose the shallow guys, the girls who are fit,
 And the blokes with rich dads. My friends recognise that I'm
 Their superior and, as such, I make sure they commit
 To me. I'm too busy spending my time
 Looking cool and answering phone calls and being me
 To bother with them. And anyway, it's not
 All one sided. When you've got a face like the ones you see
 Before you now, you realise that you've got
 A responsibility to fulfil the potential
 Of your irresistible looks. It's essential.

X Marks the Spot

This filthy splat of ink that marks my page,
 This demonic spoiler of pure truth,
 This corrupter of a vital stage
 In my working has rendered to nothing all my proof!
 'Out Damn spot!' as Lady Macbeth would say,
 The day is lost if you remain soiling
 What would have been such a joyous, perfect day,
 One that Satan incarnate could not have succeeded in spoiling!
 If it weren't for you, I would have won the race,
 I'd have finished all the questions first
 If you, Damned x, had not been out of place.
 Never have I so much wanted to burst
 My heart with anguish! Only a little high?
 How little can it be to make me cry!

An x? It's a dagger which I see before me...
 Come let me clutch thee...I'll rip thee from the page,
 And then my teacher will you no more see;
 All she'll notice is the absence of my rage!
 But nay, such is the mark upon my soul
 That you have burnt upon me, I could not
 (Because of the mem'ry) complete any other goal.
 Such is the nature of this mark, this spot
 That so effectively corrupts my mind;
 Such is its wickedness, I'd say it was made
 By Beelzebub himself to plague mankind
 With its filthy form. I know - I'll leave it to fade,
 To suffer the fate of a slow painful demise:
 It's the best punishment I can devise!

Edmund Jones





Creative Writing

POETRY



South of the river – Part 1

Who knows what sights
Lie south of the river?
For that is where
The lonely road through the bush ends
Abruptly.

For the bridge has gone,
Built up and broken down.
Only twisted metal supports
Remain, piercing the water,
Their jagged tops a reminder
Of man's fickle conflicts.

The road continues
Into the hills,
But it will take years
Before the next traveller
Can explore
South of the river.

South of the river – Part 2

The bridge is whole once more
Metal and concrete
In the wild savannah plain.
An old truck crosses,
Men and tools in the back,
Before rattling onto the road
South of the river.

Far to the north
Other bridges are promised:
Governments
Talk
On my television, as I gaze -
Electrically cooled -
Down over noisy restaurants.

South of the river
A worker sweats with his son
To farm his arid hillside,
Reclaimed from the wilderness
With his new plough.

Harry Crofton





Creative Writing

POETRY

Saturday Night

'All quiet!' said the man on duty. 'Strange
How hushed and calm it is on such a night!
But no. Not so. His ears were out of range
Of rustling bushes, his eyes didn't see the light,
The orange glow from filtered torches bright!

But then, as the famous saying goes,
Ignorance is bliss; for who would want
To know what happens other than those glows?
What happens in that bush, what stains that plant?
A good deal more than that teacher knows, I'd grant.

And yet (and here's the point I wish to discuss)
All pupils know, and their teachers too
Were pupils. Once they must have been like us,
Once must they have had that rendezvous
Out of sight, those 'secret' deeds to do!

And so, perhaps, the smile upon the face
Of the man on duty isn't about that bliss,
But empathy, an unwillingness to disgrace
His former self. Perhaps he chose to miss
The smokers, the panters and everyone like this.

Perhaps the orange torches are in range,
And he would join them - if he were at school.
And so, perhaps, he meant that it was 'Strange'
That so few pupils were trying to be cool.
A pupil never can a teacher fool!

Edmund Jones

Man-Made Wonder

My bridge is as large as a river's meander
and as wide as an orange horizon.
The bridge is made of grey concrete, iron
and silver steel which glints in the sunlight.
This bridge hangs by thousands of thin cables
attached to four iron piles, high as mountains.
It spans a vast bay like a giant standing astride a stream.
It stands silhouetted against the sunset like a Roman conqueror:
Proud, stern, high and powerful.
The arch in the road is like the curved back of a blue whale.
The cables show no strain as millions of cars, buses and lorries
stampede across it each day like animals migrating.
Tourists come from around the world to marvel at its splendour.
Millions of people cross it daily - getting to work, to school,
going homewards, or to meet at a romantic view.
Its strong and elegant shape, this work of man,
is reflected in the green sea, surrounded by beautiful mountains.
It belongs.

Montgomery Lewis





Creative Writing

POETRY



Wild

I venture into the night:
 Silence.
 The path of lunar white
 lures me into the heart of the unknown.
 Snow lies soft on the ground,
 A blanket over the forest, smothering all that lies beneath.
 Trapped, nature is halted in its process,
 A single snowdrop frozen, desperate to reach for life.
 Voices are muted, left unheard; no answer from the forest.
 I reach further, the night is still.
 In the distance the owl's cry echoes into the dark;
 To whom is it calling?
 The moon, full in all her glory, watches the forest;
 Smiling, she can see all.
 Trees glitter in the moonlight, magical, mysterious.
 I am unknown to this world, watched by the forest.

Alice Wiggett



The Oxford Bridge

Sheltering the geese from the pouring rain
 It stands regal, quiet and alone;
 If only it could tell me its past and its today.

I can hear it cry as the cars race over
 As exhaust fumes scour its sides
 And the school bus lands heavily on its shoulders.

'Where are the dog carts and the carriages?
 The plough and the cattle?
 And that lonely lady in her long skirt
 Who threw petals over my sides?

No one stops to be with me now,
 They just rush on and away.
 They cannot see me wasting away,
 Ivy growing over and wearing me down.

Maybe someone will come and make me
 Look better, less sad and broken,
 As they have done elsewhere.'

In the meantime fish tickle and geese hiss;
 The horses look on and trot off.
 But the Oxford Bridge stands wide and majestic
 Watching history walk by.

Jonathan Wale





Creative Writing

FICTION

An Obsession with the Cloth

As Nigel opened the big wooden door that led into the small village church, he became suddenly aware of a scent. "That's odd," he thought, as the odour grew. He was just about to open the collection box when he felt a heavy hand upon his shoulder, and he turned, only to see, THE BISHOP! Nigel sniffed as he wondered what to say. His attention was once again drawn to the smell of mildewed cassocks.

"The Smell," the bishop said, "is Edwin."

"Edwin?" said Nigel.

"Yes, Edwin. I caught him checking up on the day's secret collect, six weeks ago . . ."

"Why would he do such a thing?"

"He claims he's training to be a curate."

"My dear old bishop, he's eight years old."

"He claims to be twenty eight."

"May I talk to him?" inquired Nigel.

He followed the bishop down the aisle and into the vestry where he saw Edwin, wearing the bishop's casual robes and humming along to his favourite psalm chant. By now the smell was terrible, as Edwin's big toe on his left foot had been gnawed away by a rat which, on seeing Nigel, scuttled under the 8 foot stopped Diapason.

"Edwin," said Nigel. he boy said nothing but began conducting an invisible choir.

"Edwin - what is wrong with you son?" He entered a heavy climax in his imaginary choral work.

"Look here Edwin," said Nigel, "I'm trying to speak to you seriously, please listen."

Edwin reached for an altar candle and caressed it lovingly. "Edwin?" said Nigel,

"Edwin Edwin Edwin," said the boy. "Why do people always call me Edwin? They know perfectly well that I am the Reverend Redknapp."

"Edwin, you are an 8 year old boy. not a priest,"

"Who says I'm not a priest?"

"Well, I do, the bishop does, and your poor mother who has been searching the house for you since goodness knows when."

"I can conduct a service," said Edwin. "I do a good mass!"

"I'm sure you do, Edwin, but..."

The bishop interrupted, "It is a form of blasphemy to conduct a service if you have not been ordained."

"I once conducted a funeral for my fish when, when it died, almost three years ago."

"My dear boy," said the bishop, it is not healthy for a boy of 8 years to have such an obsession with the cloth! I myself only took an interest in God after leaving school. I went on to theological college where I trained and eventually became a bishop. You haven't trained, dear boy."

"I jolly well have! I recite the psalms every day and have even read the Bible, twice!"

"What the bishop means Edwin is that you are not official, you are not a legal priest."

Edwin's face turned white and a tear appeared in the corner of his eye. "So, I'm not a curate? I'm not...." He wept and screamed at the top of his voice and, as he did so, dust exploded out of his cassock. "I'm not a 28 year old priest?"

"No, Edwin, you are an 8 year old school boy!"

As Edwin rose to his one good foot, the smell grew so bad that his cassock and surplice had to be burnt, the church given the once-over with the Fabreze, and all services cancelled for the next week.

Edwin Phillip Henry William Redknapp left the choir; he never entered a church again, and instead he took up topiary and went about the village cutting the locals' hedges into whatever shape they wanted. Edwin became famous and at the age of 64 won a topiary contest in which he had crafted a life-size statue of himself as a 28 year old priest. Nigel, however, went on to become head steward of the church.

Edward Cowan





Creative Writing

FICTION

Senior Gavin Maxwell Essay Prize

Crossing the Line: an Outward Bound Horror Story

2005: In the May Election, Labour manages to scrape its way into a third term and, in order to quell rebel backbenchers, Tony Blair reinforces the previously ineffective foxhunting ban. As a result, foxhunting becomes no longer viable. In an act of defiance of the culling order imposed on the packs, thousands of hounds are released into the wild across the country. Many die, unable to fend for themselves. For many, however, the pack mentality previously drilled into them by their masters remains and they manage to survive, aided greatly by a mild winter . . .

Tom Gould lay awake in his sleeping bag on the bottom lower level of a cheap metal bunk bed with a grubby and unreasonably thin mattress beneath him. He had been awake for at least fifteen minutes, not really doing anything except dozing and listening to the sounds made by the others in the room. Just as he began to consider getting up, he heard the droning monotone of (in his opinion) "The World's Dullest Man" coming towards him in a crescendo of tedium. Sure enough, several seconds later, the door in the corner of the room opened and in walked Clive Bailey.

If Clive Bailey was a colour he would have been beige. Since his birth in St Albans 42 years ago, he felt he had made his mark on the world. Sadly, in this, as with many other things, he was wrong. Clive (or Mr. Bailey as he was known to the occupants of the room) opened his moustache-clad mouth and spoke his usual dreary morning mantra to which there was always little more than a grunt in reply.

"Everyone up?" Quite clearly they were not. "Well, snap to it then, almost time for you all to break your fast."

This was what Tom and his classmates had been greeted with every morning of the past five days that they had spent in the Llan Beris Village Hostel, where they were staying for their ten day field trip in Snowdonia. Originally, Tom had actually found Mr. Bailey's attempts to be 'quirky' quite amusing; however, five mornings of exactly the same 'hilarious eccentricity' had frustrated Tom and friends, and this was only one of Clive's hilarious mannerisms. There was definitely a growing sense of tension between Clive and not

only the six boys of Dorm 1, but also the other nine of Dorms 2 and 3. Clive Bailey was completely oblivious to this and, as he made his way down the staircase into the communal eating room, he smiled, remembering that today they were looking at the effect of physical weathering on nitrate levels in the River Coed.

For Tom and the other fourteen geographers, the day passed very slowly. However, at around 5 o'clock, when Mr. Bailey felt that adequate nitrate level results had been collected, the boys were driven from the banks of the River Coed to the almost welcoming Llan Beris Hostel. Having changed out of their 'fieldwork togs' (as Mr Bailey always called them) most of the disconsolate group were sitting around in the games room in which there was a pool table and a few wooden chairs that Tom felt must have been stolen from a workhouse.

There was still a noticeable tension in the air between the fifteen adolescent boys and their oblivious minder, created by several patience-eating factors. The first and most central reason for the air of hostility was, ironically, a geographical one: the Snowdonian weather. The endless days of torrential rain followed by cloudless nights, so cold that the locals said Lake Gada might freeze, had unsurprisingly worn down the group. The second thing that frustrated was the number of tasks they were given on top of their work. For example, every night two boys were expected to take the leftovers from supper and deposit them in the bins outside the front gate of the hostel, which was, although only a 3 minute walk, nonetheless arduous, when carefully carrying large bags of unwanted Shepherd's Pie. The final thing that had 'as they say in Snowdonia "Put a fence between the sheep and the shepherd"', was the group's total isolation. Owing to the steepness of the valleys, mobile phone and television reception was almost unheard of and although there was a pay phone in the hostel, a family of curious mice had rendered it somewhat temperamental. It was known not only to eat money occasionally, but also to have a life of its own, cutting out whenever it felt the whim.

It was quite unsurprising, then, that on the clear moonlit night of Saturday, 24th April, the Llan Beris Hostel was the location for an event that remained a talking point in the press for some weeks and led to many discussions about Tom Gould.





Creative Writing

FICTION

As Tom and Fred Davidson, his nauseatingly Mr Bailey-entitled 'Waste Management Partner' trudged towards the distant but, in the moonlight, clearly visible iron hostel gate, Fred spoke.

"Mate, I can't believe we got stuck with this as our chore. Mossy and Gallagher only have to turn off the lights and lock up every night. Also, the farmers never even collect this slop; the last five days' worth of this stuff's still lying around and no one's even noticed."

The last part of this complaint was not entirely true, as Tom and Fred discovered when they (Fred rather unfit and so slightly out of breath) reached the rusted and imposing iron gate that was the entrance to the once proud Llan Beris Manor, but was now nothing more than the last resort for low budget school field trips. For, as they prepared, to heave their bin liners onto the previously built mound of black plastic and half-eaten food, they both saw that it had been decimated. Tom and Fred simultaneously gasped whilst standing back and taking in the disgusting sight of the semi-decayed food that festooned the ground in front of them. However, before they could think about what to do, Tom suddenly spotted - much to his amazement - a foxhound appear out of the undergrowth. He pointed it out to Fred who, much to Tom's disappointment, was rather dismissive.

"Well, I'm not surprised; the farmer round us still keeps a couple of foxhounds, but, you know, strictly hush-hush. This guy is probably after the foxes that ruined Leftover Mountain."

The hound moved closer to the portly frame of Fred and, as it did so, two more emerged from the undergrowth. It was at this point that Tom Gould's life was changed forever. The first hound sniffed at the black bag that Fred was clutching; Fred squatted to stroke it, but at the same moment the hound snarled and snapped at the polythene, and his razor sharp teeth split the bag. Fred, taken aback by the sudden ferocity of the dog, lost his footing and fell backwards. As he did so, his chunky right leg flailed and connected accidentally but squarely with the jaw of the hound. It recoiled, letting out a piercing yelp and, at this, at least a dozen more hounds emerged from the bushes. They were snarling and did not look at all like the secret pets of Snowdonian sheep farmers. The first hound stood back from the prone Fred, slightly wary of his right shoe, but not for very long, because before Tom

could even react, the hounds were all racing towards Fred and a second later they were upon him. The first one leapt and bit at his leg, followed by others who mercilessly attacked him as Tom watched in horror. He heard his friend shriek with pain as the feral dogs relentlessly sank their teeth into his podgy flesh. The noise of Fred's screams echoed across the empty valley. Tom finally reacted to the sight before him and started to run towards the melee. However, he could only complete his first stride, because, as he looked at Fred struggling against his oppressors, he saw two hounds lunge for his throat. Fred beat one away with his bear-like fist, but the other was too quick and its dagger fangs pierced the boy's neck. Fred grabbed the hound and tried to pull it off him but the dog tore further into his throat. Fred Davidson was soon overcome. He slumped to the floor and the hounds wrenched into his tender flesh, tearing off morsels of his body for their delectation.

Tom stood fixed to the spot. His skin had turned the colour of the moon and he felt sick both from shock and the adrenalin pumping round his body. He looked around him and saw a few yards to the left of him a branch that had fallen from the overhanging oak tree. He moved slowly towards it but he attracted the attention of the hounds. He panicked and lunged for the wood and the hounds, their savage minds clouded by fresh blood from their kill, turned with lightning speed after him. As he picked up the branch, they were upon him. He swung his makeshift club at the first foxhound that jumped at him, and connected with the beast. But although the sheer force of the blow knocked the dog back and gravely wounded it, it also split the rotten bough into tiny pieces. Sadly for Tom, his hopes had been somewhat pinned on the piece of wood which was now scattered in many pieces on the ground, and the hounds showed him no more mercy than they had to Fred..

Roger Fickling, the Chairman of Governors at Goater's Abbey, thought that it was in the end quite ironic that on the legendarily mind-numbing 5th Form Geography Field Trip, Mr Bailey had actually provided something memorable for the boys, who had discovered their half-eaten schoolmates, lying dead by the gates of the Llan Beris Hostel. Looking down at his staff list, he chuckled to himself as he crossed a line through the name of Clive Bailey.

Charlie Reynolds





Creative Writing

FICTION



Crossing the Line – Death in Suburbia

Mrs. Bellamy and her husband lived at 23 Cheriswood Avenue, on the outskirts of London. The street had a typical suburban atmosphere, with many families, retired wealthy couples and the odd young business couple yet to have children. Their house was rather large, with seven bedrooms and three separate lounges, all within easy reach of a bathroom, and it was often remarked to be the largest house in the neighbourhood, although there was much competition about the matter. It was built with large grey stone and the window frames were a clinical white. The centre of the front of the house jutted out from the rest and the intimidating double front door stood in varnished oak, complete with a large iron knocker. Grass surrounded the front of the house, apart from a gravel drive leading up to the garage at the side. Small flowers in the front garden blossomed, while trees stood tall at the back next to the rectangular swimming pool. The entire street was perfect; it was completely spotless and it was guaranteed that if a piece of litter were to hit the ground, which was a rare sight, it would be gone within ten minutes, usually lifted by one of the proud residents.

Mrs. Bellamy despised her husband. Nobody else knew how much she loathed the man she apparently so loved. Even Mr. Bellamy thought that over time she had grown to love him. But every day for the past thirty-three years of their marriage she had wanted him dead or at least out of *her* house. Was that too much to ask? A simple "goodbye" would be enough to make Mrs. Bellamy the happiest person on earth, but she knew that if she got rid of her husband she would also lose the house.

Her parents gave Applegate House to her; however she could only have it on condition that she married John Michael Bellamy, the son of Mrs. Bellamy's parents' lifelong friends. It was the least they could do for a desperate man who had not had a relationship for the previous six years before Mrs. Bellamy was forced to meet him. Her parents were shallow people and she was a woman on the edge. She had no house, no job and not a single qualification to help her make something of herself. The house was like a miracle, but a miracle that had its down sides too.

The morning sun struggled to make its way through the orange curtains that hung over the large dining room window, creating a mellow glow through the dining room and into the hall. Mr. Bellamy sat at the over-sized, over-polished wooden table with a mug of tea beside him and the morning paper covering his face from the little light entering the room. "More tea, dear?" Mrs. Bellamy entered, carrying a steaming pot with the false smile spread across her face that had become a habit over the years of marriage.

"No thank you, Martha, but could you make me some toast, the way I like it? That would be great - thanks. Oh, and did you fix that shelf in the garage? - because I have nowhere to put my paint. It really is ridiculous storing cans of paint on the floor."

"You mean the paint you never use," Martha muttered under her breath. "Certainly, I'll get right on it."

John took Martha for granted and she hated it. He did nothing to help around the house and he could not even fix a shelf that only he used. Martha had to do everything for him, as if he were a child, and she his mother. She had sacrificed her happiness for him and the house they both lived in, *her* house that they both lived in. As she began fixing the shelf, she decided that something would have to be done, something that would allow her to keep the house she loved so much but rid her of her leech of a husband. She had become attached to that house to the point where it had become so important to her that she was willing to continue to live every day of her life in her unhappy marriage.

That night, Martha lay awake while her husband snored on the other side of the seven-foot wide bed. She wondered why they ever bought such an enormous bed, but she was glad of it as long as it kept her away from the man she loathed so much. John began to stir. "Is everything all right?" he asked, yawning, in a muffled voice. Everything was not all right, but she never discussed her feelings with him and she was not about to tell him how much she didn't love him.

"Yes, I'm fine, just a bit of a headache." The latter was true in fact; all the thinking she did every night was giving her chronic headaches.

"Take some paracetamol then," John





Creative Writing

FICTION

said in a patronising tone.

"I was just about to, actually." Martha's bitter-sounding voice sent John turning over back to sleep in seconds. She climbed out of the high four-poster bed and walked quietly over the thick carpet to the bathroom. She flicked on the bright light and squinted at the cabinet opposite her. She took out the small box and, as she was dropping two dissolvable tablets into a glass of water, it dawned on her just how simple it was to rid herself of her husband.

The next morning, leaving John to fester in the house, Martha briskly walked down her drive in the warm morning sunshine and cool summer breeze. The trees rustled and Martha waved a shouted "Good morning!" across the street to her neighbour, Jane, who lived opposite to Martha, and was the first to realise how unusually happy Martha was that day; she kept her eyes fixed on her as she walked down the pristine pavement.

Martha wandered into the air-conditioned chemist, glad to get out of the heat. "Two packets of paracetamol, please, Mr. Hash." And that was all she said before paying and walking straight back out again. It was that simple, far easier than trying to get hold of a gun and something that would never be traced.

Throwing open the front door, Martha breathed a sigh of relief to be back in the comfort of her own home. John was sitting watching television, still in his pyjamas and waiting for his breakfast. "Two eggs, and two rashers of bacon coming right up, dear," she gleamed, no longer with a false smile, but a real one, for she knew that this would be the last breakfast she would ever have to make John. She had no idea where this extra strength she had mustered had come from these past few days but she was glad of it, because it finally meant happiness. As they both sat eating breakfast that morning, Martha shared her real feelings with her husband for the first time since their marriage, thirty-three years ago. It was the least she could do for him. For just one morning, it seemed like a real marriage.

John had a glass of scotch every afternoon, and today was no different. Sometimes he had two, sometimes a third, and Martha was hoping today was going to be the latter. She poured the scotch from the brown glass bottle into one of her finest crystal glasses,

which she only used on special occasions, and today was definitely a special occasion. She stood for a while watching the tablets fizz on the bottom of the glass. It was perfect; he would never know.

"Here you go." She handed John the glass of scotch and watched his face light up at the sight of alcohol.

"Fancy glass," he replied.

"Well, we hardly ever use the crystal, so why not for a change?" Martha watched him slowly gulp the drink down. "Another?" she asked, and John nodded while still swallowing the remains of the scotch.

Four drinks on and John had had quite enough. Martha was standing in the kitchen baking a large sponge cake, her apron covered in flour as she hummed to herself. She could hear her husband in the lounge next to the kitchen already beginning to struggle. There was no going back now. She walked backwards, looking sideways with her bowl still in her arms, stirring the cake mixture. John tried to stand but fell onto the coffee table. After three more attempts, he got to his feet and staggered over, bent double, to the doorframe between the two rooms. Martha, still with a smile on her face spoke. "Couldn't you see this coming?" John collapsed dead on the floor in front of her. "Thirty-three years you've taken me for granted," she loudly whispered at the dead body of her husband, unable to speak in a normal voice. She suppressed the grief she was beginning to feel. She was bound to feel some pain losing the man she had lived with for the greater part of her life. But it was like a ten tonne weight had been lifted from her shoulders. And she continued to bake.

Martha slept better that night than she had in her entire life.

"He left for his evening walk and I haven't seen him since, mother. I don't know what to do without him, I'm lost." Martha sat, on the phone to her mother, trying to cry the best she could. "I knew I shouldn't have let him drink so much. It's all my fault. I can't go on without him." But Martha's mum wasn't listening. She could tell her daughter was lying. Mothers have excellent intuition when it comes to their children.

Conor Curtis





Creative Writing

FICTION

Endings

"Coffee, please, black."

She sat at her usual table. She was immaculate. The table was next to the window of the café and it looked out onto the street, giving the occupier the opportunity to 'people spot'.

She pulled her hair back from her face before capturing it in a tight pony-tail.

"Thanks," she said, as the waiter placed the heavy mug down before her.

"Shit!"

He glanced across the room, around the side of his newspaper, as he turned the page, to see some woman, pristinely dressed, but now with a large coffee stain down her front.

As the rain fell harder, an array of umbrellas could be seen as the people outside idly wandered from shop to shop. The door next to him opened and with nothing to protect her from the now torrential downpour, she ran across the pavement and into the road...

"Can we put my tape in?"

"I'm trying to drive, we're almost there."

"Dad, please?" Claire whined up at her father, while he continued his failing attempt to do up her seat-belt at the same time as driving. Claire watched the world go by through the windscreen of her father's Ford Fiesta. For her own amusement, she counted the number of pink umbrellas she could see. Pink was her favourite colour; her next favourite colour was yellow.

Andy darted out of the café, leaving his newspaper scattered across the floor. He couldn't watch this happen.

Claire's eyes met with the woman's, who was now inches away from the car. The numbing pain ricocheted up through her legs and into her back until... nothing. Her yellow silk scarf, now soaked, came off from around her neck before fluttering down the street in the wind, soon to be regarded as

nothing but tramp's pickings.

Claire stared ahead; mesmerised. She clutched her father's hand tightly.

Andy pushed his way to the front of the expanding crowd. She was dead.

The ten minutes that followed seemed like ten hours and, as the rain pounded down onto Deansgate, Manchester, a red Ford Fiesta continued down the street; a small girl stared out of the back window and a tear wound its way down the course of her innocent face.

"Where are we going?" Claire asked.

"Home, not for long, though," said her father. He was clearly preoccupied.

"Where next, then?"

Ben stared at his daughter; what had he done? Suddenly realising that this was how he had made his last mistake, he stared back at the road.

"I don't know; wherever you want to go." His voice quavered as he negotiated his path through the city centre. But Claire had no such option of distraction, as the face of that woman haunted her mind. She tried to think of something else, but to no avail. She cried again. She was afraid of her father. Surely it was right to stop. How many pink umbrellas had there been on Deansgate? Was that woman dead? She'd had a yellow scarf. Claire's mind worked rapidly. The car pulled up to the kerb and her father unclipped her belt before hurrying into the house.

"Go and pack your stuff, I'll be up in a minute."

Claire ambled up the stairs, taking in her last views of the familiar lounge. Her father had tried so hard to make this a home since her mother had died. In her room she sat at her desk, swinging round upon her chair, clasping the picture of her mother.

"Are you ready?" She heard her father run up the stairs.

"No," a feeble voice replied. She looked so hurt, so innocent and vulnerable. Ben brushed a stray hair to the side of his daughter's face before giving her a tight embrace.

"Come on, get your coat on. We can buy you new things, wherever we go."





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He planted a kiss on her forehead.

"Are we coming back?"

Her father didn't reply, but clutching her small hand, led her downstairs to the car. The street lights were on now and as she lay across the back seat of the car her mind wandered...

"Mr. Wade, I am detaining you on the suspicion of murder."

A small girl of about three entered the room, crossing the police barrier. She glanced at her father before looking at her mother's beaten body and leaving the room again...

Claire's thoughts drifted, and the light seemed to get brighter. They were at a petrol station. Her father turned to see her stare back at him and, with arms outstretched, she beckoned for a hug.

"Number seven?" asked the man behind the counter. As he looked out onto the forecourt he saw a small girl climb out of a car, clutching a photograph in her hand.

Wiping streams of tears from her face, Claire ran, without looking back.

Tim Field



FICTION

Between Here and the Rest of the Universe

It had been a long night, the work had got too much and I felt that Christmas Eve deserved some degree of reverence, a moment to step away from my life. And I sat by the window to have that moment, lent back and sighed, third floor up, a sizeable flat window overlooking the road and fenced chapel park. Two people stood on the far pavement by a cab, its back door open, the only things visible that night, surreal figures, in a silent scene, framed against the bars of a black fence, dull and distant yet so personal to me.

Through the glass and the dusk I saw them part, without a hug, merely a kiss. The cab door shut out the man standing there, his face stony and lost, and as the car pulled away from the kerb and moved off down the street, he turned the other way. They were two forms, suddenly strangers: all she needed do was sit in a car to place herself a world away from him, to be no longer her and so no longer his, but distant across a barrier, an object, no longer a voice.

His coat was already done-up and his hands deep in his pockets. He passed under the street lamps. They lit the road and little else, black and wet, ice to the eyes and stones to the feet. He moved slowly, each pace placed with thought; the three-quarter length coat gave his tread a troubled grace. He moved like an uneasy shadow over the

earth. Every move he made spoke of a thousand thoughts, a life flicked through in a footfall.

I looked down the other way. The night was so clear and sharp, yet beset by a darkness. The cab lights disappeared. Vanishing into the distance, the car seemed to find another place, a world strange to mine and his. There was life where that car was going, but the air round the man stood still: the place was held and silent. The man's form seemed to pass over the earth, a powerful and subdued presence, the lights overhead like a line of stars and the road beneath a black curve of the earth. He trod a path never-ending through a universe where to find answers didn't seem to be the reason any more. My window felt like just another dot in the sky, a speck on the edge of all existence.

The man turned his head and looked up into the night. I could see his face in the lamp light, and it told of a sadness that far surpasses tears or words, a sadness that comes with the loss of yourself, a weight of feelings out of your control, the forced submission, as you are lost and helpless. He didn't need to ask questions; he could not; his mind was overwhelmed.

