

THE STOIC

J. F. Roxburgh Centenary Edition



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THE STOIC

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EDITORIAL

THIS edition of *The Stoic* is dedicated to the memory of J. F. Roxburgh whose centenary was celebrated by the visit to Stowe of H.R.H. The Duke of Gloucester on 5th May. The key section of the issue comprises articles by Mr. Hudson, the School archivist, and by Mr. Timberlake. We are grateful to F.A.H.'s selection of interesting contemporary photographs. To Mr. Timberlake we owe thanks for fascinating recollections of the early years of the School from the perspective of a member of staff.

We may at this point pause and reflect upon the last sixty-five years and the changes that have come with them. We do not wish to be restricted to an excessively retrospective sense of Stowe, but rather, in the J.F.R. tradition, put the past behind us as useful experience, while looking forward to an optimistic future.

Of the many changes we may briefly note here are the entry of the first girls into the Sixth Form in 1974 and the recent introduction of the G.C.S.E. Alongside the continuous maintenance of the Mansion, the expansion and modernisation of House accommodation, there have been the additions of mezzanine floors to the English, Art and Classics departments. The School's successful adaptation to the demands of science, industry and technology was demonstrated when a Stowe team won an Independent Schools Design and Build Competition sponsored by British Aerospace.

We experienced another accomplished Drama Festival, with several exciting and proficient productions. We would like to thank Mr. Small for all his efforts over the years in running the Festival. The Spring Term saw the birth of *Stoically*, which both provided an informative news sheet about day-to-day matters and showed the School's innate talents and capacities. There were also delightful performances of Mozart's *Requiem* by the Choral Society and of Messiaen's *Visions De l'Amen* by Mr. Drayton and Mr. Gatehouse. The Community Service has again been prominent in keeping up contact between the School and the local community, by providing support, assistance and companionship to the elderly.

The School was honoured to host the Buckinghamshire A.A.A. Cross-Country Championship, at which many hundreds of competitors participated. Various members of the Stowe 1st VIII were selected for the County squad as a direct result of their excellent performances. The high light of other sporting achievements was the triumphant tour of the Hockey 1st XI to Amsterdam, where the team won the Reigers Tournament.

The Summer Term welcomed to the Maths. department Mr. R. Shaw, who has filled Mr. Lennard's position, while he takes a sabbatical, and Mr. R. Wiggins as a part-time teacher in the Computer department.

Finally, we congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Cawthorne on the birth of their daughter, Jennifer.

The Editors

The Prefectorial Body consists currently of the following:

R. C. Weatherby	Head of School
M. G. Reed, ma.	Second Prefect & Head of Cobham
J. N. L. Arlon	Head of Walpole
W. J. P. Atkinson	Head of Chatham
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A. Wolcough	Prefect of Mess



OXBRIDGE 1988

Back row (left to right): Naomi H. Stunt, N. F. Q. Terry, Beth Osmond.
Front row (left to right): A. R. Bennet, Maya S. Salamon, R. D. Hansen-Luke, P. R. Sawbridge.

**J. F. ROXBURGH
1888-1988**



As we celebrate the centenary of the birth of Roxburgh this year, it is a measure of the stature of the man that, despite the passage of time, he still remains a legendary figure, not only in the minds of those who knew him personally, but in the whole field of public school education. In this field the names of Roxburgh and of Stowe are synonymous, and it is with this in mind that I write this short article as an outline to the present generation of Stoics.

The exigencies of the First World War had left little time for families to worry about the future education of their sons, and now, with the Armistice and the end of "the war to end all wars," parents were dismayed to find that entry to the great public schools was fully booked for many years ahead. An urgent review of the situation was called for by the Association of Preparatory Schools (now the I.A.P.S.), headed by one of its members, E. H. Montauban, whose enthusiasm and determination carried the idea of founding a great new public school. In 1921 he boldly rejected the counter-proposal of extending already existing schools in favour of the creation of one which was to rank amongst the six foremost in the country.

It was in that year that Stowe House, the palatial residence of the last Dukes of Buckingham and Chandos, appeared on the auction market, and Montauban aroused the interest of his committee in this as a possible choice for the site of his great enterprise. At the auction the mansion of Stowe together with some 200 acres of the surrounding park was sold in one lot to Mr. Shaw for the sum of £35,000, and it seemed likely that a demolition order would be passed.