From behind trees the chapel emerged, dark and strong like a shadow made of stone. There were no lights in front of its doors, just the stained glass window, high above him, a circle of light unattainable and unearthly. Then from somewhere in the night, choral voices came.





Creative Writing

FICTION



[continued from previous page]

They did not pierce the air nor fill it absolutely, but invaded it all the same, with an unshakable presence and influence. However, his shadow did not halt, the meaning of his footsteps carried him on past the corner and limits of the building; but the voices - they would stay with him. The world was strange enough that night but the hymn stole the last sense of stability, the silence.

Something happened to him; all at once, everything changed: his thoughts must have left him and with them his support. His figure once strong, now enfeebled by the stretching road, glowing lights and holy voices, suddenly doubled up, his arm hit his midriff and he collapsed. A victim to the conflict within himself? That refusal to give up thoughts, and failure to see that we can't see? His body fell down, and there it lay, open to the earth, sprawled over an area so small, yet somehow still significant on the dark road under

the lights.

I saw him fall; I did not leave my window, but stared out into the night. It is almost a refusal to live in the world we created, a need to exist through thought and reflection, a feeling that answers come from pointless deliberation, from wonder and abstract notions. We never give up, we must understand. If we know that the problem is there, we can't rest until we have worked it out. Life becomes a boring picture to look at through a window frame when one detail is wrong. How important is life when it all becomes dull? She drove away from him and he left his life with her, perchance he didn't even see the road of infinity lying ahead, or the endless sky, lights and stars. And in an attempt to hold on to a proportional reality, I looked at the night, not just some guy lying in the road. His body lay down, but I looked up.

Mark Stormont

FICTION

No Turning Back Now

'On your marks.'

'Get set.'

Claudia lifted her head and scanned the track. It was empty. The crowd was silent, feeling the anticipation of the competitors. Every now and then, out of the corner of her eye, she could see a flash of light appearing at random out of the dark mass, indicating someone was taking a photo, but that didn't matter now; she had to remain focused.

Claudia had been preparing for this moment since she was 8 years old, when her parents saw her running in her infant school's sports day and realized their daughter had a talent. She had given up so much to reach this standard in her sport. But she knew that this was what she was born to do. This is what she lived for.

In 10 seconds it would be all over. Years of training and sacrifice for just 10 seconds! Sometimes she found it hard to contemplate. Everyone whom she cared about would be in the audience now, ready to urge her on. Sitting on the edge of their seats. She had to

win for them, for her country.

But it was going to be tough. The competition this year was second to none. No one had given her much consideration when she had entered. She was just a young upstart from Britain, fresh out of school, quite fast but nothing to worry about. Everyone was a bit shocked when they had seen her run in the primaries. However, there was no doubt about who was the favourite to win. It was the experienced American with the speed of a cheetah. Even though Claudia was good, in the world's eyes Anna (the American) was going to win. But Claudia knew Anna had seen her run yesterday. She knew Anna would now see her as a threat to her title of gold won three years in a row.

And there Anna was, in the marked position next to her, steady and as poised as a cat ready to pounce. But she wasn't going to pounce, she was going to run - and fast.

Claudia knew the rest of the British Olympic team would be out there now. Watching, waiting. At least they thought she was in the running for a medal. They had been so supportive since she had joined the team, seeing her as the baby who needed to be protected. And





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Claudia didn't protest; what with the media and mounting pressure, she needed all the support she could get. Only they knew of the sacrifices that had to be made, to be the best.

No late parties for Claudia. She had to be up and ready for training. And even if she did go - smoking and drinking were completely out of the question. What friends would ask her to a party anyway? Since she had taken up running seriously, there had been no time to have any relationships. They would have to come second in her life. She had given her all to her sport. Literally everything: and there was no turning back now. She was going to win. She must.

But what if she didn't? What if all the other more experienced girls beat her? Could she live with herself knowing all that she sacrificed was worthless because she would lose anyway? And what about her family? They would be so disappointed, not to mention her coach.

Yet the funny thing was that all the other girls next to her were in exactly the same position. And they were the very people she had to beat. Claudia decided not to think of that any further. It wouldn't help. She was going to win.

Claudia looked at the finish line. How fresh the white paint looked against the copper red track. She felt its rough surface underneath her hands, whilst her breath created steam in the cold evening night. She felt the sturdiness of the foot holder, almost about to set off.

The start of the race was everything: good start, better chance of winning.

She was ready now, ready to run the race of her life. Nothing else mattered: only herself and the track. She had to cross that line before anyone else did.

GO!

Charlotte Matthews





Creative Writing

FICTION



2010 - The Beginning of the End

The date is 20/2/2050. I now mourn. It is the 40th anniversary of the disaster trauma that struck the Earth on 20/2/2010. Earth population is now 1 million. Average lifespan is now 40 years. We only live for 40 years and can only live this long because of radiation. I was one of 200,000 that survived. I have now decided to write about what happened. My story will be added to many of the other people who went through it. This is the event of "twenty ten" that changed the world and as a result of this has scarred the Earth and will be in history for years. It is greater than anything that has ever happened. Greater than the event that obliterated the dinosaurs. It is the event of twenty ten.

It all began in the year 2010 on January the 20th. The events described below began with a clear crisp sun that rose between two towering skyscrapers. The intense light blinded me. This would be the last time I would see this landscape like this. But I did not know it then, so took it for granted at the time. I wish I could see that sight again and feel the lush green grass between my fingers. I now realise that I took many things for granted. I now have nothing from the past and the landscape is now replaced with a large black menacing crater with jagged rough edges. No trees to be seen anywhere. Nothing green and beautiful. Just the dark, brown mud. The Earth has no green on it. It is as though green does not exist in nature. The little un-radioactive earth we can find is used to grow vegetables which have also become a rare resource. I would soon find out how the Earth could be turned into this burnt wasteland with black holes all over it.

The day began as I made my usual trip in the morning to the SF, that is the Secret Force. I can now tell you because it does not exist anymore. The only evidence of it is probably the odd radioactive brick, all chipped and broken in a deep dark black pit.

Working my way through the various undecipherable codes and heavy duty concrete doors which were unbreakable, I was walking to my office. Sitting at my desk, I now worked through many files about fake UFO sightings, which were actually real. Our job was to

cover up these sightings. The red phone rang. This was unusual as it would be the boss phoning. I picked it up and heard "John is that you?"

"Yes," I replied

"Come here now!" And I was summoned to my boss's office immediately, without a slip. This was odd as normally no one was invited there without a slip. So I apprehensively made my way there through yet another but much more heavily guarded door with two large double chinned, fat fisted men who wore black and never moved. As I stood there they spoke quite softly, which surprised me. I had to concentrate to hear them. "Are you John?"

"Yes," I replied feebly.

"Go," they said. A frantic number of bleeps could be heard before the door opened to allow me in.

I was through to my boss's office and he told me everything. He knew all about what was going to happen tomorrow. I knew he was telling the truth as he began to sigh and whimper. Tomorrow nuclear missiles would rain upon the Earth and the war between the motherlands would begin - America and Chinna. I spell this incorrectly as any mention of this word and I would be hung till dead.

The thought going through my mind at the time when he told me that I could be saved from this drama by being evacuated into the shelter of a remote island was utter shock.

This was not what I wanted to do. My family would be killed, so I said that I would go and rescue them. I had 10 hours left before it happened to get my family to safety and decided to get on a plane to save them. I felt like telling everyone that they would die tomorrow if they were to stay here. But the panic I would cause would send me to jail, for people would think I was mentally insane.

The urge to tell everyone still ran through me as kids play joyfully about. The feeling that I could predict everyone's death chilled me. Death was better than this feeling. The only thing that kept me going was the thought of saving my family.

* * *

A sudden jolt came from the plane as it reared and rolled like a drunken man.





Creative Writing

FICTION

This knocked me back to my senses. As I was wide awake and out of my daydreaming, looking out of the window, I could see a white fluffy landscape. Hints of red and gold splashed across the clouds and the sun was high above the sky. This was all left behind us as the plane began to fall through them. In a motion that was becoming more drunken-like, the plane was wallowing about, pathetically trying to get out of the dive. I urged with all my mental powers, trying, trying somehow to believe that if I wished hard enough we would pull out of the dive. This was not how life happened as I took one last look at a scatter of green and yellow islands. The sea was shimmering like gold. I closed my eyes, took a deep breath and braved myself for the impact. It seemed as though it would take minutes, but lasted forever.

* * *

Help . . . Help . . . Come on

Move people . . . going . . . now . . . go help

That man. Is he OK?

I felt a warm touch on my neck. I rolled up my eyes in a daze and smoke obscured my vision. The man who had checked me was called Bob. He jumped back as he was scared as I sat up. "Gosh you gave me a fright," he said. We later laughed about it. In my unconsciousness I had lain there for quite some time, he said.

I whirled around, still in a trance. Smoke was belching out of a tangled and twisted metal skeleton. To my left and right were large shards, all scattered around on the beach. This was all a bit too much for me. I fell backwards in total shock at the overwhelming scene that pulsed through me.

* * *

Bob awoke me again and this time I found myself by a tree. Now fully awake, I assessed the area I had abruptly found myself in. I thanked my friend. During the next hour I spent time looking at people and surveying every detail of the beach we now found ourselves on. The plane - or what was still left of it - gave out still small wafts of pure black smoke that twisted, curled and danced happily up into the air. The shards of metal were still piping hot, baking away in the deep sand. I slowly began to regain my memory as I walked round the beach. A shiver

went down my back when I looked at the time. At this moment in time the Earth's population would be going from 6.5 billion to about 200,000 people in about an hour. I had forgotten about this and it sent one chilling spasm after the other down my bones.

After all this time, thinking about it still chills me. It must be happening any minute now and in sheer blind panic I ran round the beach trying to think of something to do. I was like a dog chasing its own tail and this meant that nothing could ever stop 2010. I knew this and this was the worst feeling ever. I have cursed that sky every night since that day. Fate had played with me. She had pulled me away from being caught but then gave me hope of getting away. Fate had caught me again and this time there was no escape. For this I curse you again, for I had to endure the fact that every bomb that fell could kill my family. I would wince every time I saw a flash and knew with certainty that every flash would kill millions including my family. I could just imagine that Earth's population was dwindling away. Each man, woman and child that survived was lucky, very lucky and I knew that. That was also another part of my torture. Fate who I most hate knew this would crush me. I curse her for this. She let millions die and why keep me alive, why make that plane deliberately crash so that she could make me suffer? The sky was now full of long trails of pure dark and putrid smoke. Those bombs brought death greater than any plagues or diseases ever to hit the Earth. On the island, and after the fireworks, as people thought they were, I now told them what I knew. Many people did not believe; others did though. What else could do this? Some knew all about the friction between America and China.

How we got off the island I do not know but I became friendly with people after telling about 2010. The day after that we left with a raft composed of wood held up by the life jackets and a set of very sharp, roughly cut oars. All was done with great haste. It floated but not well enough to keep us dry.

My memory after this day faded but what I can string together is that we landed in the middle of nowhere. It was a safe place because of this. I am still here and mourning.

Alex Savage





Design and Technology

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR



I hope that many of you were able to experience our Speech Day Exhibition which celebrated, once again, the high levels of creativity, innovation and patience demonstrated by our expanding collection of Stoics. The relative calm and tranquil atmosphere of the displays is in stark contrast to the energy, chaos and panic experienced by all involved as these excellent pieces of furniture, advertisements, models and prototypes gradually evolved over the academic year. I am sure that all Stoics would join me in thanking and congratulating all the Staff involved for their hard work and patience.

As ever the department found the allocation of Speech Day prizes difficult, with all staff keen to support the arguments of each of their charges. Ultimately there were a select few who just sneaked ahead with a combination of consistency, hard work, aesthetic understanding and raw talent. Dominic Merrit has been a stalwart of the department through GCSE, AS and A2, honing both his written and practical skills to a very high level. These skills combined with a good theoretical knowledge of the subject resulted in his being awarded the Worsley Prize for his innovative sun lounger, amongst other successes. Dominic only dropped 36 of the 600 marks available during his A2 course.

Having manufactured a garden bench at GCSE level James Bradshaw embarked on another ambitious piece of garden furniture with a brief to design and manufacture a table capable of seating ten. James embarked on the project with customary aplomb, dedicating a great deal of his time to the manufacture with his efforts being rewarded with The Friends of Stowe Prize for Design in Wood. In addition to these Resistant Material prizes it is important to mention some other Stoics who also produced some outstanding products that can be seen around the surrounding pages: Gavin Forsgate, George Fossett, Edward Jackson, Casandra Fullager and Philip Gallimore.

The Graphic Design candidates continued to explore the realms of architecture, landscaping and advertising, realising some stunning products and professional-looking architectural models. With the subject now fully established at GCSE level the department looks forward to the quality and innovation of

the work produced at AS and A2 increasing further. Two Stoics were always in contention for the Andrew McAlpine Prize for Graphics: Eleni Mezulanik and Matthew Dalton, both of whom showed excellent ability in all areas of the subject. The prize was finally awarded to Matthew, due to the commercial slant that he applied to his design work as well his exploration of new software. In addition to the Graphic Design prize it is important to mention some other Stoics who also produced some outstanding products: Charlie Gledhill, Alexandra Levett, Anthony Dixon, Harriet Hill, Jessica Reid and Olivia Pendered.

An expanding GCSE cohort continues to add to the range of innovative and high quality products produced in the department, with candidates exploiting the full potential of materials both mechanically and aesthetically. With the differentiation between GCSE and Sixth Form work becoming increasingly difficult to measure, the award of The Lower School Prize for Design was a difficult one to determine. It was decided that due to some high levels of self-motivation, problem solving and perseverance, it should be awarded to Oliver Travers. Again it is important to recognise the work of other Stoics at this level and some examples of their work can be seen on the surrounding pages. Congratulations to the following: William Gale, Ned Boyd, Jonathan McInnes-Skinner, King-ho Leung, Vincent Yuen and Pencho Dotchev.

Clearly the visual impact of the products produced by the Stoics provides us with an enviable selling point with which to attract potential examinations candidates as well as those who simply enjoy dabbling and tinkering with the materials, equipment and expertise we have on offer. May I take this opportunity to remind Stoics that we are open each weekend between 1400 and 1600, with those not studying the subject being particularly welcome. This year will see the department involved in the introductory Foundationers Programme, a carousel of activities that expose the new 3rd Form to a range of experiences and tasks. Returning to our roots, we will be provide helpful guidance on everyday essentials such as repairing a puncture, wiring a plug and changing a fuse, as well as how to sew on buttons and names tags.

The department is proud to celebrate





Design and Technology

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR

and share the achievements of all those Stoics studying design and once again we find ourselves embarking on new projects that will form another splendid Speech Day exhibition next

year. I look forward to seeing you in May.

Simon Plummer





Music

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR



One of the most frequently asked questions by prospective parents is "What opportunities are there for pupils to give concerts at Stowe?" They are then surprised to find out that there are weekly concerts given by Stoics, plus other musical events. This year there have been over fifty calendared musical events and, along with those extra events which do not appear in the calendar, there has been an average of two concerts and recitals given at Stowe by Stoics each week.

The weekly Stoic Concert on a Wednesday evening at 5.30pm is a very important feature of our musical life. The Pupils' Informal Concert is an opportunity for those who are performing for the first time to develop their skills in a friendly environment, where the experience of performing is more important than presenting a perfect performance. The Senior Instrumental Recitals, for those of above Grade 6 standard, have witnessed some outstanding performances. Special mention should be made of Cicely Robinson's performance of Brahms' Clarinet Sonata No.1 in E flat (it was no surprise that Cicely went on to gain a Distinction at Grade 8), Edmund Jones on piano playing Schubert's Impromptu in A flat Op 142, No 2, and Rhapsodie in G minor, Op 79 No 2 by Brahms performed by Craig Greene. Craig also performed the first movement of his own Piano Sonata no.2, an incredibly accomplished work for someone in the fifth form. I suppose that Stowe is the ideal venue for a Concert of Baroque Music and the annual concert of music from this period given in the Blue Room did not disappoint. Works by Purcell, Telemann, Handel, Bach and Vivaldi were performed on the Trumpet, Oboe, Violin, Viola, Cello and Harpsichord and we were treated to a performance of Handel's "Ombra mai fu" from "Xerxes" sung by Edmund Jones.

The String Orchestra have given two very fine concerts this year. The one in

November featured two works by Britten and Mozart, both written when the composers were in their early or mid twenties. Britten's "Simple Symphony" is anything but simple for the players and demands a high level of technical skill to bring it off. The four movements fully exploit all the advanced techniques that accomplished string players need, and the string players of Stowe brought off a very fine performance under their leader, Hwei Kim. Mozart's Piano Concerto No.12 K414 in A is a gem of a piece, with its intimate writing: the State Music Room was the ideal place to perform this work. Hardly surprising that Channel 4 chose to broadcast a performance of Mozart's Piano Concertos from this very room. The soloist at our concert was Craig Greene, who played the concerto from memory without any hesitations. Craig's performance was quite magical and one felt that he was deep inside the movement, responding to every nuance and musical requirement.

There have also been a number of concerts given over entirely to solo vocal music. These concerts are particularly well attended and it would be invidious of me to mention individual names but it comes as no surprise that the standard of the singing in the Chamber and Chapel Choir has been so good and that so many students have gained high marks in singing examinations. The concerts of ensemble music have also been well attended and have displayed a rich array of varying musical groups at Stowe. These have included Clarinet Quartets, Flute Groups, Piano Duets, Saxophone Quartets, String Trios, String Quartets, a String Quintet, Oboe Trio, Wind Quintet, Wind Ensemble, Trumpet Group, Brass Groups and Wind Band. Other concerts in this weekly series have included concerts of student compositions and solo recitals given by AS & A2 students.





Music

HOUSE SINGING FESTIVAL

Saturday 7th February

Adjudicator: Mr. David Richardson

PART SONGS

Chandos: Nobody Knows the Trouble I Seen (Spiritual arr. Humphreys)

Bruce: I Am a Man of Constant Sorrow (Norman Blake)

Cobham: Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl (Trad. arr. Bartholomew)

Nugent: Mack the Knife (Kurt Weil)

Chatham: When You Say Nothing at All (Overstreet/Schlitz)

Walpole: Sound of Silence (Simon and Garfunkel)

Grenville: Love Me for a Reason (Boyzone)

Temple: Bed of Lies (Thomas & Serletic)

Lyttelton: More than Words (Bettencourt and Chero)

Grafton: Sleeping with the Light On (Busted)

UNISON SONGS

Chandos: Cheers (Gary Portnoy)

Bruce: Always Look on the Bright Side of Life (Eric Idle)

Cobham: Hit the Road Jack (Ray Charles)

Nugent: I Say a Little Prayer (Burt Bacharach)

Chatham: Breakfast at Tiffany's (Henry Mancini)

Walpole: Oompa Loompa (Roald Dahl)

Grenville: Little by Little (Oasis)

Temple: With a Little Help from my Friends (Lennon & McCartney)

Lyttelton: Be our Guest (from Beauty and the Beast) (Alan Menken)

Grafton: Don't Stop me Now (Freddie Mercury)

Every year for the two weeks running up to the Festival I worry that nothing appears to be happening and that the standard will fall well below that which we have come to expect, but every year the standard gets higher as each house tries even harder. There can be few schools where the House Singing Festival is more enjoyed by competitors and audience alike. This year more than ever senior pupils took charge of rehearsals and the music department gave very little assistance. In many cases the arrangements were actually done by the pupils and these were of an impressively high standard. I also had the real joy of watching Stoics taking rehearsals and their commitment and expertise was a pleasure to experience.

There were none of the low-brow dramatic antics that appear at so many other schools' House Singing Competitions: musicality was very much to the fore, but there was an obvious pleasure exuding from all the singers. Lyttelton won the Tustian Cup for Part Singing with an arrangement of their own. Special mention in this category should also be made of Temple, Chatham and Grenville's contributions, also arranged and rehearsed entirely in house. In the Unison section Nugent were the winners, with other outstanding songs from Temple and Walpole. Few of us will forget Walpole's singing of the "Oompa Loompa" song; it had all the humour and style that we have come to expect of a JSM production. The overall winner of the Competition was Nugent, who were awarded the Fanshawe Cup.





Music

CHAPEL ORGAN RESTORATION



The chapel organs were taken down for a much needed overhaul and refurbishment during the 2003 Summer holiday. The last time work of this scale was undertaken was in 1961, and of late the instruments had become increasingly unreliable. The school Governing Body authorised the work to take place, and so the much needed restoration was soon under way.

The work saw some 4000 pipes removed and cleaned, bellows and wind reservoirs re-leathered, soundboards and action work checked and repaired, and a brand new four manual & pedal console provided for the gallery. New pipework was also specially made for the Nave organ in order to support congregational singing more fully, whilst considerably enhancing its function as a separate chamber organ when used in its own right for concert work. The result here is a much brighter and more pleasant sound, free from time lag and without doubt of greater use than its underpowered and dated predecessor.

The main organ sited on the west gallery has also benefited greatly. Once

the instrument was back in position, it was clear that the removal of forty years' worth of dust, dirt and grime had once again restored the instrument's clarity and brightness; it now lent itself much more easily to the considerable demands that are placed on it during term time. As a recital instrument, it is gratifying to know that tone colours have once again been restored which were previously silent hitherto or not worth using.

Professor Ian Tracey of Liverpool Anglican Cathedral performed the first public recital on May 1st to show off the completed restored instrument.

We are all most grateful to Ian Carter and Cousans Organs, who completed a huge undertaking in a very short space of time. I should also like to record my thanks to the trustees of the 'ON' organ fund and the Foundation for Sport & the Arts who provided the school with grant assistance for this project. The organ will now give many more years of sterling service, whilst providing Stoic organists with one of the largest and most impressively specified school instruments on which to prac-

STRINGS FESTIVAL

Masterclasses given by Mariette Richter

Hwei Kim: Mendelssohn Finale from Violin Concerto in D minor

James Gordon Reid: Vivaldi Concerto in G 1st movement

William Walmsley: Scottish Brawl

Patrick Tillard: Handel Sonata in F major 1st movement

Sam Barnard: Elgar "Salut d'Amour"

Drew Leeman: Grieg Sonata in G 2nd movement

Jonathan Vivian: Vivaldi Concerto in A minor

Henry Warnock: Saint-Saëns "The Elephant"

Marcus Bennett: Scottish Air and Reel

Edmund Jones: Brahms Violin Sonata in A 2nd movement

Edward Howlin: Bach Minuet

Elizabeth Turner: Mozart Violin Con-

certo no 3 1st movement

Daisy Watkins: Schubert Sonata in A 1st movement

Edward Cowan: Telemann Sonata

A wide variety of music was performed at the Strings Festival, starting with the brilliant finale from Mendelssohn's youthful D minor violin concerto played by Hwei Kim. The concerto is a product of the composer's teenage years and was first performed at his teacher's house. Daisy Watkins played the first movement of Schubert's "Arpeggione" Sonata in an arrangement for viola and piano. Daisy carried off this tricky piece with aplomb, a performance befitting someone who will be studying the viola next year at The Royal Northern College of Music. Edmund Jones played the second movement of the A major sonata by Brahms with maturity, poise and a wonderful tone. All the players acquitted themselves very well indeed and responded to Mariette Richter's helpful and inspiring comments in a very positive way.





Music

ORGAN RECITAL BY PROF. IAN TRACEY

We welcomed Professor Ian Tracey, Organist of Liverpool's Anglican Cathedral, to mark the recent restoration of the chapel organ. Ian Tracey is one of the country's best known recitalists and promoters of organ music in general, and the 100 strong audience were certainly not disappointed as he put the instrument through its paces.

As well as being treated to some very fine playing, Ian's eclectic programme and entertaining spoken description of the music performed meant that the audience was constantly engaged and aware of what they were listening to.

He started the recital with a lively movement from Soler's *Concerto VI in D*. Antonio Soler was master of the music at the Escorial royal palace in Madrid. The blaze of reed tone used in this piece, combined with echo effects and nimble fingerwork impressed from the very start, and one could clearly imagine the ornate Baroque surroundings for which the piece was originally composed. Pescetti's *Sonata in C minor* followed, providing an excellent contrast to the boisterous beginning. This sonata consisted of three short movements and really showed off the organ's quieter registers, now responding and sounding better than ever before thanks to the summer overhaul.

J S Bach's *Prelude & Fugue in B minor* - 'The Great' was the next item performed. This piece is well known amongst musicologists and concert organists as one of the very finest pieces in the organ repertoire. Composed to demonstrate the properties of a minor tonality, the Prelude is based on the descending B minor scale, whilst the Fugue is based on the ascending B minor scale. The organ's main two choruses were heavily relied on here, their effect improved beyond recognition as the chapel was once again filled with an energetic, bright, clear tone.

Two pieces by Max Reger featured next

on the list - *Benedictus* and the *Introduction and Passacaglia in D minor*. Ian showed the organ's varied orchestral registers in these two works, with a wonderful legato cantabile style in the first, and an altogether more arresting and flamboyant technique used in the second. It is rare that an Ian Tracey recital does not contain a piece by the increasingly well known twentieth century British composer Herbert Howells. We were treated to a superb performance of one of his *Psalm Preludes* - a tone poem based on verse four of psalm 23. The organ's entire tonal palette was used very skilfully, conjuring images of evensong preparations in England's great ancient Cathedrals.

The composer Flor Peeters featured next with Ian choosing to perform the widely acclaimed *Suite Modal*. This work is split into four separate movements, each perfectly acceptable recital pieces in their own right. However, it was gratifying to hear a complete performance, which gave the audience the chance to encounter a majestic opening chorale movement, playful scherzo, lyrical adagio and virtuosic toccata. The recital's final leg featured music from the Romantic French school. Eugene Gigout's popular *Scherzo* demonstrated the organ's flute stops very well; interesting and entertaining sounds were also produced by creating 'question and answer' effects between the Nave and West sections. To draw the concert to a close, we were treated to the opening Allegro section of Widor's *Symphonie VI*. This exuded power and brilliance throughout and is a real *tour de force* for performer, listener and instrument alike. The chapel was filled with a glorious tutti; it is wonderful to know the school possesses an instrument of this quality. Future generations of Stoics, staff and clergy are very lucky to have the organ back in full order and providing exemplary service for many years to come.



Sir Ian Tracey





Music

PREP SCHOOLS' CHORAL FESTIVAL

Tuesday 8th February

In this day and age it is perhaps surprising that young people love coming to Stowe to sing a form of service that has stayed the same for over four hundred years. The music may have changed throughout the generations but the words haven't. Yet there is enormous pleasure and satisfaction on the face of these young choristers as they sing these great religious words. Almost 600 choristers, including the Stowe Choir, took part this year from the following schools: Aldwickbury, Ashfold, Berkhamstead Collegiate, Brockhurst & Marston House, Bruern Abbey, Cundall Manor, Hereward House, Downs, The Grove, The Hall, Hill House, Maidwell Hall, Northcote Lodge, The Oratory, Pinewood, St. Faith's Cambridge, St. John's Priory, Sussex House, Swanbourne, Westbrook Hay and Winchester House. Without doubt this must now be one of the largest Prep School Choral Festivals in this country. As usual the organ accompaniment

was enhanced by our own Brass Group. Stanford orchestrated his Evening Service in C and the brass parts from this made a magnificent sound. Jonathan Kingston arranged the accompaniment for Barnard's very fine hymn tune "Guiting Power" and John Green added brass parts to the anthem. I had feared that with so many choristers taking part the choir would become too large to handle, but this was not the case and the sound was magnificent, as testified by an excellent CD that was produced of the day. The music of the service was as follows:

Introit: Listen Sweet Dove (Grayston Ives)

Preces and Responses: William Smith
Psalm: Psalm 138 Chant (Thomas Walmisley)

Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis: Stanford in C

Anthem: Thou O God Art Praised in Zion (Malcolm Boyle)

Hymn: Christ Triumphant (Tune: Guiting Power)

CHRISTMAS MUSIC

There are two major Christmas events at Stowe which involve music from the Chapel Choir. The first is the Carol Concert and the second is the Carol Service on the following night. I am often asked what is the difference between the two and, of course, the obvious answer is that one is a concert and the other is a religious service. The Concert uses both secular and religious readings and the choir is accompanied by an orchestra as well as the organ whereas the service is performed by Candelight and only uses the traditional biblical readings of the Nine Lessons and Carols. The other major difference is that the Carol Service is always packed out and therefore, regrettably, we can only allow parents of the Upper Sixth Form and members of the Choir to attend.

In both cases a children's charity is

nominated and money raised for it. This year the charity was "Children in Crisis" and specifically the "Karte Char Care Centre" in Afghanistan, for which we raised almost five thousand pounds. At the Concert the choir performed almost twenty carols ranging from Alan Horsey's very simple carol "The Jesse Tree", Rutti's wonderful version of "I wonder as I wander", Jonathan Willcock's original setting of "The Holly and the Ivy" through to Andrew Carter's lively "Nomen Eius". We always pride ourselves at Stowe in producing new music each year for the Carol Service and music which gives the right balance and reflects the biblical readings. On both these occasions the choir was in magnificent form and after their very hard work fully deserved the plaudits that they received.