There was considerable opposition to the founding of a new public school in some quarters, one notable opponent being the editor of *The Times*. However, with the support of the Headmasters of a number of public and prep. schools, and eventually with the financial backing of a further committee under the leadership of Lord Gisborough, Stowe became a reality. In some ways it was a nightmare reality since the restoration and conversion of these buildings to a school was to be a continual source of financial

strain for many years to come. One example of the inadequacy at the time of the purchase was that in the whole mansion of Stowe there was but one bathroom, and a large slate-lined tank without any piped water supply. This "bath" still exists today under the floorboards of a room at the Plug Street level.

To deal with this situation required a man who could acquit himself simultaneously to the rôles of architect, financier, innovator and extemporizer, and still find time to be a Headmaster.

John Fergusson Roxburgh was born on May 5th, 1888 in Edinburgh and became a boarder at Moorland House Prep. School where he first acquired his interest in photography and developed the early skills which later led to his superb command of the English Language. At Charterhouse his lack of natural ability in games was to dog his early years, but as a scholar he later won many prizes and eventually an Exhibition in Classics to Trinity College, Cambridge.

At Trinity, Roxburgh gained a First in Classics and also developed a taste for a certain flamboyance which in later years mellowed into a sartorial elegance. His attachments to Lapsang Sookong tea and the sporting of large brilliantly coloured silk handkerchiefs were idiosyncrasies that were to remain with him all his life.

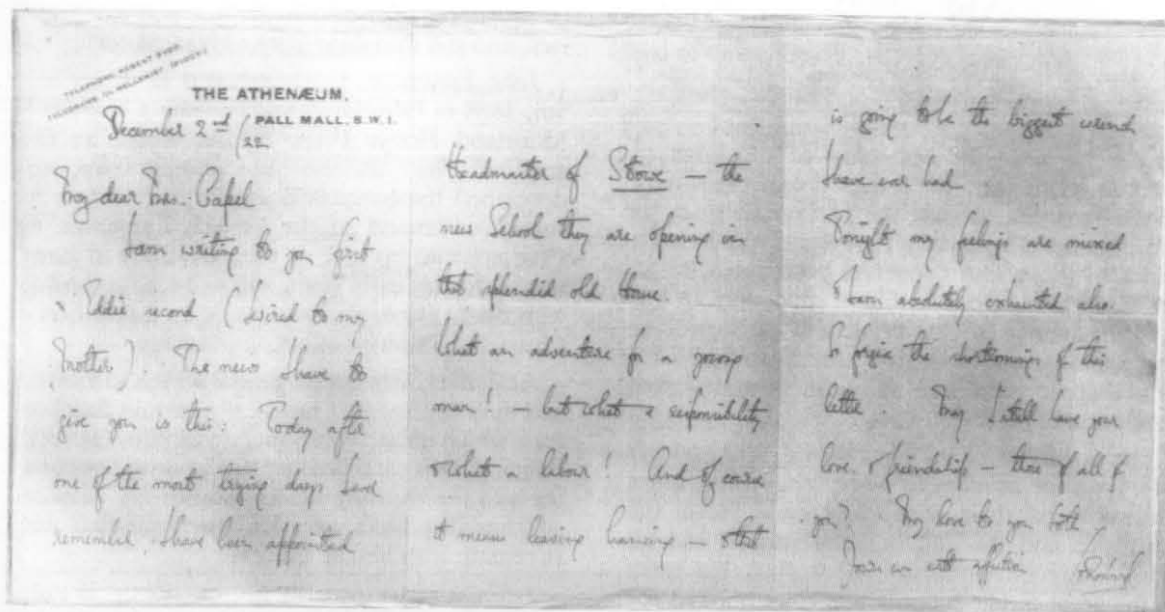
After a year spent at the Sorbonne in Paris, where he studied for a degree in classical literature, and extended his already formidable cultural background, he applied for a teaching post at Lancing.

It was at Lancing that he put the final touches to what might well be called his 'showmanship.' He enlarged on the idiosyncrasies developed at Cambridge and undoubtedly set out to create an image of himself as a debonair man of the world, with more than a touch of the theatrical in his performances. However, he was sincere, amazingly energetic and conscientious in all that he undertook, and developed that personal relationship with his pupils that was to become such a feature of his career at Stowe. Promoted to the position of Housemaster at Lancing, J.F. dedicated himself to furthering the careers of many of his brightest and ablest pupils, outstanding amongst whom was his Head of House, Eddie Capel Cure, who was later to follow in Roxburgh's footsteps through Trinity and eventually to an appointment to the teaching staff at Stowe under Roxburgh's leadership. J.F. became a firm friend of the Capel Cure family and a frequent visitor to their home.

It was hardly surprising when Roxburgh decided to leave Lancing. He was an outstanding character and teacher and the time was ripe for a headship. However, J.F. was unconventional to a degree and hardly the sort of man to be highly regarded by many of the governing bodies of the larger public schools.

The opportunity of Stowe, a school to be founded without the heavy overtones of a traditional background, was too great a chance to be missed and Roxburgh applied, and was appointed on December 2nd, 1922. His feelings on his appointment are best conveyed by this short letter written to Mrs. Capel Cure from the Athenaeum Club, Pall Mall.

In spite of the misgivings in some quarters, it seems likely in retrospect that the man, the time, and the place, could never have been in better conjunction. J.F. already had a love of poetry and architecture which he strove to perpetuate in the minds of his pupils, and where better to impress these emotions than on a school founded in such a magnificent Palladian palace? It was in



an after-dinner speech to celebrate the foundation of Stowe School that Roxburgh spoke the lines which have been so often quoted since:

"You will know what I mean if you have ever looked up one of our long green valleys at the great South Front of Stowe in the soft light of a Spring day 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."

The school's first term began on 11th May, 1923 with 10 assistant masters and 99 boys: 44 boys in Bruce under the Revd. Ernest Earle, and 55 boys in Temple under Ivor Cross, a former master from Lancing. All except five of the boys were 14 years of age or less, but these five, four of them from Lancing, were to act as Roxburgh's first prefects. Roxburgh's ideals were to encourage a liberal regime and the education of each boy as an individual. This, in itself, was nothing new in the educational world, but in J.F., Stowe had a Head who successfully walked the tight-rope across the chasm of Indiscipline and Familiarity, the all too common failings in the practical applications of the principles of such liberalism. Stoics (the name is Roxburgh's) were not to wear a traditional school uniform, yet still were to be given the polish, courtesy, and neatness of dress, that might so easily have been neglected by such a policy.

With the advantage of small numbers Roxburgh was able to indulge his feats of

memory which enabled him to greet every boy by their Christian name, to remember each birthday, and generally to make himself so acquainted with their individual idiosyncrasies and family background that he was to become a father-figure to many, and to acquire an individual intimacy that lived on in later years to become the Roxburgh legend. This was a Headmaster who, while respected and admired for his sartorial elegance and erudition, was yet at one with the lowliest member of the school whenever the occasion demanded.

Roxburgh's methods and his memory were both to be extended to their limits as the school won fame and distinction in both academic and athletic rôles, the number of entrants to Stowe taking the population to 342 in the second year and to 420 in the third, with reconstruction, restoration and the necessity for new buildings continually in demand. More boarding Houses were formed taking their names from the Temple family who had once owned Stowe. The temporary chapel, which stood on the ground now occupied by the Drayson Hall, was replaced by the present chapel opened in 1929 by Prince George. And indeed, Roxburgh, a past master in the art of exhibition, was to keep Stowe constantly in the public eye, as Prince Arthur of Connaught presented the gift of the Grand Avenue from Old Etonians in 1924; as Queen Mary laid the foundation stone of the chapel in 1927; and as H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Gloucester, officiated at the 10th and 15th birthdays of the school respectively.





Behind the outward appearances of expansion and prosperity, however, lurked the ever-present spectre of bankruptcy. Roxburgh was never to know a moment's peace of mind as the increasing capital expenditure outstripped the income. This financial instability was to undermine his health and add to the burden of an ever-expanding school where he fought to uphold the principles of liberalism and individuality which had brought Stowe to the forefront of the great schools of the time. He was never again to enjoy that intimacy with his pupils which had so inspired his teaching and their careers in his early days at Stowe.

The cruellest blow was yet to fall. In 1939 to 1945, a war in which many former Stoics served with distinction, the core of the founding Old Stoic Society was devastated, as nearly 300 of their members gave their lives for King and Country. It was a loss from which Roxburgh was never to recover. As he had known them so intimately, so he felt the loss of each and every one. He was to spend much of his little free time in correspondence both with the serving members of the Old Stoics and with the bereaved families.