Music

EASTER END OF TERM CONCERT

Stoics and parents witnessed a quite spectacular concert signifying the end of a highly productive Easter Term. The Chapel was once again filled to capacity as the Chapel Choir, Orchestra, Wind Band, Jazz Band and winners of the 2005 House Singing Competition came together to perform to an enthusiastic and energetic audience.

The School Orchestra under John Green opened the concert and impressed all with their powerful and popular programme featuring themes from *The Big Country* and *Go West*, and were soon joined by the 100 strong Chapel Choir in a memorable performance of Stanford's triumphant setting of the *Magnificat in C*. Two jaunty movements from the *Masquerade Suite* by Khachaturian were played with great spirit, receiving the expected pleasing reaction from the capacity audience. Next to take centre stage were the Winners of Stowe's hugely popular House Singing Competition. Lyttleton presented a neat and moving rendition of their part song *More than Words* by Bettencourt and Chero, before Walpole cleared the air by special request with the *Oompa Loompa* song by Roald Dahl. Their outgoing Housemaster John Moule doctored the words suitably, adding a great touch of humour. Anyone hit by flying sweets which were fired from behind the Masters' boxes were certainly privileged to have been part of a wonderful visual special effect. Nugent were the winners of the Unison song, and gave an energetic performance of Burt Bacharach's *I Say a little Prayer* before the Jazz Band performed a quietly impressive *Harlem Nocturne* and a much more toe-tapping *Ain't no Mountain High Enough* with Serena Kearns as soloist. The whole

audience then picked up their song sheets and joined in very loudly with the Band's final item, *Build me Up Buttercup*.

As the great enthusiasm began to subside, Mrs Wallersteiner presented the Gilling-Lax Instrumental prizes to some outstanding musicians in the school who have given so very much and performed to such a high standard throughout the year. Once the prizes had been awarded, the concert took a raucous, but highly enjoyable atmospheric turn as the flag flying (thank you Bette Fox!) Last Night of Proms began to take hold. Elgar's *Pomp & Circumstance March in D* together with *Land of Hope and Glory* resounded round the Chapel before the Choir sang *Lux Aeterna* (Nimrod) also by Elgar. They performed this extremely challenging choral work with great poise and precision, enchanting the massed audience through a great crescendo to its hushed final bars.

As the concert's *grande finale*, the Stoic audience, Orchestra and Jonathan Kingston on the mighty chapel organ thundered out Eric Coats' *Dambusters' March* and Parry's much loved *Jerusalem* in true end of term fashion. A huge thank you must go to John Green, our Director of Music, for coordinating and masterminding such a huge event, as well to the performers themselves for putting on such a spectacular concert. I would imagine everyone who began the Easter break immediately after attending this event felt extremely proud to be associated with Stowe and its great talent so clearly evident.

Jonathan Kingston

PIANO COMPETITION

The annual Stowe Piano Competition took place this year on Sunday 22 May. Stowe's pianists were fortunate to benefit from the advice of Christine Stevenson, who teaches at the Junior Department of the Royal College of Music and is in much demand for recitals and masterclasses. She congratulated all the participants on the high standard they had achieved. The advanced class was won jointly by Edmund Jones (Grafton) and Craig Greene (Chandos), and the Piano Competition cup was awarded to Edmund Jones, who presented a programme of Schubert and Rachmaninov. Craig

Greene gave a polished performance of Bach, Haydn, Schumann and Messiaen. Special mention should also go to Edward Cowan (Bruce) and Linda Geaves (Lyttleton), who were awarded joint 2nd place in the Advanced Class. The remaining prize-winners were:

Higher Intermediate: 1st Sam Barnard
2nd Mark Stormont
Intermediate: 1st Elizabeth Turner
2nd Edward Howlin
Lower Intermediate: 1st Toby Marshall)
2nd Drew Leeman
Elementary: 1st Cara Dörenberg
2nd Jonathan Elfer





Music

MOZART TRIO PRIZE

For me, and for many, the day of the Mozart Trio Prize, named after the group in which our generous benefactor, John Yard, sang, is one of the very best days in the School Calendar. The solo recital prize is awarded for the best performance of the day, and prizes are also awarded to the winners in each section of Brass, Piano, Strings, Vocal and Woodwind. This year the overall standard was as high as I have ever known it and it was a real musical pleasure to listen to each and every performance.

The day began with a recital by Toby Marshall on the Trumpet whose contrasted programme of music by Busser, Purcell and Bernstein displayed an accomplished performer. Christabel Courtauld's voice has been much in evidence in the Chamber and Chapel Choir and has done much to enrich the Alto section. Her mainly jazz and lighter programme was just right for her warm sound and she captured every nuance of the songs. The Grand Duo Concertant makes huge technical demands upon the Clarinet and Piano and Cicely Robinson gave a mature and thoughtful performance of this work and demonstrated a beautiful sound. Edward Cowan has a great fondness for Piano Music of the second half of the 20th Century and two of his three pieces come from this period. Edward's natural love and belief in music of this period means that he has an innate ability to convey this style of music with great sensitivity. The final recital before lunch was given by Elizabeth Turner who played Mozart's Violin Concerto No.3 in G K216. The vivaciousness and grace of the outer movements were well contrasted with the song like style of the central movement.

Sarah Collett began the first afternoon session with Bach's Flute Sonata BWV 1035 and Faure's "Mordeau de Concours". Sarah's playing has developed so much this year; she produced a beautiful tone on the instrument and her command of detail in the Bach was excellent. Although, unfortunately, nerves got the better of Linda Geaves, nevertheless her performance of Turina's "Sacro-monte" and Debussy's "Reverie" showed enormous sensitivity and a pianist of great musical promise. We next had the first of Edmund Jones' three recitals. Edmund chose a programme of songs by Purcell, Britten and Head which were very well suited to his voice. There was a real musical

craftsmanship in the way Edmund sang and his portrayal of each of the songs was captivating. Haydn's Trumpet Concerto in E flat is one of the most well-known works in the classical repertoire and Craig Greene's performance would have graced a professional platform. Performing unaccompanied violin makes enormous demands on the player and Drew Leeman gave an accomplished performance of Bach's "Allemande" from the Partitata No.2 in D minor which contrasted well with the romantic Violin Sonata in G by Grieg. It was a real joy to hear Sebastian d'Agar give an outstanding performance of Schumann's "Fantasistucke" for Clarinet. Sebastian has made enormous progress this year. Hamish Ritchie has a huge and mature voice for someone in the Lower Sixth. His performances of Handel's Bass Arias was dazzling and the adjudicator commented that Hamish would be much in demand as a soloist in years to come.

After tea Edmund Jones gave us a performance of Beethoven's Violin Sonata in F "Spring". This showed real mastery of the instrument, coupled with a great musical understanding of the work. It was hardly surprising that Pablo Navarro went on to gain a Distinction at Grade 8 the week after giving this recital. His programme of Gershwin's songs were so expressive and full of warmth and vitality. Edward Cowan has made great strides on the viola this year and there is now a great depth of warmth to his tone. The Telemann Sonata in A minor allowed him to exploit this sound whilst the faster movements showed that he was able to play with great precision. Craig Greene on the piano performed a sensational programme from memory which concluded with Messiaen's "Regard de l'etoile". The adjudicator mentioned how wonderful it was to hear a first class viola player and Daisy Watkins' performance of the Brahms F minor Sonata amply demonstrated why she had gained a place to study at the Royal Northern College of Music.

We were then left with four more performances before the final summing up. Our Head of Choir, Matthew Dalton, sang beautifully in a programme which really showed off his fine voice. The adjudicator said that it would be a crime if he did not continue to sing once he left Stowe. This was the second year that we have heard the very demanding Second Clarinet Concerto





Music

MOZART TRIO PRIZE

by Weber and George Walker right from the outset performed with considerable panache. We have been very fortunate in the past two years in having such a fine Trombonist as Natalie Witts at Stowe. The Hindemith Sonata is a real test of stamina and Natalie performed it brilliantly. The final recital of the day was by Edmund Jones who performed works by Chopin, Schubert and Rachmaninov on the piano. This was an excellent end to what had been a wonderful day.

At the end of each performance we had the privilege of the adjudication from Mr. Ian Hillier, Director of St. George's School in Ascot. His upbeat and enthusiastic comments coupled with his helpful advice on how a performance could be improved added much to the enjoyment of this day. I close with a portion of the letter sent to the candidates by Mr. Hillier "it was a privilege to meet you and hear you all play in such

a musical, accomplished and professional way. Twenty two performers later and some 70 pieces I came away impressed and confident, confident not just for the music at Stowe but for each and every one of you. What especially struck me was the enjoyment and fun element in all your performances and that you were all taking part because you wanted to and not just to win. The only and great sadness of the day was that there were not more prizes to be awarded; each one of you deserved a prize on individual merit and I console myself knowing you were all winners".

Overall Winner: Natalie Witts and winner of the Brass Prize

Woodwind Prize: Cicely Robinson

Piano Prize: Edmund Jones

Vocal Prize: Matthew Dalton

String Prize: Daisy Watkins

SCHOOL ORCHESTRA CONCERT

Sunday 16th January

The Karelia Suite by Sibelius made a terrific start to this concert. Beginning softly, it soon crescendos and the sound rolls forward until we come to that great March tune which was much enjoyed by our excellent brass players. The central movement "Ballade" is much quieter and gentle and reflective in character. Written for strings and woodwind alone, it gave ample opportunity for our principal players to shine.

The "Unfinished" Symphony is one of those favourites with youth orchestras, yet to play it well takes considerable skill. The playing was well controlled and the quiet passages were most effective. The long lyrical Schubert melodies had considerable poise and the whole orchestra is to be congratulated for its interpretation of this work.

The Trumpet Concerto in E flat is justifi-

ably one of the most popular pieces in the repertoire. It was composed in 1796 for the virtuoso Anton Weidinger. Craig Greene gave an excellent account of the work and he was well supported by the orchestra. The sound in Chapel was quite exhilarating and the performance was much enjoyed by everyone present.

Stowe is fortunate in having such a magnificent Organ in Chapel and the combination of this instrument at one end of the Chapel and the huge orchestra at the other was quite breathtaking. The work that brought the concert to an end was Saint-Saens' Symphony No.3 in C minor "Organ". It was a great feat of coordination to bring the orchestra and organ together. Congratulations to both our conductors, Jonathan Kingston and Robert Secret, for such a splendid musical event.





Music

CHAMBER CHOIR CONCERTS

The Chamber Choir has been excellent this year and Jonathan Kingston is to be congratulated on the work that he has done with this very fine group of singers. There is a great richness to the sound they produce and a good balance between the voices. In May they performed Haydn's "Little Organ" Mass in Chapel. This was exquisitely done; it was hard to believe that this small group of only about twenty voices could produce such a vibrant sound. Particular mention should be made of the solo by Laura Hayhurst-France in the Benedictus. The other vocal work in this concert was Maurice Greene's "Lord let me know mine end"; the seamless flow of vocal parts was well done as each part overlapped the others. The central duet was beautifully performed by Serena Kearns and Christabel Courtauld.

Other items in this same concert were performed by the String Orchestra and I have to say that I have never heard them sound better. All three works were well known: Mozart's "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik", Pachelbel's "Canon" and the first movement of J.S. Bach's Concerto for Two Violins in D minor, but yet there was a freshness to their playing which brought the music alive. In particular I thought that "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik" was an excellent performance and, under Robert Secret's inspirational baton, the playing was neat and expressive.

Near the end of the academic year the Chamber Choir gave a concert of a different type in the State Music Room. Brian Wilson's "Our Prayer" was extremely evocative as it concentrated on the sounds of the human voice without words. This contrasted well with Queen's "Bohemian Rhapsody" which had great drive and energy. "The Way You Look Tonight" by Jerome Kern enabled the choir to show off their skills of sustaining long phrases and the blend of voices was excellent. Natalie Witts took the solo part in an arrangement of John Lennon's "Imagine" which had a lovely calmness about the whole arrangement. Andrew Carter's "Teddy Bears' Picnic" is fast becoming a favourite with small choirs and there was a great deal of spirit in this performance. Pablo Navarro needed little encouragement to take the stage as a Gospel singer in a rousing performance of "O Happy Day" and finally there was a very moving arrangement by Jonathan Kingston of "You'll Never Walk Alone". There were two outstanding duets during the concert, Matthew Dalton and Pablo Navarro sang "Me and my Shadow" and Emma Lovett and Hamish Ritchie "The Last Night of the World". This was a hugely enjoyable concert and though many good singers sang for the last time with the Chamber Choir, it is good to know that so many remain.





Music

WOODWIND PRIZE COMPETITION

To adjudicate this year's competition, held on Sunday 20th March, we were delighted to welcome Mr Sebastian Bell OBE to Stowe. Mr Bell recently retired as Head of Woodwind at the Royal Academy of Music and was their principal Flute Professor for over 20 years. He is a founder member of The London Sinfonietta and has performed with most of the UK's major orchestras and chamber ensembles in addition to appearing on over fifty film soundtracks.

The morning began with five novice instrumentalists battling it out with pieces colourfully entitled Wagons Roll and Drunken Sailor. A last minute surprise entry by Enrico Ayllon (Clarinet) with Scarborough Fair just clinched first place but the adjudicator however made special mention of Luke Davison's rich bassoon tone in his performance of Ten Toe Tapper – composed incidentally by Stowe's own bassoon specialist, Mrs Sarah Watts.

The Lower Intermediate class was won by Keith Leon (Alto Sax) closely followed by Georgina Newman (Flute) performing Menuetto by William Boyce. Keith's assured account of Here Comes the Blues so impressed the adjudicator that he was awarded the coveted Khurody trophy for best potential in the Junior section. Mr Bell was delighted with the enthusiasm that this group conveyed and he brought each competitor back up to the platform to give them a short master-class on phrasing and breath control.

In the Intermediate Woodwind section Alexander Thompson (Oboe) won first place with a sonorous and moving rendition of the Adagio from Bach's Cantata No.156. Indeed the competition was so stiff in this section that Mr Bell awarded joint second places to Sarah Collett (Tenor Sax) and Charlotte Matthews (Oboe). Sarah gave a truly sultry account of Gershwin's classic 'Summertime' while Charlotte had some technical problems with her instrument which only slightly marred an otherwise spirited performance of two movements from Vivaldi's D minor Oboe Concerto. The adjudicator praised the technical dexterity and jazzy idiom demonstrated by all the saxophonists in this group, particularly Matthew Williamson in the Sid Phillips Jazz Study No. 5 but in the end he de-

cidated to award the Faber Prize and Paul Harris Cup for best potential to Charlotte Matthews.

Sebastian d'Agar (Clarinet) won the Advanced Intermediate section with a powerful reading of the 'Allegro appassionata' from Brahms' Sonata in Eb. In this reversal of fortune from the previous year, he narrowly pushed into second place James Bentley's hauntingly beautiful rendition of another key work from the clarinet repertoire, the Romanza from Poulenc's Sonata. The adjudicator gave due credit to both players and made special mention of the sensitive and agile piano accompaniment by Benjamin Davey that encouraged such fine musicianship from both performers.

The standard remained equally high for the final Senior Woodwind class. Elizabeth Turner (Alto Saxophone) gave a well-controlled and charismatic performance arranged from the G minor Sonata by JS Bach, while Sarah Collett, now performing on flute, gave an equally pleasing and mellifluous account of his Sonata in E, BWV 1035. George Walker (Clarinet) dazzled us all with his seemingly effortless technique and showmanship, performing the whole of Weber's Second Clarinet Concerto. This was countered by Matthew Dalton (Clarinet) who successfully delivered just the right kind of rather understated and beautifully judged phrasing required in Bozza's Aria. In the final analysis Mr Bell felt that Matthew narrowly pipped George to second place on the day and went on to award Cicely Robinson (Clarinet) both first prize and best performance of the day for her engaging and mature reading of the first movement of Brahms' Eb Sonata. He went on to underline how impressed he was with the standard from all the senior competitors, especially with their ability to become so immersed in their performances and to communicate this so directly to the audience. Summing up the day's extraordinary achievements, he also gave special thanks to the marvellous accompaniment provided as ever by Benjamin Davey, which brought out the very best in each of the performers.

Zoë Fairbairn



Sebastian Bell OBE





Music

PREP SCHOOLS' INSTRUMENTAL FESTIVAL



David Gordon-Shute

On Thursday 23rd June we were pleased to welcome 90 young musicians to take part in a full day of ensemble and wind-band workshops, culminating in a full-scale afternoon concert held in Stowe Chapel. This was the first instrumental day to be held at Stowe for over 10 years, and it was enthusiastically supported by a wide range of advanced brass, woodwind and percussion players from; Abberley Hall, Arnold Lodge, Belmont, Northcote Lodge and Winterfold Prep Schools. The stamina and discipline of the pupils in rehearsal was impressive and their enthusiasm for the two Concert Band medleys, conducted by Debbie Arscott, from Star Wars & James Bond themes became quickly apparent. Over the course of the day they were divided into smaller groups, where they worked on further ensemble repertoire with instrumental specialists.

The saxophones were led by Simon Stewart, founder member of the Paragon Sax Quartet, in a reggae inspired number by Karen Street called *Carnival!* All had solo lines and improvised passages and the ensemble was underpinned by the stylishly funky tenor sax playing of Jerry Price from Winterfold School, who thoroughly surprised all his pupils! The fourteen-strong trumpet ensemble directed by Debbie Arscott gave a very polished and mellow toned rendition of *Together Again!* The woodwind ensemble coached by Zoë Fairbairn and accompanied Hilary Ford played *La Bamba* with great gusto, but

the highlight for many was the stunning performance by the Samba Band led by our own percussion specialist Ray Weeks. This was an outstanding achievement, created in just a few hours and performed from memory by 10 players who had never worked together before; the effect was thrilling.

Many of the teaching specialists commented on the pupils' great prowess in reading new material on the day, and many thanks go to David Gordon-Shute, principal tuba of the Covent Garden Orchestra, who coached the lower brass and supported the Concert Band with his splendid bass lines. Special thanks are also due to the Stowe Music Scholars, Sarah Collett (Lytellton) and Cicely Robinson (Lytellton), who, besides performing, helped by acting as guides, doing administration, and keeping the organiser (Zoë Fairbairn) calm throughout the course of the day.

Overall, the day was deemed a huge success by the audience and music staff from the visiting prep schools. For many of the pupils it was their first experience of playing in a really large concert band, and the acoustics and lofty setting of Stowe Chapel did much to enhance their enjoyment of the day. Hopefully this will become a regular fixture for Stowe, augmenting the musical interest in Stowe generated by the annual choral day.





Madrid Trip

A DIARY OF THE TRIP

Day 1: It was an early start, leaving Stowe at 4:30am to catch our flight from Heathrow. Once we arrived we met up with our hosts, where we freshened up before setting off to see something of Madrid until our meal back with our various hosts at 9pm.

Day 2: In the morning, we trekked off to see the Museo del Prado, where a large number of famous paintings are on display. Whilst there, we bumped into a low-key member of the Spanish Royal Family, called the Duchess of Alba.

After lunch, it was time for shopping, good for the girls but a nightmare for the boys. After the shopping, we met up in a tapas bar to decide what to do in the evening. Rupert and Mrs. Lawrance-Thorne were desperate to see the Champions League game at the Bernabeu that night and had got tickets whilst visiting the stadium that afternoon. So whilst the rest of the group went to the cinema to see "The Motorcycle Diaries", Mrs L-T and Rupert went off to see Real Madrid play like typical *madrileños*. They won 1-0 courtesy of a Michael Owen goal.

Day 3: Day 3 had a very historical feel to it as we went off on a coach to see El Escorial, which is the resting place for the royal family's coffins, as well as containing an extensive library and works of art. After El Escorial we went to the Valle de Los Caídos, a monu-

ment commemorating the efforts of the winning troops in the Civil War. General Franco got the prisoners of war to build this massive cross on the top of the hill in barren countryside outside Madrid and it can be seen for many miles. Many prisoners died in making the cross which took many years to complete. Also there, is Franco's tomb. The rain that fell the whole time we were there added to the sombre feeling of the place. To lighten the mood, in the evening, we all went to a restaurant for a delicious supper.

Day 4: We had some difficulty in getting to Toledo as we arrived at the train station at 10:15 only to find we had just missed the train and the next one was not until 3:30 in the afternoon. So we had to go on a laborious coach journey to Toledo, which is a town steeped in history and is a great example of different religions coexisting peacefully, as for many years there was a mosque, a synagogue and a cathedral in the town with no outbreaks of violence. We also saw a museum dedicated to the works of El Greco.

Day 5: Going home day. Our flight was not until the afternoon, so we spent the morning at the Reina Sofía, a modern art museum where Picasso's famous *Guernica* is on display. There was one last opportunity to go shopping before meeting up to fly home.

Rupert Rowling





Charity Weekend

AN OVERVIEW



It was April 2004 when seven fifth form boys approached me with a bagful of ideas for a charity weekend in aid of the Muscular Dystrophy Campaign. They had been prompted by Charlie Reynolds (Bruce), who suffers himself from MD, to raise money to support research into the condition and increase the level of care in hospitals across the UK. Sponsored swims, magic evenings, pub quizzes and the like were condensed into three different events designed to raise as much as possible from the Stowe community over one September weekend: a Battle of the Bands on Saturday, a sponsored walk on Sunday, finishing with a 'Home Clothes' Day on the Monday. Plans were put in place before the summer break, and a tentative, but at the time ambitious, target of £10,000 was set.

Michaelmas started in a rush as ever, with advertisement posters, sponsorship forms, band practices and marshalling systems hastily arranged. The local paper ran a piece on us, and promised to send their photographer on the walk. Local companies pledged prizes to Friday's winners, and Stowe's own team of hard nuts plotted just how quickly they could *run* the 15-mile walk with full rucksacks on their backs (in the end, I think it was just under two hours). Most of the hard work was done by the nascent Charity Committee, from making voting-boxes to writing to *The Advertiser*. They were a superb group of Stoics, thoroughly committed and limitlessly inventive.

Battle of the Bands

We got it down to six bands in the end. Stoics from the fifth form upwards were ready to put themselves on the stage to be judged by their peers. The range of songs was impressive, from Alex Ward's acoustic *Under the Bridge* and Charlie Holden's *California*, to a raucous rendition of The Hives' *I Hate to Say I Told You So* by current Head Boy, Hugh Viney. Toby Marshall broke the mould with his trumpet-playing, and U6th Bruce-Grenville collaboration The Wake strutted across the stage oozing the confidence that has since earned them session-time in London and a first album on CD.

The night, some would say rightly, belonged to *Pigs Will Fly*, a band made up of members of the Charity Committee. They had us jumping with Razorlight's

Don't Go Back to Dalston, and swaying to Snow Patrol's *Run*. Charlie Reynolds on lead vocals cut an iconic image in his shades, fittingly leading his group to a vote victory. 80% of the school came to shout, 'mosh' and scream for their favourites, and it was wonderful to see so many competing without restraint on stage. Incidentally, history will record that Common Rock, the staff band, came an easy last – I'm sure there was a fix!

Sponsored Walk

Lionel Weston, with his usual benevolence, had decided on two possible routes – a short one of 6 miles, or the marathon 15-miler. It is a testament to the readiness with which the students had taken the whole project to heart that the vast majority chose the longer trek from Bucknell back to school. Nearly a thousand Stoics, staff, parents, friends and dogs took part on a cool, sunny day. Pit-stops of orange squash, Mars Bars and encouragement were much appreciated, as was the hard work of the volunteer marshals. Again, the team of Lower 6th boys were very much in the forefront of organisation: the hands to Lionel Weston's practical mind.

What with the runners, plodders, crawlers, piggy-backers, slouchers, slumpers, corner-cutters and blisters, all had finally finished within six hours. As the last group wandered onto the North Front from the Dadford Farm track in the late afternoon, the litter-sweepers were still out on the Bucks fields with armfuls of black bags, and Lionel was meandering through the country lanes in his minibus; his day wouldn't be over for several hours yet.

The aftermath

We had publicly aimed for £10,000, though secretly we vacillated between hoping for fifteen, and doubting we would make five. As the cheques came in from the parents and housemasters, however, it became clear that we were onto something markedly bigger. The first indication came when a 4th form parent reported that his company were matching whatever he could raise for the walk. He raised £6,000 – so much for 5k! The money rolled on in - CAF cheques, £10 notes in envelopes, bursary wires: all found their way to





Charity Weekend

AN OVERVIEW

Heather Meredith's office, and continued to pile up precariously for several weeks. In the final accounting, Stowe's generosity was phenomenal. Once everything had been added up, we had totalled £37,300 – far above what we could have hoped for at the start. Two boys deserve special mention for their contributions. Charlie Reynolds and James Minchin-Mitchell (Grafton) both raised in excess of £12k each, through the remarkable donations of friends and family. What an incredible achievement from these two. It goes without saying that the work of The Muscular Dystrophy Campaign has been enormously bolstered by these two individuals – an achievement for them to remember for a long time yet.

We wanted to give the seven boys, and James, some sort of presentation, and threw around ideas of inviting Sue Barker (the MDC President) to Stowe. She couldn't come, perhaps tired by the Olympics coverage. London Wasps came to the rescue, offering a half-time presentation slot with a member of their team. So we took a coach, the 1st XV and excited spirits to High Wycombe

to witness the Wasps crush Harlequins, and step onto the turf at the break to the sounds of the tannoy shouting "Stowe School raises nearly £40,000 for charity" against a backdrop of many thousands of applauding fans. Wonderful.

As it turned out, the announcer could have swapped his 'nearly' for 'more than', as the final total topped £41k, what with Gift Aid calculations and final cheques from chivvied sponsors dripping in until December. Reflecting now, several months on, it was a truly remarkable weekend, not only from the seven (rightly eight, with James M-M's inestimable contribution) boys who had worked tirelessly to set this up, mostly off their own backs, but also from the whole Stowe community. In a way that I haven't seen before, the entire school was behind something, and really behind it. Whether it was the particularly home-grown charity, the committee's enthusiasm, or just the right time to do something good, we'll not know. But it worked. And thank you.

Mark Edwards



SPONSORED WALK: A STOIC'S VIEW

One Sunday morning the whole school, including parents (and even dogs), gave up their time and partook in a fifteen mile sponsored walk for the muscular dystrophy campaign. The day began early, with a coach ride to a location approximately 15 miles from the school.

Things began dark and gloomy, with the majority of Stoics moaning and groaning, but spirits soon picked up. Having begun last and finished last I was given the perfect perspective of the surrounding area. It was surreal to see the open fields of the Buckinghamshire countryside filled with almost seven hundred Stoics. Originally all were in my sight and gradually people moved into the distance amongst the most picturesque scenery. Some ran the full fifteen miles; some plodded their way along whilst socialising amongst friends.

After a couple of hours, the situation became increasingly chaotic, in good-humoured Stoic fashion. Map-reading skills seemed to have been forgotten, and 'detours' became numerous. The original distance of 15 miles was extended as several took the 'scenic route'. This was all part of the fun and games; and the walk became more of a geographical field trip for these adventurers.

After an eventful and charitable day; everyone came back with a sense of achievement; despite the agonising aches and pains of our feet. As well as raising several thousand pounds for the muscular dystrophy campaign; everyone had an enjoyable day full of laughter, and an experience no-one will forget.

Jack Randall





Drama

SENIOR CONGREVE

NOEL COWARD: A TALENT TO AMUSE
25-27th NOVEMBER 2004



Alastair as Doctor Harvey and Victoria as Laura



Pablo taking liberties with Chrissy!

This year's Senior Congreve, the work of one author (Noel Coward), combined the talents of three different directors and three separate casts over three consecutive nights. In addition, the three casts were required to deliver two performances on each night. The Saturday performance was a gala affair, with two different audiences promenading in evening dress between the Temple Room and the Music Room, via an interval of champagne and canapés in the Marble Hall.

For the first two plays, *Shadow Play* directed by Christopher Walters and *Hands Across the Sea* directed by Nick Bayley, this reviewer was seated in the back corner of the auditorium constructed in the Temple Room. This detail concerning seating is offered by way of explanation for one adverse criticism: it was sometimes difficult to **hear** some of the performers. The productions always **looked** magnificent, however, as set and costumes provided a sumptuous display. Lighting and sound were supervised by James Randall-Coath, while Thomas Borwick and Charlie Longcroft managed the stage.

The backdrop to *Shadow Play* comprised black screens displaying modern art. There was a cocktail bar stage left and pot plants discreetly distributed about the set to impart the impression of tasteful opulence. Victoria (Laura Hayhurst-France), a pampered neurotic lapsing into reveries induced by sleeping tablets, looked very graceful in the blue peignoir that draped her form for much of the performance, while Simon (Hugh Viney) cut a dashing figure as her romantic lead in his white tuxedo. Although they perhaps lacked some of the stylised affectation that is the hallmark of Coward's comedy, they nevertheless excelled in their romantic duets. These were fully choreographed to entertain the eye as well as the ear, achieving effects fully appropriate to the sleepy world of Victoria in which events from her past are re-enacted. The supporting roles were pleasingly varied: Laura McGuire as Lena, Emma Lovett as Sybil, Gianni Mitchell as Hodge and Jean-Michel Hall as a young man. The clearest projection, however, came from Frederick Toye as Michael,

Catriona Hands as the suave, black-gowned Martha, and Jonathan Elfer, very amusing as the grumpy but cultivated voice of George.

Hands Across the Sea is an unashamed farce, very different in tone from the dreamy romanticism of *Shadow Play*. The set in the Temple Room was rapidly transformed by reversing the screens which now showed white with silk drapes, by re-positioning the cocktail bar stage right, by moving a sofa (the focus of the forthcoming action) to the centre, and by introducing the piano and piano-stool stage left. The transition between the two performances was achieved smoothly to the strains of Jonathan Kingston playing "A Room with a View" - one of the musical interludes that his piano provided as highlights of the evening's entertainment.

As before, some problems with audibility were encountered in this second production, but these were counterbalanced by the overall visual impression. The Empire-builders, hair slicked back, looked suitably imposing; Commander Gilpin (Horatio Joyce), Lieut. Commander Corbett (Charles Holden) and Major Gosling (Andrew Drummond Moray) sported a rich and colourful (at times, garish) assortment of blazers, slacks and cravats. Congratulations to Horatio for his solo vocals at the piano! The females were more varied in their attire, Lady Maureen (Georgia Raimes) in a light brown, calf-length coat with a dark brown collar, re-appearing later in an oriental wrap; The Hon Clare Wedderburn (Serena Kearns) sporting country tweeds; and Mrs. Wadhurst (Antonia Melville) looking (appropriately) inadequately attired in a green floral print frock. The cast was completed by Alastair Russell as Mr. Wadhurst, Taleri Bankes as Walters and Timothy Wild as Mr. Burnham. Among the chief sources of comedy were the sequences in which the men became increasingly loud and outrageous as they helped themselves to the contents of the Gilpins's cocktail bar; and the wonderful interplay between Serena Kearns and Antonia Melville, the hearty Clare boisterously thumping the timid Mrs. Wadhurst whose apprehensive facial expressions were hilarious, even as the telephone cable wrapped yet again around her throat.

After the interval, your reviewer was





Drama

SENIOR CONGREVE

offered a seat in the front row of the auditorium constructed in the Music Room for the performance of *Still Life*, directed by John Moule. This was particularly fortunate because of the intimate nature of the play, the original of David Lean's successful wartime film, *Brief Encounter*. The set was fittingly less opulent than those for the previous two performances of the evening, but just as convincing. Five tables with blue cloths were surrounded by upright chairs to represent the cafeteria of a railway station. The buffet bar was stage right, behind which Craig Greene's piano was positioned to provide musical accompaniment. The opening song, "Bad Times are Just Around the Corner", was performed with confidence, vigour and talent, setting the standard for the rest of the performance.

The supporting acting in this production was of an unusually high standard. Among those who visited the station buffet were two raucous soldiers, Bill (Garyth Cooper) and Johnnie (Adam Forsdike), the timid Mildred (Jessica Leon) and the complacent Dolly Mes-siter (Anna Semler). Behind the buffet, Myrtle Bagot (Christabel Courtauld on outstandingly good form) bullied Beryl Waters (Natalie Witts), while the women vied for the attention of either Stanley (a suitably impish John Galvin) or Albert Godby (Pablo Navarro adopting a stolid Yorkshire manner). The accents of these four characters were entirely convincing and impeccably sustained, their rather coarser language and behaviour cleverly counterpointing the more restrained and refined manner of the two central would-be lovers, prevented from seeking happiness in each other's arms by their sense of moral rectitude.

Alastair Shaikh portrayed Dr. Alec Harvey with great sensitivity and beauti-

fully clear enunciation. Dressed in a light grey checked suit and trilby, he moved about the stage with considerable refinement, showing dignity in his gait and his speech. It was Victoria Garwood, however, who stole the show with a beautifully understated and deeply moving performance as Laura Jesson. Once seated, she stirred little on stage, and her voice rarely rose above an undertone, yet every word, wistfully expressed, produced a wave of sympathy from the audience. Among the tableau from this production that will endure in the memory will be the sight of Dr. Harvey leaning forward, earnestly staring at the profile of Mrs. Jesson as she gazes hopelessly into the darkness of imagined infidelity. Conversely, when Dr. Harvey became animated in his talk about preventive medicine, she gazed admiringly at his profile as he envisaged his dream of professional success. In this domestic tragedy of "little" people who find their desires and duties to be fundamentally opposed, the two young and talented leading actors brought out the full pathos of the situation.

With thirty-six Stoics involved in acting or support behind the scenes, this was a tremendous team effort that resulted in a most varied and entertaining evening. Our particular thanks and congratulations must go to Sarah Gilbert, the Production Manager, and to the three Directors, Christopher Walters, Nick Bayley and John Moule. They called their evening *A Talent to Amuse*, a highly apposite title as the audience were consistently amused by an abundance of talent. After a production of this quality, we await next year's Senior Congreve with eager anticipation.

Paul Miller



The *Still Life* company singing 'Bad Times Just Around the Corner'





Drama

SENIOR CONGREVE



Hugh Viney as Simon and Laura Hayhurst-France as Victoria from *Shadow Play*.



Laura MacGuire as Lena and Catriona Hands as Martha from *Shadow Play*





Drama

SENIOR CONGREVE



Antonia Melville as Mrs Wadhurst, and the offending piece of telecommunications technology in *Hands Across the Sea*



Andrew Drummond-Moray as 'Bogey' Gosling and Tim Wild as the hapless Mr Burnham in *Hands Across the Sea*





Drama

LOVE WARS



The time after AS Level exams are finished is a tricky one for the Lower Sixth; they complain of being bored and yet do not have the motivation to plunge into A2 work. What better occupation could there be than for eight of the best actors to put together a production hastily for a two night run in the Dobinson in the last week of term?

Not that it looked hasty. Using inside knowledge, I know that the preparation was last-minute; from the outside the production looked smooth, fluent and polished. It was an ideal script, fashioned from an original by James Saunders with bits added by Nick Bayley (who also directed) and various songs interwoven into the action. Four couples provided various cameo snapshots of their relationships; never interacting with any other (making rehearsal easier) yet at the same time constantly complementing the experiences of each.

The comedy was very successful with a largely Stoic audience. Each couple had their moments: Hugh Viney and Emma Lovett arguing about whether or not to go to the cinema; Christabel Courtauld and Edmund Jones at a party, calmly and sophisticatedly flirting towards the moment of sexual decision; John Galvin and Antonia Melville wonderfully young as they shyly and childishly swapped 'Do you love me? Yes' time and again; and Alasdair Shaikh petulantly offended by Laura MacGuire's admission that his conversation bored her. The laughs were constant and genuine; we were entertained.

But though an evening's entertainment is and was welcome at the end of term, this performance was so much more than that. There were moments of remarkably accurate and acute perception of exactly how arguments emerge within relationships; I am sure that all married people, at least, squirmed at some of the lines. The sexual insecurity of Alasdair trying desperately to find out how Laura rated his 'performance'; the unreasonable mood swings of Antonia as John tried to find out 'what was wrong', Edmund's vulgar and very 'man in front of the TV' failure to hear Christie's attempt to define her love; all were very well observed and painfully real. A brilliantly scripted scene between Hugh and Emma had them playing a word association game with Emma coming back to the word love

regularly but Hugh moving away from it till it became a confrontation as he forced himself on her.

The violence of that moment was shocking, too shocking, interestingly, on both nights for some of the audience to realise what was happening. Perhaps that is a criticism of how it was portrayed and perhaps how the comic elements were overplayed to the detriment of the serious. Having thought about it, more likely seems to be the fact that we do not have enough of such serious drama at Stowe and are not used to it. Whatever the truth, it was good to see the actors adjust on the second night and work harder to create that atmosphere when it mattered.

One scene stood out for me: each couple on stage with an apple between them, 'the last apple' for them to argue between each other as to who should have it. The classic symbol of deception and temptation became just that as the opportunity to show love became just another excuse for selfishness and division. It was brilliantly portrayed.

Another innovation needs mention. Six of the eight actors used their singing talents to add another dimension to the performance; some songs more suitably observed than others but all immensely popular and confidently delivered. Edward Cowan and Jonathan Kingston provided sensitive accompaniment though it has to be said that Edmond's self-accompanied song stole the show.

Such experimentation was bold and to be welcomed. With an unusual net curtain across the front of the stage to divide audience from stage and with minimal lighting in a naturally dark theatre, the surreal effect was extended and helped to create a slightly disturbing atmosphere entirely in keeping with the performance. This was more than comedy.

Stowe has some very talented actors at the moment and we look forward to their efforts in their final year. With Nick Bayley, they are being encouraged to explore different styles, to great effect. I usually enjoy plays once; here I went twice. I am usually hyper-critical; here I am full of admiration. 'Love Wars' was a triumph.

John Moule





Drama

WALLS

A double bill presented by the two 4th year Drama classes in the Dobinson Theatre, December 2004

The aims of the evening's entertainment were several: to force each class to work together co-operatively; to give them an opportunity to perform, with all the stresses as well as the pleasures that such an experience provides; to see and judge each other's work; and to tackle material which was thought-provoking and theatrically challenging, both in style and content.

Both plays dealt with the concept of fear, and both were dominated by a wall; the difference between them lay in what was beyond it. The first play, *Over the Wall* by James Saunders, took the concept of a wall which divided one half of an island community from the unknown beyond. Using mime and a quick-fire delivery, the cast cleverly presented the entire population who, though they had theories about what was over there, tended to ignore it.

The second half of the play focuses upon one man who refuses to accept such ignorance, and eventually builds a catapult to fling him over – frustratingly for us, and tragically for him, he dies before revealing what he discovers. The climax of the play, when he is lifted high into the air, was a true (and literal)

tour de force.

The second play was David Campton's *Us and Them*. Two bands of travellers wearily arrive at the same place, and each claim it for themselves. After some negotiation, they agree to share, separating their territory first by a line, then a fence, and then a wall. Inevitably and tragically, its mere existence leads to idle speculation, then fear, and this play climaxes with tearing down the wall and then a pitched battle. There are but two survivors, and both blame the wall. It should have been higher, they say, stronger, thicker.

The battle scene was the highlight of their performance, performed in magnificently controlled and expressive slow motion, with music and lighting providing additional atmosphere; wherever one looked on stage, there was gripping theatre.

Both groups were directed in a direct, physical style, which forced the audience to use its imagination, and to provide an entertaining and thought-provoking experience. A success all round.

Chris Walters





Drama

A2 PRACTICAL PERFORMANCE

This year's advanced level practical performances saw a broad and diverse range of work from the nineteen students involved. Working from a set theme given by the examining board, each student had to prepare three contrasting scenes for performance. One had to be from a pre-1900 text, another from a post-1900 text, and the last a self-devised scene linked to the chosen theme. The themes that were given were very open to varying interpretations and the range of performance styles incorporated was extremely encouraging to see.

In all three scenes / extracts the students were assessed on the following criteria: identification with the charac-

ter; use and range of voice; awareness and use of acting space and relation to it; ability to listen, respond and interact effectively; and finally ability to engage an audience.

Performances took place mainly in the Dobinson Theatre, but we also used the Roxburgh stage area and the Music Room in the main mansion for some of the period settings. I was very proud of them all; we received many excellent grades for this particular unit.

Nick Bayley



Pablo Navarro and Victoria Garwood in their devised scene 'Bedtime Stories': a tale of pain, romance and illusion.



Catriona Hands as Lucy and Regan Gardner as Rosemary in a scene from *Mother Figure* by Alan Ayckbourn





Drama



Horatio Joyce, Eleanor Weil, Caroline Graham-Wood and George Wheeler 'making 'em laugh' in their devised scene, 'The Façade of Ninety Two'



Pablo as Sir and Victoria as Her Ladyship from *The Dresser* by Ronald Harwood



Serena Kearns as Nina and Xavier Keenan as Jamie in Anthony Minghella's *Truly, Madly, Deeply*



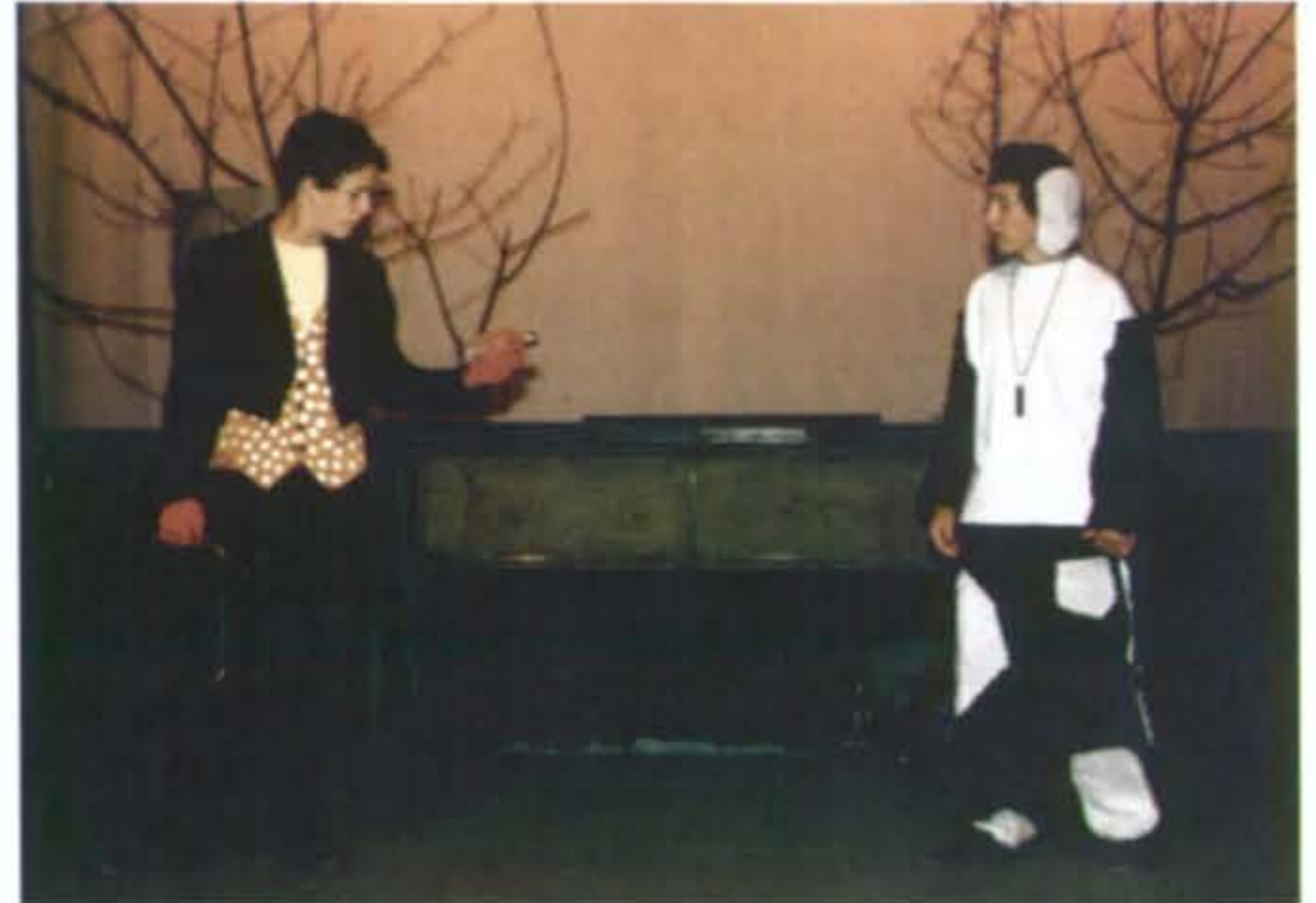
Will Puxley and Gianni Mitchell as two old enemies fighting it out for ultimate power in the afterlife, in their devised scene, 'The Bet'.





Drama

JUNIOR CONGREVE: AESOP





Chapel

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR

Blimey... I'm surrounded by women! Not content with a wife, three daughters, a bitch, and a female guinea pig, my two new chaplaincy colleagues are also ladies. Jennifer Locke came from North London Collegiate to be the Head of Theology and Assistant Chaplain, and Sarah Print came from Jesus (College, Oxford) to be the Chaplain's Assistant. I'm a very content man! In fact how interesting it is to be a part of the Christian family that plays such a large part at Stowe. As the annual staff turnover inevitably means that we lose members, we always seem to welcome new members. We are indeed blessed! It means that there are always colleagues willing to help with the Christian work here and we can afford the luxury of a Bible Study group for each year, and indeed two each for the fifth and sixth forms. I am naturally very grateful to the members of staff who give up their time to lead such groups, many of whom also lead midweek chapel services.

Crossfire has gone from strength to strength. Building on the work of her predecessors, Sarah Print has helped create a weekly meeting that is, for me, one of the highlights of the week. To be in the presence of around 45 others ranging in age from 13 to 40+, and to witness a great deal of fun and friendship across this age range is rewarding, as have been the speakers who have stimulated us in a variety of ways! I particularly remember Inspector Pete Downing of the Thames Valley Police, telling us how a Christian finds it working in the Police, and then allowing some of the more diminutive Stoics to try on his riot gear.

In Chapel, I have tried to continue to ring the changes by way of preachers and we've had an international lawyer, Katya Samuel, a Chief Inspector, (this time from the Met), John Sutherland, an MP, Alistair Burt, the local Methodist minister, Norman Hooks, and a Geography teacher who took the plunge and sang unaccompanied from the pulpit... little did we know that the same singing preacher, Pete Last, would be appointed the new Head of Geography starting here in September. One of the highlights for me was the

visit of John Naude, an ex GB international Basketball player of the wheelchair variety. John, who is a curate in Wellingborough, gave a display after the service in the Drayson, and his graceful skill was as striking as his accounts of how society disables people like him (though having said that, how many wheelchair owners have been stopped by the police for speeding, not once but twice?!)

This year's Lenten Addresses were lead by a couple of members of the Ignite Trust, a somewhat unusual Anglican Church in Harrow. They came laden down with rock and pop and garage bands not to mention the odd dance troop, and the Chapel was transformed into an appropriate setting for such an event. Si Jones, Dan Burke and Tracy Mogensen challenged the Stoics to stop and think about life, and to chew over the spiritual dimension, and this continued in the lessons where there was often a lively discussion about these matters.

Finally, this year's confirmation course was a positive experience for those who took part. We had a good retreat, and an excellent Confirmation Service that was taken by the Bishop of Dorchester, the Rt Rev'd Colin Fletcher. Those who were confirmed are:

Edward Abel Smith, David Pitcher, Kit Arkwright, Freddie Prendergast, Rowley Barclay, Thomas Prendergast, Robert Barnard, Johnnie Puxley, Jack Bartholomew, Jack Randall, Harry Benyon, James Randall-Coath, Marcus Beresford, Max Rawicz Szczerbo, Jack Berner, Jessica Reid, Angus Blayney, Hamish Ritchie, Andrew Consett, Oliver Ritchie, Sebastian Cooke, Lucy Russell-Hills, Charlie Duckworth, Harry Salisbury, Matthew Gibson, Sam Scott, James Hale, Charles Sheldon, Giles Hoare, Oliver Tett, Jonty Irving, William Tobin, Yaerid Jacob, Hermione Winter-ton, David Kershaw, Harry Wolrige Gordon, Richard Lamb, Humphrey Wood, Chris Lord, Dominic Woods, Eliza Milliken, Vincent Yuen, & Sam Morris.

Rev. Robert Jackson





House Preservation Trust

EXCITING TIMES AFOOT FOR STOWE



Those of you that were not here over summer will hopefully now have had time to marvel at the finished restoration of Phase 2. The original plan was to restore the central pavilion, the south portico and steps and remove the 60 metal water tanks from the room surrounding the central dome. Then, through the World Monument Fund, a private American donor set a challenge that he would match money raised outside Europe up to \$600,000, which he did. It later transpired that he had visited Stowe incognito, seen the plans for phase 2 and had decided that his money was to go towards the Marble Saloon. This was very exciting news because, as one of the State Rooms, this was not due to be restored until Phase 6, perhaps ten years away. As the centre piece to the State Rooms and as one of the most amazing realised pieces of neo-classical design in Britain, this is now a real gem to be proud of. The pale cream coffered ceiling, the beautifully recreated frieze, the repaired scagliola columns, the Italian-sourced marble floor all gleam in the light streaming in from the cleaned oculus: the room has truly been taken back to its original magnificence. Those of you with sharp eyes will notice two delicate additions – the hand-blown lanterns, whose design has been taken from an 1805 engraving of the room, and the marble benches, replacing the Victorian wooden ones. The new Victorian style radiators underneath the benches will hopefully warm the marble up! But why waste words when the work speaks for itself? Don't forget to look carefully at the South Portico and try to remember what it was like before.

In addition to the marvellous restoration work, the Heritage Lottery Fund,

which has funded much of the project, has required the House to be open more to the public. Interpretation is always important for intellectual access and so a new Interpretation Centre has been created by a heritage consultancy to help bring to life the history both of the House and of the Temple-Grenvilles. Michael Bevington, Head of Classics, has been an invaluable source of material and knowledge for this process, and the old Prefects' Mess has been totally transformed. As well as a chronological account of the building of the house and landscaping of the estate, there is a computer-animated evolution of the house, and a touch screen computer telling you about the restoration of the Marble Saloon. The room is open to the public on Wednesdays to Sundays from 2pm until 3.30pm until 16th October and 12pm until 5pm between 26th and 30th October, so please drop in and have a good look round.

We have had a great summer, and are 500 visitors up on last summer, making a total of over 4000 people who have visited the house so far this year. We can only get better!

Finally, as the first Visitor Services Manager here at Stowe, I am having a fantastic time and always love wandering around the house, both when it is quiet and when alive with people. You all know how amazing and magnificent Stowe is: it's now time to tell everyone else!

Anna McEvoy

Stowe House Preservation Trust





House Preservation Trust





Valete

BENJAMIN DAVEY



Ten years ago Benjamin Davey came to Stowe as a as a visiting piano teacher. We soon realised that he was a gem and Mr Nichols was persuaded to appoint him full-time Head of Keyboard and at the same time he became under housemaster in Chatham. At that time Benjamin was unsure about whether to make a career as professional pianist, or as a teacher or combine them both. It soon became clear that he loved teaching and his pupils loved him and that working with accomplished performers on the musical staff such as Zoë Fairbairn and Robert Secret as well as accompanying Stoics was going to fulfil a musical need, and he threw himself whole heartedly into life at Stowe.

Benjamin loved the boarding school life and became as involved as possible. He much enjoyed getting to know the boys in Chatham, where he was a tutor. At Stowe he found that he was an actor and appeared in two major productions "Sweet Charity" and "Up and Under". He was very active on the Common Room Committee and for a time was treasurer. He loved making things and actually built his own bed! He put up shelves for us in the Photocopier Room which is now known as the "Benjamin Davey Resources Centre". Solving complex mathematical problems is a fulfilling and enjoyable pastime for Benjamin and such was his love of the subject that he began teaching a few periods of Maths.

On the last Sunday before Benjamin left he gave a farewell recital. It came as no surprise that the Music Room was packed on this occasion and so many former students returned to say farewell and thank you. In an eloquent speech Edmund Jones, after presenting a large cheque, spoke of the infectious passion which Benjamin had for music; as a student you could not fail to be inspired by his teaching. BJD would give endless time to his piano students and to those he accompanied. Many have cause to be eternally grateful to him for his teaching and the accompanying which helped them gain high marks in grades, diplomas, A lev-

els and places at leading conservatoires.

But Benjamin was not just a piano teacher and accompanist. He was constantly striving to develop his career. He took on general class music teaching with the Third Form and taught Composition from GCSE level to A2 with outstanding results. He was also musical director for a number of musicals and was always willing to play the Harp (synthesizer) with the orchestra. My one great regret with Benjamin is we did not hear him play solo piano more often; when we did it was awe inspiring. I remember vividly his playing of Mozart's Piano Concerto in D minor and a phenomenal performance of Liszt's "Dante" Sonata.

I will never forget the concert when his mobile phone rang three times in the same piece as BJD attempted to switch it off with his left hand whilst continuing to accompany a pupil with his right hand. I now miss those early morning calls which told me that he had slept in; I was never annoyed because I knew that he had probably been up the night before until 3.00 or 4.00am practising an accompaniment. We all miss running for cover as he did a hand break turn coming down to the Roxy and watching Lyttelton scatter in fear of their lives. We miss the explosions in departmental meetings when one of us hit a raw nerve which sent him out of the room slamming the door, only to return a few moments later to say "Sorry, I'm trying to give up smoking again!". But most of all we miss a tremendous colleague, a marvellous musician, a great teacher and a warm and sensitive person. We were all delighted for him when he married Anne Miller, former Housemistress of Nugent, and were overjoyed when they both had a daughter in June. We all send our best wishes to him and his family for their new life in Bristol.

John Green





Valete

PETER RUBEN

Peter, his wife Mel and family arrived from St Dunstan's at Easter 1998 to be Head of Economics, Politics & Business Studies. He immediately made his impact, the sky over the Vanbrugh Block turning slightly bluer during some lessons and the deep red of Che Guevara's banner-image colouring the classroom. The Department flourished under his leadership: for Peter, it was not enough merely to engage pupils in their subject; he also had to challenge and question their own belief systems, taking them out of their comfort zone and forcing them to think. To that end he also ran Junior Symposium for Lower School Scholars and, jointly with CCR, created The Pitt Society for cross-curricular talks and visits to USA and Central Europe by the L6.

Firstly a 6th Form tutor in Grenville, Peter achieved the ultimate accolade by taking over Chandos in January 2004. Much to his own surprise, he loved the post of Housemaster of Chandos, even appearing interested in sport. His door was always open and he rarely missed a money queue, though the money itself may not have been present. The House play *The Great Dictator* was, on so many levels, his finest hour: the political nature of the text; the way pupils took ownership; and the way it involved so many. Less

glorious perhaps were his roles as referee in recreational soccer and as a reluctant head of Fives. The game did see something of a renaissance under his gloved care, but he was always prepared to interrupt play for a good gossip.

Equally, Mel provided cogent criticism and many a glass of wine to accompany the sorting out of Stowe's and the world's problems, a regular feature of the Ruben household late at night. In her own right, she encouraged dance, choreographed Congreves (even *Hamlet*) and ran PSHE with judicious care and a fundamental concern for social equality, opportunity and justice. Their daughter Alice provided horrifyingly intelligent analyses of many a subject and sorted out many a Chandosian, whilst Harry became honorary Housemaster, maintainer of discipline, and excellent support tutor whilst his father was engaged in job applications. Sadly for Stowe they have escaped the Temples of Delight for suburban Birmingham. We wish Peter, as Assistant Head (Academic) and all the family well in their future at Bromsgrove: though the skies over Stowe are less blue, there is no doubt a radical spirit has departed.

Crispin Robinson



SARAH DAWSON

Sarah arrived at Stowe in the Autumn of 2004 as the Harvard Fellow and threw herself into a new Third Form History course – *Colonisation and Conflict, 1750-1900* – as well as teaching the American Constitution to Sixth Form Politics students. She showed tremendous diligence but also great enthusiasm and innovation in her teaching methods. She challenged 30 with a simulation to develop understanding of trade and experimented effectively with kinesthetic learning in an attempt to illustrate the implausibility of some of the claims concerning the Black Hole of Calcutta!

She helped to teach English as an Alternative Language (EAL), drawing on some of her previous experience of teaching English to Vietnamese children in the United States. Her patience and her ability to adapt to the different requirements of the EAL students made her extremely popular and her pupils continue to ask after her.

George Ford





Valete



KATIE CALLAGHAN

Even before she arrived at Stowe in September, rumours of Katie's beauty had spread among the pupils. Fuelled by glimpses of her on interview day, fifth year boys developed an unprecedented interest in who might be teaching them for AS literature. English staff whose normal, ethereal existence is on the higher planes of Chaucer, Leavis and Shakespeare's Last Plays were heard to remark upon the "stunning blonde" who was soon to join their ranks.

Katie did not disappoint, and quickly emerged as a dedicated and enthusiastic teacher, rigorous in marking and caring in practice. She could empathise with all students, from the less academic to the Oxbridge entrant, and many have commented on the personal help and encouragement she gave them, both in and out of the classroom. Sixth formers said she was glamorous and fun but "she really made us work hard".

In Nugent House Katie was efficient

and hard working, and in the English department she ran a most successful sixth form trip to the Globe, to see *The Tempest*. In the world of sport, Katie organised girls' lacrosse, tennis and netball. She was an excellent role model, being a rigorous high achiever who always strove to improve her personal best in practice and in games. The first lacrosse team rarely lost a match, and she took several girls to watch her playing her own club matches.

Katie certainly knew how to party, and enlivened many a Stowe social occasion. A veil is drawn over the spring rugby dinner, but at the end of term pupils and staff were treated to a Katie dance exhibition at the Summer Ball, feet in their trade mark pointy shoes flying gracefully through the air as she partnered Crispin. The image stays with us, as we wish her well in her new life in London.