After the war Roxburgh soldiered on, with never a thought for the necessity of an occasional holiday, and although he had now reached the age of sixty the Governing Body asked him to stay on for one more year. That final year was to see the numbers at Stowe increase to their pre-war level as the magic name and the personality of Roxburgh once again attracted entries and the school gained a record number of Oxbridge Scholarships and Exhibitions.

Roxburgh finally retired in 1949. John Boyd-Carpenter (now The Rt. Hon. Lord Boyd-Carpenter, D.L.) on behalf of the Old Stoics

presented him, fittingly, with a Sunbeam-Talbot Ninety, a clock which reproduced the unique Stowe chimes (which most of you, regretfully, have never heard) and a cheque for £5,000, which Roxburgh characteristically requested should be used to further the development of the new workshops at Stowe.

Roxburgh never returned to Stowe. It was his wish that the new Headmaster should have complete freedom untrammelled by the regime which he had created. He died in 1954 and the Roxburgh Hall was built in his memory. The Latin inscription on the proscenium arch was composed by Patric Hunter and is perhaps the most fitting epitaph to J.F.

MAGISTER SAPIENTISSIMUS
ERUDITISSIMUS DILECTISSIMUS
SCHOLAE STOICAE PRINCEPS ET CREATOR
SUI SEMPER OBLITUS ALIORUM STUDIO
DISCIPULOS
HUMANITATE ALUIT COMITATE EXCOLUIT
DILIGENTIA EDUCAVIT

*Here was a master whom his pupils loved,
Cultured and wise;
Who shaped a school and watched his new-born Stowe
To fullness rise.
Always to others' needs he gave himself,
Always himself forgot,
Although his boys will not;
So courteously he fashioned them, so kindly fed,
And so devotedly to knowledge led.*

F.A.H.

Acknowledgements:

The Origin of Stowe School by The Hon. Sir Reginald P. Croom-Johnson.

Roxburgh of Stowe by Noel Annan.

STOWE: THE EARLY YEARS—SOME RECOLLECTIONS

Mr. R. R. Timberlake was on the Stowe Teaching Staff between 1924 and 1932, at Rugby until 1939 and was, thereafter, Headmaster of Lancaster Royal Grammar School until 1961.

A short personal note before I come to my first meeting with J.F. may not be out of place. On coming down from Cambridge in June 1923 I embarked on what looked like a promising career in "Oil," but soon realising that I was not likely to open the *Odyssey* again I decided to turn to teaching. By that time it was already half-way through September, so that I had to be content with a couple of temporary jobs for my first year, first at Cheltenham College and then at the City of London School. Although there was a good prospect of a permanent post at the latter, my term at Cheltenham had convinced me that it was a boarding school that I wanted. Stowe was not far away from my home ground and there was something in the story of the foundation of Stowe and the rescue of the famous avenue which appealed to my romantic side. I arrived late for an interview with J.F. after a complicated journey from London, by train, on foot and by car. J.F. did not seem at all put out and indeed was at pains to make it clear that Stowe was so isolated that some means of transport was essential. Indeed my first action on appointment was to buy a motor cycle.

J.F. certainly laid on his usual charm on this occasion and made me feel that the prospect was exciting, although he left me with no illusions about the academic standards I should find. He seemed to have the irresistible gift of making admitted drawbacks look like advantages. I certainly found him irresistible as he sat opposite me in his elegant study dressed like a country gentleman in plus fours with glimpses of the view from the South Front through the window behind him. After this nothing happened for some time, and meanwhile the date for an interview with the City Fathers in London drew near. On the day before I became desperate and sent J.F. a wire. On my return home I found a reply offering me the job and had little hesitation in accepting even though I did not know my salary and there was as yet no Sixth Form and no Greek. At the interview J.F. had mentioned that the usual starting salary was £200 but that in view of my "experience" he would try to get me a bit more. This of course included full board, lodging and laundry. I did not have the courage to ask J.F. what I should be getting until half term when I was told that he had found me an extra £50. I was never to regret my jump in the dark, not the first or last I was to make in my life.

The first few terms at Stowe were a great experience. It was the fourth term of the School's existence when I joined, and in retrospect I certainly have the feeling of a time when "hearts were young and gay."