Liz Sheard

JACQUELINE BERARD-SPIERS

Jacque came to Stowe to cover a maternity leave in Modern languages and to live in Lyttelton house for a year. I was sorry that Jacque's time with us was so short, as she was a great source of inspiration with her boundless energy and immense good humour. She had so many ideas for improving the lives of the girls in Lyttelton and her quick wit kept us on our toes. The nights she was on duty we laughed until the tears poured down our faces because of her colourful dialogue delivered in several languages and spattered with colloquial South Africanisms. She did an outstanding job with a demanding group of tutees. I was fortunate to have Jacque with me in some of the pupil conferences because we have completely different styles of delivery, and her wealth of experience with teenagers was very helpful when we had to strike a workable balance. She was completely realistic about the

world.

Jacque did her best to galvanise reluctant students into action. When she was on duty the French students made a beeline for her because they knew she would patiently offer help, and they were followed by a queue of others who just loved her company. No matter how tired she was she gave 100%. She has an innate gift to cut through the peripheral and get to the point. One day in particular stands out in my memory. I was trying to comfort a girl in distress by mouthing platitudes ineffectually. Jacque came through the door and with spontaneous good sense folded the girl in her arms and hugged her tight. This epitomised her warmth and common sense. The phrase that best sums up Jacque is one she used often herself: Jacque is an outstanding human being. We will miss her.

Judy Gracie





Valete

LISA GREATWOOD

Lisa was appointed to the biology department straight from Durham University some ten years ago. She quickly established herself as an inventive and effective teacher of the subject through to A level and developed an excellent rapport with the students. Lisa adopted a wide range of pedagogical techniques, skilfully blending the latest technology with traditional approaches and ensuring that subject delivery was entirely appropriate for the set in question. She is responsible for many of the departmental resources currently in use, including the 'Intranet' and an amazing selection of revision and consolidation games.

In the wider school context Lisa was fully involved in the CCF Naval Section, netball and lacrosse coaching, lower school tutoring and mentoring less experienced members of staff. As a stalwart of numerous departmental

field courses and expeditions, Lisa has gained an intimate knowledge of rocky shore life and unparalleled skill in cowry collection! As a Christian, Lisa worked tirelessly with Bible study groups, confirmation classes and Crossfire as well as being a regular contributor to chapel services. In short, Lisa is a consummate professional and she will be sorely missed at Stowe. Our loss is Rugby's gain, as the saying goes and I'm sure it won't be long before the 'Greatwood Effect' - complete with infectious enthusiasm and a veritable vortex of files, books and paper - transforms the biology department and chaplaincy at Rugby. We thank Lisa for her immense contribution to Stowe and wish her every success and happiness in her new post.

Rory Akam



ESTHER PARSONS

Esther spent three years at Stowe teaching modern languages, the latter two being in charge of German. She is an extremely enthusiastic teacher who communicates easily her evident love of German. Esther set up a very successful exchange with a school in Berlin, and also set a precedent in finding work experience placements there for her Upper Sixth students. Watching subsequent videos of Stoics country dancing with German girls was always a treat!

Esther's other main role was as Under Housemistress in Lyttleton. As such she was a core of stability at a time of significant upheaval in the House, and the girls were very lucky to have such a

hard-working and dedicated young woman prepared to look after them. She was also a mover and shaker in maintaining the Christian ethos of the school. She helped with preparing Stoics for confirmation, led a weekly Bible Study for some of the Lyttleton girls, and regularly went along to Crossfire. Robert Jackson and his team were concerned at how they would fill the gap she left.

Everything written here about Esther sounds very serious and worthy, but what I really remember most about her was what good fun she was and how great it was her being in the classroom next door. She is already much missed.





Valete

DI BISP



Di had previously done 17 years of PE teaching in Daventry and Rugby as well as a spell at Hemel Hempstead as Head of Department before her arrival at Stowe in 1987. She brought with her a wealth of teaching experience and was limited initially to a part-time role as Girl's hockey coach as together with husband Cliff, they had 3 'little people' to care for at home; Simon, Claire and James. Although determined not to go into teaching again, Di was unable to resist the beauty and magic of Stowe. What an inspired appointment by the then Headmaster Christopher Turner! 3 years on Jeremy Nichols, the second of the three headmasters under whom Di served, was to make the appointment of myself from Winchester College in a new role as Director of Physical Education. Ro Masters (Nugent Housemistress at the time) provided the 'neutral' venue for the meetings on Girls' Games. Di embraced the new changes and was very enthusiastic about the plans to re-introduce time-tabled Physical Education into the curriculum. Her training at Lady Mabel College was another significant factor in Di's appointment to the PE Department on a part-time basis. Di helped set and maintain high standards in all that she did and had a tremendous rapport with the staff and pupils. When the President of Games position made way to the Physical Education Advisory Committee (PEAC) it was Di who suggested the name and proceeded to serve on the committee for over 12 years.

Husband Cliff's decision to take early retirement coincided with Di's ability to get more involved in school life and it was not long afterwards that she was in charge of hockey. She took over from James Larcombe in 1992. We now had full team strips, goalkeepers were fully kitted-up, coaching sessions were more organised and exciting hockey tours were being organised. I never understood why Amsterdam was such a hit with both staff and pupils! Di was determined that our hockey players should be able to practise and play on Astroturf, as the schools with their own were at a distinct advantage. Several bus trips to the Milton Keynes stadium later, and thanks to a massive contribution of time from Graham Cottrell, Stowe was able to boast a new floodlit Astroturf pitch. Sadly, Di was unable to see Astroturf pitch number two in situ before retiring, but she is confident it will be with us soon. Di also took over the running of swimming and

water polo from Charles Johnson (not quite sure why it always seems to be the Grafton Housemaster!) and when other schools seemed to be experiencing a slump with their swimming Di was able to generate a real enthusiasm for the sport, which has been continued by Stewart Cowie, her successor.

Di was very aware of the many aspects of boarding school life and the many demands on the pupils she would see for PE and games. She was delighted to get involved with her tutees from Grafton on a social and academic basis. Knowing how much she cared about the individual Stoics and how much she loved the school, I encouraged Di to get more involved in the careers department and in January 1999 she took over from David James. She has worked ceaselessly until her retirement to improve the careers provision for Stoics with the aid of the careers 'team', and significant progress has been made electronically. Di's talents were recognised, as she was invited to sit on the Advisory Board of Cambridge Occupational Analysts, the careers investigation and support company now used by the school.

Di played her part in the academic development of PE by teaching GCSE to the 4th and 5th Forms. She gained great satisfaction from helping young people to understand the evolution of PE both at Stowe and nationwide. I learned very quickly that a lengthy Di slot at departmental meetings was a must as she was not one to keep her views and opinions to herself. I very much valued her candid and genuine approach, as here was a colleague who cared deeply about her department and her school.

Di has been honoured to have been the 'first' female 'President of Common Room' over the last 2 years. We certainly noticed the feminine touch in the reading room, although 'banana gate' did try her mettle. Over the last 18 years at Stowe Di has touched and enriched the lives of many staff and Stoics, and she was very moved at the recent Old Stoic dinner in London when Jamie Peel said to her what a difference she had made to his life.

Di now has a little more time to indulge herself and spend more time with family, friends and travelling. I hope that our goodbye is not 'adieu' but 'à bientôt'.

Isaac Michael





Valete

BARNY SANDOW

Barny joined the department in 2001 From Abingdon School. He brought with him a flair and enthusiasm for the subject that found a welcome slot in the department. Barny embraced whole heartedly the high level of ICT and furthered this enthusiastically as Head of Department. He introduced us to many 'toys and gadgets' that had underlying Physics principles. These ranged from a remote control hovercraft to snow-board, pogo stick and a variety of rock-ets! His legacy remains in the department as we now integrate this original approach within our own teaching. Barny mastered and furthered the use of Classroom Server, Classroom Performance system and transferred our department videos to DVD. Barny was keen to share teaching ideas in departmental meetings with a continually questioning approach. He was always looking for something new to make his teaching 'of the moment' and more relevant.

Barny also had key roles in other areas of the school. He became Master in charge of Hockey. A good hockey player himself, he managed to establish a

much higher profile for the sport within the school. He pushed hard for the school to employ a Hockey Professional with success. The yearlings U14s reached the last eight of a national competition, and he managed a very successful hockey tour to South Africa: the first ever hockey tour at Stowe! Before leaving Stowe, he started the ball rolling for the 2006 hockey tour to South America.

Barny was responsible for the school leavers' ball, chairing a committee that successfully pulled together all the aspects of running a major end of school ball for the upper sixth.

Barny was a keen footballer and enthusiastically attended staff football sessions, where despite his Herculean efforts, he had to endure endless defeats at the hands of the older and wiser over 30s staff football teams at the end of each term. We wish Barny and Gwendoline every success in their new venture in Brunei.

Steve Malling



VALENTIN RAMOS GEA

After many years of charming but female Spanish assistants, the ladies of the Spanish department were delighted to receive an application from a young man. When Valentín arrived with his elegant dress sense and pony tail, he was never mistaken for anybody else! Valentín came to us from the University of Granada, and he had also spent a year in West Virginia, which gave his English an interesting twang. As well as preparing the 6th formers for their speaking exams, he also came to

4th and 5th form lessons, and kept us up to speed with current fashions in music and film in Spain. Valentín was a keen photographer and was a great help in the photography department. He was often to be seen around the grounds with his camera, sometimes taking pictures of the scaffolding, which he thought 'beautiful'!

Christine Lawrance-Thorne

Val was a valuable member of the Photography department, and ran a photography workshop three afternoons per week, helping many pupils with their first steps in photography. He was kind, patient and popular with the pupils. He also used the opportunity to

further his own photographic portfolio towards his ambition to get into film making in Spain, and though he claimed not to enjoy it, he was a good teacher and friend.

Alex Eve





Valete

GWENDOLINE SANDOW



When Gwendoline Sandow mentioned to me that she had been at Stowe for 5 years, I was surprised that it was not longer, given all that she accomplished and gave to the school. On joining us as a newly qualified teacher in September 2000, she was immediately successful as a French teacher and it became clear that she was at home in the classroom. She was equally at ease and effective with very able student as she was with the less linguistically gifted, but it was her genuine care for all those she taught that set her apart from other teachers. Gwendoline insisted on high standards from Stoics, setting an example through her own meticulous work.

During her time in the Languages Department, Gwendoline organised the French exchange to Paris with little fuss and great attention to detail. I was fortunate enough to share a number of these trips with Gwendoline and have some wonderful memories of our times there. Gwendoline's warmth and hospitality extended to the language assistants, for whom she took on responsibility in 2002. Their success in recent years was without doubt due in part to the guidance, time and support she gave, and I know she remains good

friends with a number of them. Known best for her French, Gwendoline was an excellent linguist, teaching German to the lower school, and then deciding to teach herself Spanish and subsequently teaching that as well!

Although she will perhaps be best remembered for her important and influential role in the languages department, Gwendoline was so fully involved in life at Stowe. She was an attentive fourth form tutor in Grafton, responsible for running Bronze Duke of Edinburgh, and Under-Housemistress in Nugent. In the sports arena she ran girls' basketball, badminton and squash and was involved in tennis, but what always stood out was that she gave her all to everything she did.

As Gwendoline leaves us to go with Barny and young Theo to Brunei, she leaves behind a department that will be a lesser place without her expertise and professionalism, and a school that will miss her humour, her energy and her ability to give her time to so many.

Tracy Hooker

FAREWELL HAYLEY SAUNDERS; WELCOME HAYLEY MILNE

Hayley was born, raised and educated in Cape Town, South Africa, during the dismantling of the old apartheid system. The civil rights riots seemed far away, but some were taking place within ten or fifteen miles of her home. At the time of the release from imprisonment of Nelson Mandela in 1992, non-white pupils had begun to appear for the first time in classes at Hayley's school. During her first year at university (1994), the first free, democratic elections were held in South Africa. Black people queued for hours - even overnight - to exercise their first opportunity to vote. There followed the euphoria of the establishment of black majority rule under Nelson Mandela.

Hayley earned her degree and qualified as a teacher at the University of Cape Town, before devoting a year to teaching drama to children in South Africa. There followed four months in the USA, helping children with learning difficulties (a pointer to her future career-ambitions as she is currently studying

for a qualification with The Dyslexia Institute). She had completed a further year of teaching back in Cape Town before she was "head hunted" by a London LEA to come to England to teach.

She arrived in England with the secret ambition of becoming an actress, but found the cost of drama school prohibitive. Having taught in the challenging environment of London's East End, she moved to the very different atmosphere of Worth, teaching English at a Benedictine boarding school in the rolling countryside of West Sussex. After a spell back in London, she came to Stowe in the autumn of 2004, initially to cover for a colleague on leave of absence. She returned to Cape Town to marry at Easter 2005 and now lives in Dadford with her husband, Ant.

Paul Miller





Salvete

JAYNE DUCKETT

I accepted the job as Head of Girls Games following a very interesting interview in the snowy month of February. At one point on the trek from Somerset it was even suggested that I turn back as conditions in Bucks were treacherous and staff were not coming into school! However the interview took place and I accepted.

I previously taught at Millfield for 7 years and was Head of Netball in my last year. My big love (other than my

family) is lacrosse, having played for Scotland and Britain, and I'm excited about the opportunities to develop it here even further. Stowe going co-ed is a great challenge and I hope the boys and men realise what they have let themselves in for!

I am married to Graham, a keen sportsman and Beatles fan and we have 3 children: Megan and Ben are at Winchester House and Emma is a new 4th year here at Stowe.



ELIZABETH FITTON

I came to Stowe from RGS Newcastle; prior to that I taught at Oundle School. My passion for languages has enriched my experience of living abroad in such places as Paris, Madrid and Amsterdam. I worked for a few years in the golf industry at the European Headquarters for both Callaway and Nike Golf, and come from a family of four

generations of professional golfers. I hope to achieve my aim of reaching single figures before next summer, and am perfectly situated in Lyttelton to try to do that! I am a keen sportswoman, though I am equally enthused by music, and love to cook.



PETER LAST

I studied my Geography at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, from where I went to India for 6 years to teach in an International Christian school, where I also met and married my wife and together we ran a girls' boarding house. From India I returned to Lord Wandsworth College in Hampshire (alma mater of one Jonny Wilkinson). I spent 9 years at LWC, teaching Geography and for the last 6 years running another girls' boarding house with my wife Debs.

I have three children, all of whom will be attending local schools. In my spare time I am a closet rock star and have sung in a pub rock band for a number of years; many people have commented that my Robbie Williams numbers are unique. I am really looking forward to working at Stowe, especially as I have met up again with my good friend the Chaplain, whom I have known since we were both much slimmer and had much more hair.



DOMINIC MOCHAN

I was educated at Downside School and attended Sheffield University, reading Biblical Studies. I did my teacher training at King's College London, returning there to do a Masters in 2000. I have worked in a number of schools in both the independent and

state sector, the last being Wallington County Grammar School. My great passion in life is travelling, which I have been doing since the age of two. Having a father who is a diplomat helps! My other great passions are off road vehicles and hill climbing.



SIMON DOBSON

I am joining the Modern Foreign Languages department, and will be teaching both French and Spanish. Subsequent to my university career, I put my linguistic skills to good use in the pharmaceutical and IT business worlds before turning to teaching. I enjoyed the role of sixth-form tutor at my previous school and look forward to provid-

ing support in Nugent House. I live in Buckingham with my wife, Alicia, and my three very lively children, Samuel, Eloise and Joseph. My interests include cooking, racquet sports, classic cars and motor sports. After a ten-year gap, I have just bought myself a new electric guitar, and am working hard to make up for lost time!





Salvete

MICHAEL RIGHTON



Born in Warwick and graduated from Trinity College, Dublin where I received an MA in Marine Zoology. I have travelled extensively around the world and worked in 6 different countries, teaching mainly in the international school system. I have just come from the Dragon School in Oxford where I was Head of Science for 7 years.

I am a qualified rowing coach and am also a qualified mountain leader. I own my own company which takes students climbing/trekking in the Alps. I am passionate about fly fishing and get out

as much as I am allowed! I represented my national team in rowing and bobsleighting and recently received 'The Queen's Commendation for Bravery'.

I was introduced to my (now) wife by Brendan Hogan (Stowe Maths dept) when I was teaching him to ski while I was working in Switzerland as a ski instructor. I have now been married for 10 years, my wife also being a teacher (History). We live in Shipton under Wychwood with our two dogs, a gecko, a horse and guinea pigs.

BOB ROBERTS



I've been teaching English and Drama in Warwickshire schools for the last seven years. Before that I did some work in Outdoor Education, and as a result of that I've always been involved in the Duke of Edinburgh's Award. Reading, playing the guitar (badly), going to the hills and windsurfing are

the things I'd most like to be doing, but in reality my free time tends to get taken up with renovating the house and spending time with my other half! The photo is from this summer when my D of E group had just got back from Scotland.

FRANCINE SMITH



I am Head of Politics, and also teach Economics. I graduated from Brunel University in 1995 with a BSc in Economics and Business Finance and went on to live in London, working firstly for a small Japanese merchant bank and then a global telecommunications company where, amongst other things, I worked in HR doing graduate recruitment before working for the Chief Executive. In 2000/2001 I com-

pleted a PGCE at Manchester University and am currently studying part-time there for a Masters in Education. I enjoy ski-ing (unfortunately I'm still pretty average, despite having been quite a few times) and watching most sports; but being a Scot, it is usually a fraught and ultimately disappointing endeavour.

RODERICK TAIT



I come to Stowe from Rugby School with my wife Alison and our one year old son, George, who currently is obsessed by tractors. I studied astrophysics at Birmingham University, followed by a twelve month commission in the Royal Marines and then a few years in the City's capital markets, including a one-year MBA course at City University. I have a Christian faith and enjoy being part of a local church with my family.

My interests include Eton Fives, mountain-walking, golf and astronomy. My wife Alison is a paediatric Macmillan Nurse and worked as a Ward Sister in London, specialising in both oncology and bereavement, until George arrived.





Old Stoic Articles

WAR-TIME STOWE 1942-1946

I came to Stowe as 14 year-old boy in September 1942. This was already in the middle of the war, but just at the turning point of Britain's fortunes with the victories at Alamein and Stalingrad about to come. But there was still a feeling that a long uphill battle was ahead, in spite of America's powerful support. Food rationing was quite general, and was stringent; also clothing, petrol (very limited) and only 2 oz of sweets a week.

Food

This is top of the list, as although there was an adequate amount, there never was enough; weekly rations of the basics (sugar, butter, cheese, meat, jam) were very small and there wasn't much else. . . (horse meat and water pie. . .). We were always hungry, though not starved. Bread rationing came in later towards the end of the war. This was the only time I remember stealing: it was to grab half a loaf of rather stale bread which had been left in the kitchens.

In 1946 things started to ease. In my last term my parents, on a rare visit, took me and my study-sharer Edmund Skepper out to eat at the Green Man, Syresham. The price of meals was government-controlled at 5/- for two courses only. The inn-owner unprecedently let us have a third course as well, toasted cheese on toast I think, which was a huge treat.

Stowe itself, and the Grounds

For my first two years at Stowe, aged 14 and 15, I was pretty much oblivious to the splendour of the surroundings. But later on, in my last two years (16 and 17) I became increasingly aware of living in such a magnificent palace. The contrast between my houseroom (Temple), Assembly (the Marble Saloon), the Dining Rooms etc and our modest period Cotswold cottage at Adderbury (home) could not have been greater. Stowe was shabby (I don't think it had been cleaned since the 2nd Duke's time) but it was incredibly atmospheric and redolent of 18th century history. Not only the grand living rooms but the many quaint hidden corridors and passages like the 'underground' Plug Street (named after Ploegstraat, a WWI Flanders dug-out), or in the attics, or the little-known opening onto the gallery above the Marble Saloon frieze.

The Headmaster, J F Roxburgh, ensured that all boys had a map of the grounds and knew the names of the most important buildings, monuments

and temples. But so much had been neglected for many many years. The upper lakes were squishy marshes and trees, shrubs, and brambles had run wild everywhere. It was all very romantic for an impressionable young man. It was not difficult to imagine 18th century figures gliding along the overgrown paths or reclining on the steps of half-hidden porticos.

There was the strange experience of the two house-matrons and the visions they encountered in Hawkwell Field of (perhaps) the 18th century foot-servant survivors of a late-night coach crash cantering over-speed through the Palladian Bridge.

At that time very little had been written about the history of Stowe: this was of course well before the invaluable 26 essays by George Clarke and Michael Gibbon in *The Stoic* between 1967 and 1974.

Some temples, such as the Grotto, Dido's Cave and the Hermitage were almost completely hidden from view by bushes and brambles. (They made ideal hide-away holes for those of us who wanted to have an undisturbed smoke). The Gothic Temple was used as a rifle armoury; Concord stored a silent collection of stuffed animals, with a huge 7-foot gorilla near the front doors to frighten unwanted visitors away. Swimming took place in an enclosed pool area in XI Acre Lake where the chute had just been removed, the rumour being that a boy went down it head first and never came up, and was still stuck in the mud below. In winter we skated and played ice-hockey on the frozen Octagon.

The Masters

At the beginning one just took them for granted, but soon it was clear that because of war call-up only about one-third of the regular staff remained. Some replacements had been dragged out of retirement and were really a pretty pathetic lot. Some we teased very unkindly. There was a distant bell that sounded at the end of each 40 minutes of classes. At the appropriate moment one of the boys (knowing the elderly master was somewhat deaf) would shout "You smell, Sir". This impudence raised a furious and indignant response which was then quelled by saying "I just said "It's the bell, Sir".

A few other newcomer masters were of a different calibre. They had come from relatively distinguished careers in the arts or from universities where there was no longer a call for so many dons.





Old Stoic Articles



J F Roxburgh

[continued] Two examples were Roy Meldrum, an Oxford English don who taught the form I was in (the Twenty) to a high standard; so abstruse at times that we had to turn the class into a forum to find out what actually was under discussion. Then there was the playwright and producer Wilson Knight who wrote an evocative book called 'Dynasty of Stowe', published in 1945. His great enthusiasm was Shakespeare; not necessarily shared to such white heat by all. But one lesson remains in my mind. He was in full flood on the passions overflowing in Antony and Cleopatra (or was it Othello?), and he was actually frothing at the mouth with his enthusiasm. I saw this and it suddenly dawned on me what the depth of Shakespearian poetic experience could do.

Other war-time masters came with mysterious war experiences, such as Brian Stephan (Secret Service?) or Peter Wiener (resistance worker and refugee?). In 1945, when some regular masters luckily returned, we came to realise the much higher calibre of those who had been at Stowe pre-war. I cite with warmth McElwee (history), Hamer, D I Brown (rugger), and Huggins (Master of Music, Master of Foxhounds and Master of Fast Cars as well).

But outstanding and ever-pervading in all facets of school life was the Headmaster J F Roxburgh. He had been there since the school's opening in 1923. A coterie of like long-service masters, now in charge of Houses - Haworth (always known, for some obscure reason as The Murch), Chandos; Humphrey Playford, Bruce; 'Slug' Gibson, Cobham; Capel-Cure, Temple; Kinvig, Walpole - were devoted to him. JF not only ran the school administratively; he seemed to know each pupil, however junior, by name, and the friendly and encouraging remarks he offered made it easy to respond to him. He was always immaculately dressed; never anything out of place. And once a week he took each class personally for a 40 minute extra-curricular lesson. Which might be Milton; might be Horace; might be Freud and Jung; French symbolists (Rimbaud, Verlaine etc) or it might be Italian Renaissance painters. Because of Roxburgh's great personality these lessons have stayed in my memory.

The annual November 11th Remembrance Day Service in the chapel became an awful strain for him. He took it on himself to read out the list of Old Stoics who had been killed in the war. Each year the list grew longer and longer. We older boys knew how much educative love and care had gone into

their upbringing at Stowe. The last two years I could see that JF, who had much aged, was almost close to collapse at the end of the reading.

It was J F Roxburgh, in a speech in the 1920s, who coined the oft-quoted phrase "...If you have such memories as that of Stowe, you will know what I mean when I say that if we do not fail wholly in our purpose, every boy who goes out from Stowe will know beauty when he sees it all the rest of his life". And it was so.

Some of the teaching was very good. I was a scientist (physics, chemistry, maths etc) and we were lucky in having an excellent hard-driving teacher, Wilf Llowarch. In this (and other subjects) it was more than enough to get most pupils their School Certs (at 15/16) and Higher Certs (at 17/18) and thence into University. In spite of working hard (which we did) there was also much time spent on games and other activities. And some masters happily took it upon themselves to turn the classes into tutorials for their personal enthusiasms; for instance for several weeks Alaister MacDonald played us the whole of the opera Tosca, on gramophone records, instead of dreary Latin, and Capel Cure imparted his great keenness for trees and his project for turning Stowe into a splendid arboretum like Westonbirt, sadly only partly-realised and then neglected after his retirement.

I sometimes say what a benefit it has been to have had, at wartime Stowe, such an inadequate education. By this I mean that - apart from my chosen scientific subjects - I was ill-equipped in English literature and poetry, in History, the Classics and the Arts generally. But there was an instillation that education went on all one's life and, by one's own effort, there was no limit to the subjects and topics that could be uncovered later on. So it has turned out, for me, to be a lifetime's pleasure exploring all the other subjects, science apart, that I missed at Stowe.

The Corps

The Corps, or the Junior Training Corps as it was formally called, was an important part of war-time school life. Military training was undertaken by everybody; at least I don't recall any absentees either for medical or conscientious objection reasons. Later there was an Air Training Corps. The Corps took place two full afternoons a week plus two or three 'field days' a term. We were taught basic army drill, discipline, strategy, field manoeuvres, small arms training and live firing. It was taken very seriously and was an invaluable background when one was called up





Old Stoic Articles

into the Services - usually the Army - on leaving school.

The twice-weekly parades were usually on the South Front; all 600 or so pupils (and a good number of officer-masters) in platoons and companies. There was also the (not very expert) band. The martial-looking house-master of Grafton` Fritz' Clifford was the officer commanding. After inspection and drill, most of the time was devoted to field manoeuvres: planning mock attacks, map-reading, camouflage, defense siting etc. The swampy waters beyond the Palladian Bridge simulated the jungle conditions likely to be met in Burma and the fight against Japan.

Two snapshots. One, wading across mud and water by the Palladian Bridge, rifle held above one's head with blanks etc being fired. Second, being drawn up on parade at 8.30 am on the North Front, ready for a Field Day on the morning of Tuesday June 6th 1944. There was an unexpected announcement: "At dawn this morning allied troops landed in France: the invasion of Europe has begun!" At the age of 16 my first misplaced thought was that I hoped it all went on long enough for me to join in. (It didn't - I was not called up until I left Stowe in 1946, after the War had ended).

Chapel

There were two compulsory services each Sunday, but formal religion wasn't over-emphasised. The singing was always powerful, and I recall some splendid concerts taking place there, performed by the school orchestra and choir: Brahms' *Requiem* for instance. I was in the orchestra, playing the oboe (not very well). The Chaplain was Humphrey Playford: Head of Bruce House; a big man with a booming voice. In the autumn of 1945 he prepared our group for Confirmation with sessions over 6 weeks. But all I can remember were his bluff words on the nature of the Trinity—"It's God in Three, and Three in One. And if you have any difficulty with that, see your Maths master". And at the end, the day before the service, he thundered at us: "Remember now, don't any of you boys wear obnoxious hair cream. If you do, the Bishop won't confirm you".

Half way through the War a junior chaplain came, the Revd. Windsor-Richards, rather unfairly known as Windy-Dick. He was also a good rugby referee and ran a useful set of lessons on how internal combustion engines (cars) worked. His study faced onto the North Front, next to the Temple Prefectory where in 1945-46 I resided, with Alec Ritchie (Head of House) and Edmund Skepper. In 1947 when I made a short

return visit to Stowe as an officer cadet in Army uniform he greeted me from the window of his study. I shouted back from down below "...Yes, we've got 3 days Inter-Course leave...". He responded something like "Oh indeed, what a good idea!". I don't know whether the other various passers-by (not hearing the hyphen) were amused or a bit taken aback.

Games and Other Activities

Games occupied us every afternoon from 1.30 to 4.30 (except on the two Corps days), and on Saturdays and Sundays as well. Lessons were 8.30-12.30 (including Saturdays) and 4.30 or 5 to 6.30 or 7; then there was `prep' in the evenings too. I still wonder how we found time for other activities—playing musical instruments; the school orchestra; singing; drama and various clubs or societies. But social life was non-existent: no girls and for the last 3 years of the war no half-term or parents' visits as no-one had petrol or feasible means of transport. Most of the boys had bicycles but we rarely went out of the grounds. It was a strangely reclusive and self-contained society, with the war going on in the outer world.

Some bombs were dropped on Stowe (in May 1942, just before I arrived) with only minor damage to the South Front, and to Capel-Cure's cherished cricket-bat willow plantation. But London was under attack and I recall going to stay with a contemporary Stowe friend in 1944 or 1945 who lived just south of the city. He was very street-wise about the bombing. "Don't worry", he said, about the V-2s. "If you hear them go off (a very big bang) it'll be OK; they will have landed too far away. Anything nearer you won't hear it at all because you'll be in the next world. But watch the V-1s (the more frequent flying bombs or doodle-bugs). If the engine cuts out when they're close, zoom for the gutter". I'm surprised we all took such things so casually.

The transition after the end of the European war in May 1945 was exceptional. My most vivid impression (perhaps some time before that date) was seeing Stowe South Front all lit up from the inside, blazing with lights like a great ocean liner, whereas for 5 years it had been shrouded and dark at night with the rigorously enforceable black-out in every single room. My final year, 1945-46, seemed the start of a new life, as indeed it was, with dynamic ex-service Stowe masters returning, and new invigoration coming back to the School, and to the outside world as well.

Rodney Shirley (T. 1946)





Old Stoic Articles

DARING EXPLOITS



George on his bicycle.

I erected this replacement for the missing statue (then undergoing its first refurbishment) in the middle of the night towards the end of the Easter term in 1957. With the assistance of one other boy (I think it was Peter Jarvis) we used a bicycle scrounged from a nearby Bruce bike-shed, and fatigues and beret from the CCF stuffed with newspaper. The main challenge was to get the bike upright. We did this by lifting a concrete bike-stand block up onto the plinth (one of those ones with a slot for the tyre/wheel - it was heavy). With our mission completed we spent much of the rest of the night climbing over the rooftops of the main house. All this without being spotted - though we had a few anxious moments on the ladder behind the plinth when a car came by. I am sorry the photo is not better but I did not want to get found out as the perpetrator - and risk a beating.

Sadly the bike and figure were only in situ for a few hours; some senior vandals from Temple destroyed it the following morning in order to pose for a group photo on the plinth.

The other photograph is of a view you may have seen before: the rotunda taken from the top of the cedar tree, also in 1957. I had done my A-levels and had a lot of free periods, especially as I had also got 3 A-levels the previous year. There were about half a dozen cedar-climbers but I was the only one from Chatham - we were tolerated by the masters. It was a wonderful experience to recline in the sun on the flat branches at the summit enjoying the illicit view of the superb gardens while others were in class. An experience all the more delicious if, like me, you had raided the Headmaster's private strawberry patch en route. I remember the route up started on one side of the twin trunks and one then had, at a crucial point about 50 feet

up, to let go and swing to grab a branch on the other trunk.

I was the boy chosen to demonstrate the Airforce CCF's Dagling glider before Lord Mountbatten when he came to inspect the CCF in 1956 (?). I was the only boy in the school with much experience of flying it - catapulted by bungee-lines and running boys - a couple of times from the Bourbon playing fields. Most of the year it was away being repaired because it had been crashed by boys who had had inadequate instruction. I had done some gliding with the Southdown Gliding Club also. On this day 'Freddie' Fox the master in charge had the mad idea of setting it up to fly from the top corner of the sloping field in front of Chatham above the newly-built headmaster's house. I was duly flung into the air in my shirtsleeves, and, having got to about 30 feet up was left with the tantalising prospect of being able to fly it straight into the 11-acre Lake. It is one of the great regrets of my life that my sense of collective responsibility prevailed over my spirit of adventure - but then I might have been drowned. As it was, I swooped up the far side of the valley, avoiding the odd tree, and landed without incident to general polite applause. On the very next flight another boy, without a clue, stalled the glider by trying to fly high and hit the ground, hurting his back and wrecking the plane again.

These days, at the age of 66, I fly a paraglider and was pleased to fly this summer from Merthyr Common more than 50 miles to the 3-counties show ground at Malvern. It is the only sort of plane you can take on a bus - and yet fly to 20,000 ft. Of course it has no engine.

Mike Andrews
Chatham 52-57



The rotunda seen from the cedar.





Old Stoic Articles

PHYSICAL JERKS AND COUNTRY STROLLS

Reflections on Exercise in the Days of
J. F. Roxburgh

During my time, there were always many ways of exerting oneself at Stowe, both physical and mental. Although J.F. never seemed to encourage athleticism for its own sake, we all beavered away at the usual seasonal games against the Oundles and the Teddies of our sporting world, normally without very great success. This may partly be accounted for by the very long trudge to and from the Bourbon fields, which, coupled with the food of, shall we say, minimal quantity and quality, may well have contributed to a certain lack of basic energy during and immediately after the war years.

There was also the thrice-weekly horror of the physical jerks during our mid-morning break. This involved a mad dash from the classroom via the West Colonnade, a hurried change, then back to the lawn outside the very same classroom for 15 minutes of mass exercise, normally taken by the head of house. Then another scurry in reverse to get changed back for more lessons. Good training for national service, perhaps, but otherwise very trying. And there was the gym, parallel bars and hopeless attempts to climb a rope. But at least we were inside and not exposed to the elements.

I always liked the gym because the strictly gymnastic side seemed like a small side show compared with its other functions. One could sit and listen to the L.P.O. (thanks to Huggins) or watch a school play or occasional film show. Even its venue as an exam centre for School and Higher Certificates did nothing to dispel its, to me, welcoming atmosphere.

Other forms of exercise involved the various Corps, which were intended to prepare us for warfare by land, sea or air. My choice, the J.T.C., involved a lot

of shambling around called marching; a lot of time was also spent sitting, listening to talks on various military topics, such as the assembly of the Bren gun. These periods were generally regarded as a time, not for thoughts of war, but for pleasant relaxation. Then, once a term, along came our Field Day, organised by the slightly eccentric maths master 'Freddy' Archer. Basically it involved a certain amount of strolling and laying around in pleasant countryside some way from home waiting for something to happen: not unduly demanding but, like the P.T., unpleasant in bad weather. All this, coupled with the perpetual tramping to and from classes and chapel, has put me off walking for life.

Our mental exercise was naturally enough based on our work in the classroom and later on in tutorials and studies. The intellectual elite could join the Twelve Club and the McElwees evenings at Vancouver Lodge. However the whole school received an annual intellectual bonus in the shape of the General Knowledge paper, in which the entire staff, including J.F., took part. In those days league tables were unheard of, so that the results were never published that I can recall. It was simply regarded as a bit of fun.

I have managed to keep three original papers of my own, in which I achieved 22%, 42% and 44%. A lot of the questions are still very difficult, well up to and possibly exceeding the Mastermind standard. Some may even be worth a six figure prize. Perhaps one of the papers of that era could be reset in 2006. It would be interesting to see what our present generation makes of them, but no cribbing, please, because each paper and answers can be found in *The Stoic* of that term.

Humphrey Bowles (OS).





Photography

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR



'London Eye' by Francesca Cragie



'Composition in Grey and Black' by Francesca Cragie

Photography at Stowe has this year reflected the steady move to digital media. Traditional silver gelatine media are still popular, and we still start the photography course with a traditional darkroom and 35 mm film cameras, by popular request. As a photographic tool digital is now better in most ways, but the darkroom and chemicals still offer experiences and possibilities that are often hidden behind the veil that the computer monitor pulls over the world. This year's A level exhibition featured a range of approaches to art photography, from the Japanese inspired pictorialism of Frankie Cragie's delicate studies of the Thames using silver gelatin, to the Cindy Sherman inspired social realism of Ana Maclean, who used computer enhancement to emphasize the emotion and guide the reading of her images. Orlando Whitfield, though not an A level student, won the Photography Prize with his mature and technically accomplished portraits of friends and strangers, and his devotion to photography. We wish him well in his ambition to become a professional photographer. Nick Hill contributed some thoughtfully composed abstractions from the Stowe environment. Calm yet vibrant control of colour, contrasts, shape and compositional balance contrasted with Millie Beddall's raw black and white exploration of the emotional textures of fruits, metals and fabrics. Tom Laws' luridly coloured prints explored the strong feelings and the emotions of sport and dreams. Alix Vernon-Evans retraced Mondrian's journey to abstraction through careful studies of the organising principles in trees and spider webs, meeting Jackson Pollock and Chaos on the way, but ending up with Matisse and Steiglitz, and top marks in the AS exam. Kate Winsor displayed some original and sensitive approaches to flower photography and digital pattern making. Her intimate photographs of Masai people in traditional costumes have been sold as postcards in Kenya. Charlie Beldam approached social and spiritual issues with a surreal visual language combining traditional and digital techniques with a sense of humour. His response to the tsunami was a thought provoking evocation of loss and compassion, in the genre of the face under the water. Charlie Gledhill showed that cloning can have an impact if applied with care and attention to detail, and demonstrated an exuberant and inventive response to the opportunities and chal-

lenges of the new image making technologies and unusual viewpoints in time and space. Hattie Kirchner examined the role of environment and play acting in deciding who we are, with images of the same person in different contexts. Josh Chandler displayed an unusual solarised view of the new Venus in the Rotundo, and 'new realist' studies of Stowe's youth subcultures in silver gelatin. Miles Gilbert's dramatically enhanced view of St Paul's from the Millenium Bridge, whose foreground of gaunt, spider-like black shapes contrasts with the delicate negative greys of St Paul's and the modern building in the background, exudes an apocalyptic atmosphere, and a sense of abstract and surreal values, and a lith-like control of tone. Alex Howard's digital series, on the theme of "Concealed and Revealed", showed fluent control of complex compositions, feelings and ideas: colour, shape, space and pattern, person and thing combine to draw one into a strange and sometimes disturbing world with a sense of the celestial. Guy Bonsall attempted the Palladian Bridge, one of the most photographed sites at Stowe, and achieved a picture of great power. Shooting on a glass-calm day, he took much care with composition and framing. He enhanced the contrast and levels with Photopaint to the point where it begins to look graphic but without loss of a sense of photographic detail; he made a surreal and timeless image of this beautiful building. Anika Nixdorf extends the peaceful atmosphere with her simple but satisfying study of an arm in barred window light, and shows much promise. Guy Trevor-Jones contributed some characterful studies of beagles, and a series that gave insight into the daily life of the Stowe pack.

The photographic department has this year increased the number of workstations to 10, all networked to inter- and intranet, and provided with Corel Suite 12, and connected to a proliferation of input and output devices. We have bought a set of five new multigrade enlargers for the darkroom, and Tim Flach generously gave us the contents of his chemical darkroom, including a wall-mounted De Vere 504 enlarger, which has all made a difference to the scope of work in both academic and activity time.