That term the number of boys had reached 324 so that six new Staff were needed. Of the six, four were straight from the university and none had had any training. With one year's experience I was quite a veteran, although there was one older man named Phillips. Only one, W. E. Capel Cure, stayed the course, although he died at a sadly early age after being House Master of Temple. After a term it came out that Phillips was a lapsed Catholic. This could not be tolerated by the Evangelical founder of Stowe, Percy Warrington. We heard that he had been given his marching orders and with youthful enthusiasm held an indignation meeting and talked of mass resignation. However, Capel volunteered to express our feelings to J.F. and came back with some kind of reassurance. We never knew the whole story.

J. F. must have had a trying time with this extraordinary man Warrington, vicar of a small Somerset parish, who was something of a financial wizard and felt that he had a sacred mission to propagate his own form of churchmanship by buying up advowsons and founding schools. It was only when I read Annan's life of J.F. that I realised the full extent of his enterprises. Percy used to turn up in his Rolls Royce and stand on the steps of the North Front looking like a clerical Napoleon. I have a photograph of him taken on May 13th, 1927, when the Queen laid the foundation stone of the Chapel. He is walking along the South Front with the Queen and J.F. looking full of pride in a top hat and frock coat. We used to sing the eighth Psalm in Chapel with irreverent fervour, "O Lord! Our Governor!" It may have been "Pop" Earle, the Senior Master, or the Chaplain, E. F. Habershon, who used to tell how when he was interviewed for his appointment, Percy asked him if he believed in the literal interpretation of the Book of Jonah. Fortunately J.F. had the skill to change the subject.

To me J.F. always seemed rather an Olympian figure, but, although I did not always agree with him, I came to have a great affection and respect for him. He must have had a great influence on me, as on glancing through the little book called "Eleutheros" which he wrote about the future of the Public Schools I found one or two points which have become part of my own thinking. For instance, "Half the benefit of the old (Classical) education came from the continual practice it gave to boys in thinking out exactly what they were going to say before they said it." I would agree with him in suggesting that German has an advantage over French and Spanish in that it

offers a similar discipline to the Classics. However, it was about the general art of school-mastering that I learnt most from him. Above all he impressed on us that we were there for the good of the boys and the welfare of each of them came only second in his eyes to the good name of Stowe itself. In those days he prided himself on knowing the Christian names of all the boys and used to make a point of personally wishing them many happy returns on their birthdays and of writing to them if the day occurred in the holidays. There was of course a bit of showmanship in all this. At one staff meeting he referred to a chance meeting with a boy's mother, who opened the conversation by asking, "How is Tony getting on?" He described how he had hurriedly gone through all the Tonys in his mind and, coming to the conclusion who it was by a process of elimination, had avoided having to confess that he could not remember who she was.

His great personal charm was certainly turned on for the ladies. In my last term, when my wife Pippa arrived, he completely captivated her, although he had had to refuse our request for married accommodation. She used to say that he always gave the impression that you were just the one person he wanted to talk to. She remembered with pleasure the time he entertained us to dinner, putting himself out to make us feel at home. He used to invite members of the staff to dinner regularly and it was quite an occasion with good wine and good food served on a polished table glittering with Venetian glass. It was typical that afterwards we were offered a glass of what he described as "only wood port, my dear fellow."

In spite of some respectable academic qualifications I was still acutely conscious of the inadequacy of my own general reading and cultural background and felt inferior in the face of his width of interests. He took considerable pride in scoring high marks in the School general knowledge paper and he could be guilty of some affectation, as when, in describing a visit to Munich, he used the English name but the German pronunciation of the "ch." I fancy that others felt conscious of being outshone in verbal exchanges, except perhaps P. A. Browne, the gifted Music Master, and M. C. McLaughlin, the unscrupulous and brilliantly successful teacher of History. For this reason it was necessary to dig one's heels in very hard if one wanted to make a point.

One side of J.F.'s character which we criticised was his unashamed élitism. Some called it snobbery, but that is an over-simplification and in any case most of us tended to regard it more as a foible than a fault. It was accepted that, when one of the most famous and palatial stately homes in England was converted into a School, a certain tone was set from the start and that the country house atmosphere was worth preserving. We

thoroughly enjoyed occasions like the regular meetings of the Grafton Hunt and the visits of distinguished personalities, in which J.F. specialised. A favourite story (perhaps apocryphal) was much enjoyed about the prospective parent who came to see him looking rather down at heel and was told that the School was full. When he unbuttoned his overcoat and revealed a Guards tie, J.F.'s tone changed completely.

Some passages in "Eleutheros" are revealing and form something of an apologia. For instance, "Public Schoolboys come from homes where circumstances and tradition have established a highly civilised way of life and a standard of refinement which is not snobbery but merely sense to recognise." In going on to consider how Public Schools could open their doors more widely (a question much discussed at the time) he speaks of "building up a new aristocracy of character and capacity." The word "aristocracy" in the sense of "the rule of the best" was a favourite of his and I remember him describing it as the only satisfactory form of government. When I try to recapture what I personally thought about all this, I find it difficult. I certainly took some of it with a pinch of salt, but what really mattered was that it was fun being in at the start of such a tremendous venture; the boys with a few exceptions were pleasant to deal with and it was exciting to work for a man like J.F.

Stowe was still being adapted as a school during our first term and there was no accommodation for us in the buildings except for some cramped studies (so-called) which were semi-basement store-rooms under one of the curving colonnades of the North Front. They were approached through the Masters' dining room so that the smell of food tended to hang about. We newcomers slept in a stately house in Buckingham, where we were attended by a resident housekeeper, Mrs. Soton. We had no meals there but were conveyed up to breakfast and back again in the evening in the School car, an old but roomy Buick. After a time the chauffeur rebelled at having to wait for us in the morning and even more in the evening, when we were supposed to be ready by 10.00 p.m. but often kept him waiting until nearly midnight. There was nothing for it but to allow us to drive ourselves. Richard Haworth, President of the Common Room, compared our appearance when we rushed in unshaven and late for breakfast to the arrival of the boat train. He was a splendid man, who had been wounded at Gallipoli and then a Company Commander at Sandhurst. In the gigantic O.T.C. camps of those days we felt we enjoyed a little reflected glory from serving under him. He was Housemaster of Chandos, in which rôle he had to cope with David Niven, and was in charge of Geography. Much respected, he became a kind of arbiter of taste and was selected to preside at our table, where, without the refinements of an



David Niven — circa 1925.

Officers' Mess, he contrived to make dinner, if not breakfast, a comparatively seemly meal, at which it was customary to apologise to him if one was late and only to smoke with his permission. We took lunch with the boys, a Master on duty sitting at a high table where he was sometimes joined by J.F.

A little gentle restraint from someone like the Major did no harm, as we younger men were rather a riotous party, still undergraduates at heart. We regularly drove the old Buick up and down the Stowe Avenue at what was then an almost breakneck speed of sixty miles an hour and at times thought fit to educate the worthy citizens of Buckingham by singing the Red Flag as we drove through the night. Nothing less revolutionary than our political sympathies could be imagined and, when the General Strike came, we all nobly signed on as Special Constables — not that our services were ever needed in the backwoods of Buckinghamshire. There was a memorable occasion when we had a minor fire. It was the housekeeper's custom to light the gas in each of our bedrooms to welcome us when we arrived. In Clifford Harper's room the gas jet was above his pillow and the mantle had fallen down, setting light to it. We quickly doused the flames with water from the jug on the wash-stand and then sat convulsed with laughter while Clifford discreetly knocked at Mrs. Soton's bedroom door

plaintively calling out, "Mrs. Soton, Mrs. Soton, my bed has been burnt."

Although we were all quite serious about learning to do our job we liked to take things lightheartedly, as for instance when we all sat down at the end of our first term to write reports wearing comic hats. Reports were important at Stowe. Each subject was allotted a separate sheet of paper and at the end they were all clipped together with slips for the Formmaster, Housemaster and Headmaster. This meant that no-one ever saw what J.F. had written but that any report of which he disapproved could easily be done again. This was necessary with one from the irrepressible Hugh Heckstall-Smith, of whose individual approach I shall have more to say later. During my first year he wrote of a boy in my form, "He sits in class wagging his head from side to side like an elderly hen." Apt as the simile was, it was considered unlikely to please an adoring mother. The system resulted in some verbosity but meant that a comment like "Fair" looked lonely on a single sheet of paper.

In spite of the great deal of fun we got out of the early days there was much that we did not find satisfying, including our own accommodation, about which I protested at the end of our first term. I even thought of trying to move on and went up to Cambridge in the Christmas holidays to have a talk with my Tutor, L. H. G.