Alex Eve





Photography



Two Portraits by Orlando Whitfield



'Flowers' by Kate Winser



'Time Sequence' by Charles Gledhill



'Solarised Tree' by Alix Vernon-Evans





Photography



'Domestic Drama 1' by Ana MacLean



'Domestic Drama 2' by Ana MacLean



'Domestic Drama 3' by Ana MacLean

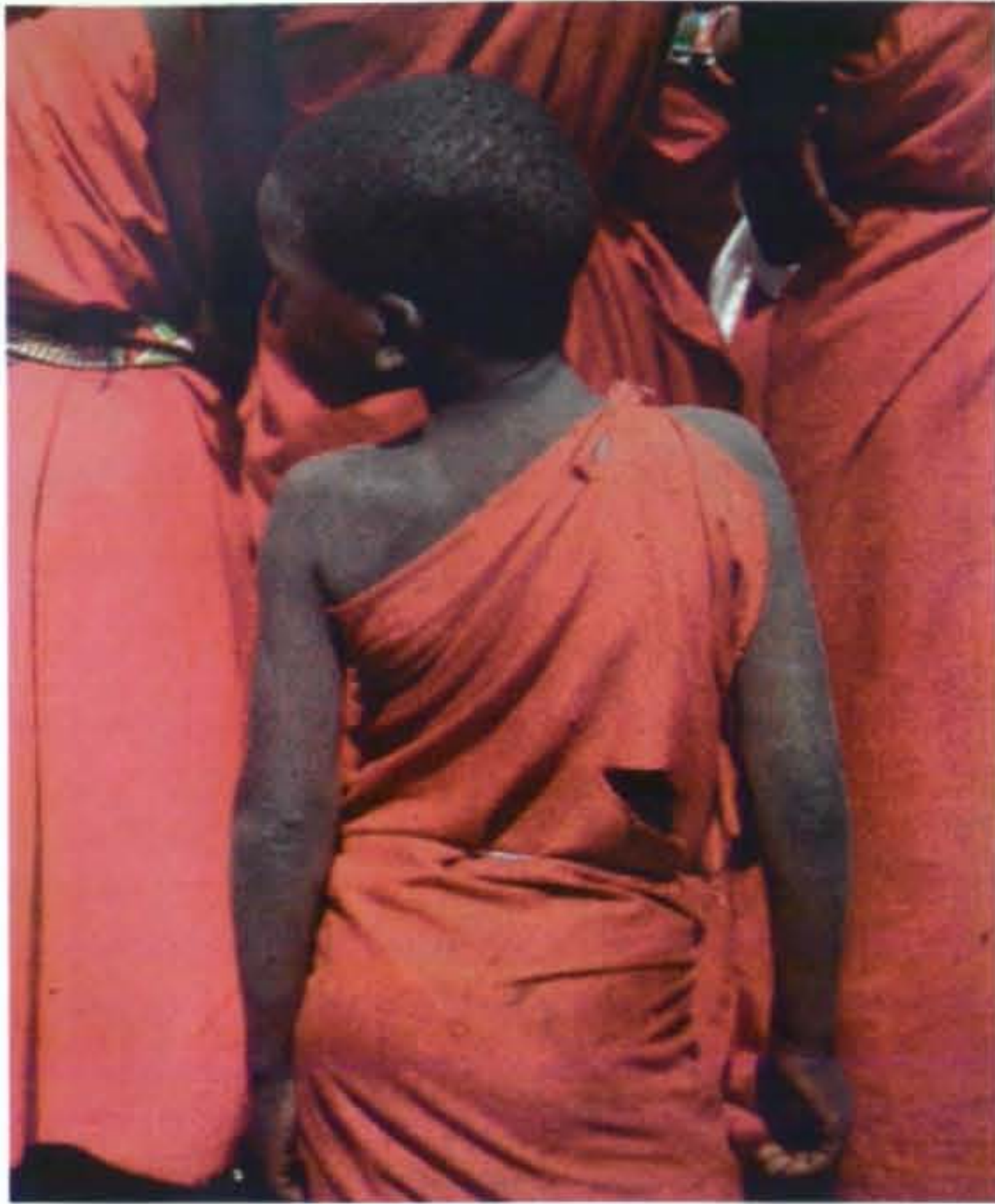


'Domestic Drama 4' by Ana MacLean





Photography



'Masai Boy' by Kate Winser



'Stowe Abstract 1' by Nicholas Hill



'Stowe Abstract 2' by Nicholas Hill



'Stowe Abstract 3' by Nicholas Hill





Photography



'Viewpoints 1' by Charles Gledhill



'Viewpoints 2' by Charles Gledhill



'Study in Paint and Flowers' by Kate Winser

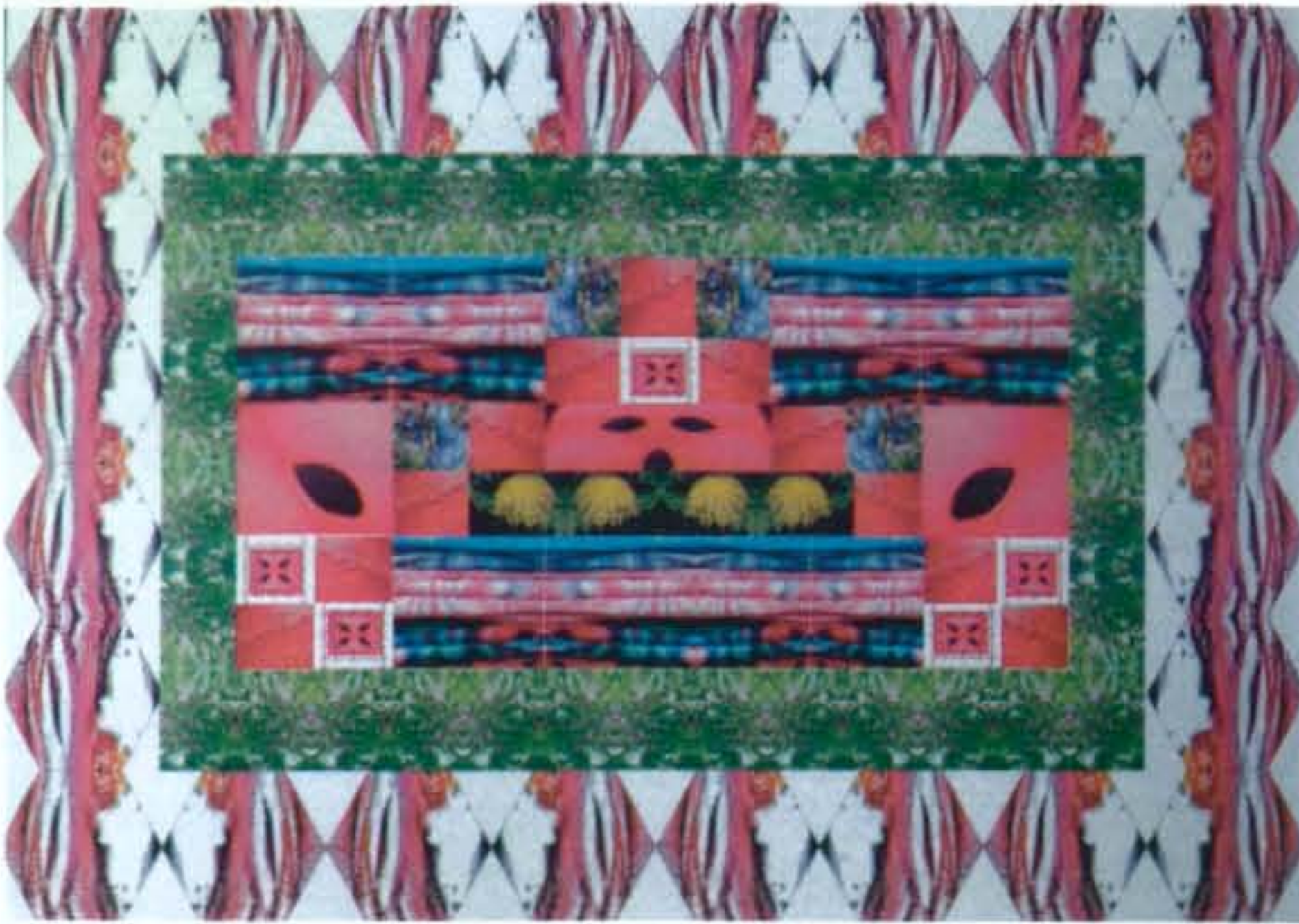


'Abstract Study' by Kate Winser

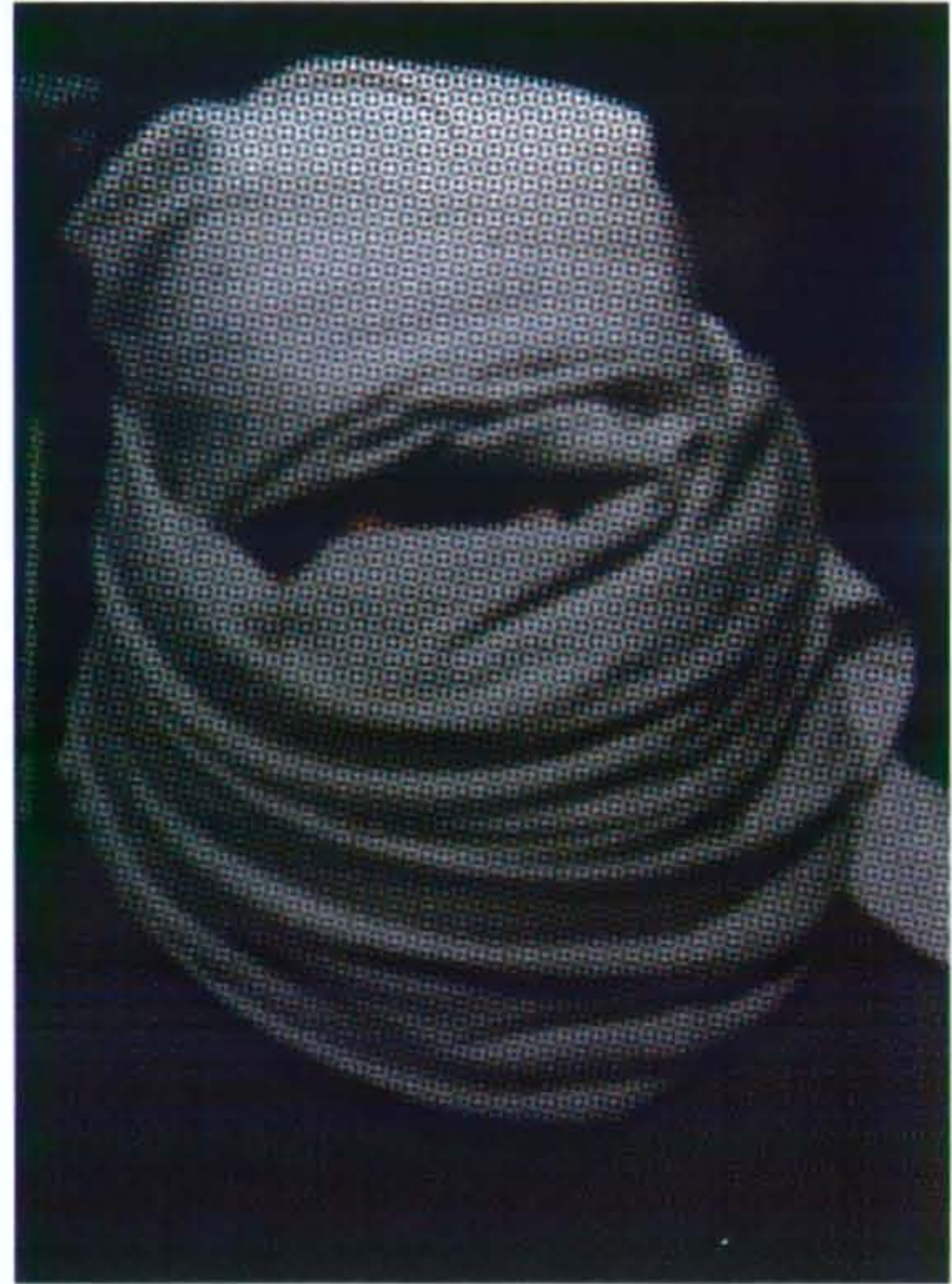




Photography



'Photo Mandala' by Kate Winsor



'Concealed and Revealed 1' by Alexander Howard



'Concealed and Revealed 2' by Alexander Howard



'Concealed and Revealed 3' by Alexander Howard





Photography



'Reflections' by Milly Beddall



'Concealed and Revealed—Apple' by Milly Beddall



'Concealed and Revealed 4' by Alexander Howard



'Concealed and Revealed—Avocado' by Milly Beddall

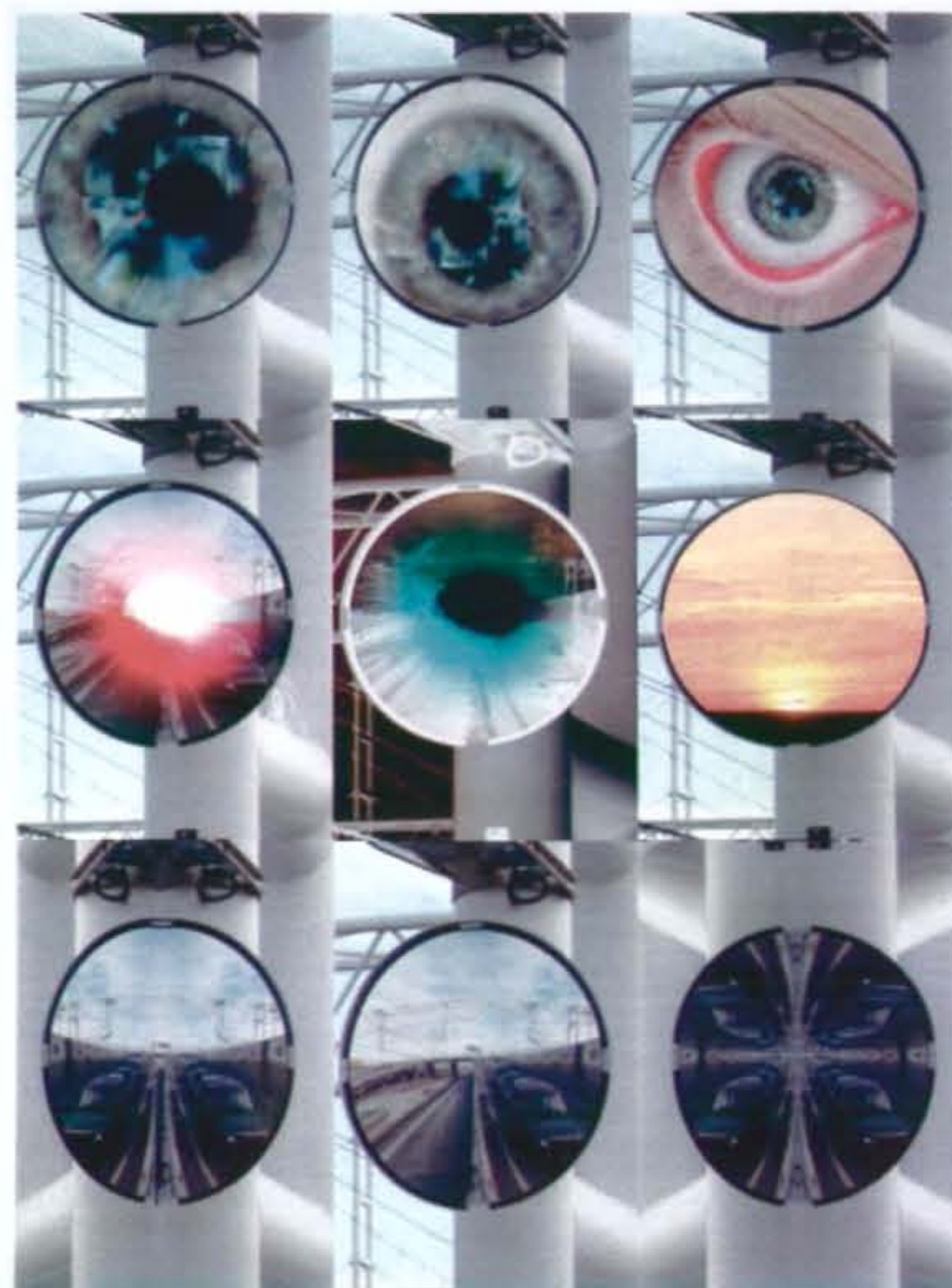




Photography



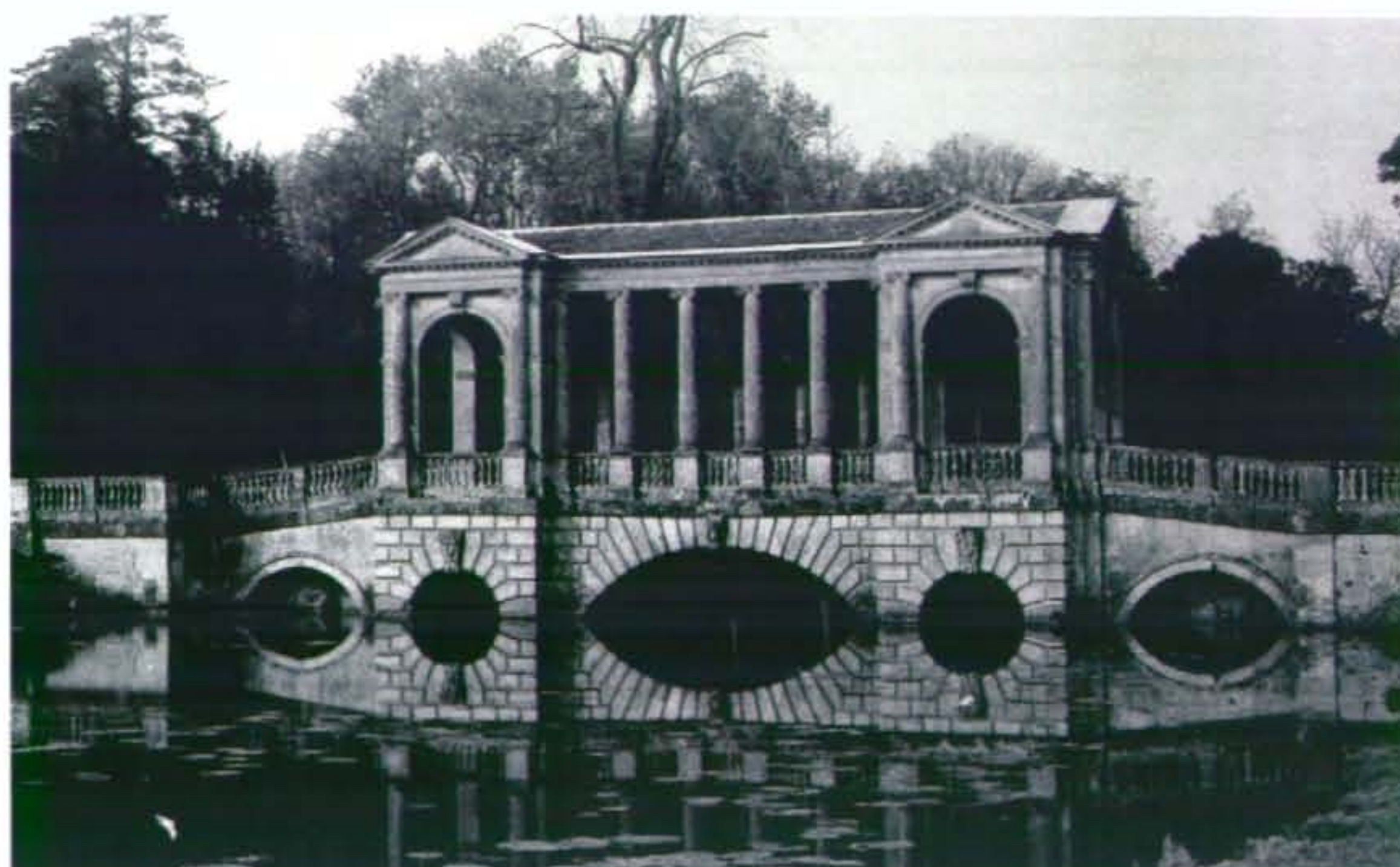
'Tsunami' by Charlie Beldam



'Concealed and Revealed' by Charlie Beldam



'Concealed and Revealed' by Charlie Beldam



'The Palladian Bridge' by Guy Bonsall





Photography



'Beagles 1' by Guy Trevor-Jones



'Viewpoint 1' by Hattie Kirchner



'Beagles 2' by Guy Trevor-Jones



'Viewpoint 2' by Hattie Kirchner





Photography



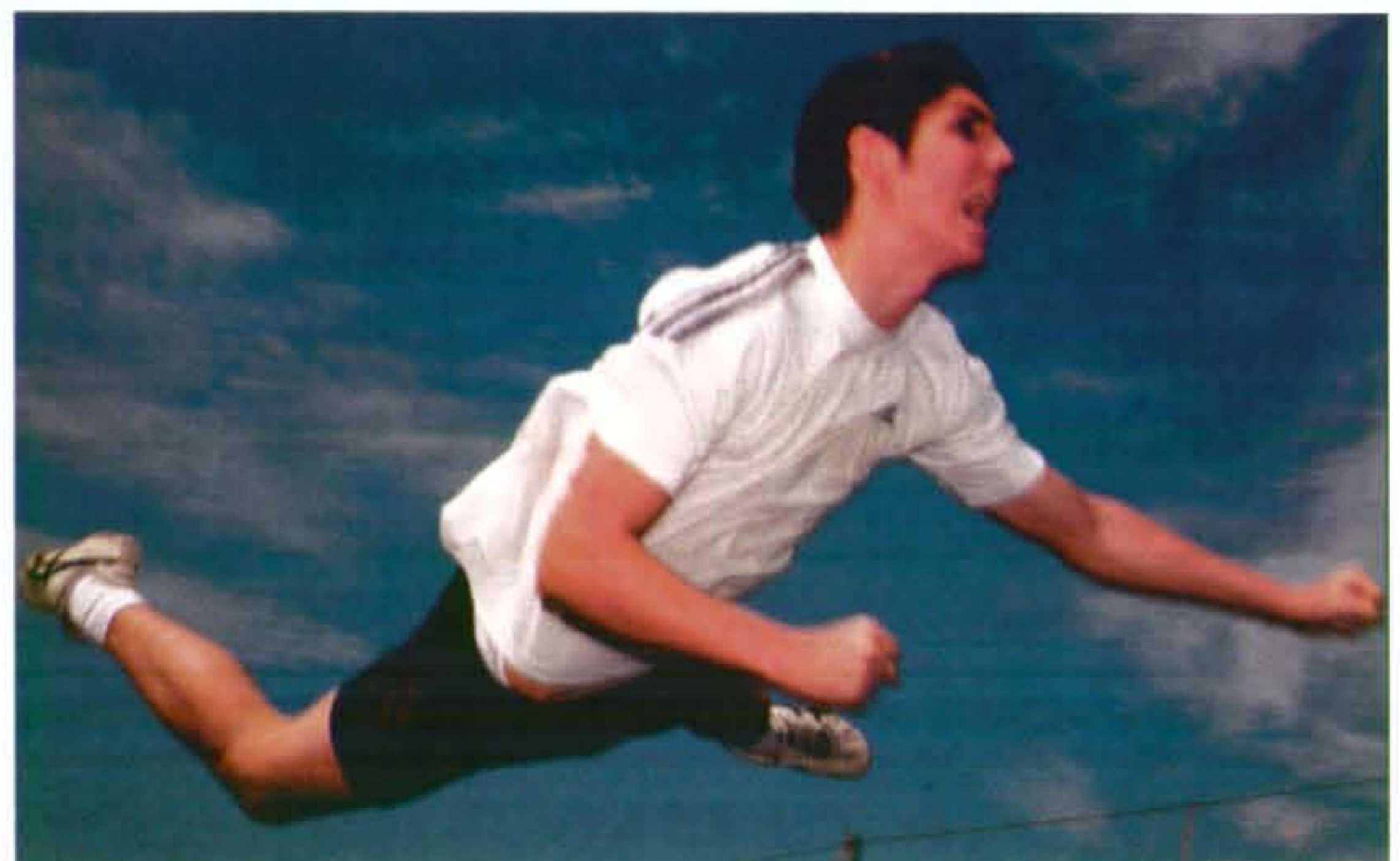
'Viewpoint 3' by Hattie Kirchner



'Venus' by Joshua Chandler



'Viewpoints' by Joshua Chandler



'The Search for the Ultimate Sports Photograph' by Tom Laws





Photography



'Textures' by Guy Trevor-Jones



'Trees and Sun' by Francesca Cragie



'Saint Paul's' by Miles Gilbert





Photography



'Peace' by Anika Nixdorf



'Viewpoints' by Tom Laws



Art



Harriet Hill (Upper Sixth): 'Containers' (Acrylic)



Laura Gillingham (Lower Sixth): Form Project (Chalk)





Art



Louisa Tuely (Upper Sixth): Mixed Media



Theodora Warre (Upper Sixth): Black and White Mixed Media





Art



Lauren Keeley (Upper Sixth): 'Isolate' (Mixed Media)



Emily Forbes (Upper Sixth): 'Reflections'



Kathryn Curle (Upper Sixth): 'Isolate' (Acrylic)





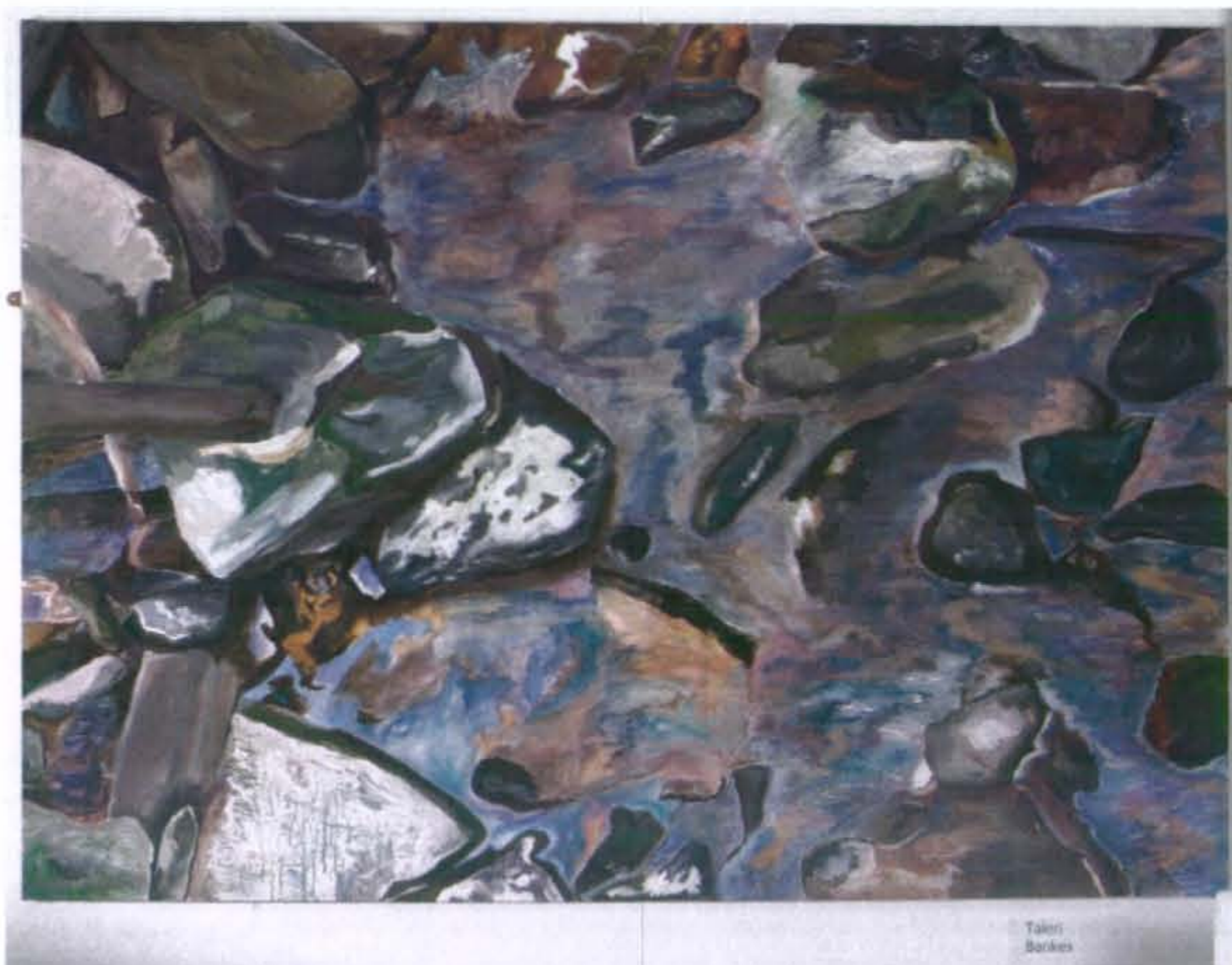
Art



Aimee Hirsch (Upper Sixth): Black and White (Oil)



James Gold (Lower Sixth): Colour Project (Acrylic)



Toler Banks (Upper Sixth): 'Reflections' (Acrylic)





Art



David Williams (Visiting Artist in Residence): Mixed Media



GENEVIEVE HOWLIN

Genevieve Howlin (Upper Sixth): Weave, Knotted and Tied





Art



Victoria Garwood (Upper Sixth): Black and White (Mixed Media)



Cassandra Fullagar (Upper Sixth): Black and White (Mixed Media)

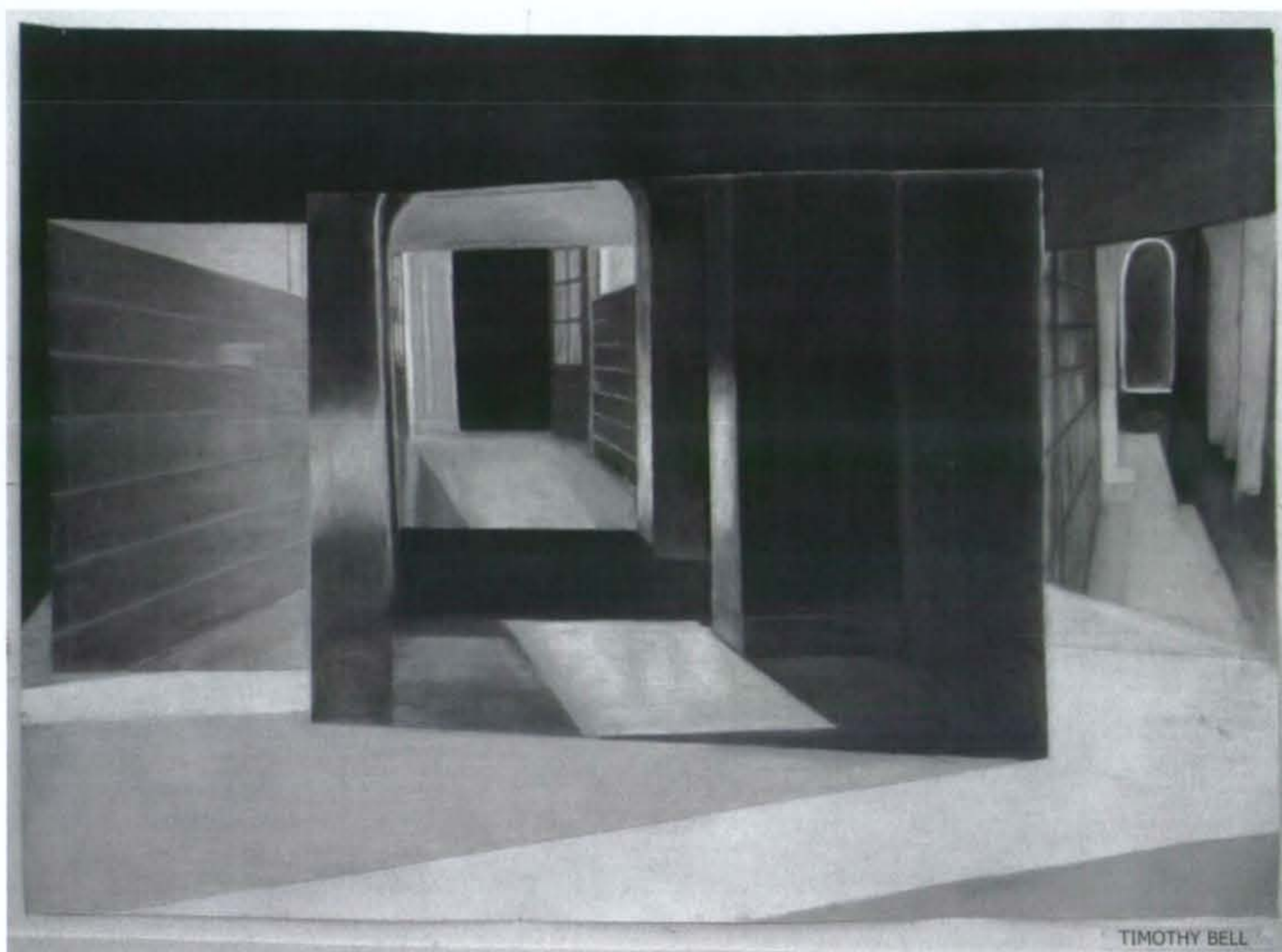




Art



Romy Scarffe (Upper Sixth): Black and White (Acrylic)



Timothy Bell (Lower Sixth): Form Project (Chalk)





Art



Holly Taylor (Lower Sixth): Chalk Drawing



Clementine McGaw (Lower Sixth): Sweets and Cakes (Acrylic)





Speech Day

THE HEADMASTER'S SPEECH

Lord Lieutenant, Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, honoured guest:

I am sure that you are all familiar with Stowe's claim that it educates Stoics to think deeply, think for themselves and think about others. But what does this mean in practice? I recently came across this anecdote about a physics degree exam at the University of Copenhagen, which illustrates thinking outside the conventional parameters: students were asked to "Describe how to determine the height of a skyscraper with a barometer".

One student replied: "You put a long piece of string to the neck of the barometer, then lower the barometer from the roof of the skyscraper to the ground. The length of the string, plus the length of the barometer, will equal the height of the building."

This highly original answer so incensed the examiner that the student was immediately failed. The student appealed on the grounds that his answer was indisputably correct, and the university appointed an independent arbiter to decide the case. The arbiter judged that the answer was indeed correct, but did not display any noticeable knowledge of physics. To resolve the problem it was decided to call the student in and allow him six minutes in which to provide a verbal answer which showed at least a minimal familiarity with the basic principles of physics.

For five minutes the student sat in silence, forehead creased in thought. The arbiter reminded him that time was running out, to which the student replied that he had several extremely relevant answers, but couldn't make up his mind which to use. On being advised to hurry up the student replied as follows:

"First, you could take the barometer up to the roof of the skyscraper, drop it over the edge, and measure the time it takes to reach the ground. The height of the building can then be worked out from the formula $H = 3D 0.5g \times t$ squared (this is the time taken by the barometer to fall and the acceleration due to gravity). But bad luck on the barometer.

Or if the sun is shining you could measure the height of the barometer, then set it on end and measure the length of its shadow. Then you measure the length of the skyscraper's shadow, and

thereafter it is a simple matter of proportional arithmetic to work out the height of the skyscraper.

But if you wanted to be highly scientific about it, you could tie a short piece of string to the barometer and swing it like a pendulum, first at ground level and then on the roof of the skyscraper. The height is worked out by the difference in the gravitational restoring force $T = 3D 2 \pi \text{ sq. root } (1/g)$

Or if the skyscraper has an emergency staircase, it would be easier to walk up it and mark off the height of the skyscraper in barometer lengths and then add them up.

If you wanted to be boring and orthodox about it, of course, you could use the barometer to measure the air pressure on the roof of the skyscraper and on the ground, and convert the difference in millibars into feet to give the height of the building.

But since we are constantly being exhorted to exercise independence of mind and apply scientific methods, undoubtedly the best way would be to knock on the janitor's door and say to him "If you would like a nice new barometer, I will give you this one if you tell me the height of this skyscraper."

The student was Niels Bohr, who went on to win the Nobel Prize for Physics.

Now in 2005, when every glossy school prospectus proclaims that it promotes independent thinking, individual freedoms and pastoral care for each and every pupil, it is difficult to imagine that not so long ago public schools churned out a more or less uniform breed of young men who dressed and talked alike, adopted the same codes, manners and habits of thought and believed in their own effortless superiority. Independent thinking was frowned upon and the arts were generally regarded as perilous activities. Acting led to swollen heads - or worse; modern painting and music were derided with a sneer. Sport reigned supreme and the young bloods of the 1st XV were revered as gods.

Stowe has always challenged these assumptions and it was Stowe's great achievement to modernise, liberalise and humanise the boarding school life. Roxburgh advocated the spread of freedom in the school with a vigour and sincerity which sent shock waves through the ranks of





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his begowned, pontifical and often pompous colleagues at HMC. He believed that a good school provides the framework and atmosphere in which the unique quality of each pupil is cherished, even if it means sacrificing the corporate identity.

In a very early speech Roxburgh stated that his educational policy would be guided by two convictions - the first being that respect for the individual was the primary responsibility of the teacher; and the other, that it was not what a master did to a Stoic that counted, but what a Stoic could do for himself. Encouraging every pupil in the school to make a contribution, to develop talents to the best of his or her ability, not to suffer the misery of unimportance, has been - and continues to be - one of Stowe's abiding strengths.

This year we have been celebrating the 60th anniversary of the end of World War Two and this is the appropriate occasion to remember the enormous sacrifice made by the generation which, sixteen years after the School's foundation, was prepared to sacrifice so much to preserve values threatened by the tyranny of fascism. Old Stoics, all young men in 1939, were to be found in the forefront of the battle in all three services. Their record speaks for itself: 1918 served in the Forces, of whom 270 lost their lives. To use the word decimation would be inaccurate, as the proportion of those who died was one in seven. The heroism and courage of Leonard Cheshire, holder of the Victoria Cross, DSO and Order of Merit, and the confidence he inspired in his bomber crews has passed into the nation's history along with the deeds of Drake and Nelson.

Cheshire completed the unique total of 100 missions, often flying at low levels over the most intense anti-aircraft and fighter opposition to reach the war's most heavily defended targets. In August 1945 he was selected as the only British service observer of the atom bombing of Nagasaki, an event which had a profound effect on him. Later, he founded, and directed, a network of 270 homes for the disabled and dying. His work was sustained by a profound religious faith. "It's a matter of being in touch with God", he once said, "and trying to find His purpose."

Leonard Cheshire's inspirational qualities were not uncommon among Stoics

of that generation: Jack Anderson won the Victoria Cross on St George's Day, 1943, when he found himself the only surviving company commander during the battle of Longstop Hill, west of Tunis. He rallied the men, personally led assaults on three machine gun positions and one mortar unit and finally captured the hill with four officers and forty men, taking around 200 prisoners. A School holiday was awarded to celebrate the news of the award, but Anderson did not return to Stowe to enjoy a hero's welcome. He was killed in October of the same year.

There were some lighter moments which evoke the individualism for which Stoics have become renowned: Squadron Leader RGA Barclay's plane was hit over Northern France. Too low to bale out, he managed to land in a ploughed field, scrambled out of the cockpit, and headed for the undergrowth. Within minutes German soldiers on motorcycles had arrived. Showing true Stoic initiative, and drawing on earlier experiences of hoodwinking his housemaster, he turned his tunic inside out, ruffled his hair, pulled his trouser legs down over his boots and then rolled in mud and leaves. It was not a convincing disguise, but together with a bundle of sticks on a bent back, it deceived a lorry load of Germans who went by on the road. Helped by the Resistance, he was given a suit and told to catch a train to Paris. As he stood on the platform, a German officer standing a few yards away eyed Barclay up suspiciously. The officer whispered a word of command to his batman and indicated to Barclay. At the same moment a group of old women with baskets clattered on to the platform. In a performance worthy of *Senior Congreve* - or perhaps the *comédie française* - Barclay improvised by giving a cry of joy, rushed towards the largest lady, threw his arms around her and kissed her, whispering, "*Aidez-moi, je suis aviateur Anglais*". She went into torrents of French; everyone kissed him and welcomed him home. The German climbed into his reserved compartment and Barclay climbed in with his band of rescuers. On his safe return to England he was soon transferred to command 238 Squadron in the Middle East which particularly needed to have its morale reinforced. He fought with his squadron throughout the desert retreat and was killed when his ageing Hurricane was brought





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down by a squadron of enemy aircraft.

There are many references to Stowe in the letters and reminiscences that can be found in the School archives: Tony Bartley, attached to an American brigade, carried an Old Stoic tie in his pocket, and on D-Day he put it on the moment the French shore was reached. "The other day I did a deal with an Arab" wrote Peter Bates, and bartered a battered old cricket shirt which I had had at Stowe for three dozen eggs and limitless goodwill.

"Waiting for a second burst of fire from the Scharnhorst in the Arctic waters on HMS Norfolk, Gordon Forsyth asked his friends what went through their minds. All replied, first home, and then school. "I kept thinking about Stowe, particularly about the periods of waiting there - waiting before matches - waiting to be sent for by the authorities when something had gone wrong. It all seemed very near; and then a four-inch shell exploded ten yards away." What is noticeable in these accounts is the absence of jingoism. There was an admiration for the deeds and grief for the loss of friends and a strong yet innocent belief in the time-honoured qualities of an England that was under mortal threat. John Benson, killed in experimental flying, had sent a poem to his mother, The Dawn:

Tomorrow shall be ours, and we shall

Cast a girdle round the world

Of mutual amity and lay upon

Earth's sweating brow the garland of
Eternal Peace.

As Roxburgh wrote upon receiving it: "The more I think of John's life and death, the more bitter I feel about those foul men who brought all this upon the world."

And what of Stowe, sixty years on? Our guest speaker, Professor Woodhead, will, I am sure, tell us more about the unpromising and hostile political environment created by this government. The sad fact is that this Fettes-educated Prime Minister and his Millfield-educated Secretary of State for Education do not like us. Would a government hostility rating of 8/10 be appropriate? New Labour - or as we should now more accurately call it - Old New Labour - has a baleful tendency to abolish institutions regardless of consequences and usually with no clear blueprint - think of the muddle over the

Lord Chancellor's office or the reform of the House of Lords. Sadly, when Mr Blair creates a new institution it is no more successful - unless anyone present would like to defend the expenditure of nearly half a billion pounds on a separate Parliament for Scotland.

Among the absurdities of the last twelve months we have had a renewed threat to our charitable status, with private schools having to prove that they operate for public benefit or face losing their status as charities. The fact that the independent sector saves the public purse some £2 billion annually in educating 450,000 children at no expense to the state is not regarded as a strong enough defence. We have also had the unedifying spectacle of the Government tinkering with university admissions procedures by publishing quotas or benchmarks which are designed - forgive the politically correct jargon - to widen access and increase participation from what are condescendingly called "low achieving schools" or "bog-standard comprehensives" if you're Alastair Campbell. Instead of just relying on A-Levels, other factors are to be considered in university admission procedures: the occupational or social class of an applicant's parents, ethnicity and, most bizarrely, the postcode. Readers of Private Eye will have seen this article on the dilemma facing middle class parents:

"Typical parents Mr and Mrs Fotheringay Maltby-Smythe have removed their child from Eton and moved into a caravan on a traveller's site, in the catchment area of James Callaghan Comp (1758th in the league tables). "Only this way", they said, "can we guarantee him a really bad education and ensure that he achieves sufficiently low grades to get him into a decent university."

A final example of the surreal world of educational politics can be found in the school performance tables recently published by the Department of Education and Skills: according to press reports many state schools are doing much better than independent schools at GCSE level. This may well be true, but it is worth knowing that for the first time vocational qualifications have been included in the figures. A pass in GNVQ information technology, for example, is deemed to be the equivalent to no fewer than four GCSE passes. The inclusion of Certificates in Aspects





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of Multi-Cultural Fashion, Cake Decoration, Pattern Cutting, and Call Centre Techniques only serves to undermine the legitimacy of these performance tables. The CAG Certificate in Salon Reception is worth the equivalent of three conventional GCSEs, and why bother doing any academic GCSEs when you can gain the equivalent of 5 GCSE passes by taking the NOCN Intermediate Diploma in Popular Music Practice. The tragedy is that a good idea - offering vocational training to pupils who are clearly unsuited to academic courses - should have been abused in order to exaggerate the success of the government's education policy.

At the outset of this speech you may have detected a note of nostalgia, looking back to some notional golden age. But I do not believe that all has become for the worst in the worst of all possible worlds. There has been much to celebrate over the year - this should be so in any good school - and I think this last year has fair claim to go down in the annals as one of the more exceptional years in the development and success of the school. We have been putting the finishing touches on the plans for the new, and as yet unnamed, new girls' house to be opened in September 2007 (possible benefactors please take note of the perfect naming opportunity). Rumours that it is to be called the Virgin House have been much exaggerated and Mr Branson is no longer returning my calls. In a few months' time we will be welcoming a new cohort of 22 thirteen year old girls into Lyttelton to join Natalie and Charlotte who have blazed the trail for full co-education.

Academic values are back at the centre of the school's philosophy of education (I was pleased, I think, to hear of a prospective parent who had rejected Stowe in favour of an unnamed school on the grounds that the new headmaster placed far too much emphasis on the academic side of things).

The overall standard of sport at Stowe continues to rise: at the beginning of the rugby season nearly all our teams comprehensively beat Rugby, much to the astonishment of the 1st XV captain from Rugby who turned to his teammates with a look of disbelief as he said, "Come on, lads, it's only Stowe." The Stowe 1st XV went on to win ten of their fifteen matches and

reached the fifth round of the Daily Mail Cup. The girls deserve to be congratulated for a superb season in Lacrosse - achieving eight wins from their ten games and finishing 3rd out of the 50 competing teams in the National Small Schools Tournament.

The highlight of the hockey season was when the Yearlings reached the quarter-finals of the U14 National Competition, having previously won the South-East Championships (although it came as news to some of us that Buckingham is in the south-east). We have also enjoyed substantial success in squash, swimming and cross-country - the Junior Boys' Team won the Regional English Schools' Competition and qualified for the National Finals. There has also been a welcome revival of interest in Fives, Fencing and Rowing. Beagling is as popular as ever - although we may have to re-brand the activity as the Stowe Dog Exercising Club and they will soon tire of hearing all the old jokes about drag hunting. The political skills of the joint Masters were amply demonstrated at the Puppy Show last Saturday when they arranged for my wife - who walked Grafton - to scoop up the prizes for best beagle puppy and best dog hound. Excellent strategy, Benji and Edward.

The 1st XI has enjoyed an outstanding cricket season so far - 4 wins, 2 draws and they have reached the quarter finals of the National 20/20 Competition. There is every prospect that the team will remain unbeaten. Increasing numbers of Stoics have been selected for county, regional, or national teams, and our sporting reputation stands deservedly high. A personal highlight was when Graeme White, captain of the 1st XI, came to see me a few weeks ago to present his England cricket cap mounted in a beautiful frame. Thank you Graeme; it will take its place among the other trophies in the cricket pavilion.

Music - talented Stoics and talented staff - continues to climb to heights which few schools can aspire to reach: this morning's concert alone - just one of many in the School calendar - proves that the food of love is playing strong at Stowe. Art and Drama are other areas of equal importance and strength which offer Stoics the opportunity and encouragement for personal development to the highest





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standard. Anyone who came to last term's Senior Congreve, the three Noel Coward one-act plays, A Talent to Amuse, or one of the many House Plays, will have appreciated that Drama remains a very substantial and defining strength of the School. I urge all of you to sample the considerable delights to be found in the various exhibitions of Art, Photography and Design and Technology on display today.