Greenwood. It was the low standard that troubled me most. In order to fill the School a good number of boys who would not have passed the Common Entrance were accepted and some were transferred after not having been a success elsewhere. Among the older boys there were some notable exceptions like Andrew Croft, who came with J.F. from Lancing and made an excellent Head of the School. The bottom form which was taken by Capel Cure was almost E.S.N. A curious feature was that among the less intelligent there were some from cultured backgrounds who could hold their own in a quite sophisticated conversation and discuss art or drama or even literature in a knowledgeable way. The only advantage of the low standard was that there was plenty of extra tuition going at 10/- an hour to supplement our not very lavish salaries. My own form, the Lower Fifth, contained such a large proportion of heavyweights that I described it in a note written in 1931 as "that horrible form." It was not that they behaved badly but that it was difficult to strike a spark. Things improved a lot for me in January when that year's scholars were moved into the form, which was quite transformed. Among them were boys like Granville Carr from Bilton Grange, who was to become one of the most loyal and stalwart of Old Stoics. It is curious that I can still see them congregated at the back of the form while the old stagers slumbered in front.

In those days of course Stowe enjoyed an almost monastic seclusion. I can only remember two married masters and the only women one met were members of the devoted body of House Matrons. Anyone who wanted to marry and had the resources to do so would have had to live a long way away, as it was only towards the end of my time that houses for married men were built. The extra payment for "living out" was derisory. J.F. himself preferred unmarried men, declaring openly that he thought that as soon as a man married he lost 50% of his efficiency. It is to Annan's biography that I owe the impression that it might have been his own personal experiences that led him to take this line. It was soon obvious that he was right in telling me that some form of transport was essential. After two years, even on my modest salary, I was able to graduate from motor cycle to a car. There was of course little on which we could spend our money at Stowe, except for an occasional tin of chocolate biscuits to sustain us late at night or to help us entertain boys to tea, the basic provision for which was provided by the School. When we went to Oxford to shop and had tea at Elliston & Cavells, where there was a miniature orchestra, we had the sensation of really seeing life.

Apart from the excitement of being pioneers and of working with a lively and enterprising, if inexperienced staff, what we enjoyed above all at Stowe was the sheer beauty of the place itself. As

time went on its influence grew, so that when I left it was this that I missed. The wonderful view from the South Front never lost its charm and long after it caused a sob in my throat to recall the quarter-mile walk at all seasons along to the Chapel which was at the opposite end to my rooms. It made me think of the way Greenwood used to refer to Plato's theory of the influence of a beautiful environment on the minds of the young. Stowe was at its best in the crisp, bright days of early autumn after the morning mist had dispersed. Apart from the lovely colouring it was the time of year when everyone felt fresh and full of energy after the long summer holiday.

In striking contrast to the lovely site and the splendour of the state rooms, some of the domestic arrangements were still makeshift and even sordid, although our rooms were kept in good order by maids under the watchful eyes of the House Matrons. However, many of the domestic staff were young lads recruited in Birmingham. They were housed in a block next to the power house and T. W. G. Acland, the Housemaster of Cobham, who ventured into their quarters, reported that they were something of a disgrace. He joined in condemning the set-up with Ivor Cross, the Housemaster of Temple, who had come with J.F. from Lancing but became rather critical of him as time went by. Certainly the boys were slovenly in appearance, while the man who was in charge of the kitchen boys, although willing and enthusiastic, was himself so grubby as he served in the Masters' Mess that he sometimes put one off one's food. In contrast the vigorous and energetic man (named Warden) who was in charge of the general cleaners kept his squad well under control and did a surprisingly good job in view of the rambling nature of the building. On reflection one cannot acquit J.F. and perhaps ourselves of failing to recognise the contrast between their conditions and ours.

At the beginning of the summer term of my first year Stowe had its first full inspection. It was run by the Oxford and Cambridge Examinations Board, which was considered less exacting than the Board of Education. The first two days of the week passed without our having any sight of the Inspectors, but on the Wednesday I had a double period of Latin first thing in the morning. Soon after nine Pickard-Cambridge, a Fellow of Balliol, who was to become Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield, and Chairman of the Stowe Governors in 1933, walked in as we had fully expected.