Schools, especially boarding schools, are close-knit communities, and through the celebrations at this time of year, there always runs a vein of sadness that it will inevitably soon be a time of farewells. Nearly 150 Upper Sixth Formers will leave the School at the end of next month, some with prizes, and all, I hope, with a good set of A-level results which, by then, will be maturing nicely on the examiners' desks. To them we offer our warm thanks for their company and their various contributions, and our best hopes and confident expectations for the future.

We say farewell, also, with sadness, to several members of staff. Katie Callaghan leaves after a year teaching English, living as the resident under-housemistress in the Nugent Annex and coaching Netball and Lacrosse.

Jacqui Berard-Spiers joined the Modern Languages Department to cover a maternity leave and has been under-housemistress in Lyttelton as well as an Upper School Tutor.

Esther Parsons leaves after three years of teaching French and German, living in Lyttelton as an under-Housemistress and making a major contribution to the success of girls' games by taking netball, hockey, tennis, rounders, weight-training and running.

There is a double loss as Barny and Gwendoline Sandow leave Stowe to take up posts at the Jerudong International School in Brunei. Gwendoline joined the Modern Languages Department in 2000 and was resident under-Housemistress in the Nugent Annex. She has been a Lower School Tutor and had special responsibility for the welfare of pupils from overseas. In 2001, she married Barny, and he came from Abingdon to join the Physics Department. A superlative schoolmaster, and a man of exceptional qualities and sound judgement, Barny

was appointed Head of Physics in 2002 and he has also found time to run the Hockey, Tutor in Chandos and organise the Leavers' Ball. I think we shall only realise the full range of gaps he will leave when he is no longer here to fill them. Both Barny and Gwendoline will be greatly missed.

Peter and Mel Ruben leave Stowe to take up Peter's appointment as Deputy Head at Bromsgrove. Peter has been Head of Economics and Politics since 1998 and a year ago, in difficult circumstances, he agreed to take over Chandos with Mel running Stowe's PSHE (that's Personal, Social and Health Education to the uninitiated). We shall miss Peter's flair in the classroom, his independent thinking on all matters and his instinctive sympathy for the underdog - his classroom is covered with posters of Che Guevara. We wish Peter, Mel and their three young children every good wish as they take up this new challenge at Bromsgrove.

Lisa Greatwood leaves the Biology Department after ten years. She has served the school superbly in a whole host of ways and has been involved with the CCF and Lacrosse and at various times has been a tutor in Chandos, Nugent, Temple and Cobham. A year ago she had an unforgettable starring role in the Staff Musical *How to Succeed in Business*. Lisa has been a huge support in Chapel and leaves to take up the post of Assistant Chaplain at Rugby.

Last, but certainly not least, we say goodbye to Di Bisp who arrived at Stowe in 1987 to coach girls' hockey. In 1991 she joined the P.E. Department and from 1993 to 1997 she took charge of hockey for both boys and girls - taking tours to such places as Amsterdam. Between 1991 and 2000 she played a major role in the organisation of swimming. She was appointed Head of Careers in 1999 and, in that time, Di transformed the Department into one of the most welcoming and up-to-date resource centres in the School. As President of the Common Room for the last two years, Di has been a key figure in ensuring that we remain a community of colleagues rather than a Gradgrindian exam factory. On a personal note, I am very grateful for everything Di did to make Val and me feel so welcome when we arrived two years ago.





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Before the half-term holiday is further spent, I hope that you will join me in congratulating all whose prizes are the occasion for this gathering, and in welcoming our guest speaker, Professor Christopher Woodhead, former chief Inspectors of Schools, scourge of

under-performing teachers, champion of good discipline, high academic standards and the dangerously revolutionary idea of the teacher teaching the class without intervention from an authoritarian state determined to impose centrally planned policies.

SIR NICHOLAS LYELL

Headmaster, Lord Lieutenant, Professor Chris Woodhead, our Guest of Honour, my Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen welcome to Speech Day on, as I say, this blustery afternoon, and a very special welcome not only to all Stoics but particularly those of you who are prize winners and to your parents who are rightly so proud of your achievements.

In this past year, one of the pleasures perhaps of semi-retirement, Susanna and I have been lucky enough to be able to travel to several exciting places - Barcelona, painting in Beijing and on the Great Wall of China, a lecture tour in the United States - but it just brings home to me what an exciting and wonderful place Stowe is. Lord Lieutenant, a special welcome. We are proud to welcome you, and delighted that you can be with us, both as our Lord Lieutenant and, even closer to home, as Chairman of the Stowe House Preservation Trust. It is thrilling to see what the Trust is achieving under your leadership. First the North Front and now, as the scaffolding is rapidly coming down, the South Front gazing down on us on this beautiful afternoon. Do, in so far as you can, peer over the scaffolding and go and look at the stunning bas reliefs of Bacchus, who you may have worshiped during lunch over some of his products, and his acolytes in the portico. It is well worth craning your necks for James Lovell's wonderful sculpture. But it is not only the restoration of our heritage which is exciting, but all that is happening here at Stowe under your leadership, Headmaster. The Headmaster will tell you more about the implementation of our plans for co-education but only yesterday we were finalising with the architects the architectural plans for our two new girls' boarding houses which will be built just beyond the Chapel. This very September 22 thirteen year old girls arrive to add to the 2 who are already here. We are not talking about the distant future: Lyttelton is to be

converted to hold the younger girls this very summer and the first full girls' boarding house should be ready in September 2007, scarcely two years away. It is all happening. Also our plans for the Campaign for Stowe. The first objective is our new Music School to be sited near the Western Leoni Arch. On the 31st January we were delighted to welcome Colin Dudgeon, our new Campaign Director; he is a dynamo of energy and under the leadership of my fellow Governor, Chris Wightman, who has taken on the Chairmanship of the Stowe School Foundation part of the campaign, Colin's feet have hardly touched the ground. Some work, of course, has already happened. The upgrading of technology, flood wiring of the whole school have now been paid for out of cash flow and the refurbishment of the Library into the beautiful and enticing resource that it now is. When we were in America we met Brian Hecht, the chairman of the American Friends of Stowe. They too are excited and will, I am sure, grow into a fortress of support. I also had the pleasure of choosing our next year's Stowe/ Harvard Fellow, and quite a girl she turned out to be: training in medicine, she captained the Harvard Girls' Rugby Team, fly half and charming, slim and beautiful too, please send me again Headmaster!

Here at Stowe the Headmaster will be telling you about our progress on the academic front, and you can see for yourself the wonderful art and music (I really enjoyed the concert, thank you all very much). Just look in Plug Street or go to the Art School or the Old Squash Courts - the art really is special. This gives me my chance, Headmaster, to say thank you to you and to those without whom none of this would happen, our brilliant staff. I and my fellow governors, I think I can say this for them, love breakfasting in the Common Room, and it is not just for the 'fry ups' (though I certainly enjoy that), but





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SIR NICHOLAS LYELL

for the company and the excitement and stimulation and for the pleasure of going, for example, into the Science Block, or finding some of you late in the classrooms and talking with you out of hours. I just realise how lucky Stoics are to have you, thank you very much indeed. And a big thank you too, to the often unsung support staff. Bursar, I cannot thank you and your whole team enough. This also gives me a chance to welcome most warmly our newest governor Professor Sarah Gurr, professor of plant sciences at Oxford University: she interviewed the Headmaster and me and we waited anxiously to see if we had passed. Sarah, we are delighted to welcome you, but you are right that we have a job to do; your energy and perspicacity will be hugely welcome.

As Chairman of Governors you learn just what a vast amount is involved in running a great school like Stowe. Of course there are problems to be overcome – better facilities, crowded timetables, exam pressures, human feelings - all the challenges of combining freedom and excitement and hope with effective work and good order - the task of turning the Stowe ethos into the reality of a superb education and a

broad, challenging preparation for life in all its facets. So, in this context, Headmaster, can I say an enormous personal thank-you to you, and to Valerie, for your outstanding leadership and tireless efforts and, if I may say so, the fun you make it for all of us. Also, in the context of educational challenges, and the Headmaster will make the proper introduction, we are delighted to welcome our guest of honour Professor Chris Woodhead, Stanley Kalms Professor of Education at Buckingham University and for many years Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools. We need a clear philosophy in education and we need one that works, and to have the courage and determination to make it work. Chris Woodhead, we are looking forward with keen anticipation to what you have to say to us, but meanwhile let me end by congratulating all of you Stoics here, and your parents on all that you have achieved in your time at Stowe. I did not realise, when I left in 1957, just how much I took with me and how the genius of the place and the teaching and the whole experience had entered my soul so, with my very best wishes to you all for a happy half term and every success in your forthcoming exams I now ask the Headmaster to address us. Thank you.

PROFESSOR CHRIS WOODHEAD

Good afternoon everybody. The Headmaster has told me "straight in, get on with it" so I will. It is a great pleasure and an honour to be with you this afternoon, although I have to confess that I have never given so many heavy books out and I will be submitting to the Headmaster an injuries claim for whatever strains I have experienced. Seriously though, it is a real pleasure.

A phrase stuck with me in the Headmaster's speech, quoting from one of your old pupils during the Second World War who talked of "time honoured qualities of an England under mortal threat" - I think that when the Headmaster touched on this because there are threats that independent schools face - but coming across from London here this morning I did feel that it was really a time-honoured England - the cow parsley in the hedgerows and the greenness of the landscape, these wonderful avenues that lead up to the school. It is a unique place and I really cannot think of a better place to

be on an early summer's afternoon than here with you. Quintessential England at its very best, and we even have the cricket just outside.

I am going to be brief for two reasons (three actually because I am a bit worried about these gusts of wind that are afflicting the marquee, and I would hate for you all to disappear to somewhere near the centre of Milton Keynes; I think it would be better to stay in Stowe). But the other two reasons are, firstly very much from the only prize giving I attend myself as a student, because I only got prizes once in a not very illustrious school career, on that occasion the chap who was giving the prizes, a chap called John Allegra, and the scholars among you will know that Allegra is famous as the investigator of the Dead Sea Scrolls. I think now that the Dead Sea Scrolls are quite interesting, but as a thirteen year old boy I didn't have the slightest interest in the said scrolls, the man talked for the best part, it seemed to





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me, two or three hours, and I learnt then the first rule of public speaking, and that is that the applause that you receive at the end of your talk is in inverse proportion to the length of your talk, so it will be short. And the second and serious reason, or third reason, is that I really do believe that these occasions are not an opportunity for an outside speaker to pontificate at enormous length, but an opportunity to celebrate the achievements of the young people who have just got the prizes and, of course, the achievements of the school as a whole, and that's what I want to do.

One of the advantages of coming to work at the University of Buckingham is, of course, its proximity to Stowe and I won't pretend that I know the school well as I don't, but I have got to know it a little and I do very much hope that that relationship can deepen over coming years. I was reflecting driving up about the qualities of a great school or great schools like Stowe and it does seem to me that every great school is unique; you know it has its own peculiarities that make it the school that it is, but every great school, state or independent, has got two things in common. Firstly, it has got a Headmaster or a Headmistress who is an exceptional person in terms of not just their vision and their drive and their ability to see the future of the school but also, equally importantly, that they can take people with them, and I think you are extremely lucky, if I can spare his blushes, that you have got a Head Teacher of the stature which you do have. On the teaching side we have plenty of experts in the audience who assess teachers every day of their lives, the pupils, the students and I would immediately bow to the understanding of somebody who has to sit in front of a teacher over the understanding of a Chief Inspector of Schools, or ex Chief Inspector of Schools! But tell me if you agree and tell me if you think that this is one of the reasons why Stowe is the school that it is. Great teachers to my mind have got three, possibly four, characteristics. Firstly they are absolutely passionate about the subjects which they teach; it seems to me that if you have lost an interest in English or History or Art or whatever it might be, even Physics, then you should pack up being a teacher and choose to do something else. It is that personal passion for your subject that

makes you a teacher and ensures that the students for whom you have responsibility are enthused by the love of the subject that you have. Secondly I think that expectations of what pupils can do are immensely important. The saddest moments that I had when I was Chief Inspector I think were when I had visited schools and the message was never made explicit but it was subliminal, it hung in the air, and the message was this, that with children like this, who come from broken homes perhaps, where unemployment is endemic in the communities that the school serves, they are never going to make anything of their lives and we, the teachers, can never do anything for them. Not surprisingly, if that was the attitude in such schools those young people did not prosper. If, as a teacher, you expect your students to master the next piece of learning, to go the further mile then they will do just that. And thirdly, of course, teachers have got to be able to teach, which means that don't just stand at the front and bore the audience as, perhaps, I am doing this afternoon, but they can engage with every individual member of the class, they can explain things clearly, they are able to use questioning techniques for example. I mean, I do not know about the back row here, but if I was a teacher I would be deeply concerned by the delinquents and deviants who choose to sit in the back row, the furthest from me, and I have heard certain noises coming from stage right over here which would make me particularly concerned about that part of the classroom. I just remember a teacher I watched in the Midlands, maybe a decade ago, and she was absolutely brilliant, she knew each child in the class and she targeted different children with different questions at different times in the lesson, and it was if she was a conductor with an orchestra keeping every single young person in that class involved in the lesson. The craft of the classroom is absolutely crucial. We had a teacher when I was at school, actually he was a Physics teacher - Physics seems to be the theme of the afternoon - and he had a doctorate in Physics so I guess he knew everything about what Anthony was talking about - I am afraid I couldn't follow it - but he didn't have the slightest idea of how to control a class of fairly difficult boys. He seemed to think that every Physics lesson should take place in conditions of dark-





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ness, or at least semi-darkness, and he never understood that the darker the room got the greater the subsequent anarchy that resulted. Now that is obviously hopeless. Teachers have got to be able to teach and my sense is that your school, Stowe School, is fortunate not just in having the Headmaster it has but in having a group of teachers who are absolutely wonderful teachers, and that's why we are seeing the kind of academic, sporting, cultural and intellectual progress which we are celebrating today.

There are many great schools, of course, in the state sector as well as the independent, but I don't think that we are seeing, particularly in the state sector, the progress that we should be seeing, and the Headmaster touched on some of the reasons for this in his speech, so I won't dwell on them at any length, but it does seem to me that there are two problems with what is happening in state education in this country at the moment. The first is that the Secretary of State for Education, and behind her the Prime Minister, seems to think that she/he can control 24,000 schools (because that is the number of schools that there are in the state sector) from an office in Whitehall, believes that the tentacles of bureaucracy can stretch out, that individual Head Teachers can, puppet like, be managed by bureaucrats and politicians, and I take from what I know about Stowe and other great independent schools that one of the secrets of success is independence. It is the opportunity to create the kind of identity, the kind of excellence that seems important to you. Stowe is different; you pursue a particular vision of education and you pursue that with an enthusiasm and integrity, and you can do that because you have independence, and that is why I made myself unpopular - I always seem to make myself unpopular these days - the other day in a speech when I said that the independence of independent schools has got to be really cherished and protected. I simply cannot see why so many independent schools, and independent Head Teachers to be frank, are so eager to dance to the government tune. Why not do what makes sense to you; why not do what your parents want, and I think that is what Stowe is doing, and that's why so many of you have turned out today and why the school is increasing in reputation

and popularity day by day. But independence is vital; it could be eroded and it will be eroded, I think, unless the men and women who are in charge of independent schools have got the courage of their convictions. The other reason I think we are not seeing the progress that we should is that, quite frankly, we have lost sight, in my view, of what education really is about. To put it more rudely, I think the lunatics have taken over the asylum. Let me give you just one example of what I mean; I don't want to spoil a nice afternoon, and I don't want to give any of you indigestion, intellectual or physical, but just tell me what this simple sentence means "The great challenge for education in the twenty-first century is the pursuit of a holistic, problematised pedagogy" I will say that again, "the pursuit of a holistic, problematised pedagogy". Now if any of you are feeling, and I can't imagine, looking out at the confident faces in front of me, adult and younger, that any of you are intellectually insecure at all, then don't feel insecure if you do not have the faintest idea what she is taking about, this Professor of Education at a Northern University: neither do I. Neither do audiences, and I don't exaggerate, from Aberdeen to Adelaide, because I have asked people what those words mean and nobody has been able to give me a satisfactory answer. I asked the professor, herself, a little while ago and yes, you've guessed it, she didn't know what she was talking about either.

Education is, in the phrase of the philosopher Michael Oakshott, I think quite simply a conversation between the generations. A conversation in which the young are initiated into those aspects of our culture that we deem worthy of preserving. And I was interested, and I want to discuss this with him later, in the Headmaster talking about independence, encouraging people to think for themselves, and that's absolutely right, but you can't think unless you know something. Driving up today, drifting into the hedgerows as I contemplated the beauty of the cow parsley, on Radio 3, I can't remember what it is called now, something like Record Review, and they had absolutely right for the day and for my mood, Vaughan Williams Pastoral Symphony, and I didn't know this but apparently it was written very much out of his experiences in the War





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and with that little bit of knowledge, that I should have known ages ago but didn't, has made me think completely in a fresh way about his Pastoral Symphony. And I think that is just a little illustration of the fact that in the pursuit of independent thinking, thinking skills, independent creativity and all the rest of it, we shouldn't lose the central importance of trying to ensure that the young really do know and understand and appreciate. Take the word creativity. I spent a very happy half an hour before lunch walking around and looking at the Art Exhibition, and brilliant many of the paintings were, but they weren't brilliant because people had been told to go away and be creative; they were brilliant because people had studied and mastered lessons from earlier artists and their appreciation of those artists has informed their own art, so I just think we must beware of fashionable and orthodox

thinking that says, as some people in the world of education do say, that there is no point in teaching anybody anything because you can look it up on the internet. I think that is profoundly dangerous. Education is about discovering the richness of the world and Stowe is important because that kind of education, I sense, is at the heart of what you do. In 20 to 30 years' time some of you who receive prizes today might be attending as parents; I think Stowe will still be here, Stowe will still be educating children and young people in its unique way, and I just want to congratulate you on everything that is being done. Congratulate individual students, congratulate the parents who have brought these students up so well, congratulate the Headmaster and the staff for everything which is being achieved. Thank you for all that you are doing and for listening to me. Thank you very much indeed.

HEAD BOY CHARLIE FARR

Professor Woodhead, Dr. Wallersteiner, Chairman and fellow Governors, Ladies and Gentlemen, on behalf of the School I am delighted to welcome you to Stowe. I am both thrilled and also a little sad at this my last official Speech Day as a current Stoic, but I hope that you have all enjoyed your morning and will now help us to celebrate Stowe's achievements this past year.

A year ago, when I was interviewed for Head of School, one of the questions the Headmaster asked was "Will you be able to speak in front of a huge crowd on Speech Day?" and without a thought I replied "Yes, no problem". Well now, cometh the hour, cometh the man. To be made Head of School was not a target I had ever set myself but it became an opportunity and my Housemaster reinforced my belief that I could get it, when he wrote in my reference Charlie is not the typical Stowe Head Boy, at least not the ones I have witnessed, he is not a squeaky clean, top of the class academic who would seem to be all in the eyes of the staff but lacking in the eyes of the pupils. I hope that this year I have amply justified his generous support. It has certainly been a great honour to represent the school that I love, especially as I was only sixteen when appointed. I have thoroughly enjoyed the challenges, learning and experiencing much during

the year. One of my chief aims was to be more visible around the school and available for all year groups, earning, but not expecting, respect and also being a positive role model. I know that my successors are both fully qualified to continue these roles, and so, proudly, I would like to introduce next year's Head Boy and Head Girl, Hugh Viney and Emma Lovett. Congratulations to you both and good luck to you and your team of prefects. I would advise you both to remember that you fill these posts for what you are and not for someone you wish to be; be yourselves and carry out your duties with dignity. Please come up and be recognised.

One of my duties as Head of School is to give the Stoic Award, the one made to the member of staff that Stoics believe to have helped them in many ways. This year it gives me very great pleasure to award it to a person who most Stoics only come across late in their Stowe careers. This person advises and helps many Stoics with her unstinting support, advice on universities, UCAS, Gap Years and future careers. On behalf of all Stoics we would like to award the Stoic Award to Mrs. Irene Andrews, who sadly couldn't make it today, but congratulations should go to her.

Stowe is a magical, but also a daunting





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and challenging place at times. I recall those first moments of being at Stowe, travelling down the long drive with butterflies in my stomach and ahead of me were my next few years. My earliest days were great fun and all the boys back then would be stunned to see me up here now. Yes, I know that I, and many others, have done exactly what Stowe does so well, we have developed as all-rounders, as young people, full of good character and good spirits, and I don't just mean alcoholic spirits. Throughout our time at Stowe we made true friends for life, and we take away many great memories. Stowe brought us up in its stable community where we have learned to help one another. Stoics should always be supportive, willing to help out in any situation and good fun. That pupil characteristic is for me the greatest asset any school should have and one that Stowe nurtures and encourages. Stoics are often genuinely good people and can clearly be distinguished far off from any other public school pupil. As proof of the Stoic character this school has shone in a number of positive ways this year. In particular I would like to mention the two events to raise funds for the Muscular Dystrophy Campaign, Stowe's chief charity for this year. The whole school took part in a sponsored walk and raised a stunning £35,000; it was a terrific achievement for all the school, and clearly reflects Stoics good and generous nature. The other very successful event was the charity dinner and auction organised by Rupert Lynch and me along with Crispin Robinson; this event raised £12,500 and on a personal level I found it most rewarding. Not only did I want to give something back to those disadvantaged in society but I also wanted to prove wrong those many people who doubted we would be able to organise it in the available time. From a young age my parents had told me that if you were determined enough to do something you would always succeed. Accordingly you should take on the hard work involved. It is a lesson I have learned for life and one that all Stoics would do well to heed.

Another aspect of the true Stoic character was shown on the sporting field in 1st XV rugby; the great team spirit we developed brought us all together to fight for one another and to carry us through a terrific season. When I first came to Stowe it seemed to be more

typical for teams to give up when they were losing, but this year we firmly changed that; we never gave up, and together we fought hard to the end of the season. Similarly in the girls' lacrosse they have had their most successful year. The girls produced 15 victories, with only 3 losses and on several occasions and in true spirit the team dragged themselves from a deficit to convert it to a victory. Their highlight was to finish third in the UK's national small schools competition. We hope that next year there will be more girls playing lacrosse and that with a new head of girls' games, all teams will compete as successfully as we have this year.

Stowe has changed dramatically since I first came. It is evident that there is more of a buzz about the place and more Stoics are committed to being involved. It is now great to see that we are prospering in all areas. Co-education has now been introduced, with two pioneering girls in the 3rd form, and next year we will have around 120 girls in total in the 3rd, 4th and 6th forms. I firmly believe that, after 30 years of girls in the 6th form, as a fully mixed school Stowe will move forward academically and socially and without losing its core and founding ethos. There are times perhaps when Stoics forget that it is our parents who pay huge sums for the privilege of being educated at Stowe; if it weren't for their financial sacrifices and planning we would not be here: they could be off enjoying themselves, carefree on some exotic island in the sun, but no, they chose to have us educated and to develop as people at Stowe. For me that is the greatest gift anyone could be given, so I would ask you to share my thanks to our parents who work so hard to send us to such a marvellous school.

I would like to express my sincere thanks to the Headmaster whom I have had the pleasure of getting to know and work with this year; he is already working hard to take Stowe forward in a new and exciting direction. Though at first, like any Headmaster, he seemed daunting and a bit of a dark horse, in fact having seen his talents at the Abba concert, he and his wife are our nominees for the next Strictly Come Dancing competition. More seriously he is fully approachable and operates an open door policy for Stoics and staff. The ability to listen is an impor-





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tant aspect of his leadership and this quality I much appreciated this year. I would especially like to thank all my friends for their support; without them it would have been a much steeper hill to climb. I express my thanks to the prefects who have been excellent in their duties. My greatest debt though is to the Head Girl, Hermione Winton, who has been such great fun to work with. We have never shared a dull moment together and our working is an example of the working of the future: as Stowe becomes co-educational it should be more of a priority to create and ensure full equality between girls and boys. Hermione, I would like to show you my deep appreciation.

Some say that Stowe's greatest features are the temples and landscapes; that may be true for the National Trust, but I would argue that Stowe's greatest assets are the people. While the academic and administrative staff work unbelievably hard in running the school – and many thanks to you all – it is the strong interactions and the relationships between staff and Stoics that makes Stowe unique. Speaking both personally and as a Stoic there is one person who has great respect and I

must thank; he has been incredible in supporting me far beyond the call of duty, offering me good advice and guiding me in the right direction. Even when he is so busy the last thing he must have wanted was my thump on his door, it is however one thing that amazes me about him, he will always go out of his way to help and will both support, and if necessary fight for his tutees to the end: Mr. Robinson, thank you.

So to conclude my last official speech at Stowe, let me say this – make the most of all the opportunities open to you; stand up and be counted. Don't just pass your time away, but make something of it, as someone famously once said "Do you have the courage to change what can be changed, the serenity to accept what can't be changed and the wisdom to know the difference". I can now leave Stowe saying that I have made a difference to the school and equally, that the school helped me to achieve as much as I could. In years to come I will be able to look back and say that I did my best and I fulfilled my potential. Stoics: in your final year, you should be able to say the same. Thank you very much!





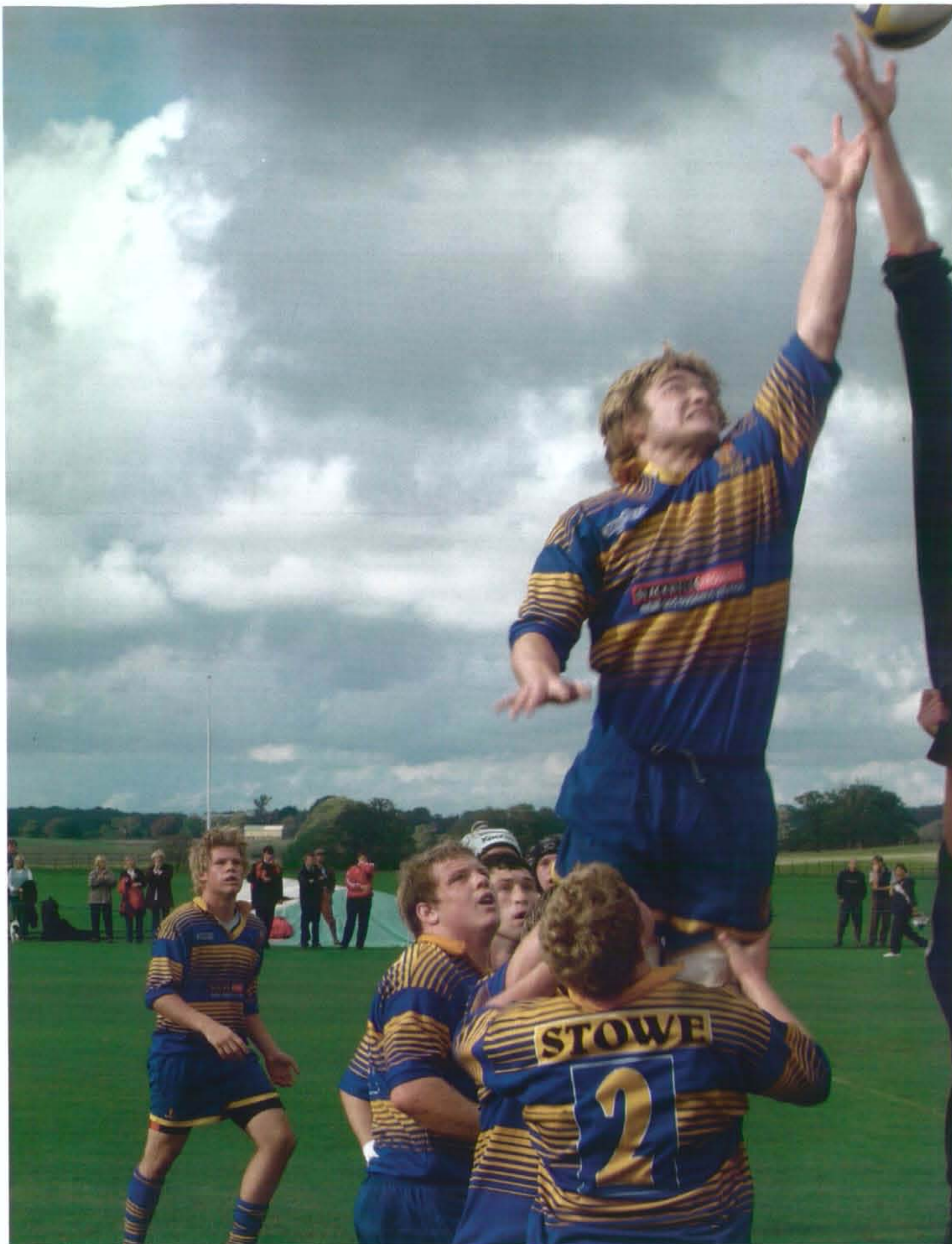
Editorial

After so many words, I'll make this brief. Thanks to all those members of staff who submitted their reports and articles punctually. Thanks to Jane Collins, John Bridgwood and Colin Dudgeon for advice and support.

I hope you enjoyed reading the new look *Stoic*. Any comments or suggestions for improvements would be welcome.

Anthony Radice (editor)





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