We were reading a couple of Cicero's speeches against Catiline and had found them good fun, as I used to make the boy who was translating stand at the back of the room and attempt some kind of rhetoric. The boys played up splendidly on this occasion and, after covering two pages which was more than usual, I was still asking if anyone had

prepared any more. The success of this lesson no doubt influenced J.F. in deciding to ask me to take charge of the Classics. This must have been a blow to Douglas Simmonds, who might have expected the post. I must say that he never showed any resentment and we continued to enjoy working together on a School edition of the *Cyclops of Euripides* — a venture started at a time when I was sadly missing my Greek. Capel Cure told us that his form of very dim little boys had tried to be equally helpful but with less success. Having been told to be lively and responsive, they overdid it and were quite irrepressible.



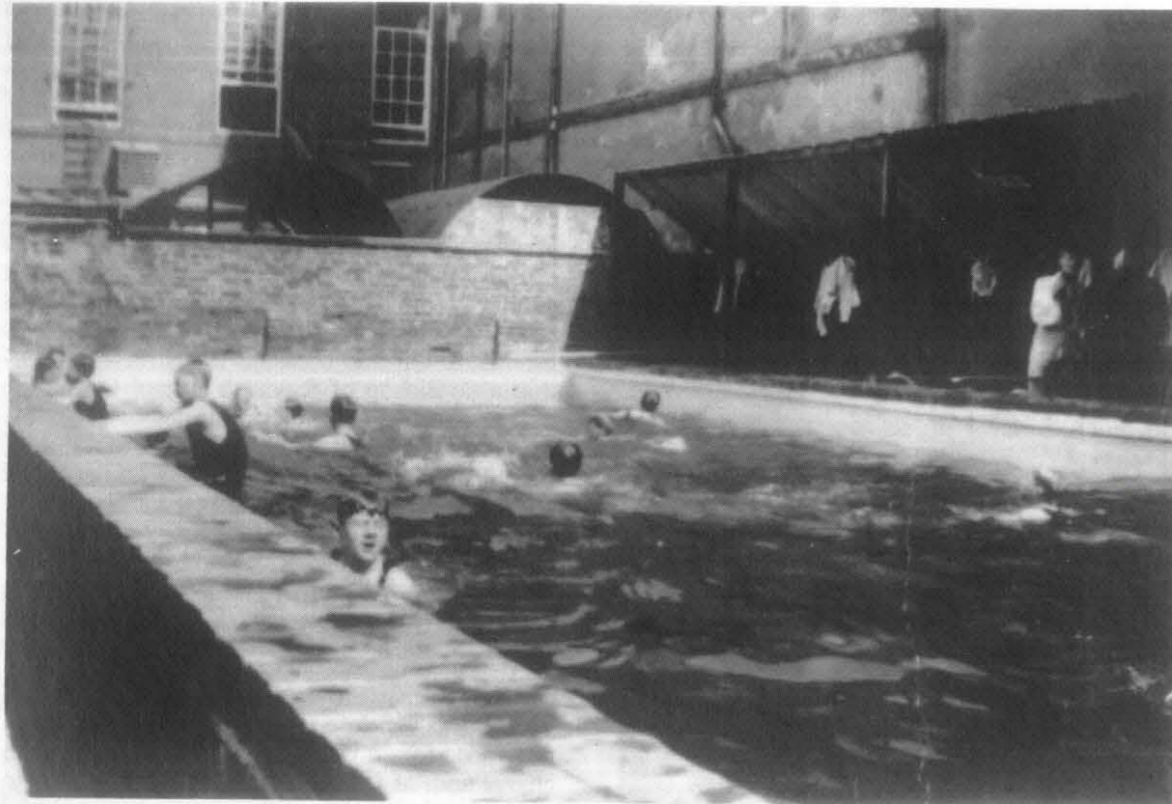
A Fire Escape — or the Colditz Story?

Shortly after this I was asked to join "Charlie" Acland in Cobham as his House Tutor. Before this my only connection with a House had been when Richard Howarth asked me to help with a fire practice in Chandos. He took me up to the dormitory on the top floor about sixty feet from the ground and pointed to the fire chute. He explained that when the alarm went I had to climb out of the window and slide down the hollow cylinder using my elbows and knees as brakes. I found that he was quite right in assuring me that it was quite safe, when I lacked the courage to draw back in the presence of the boys. That same term I had a little foretaste of tutorial duties when J.F. asked me to look after some boys who had come to Stowe to be interviewed for scholarships. Because of some minor epidemic they could not be housed in the Sanatorium as planned but had to be accommodated for the night in a hotel in Buckingham. It was a very hot night and their room was an attic with the windows level with the floor. When I went up to turn out the lights, I was horrified to find three small boys lying on mattresses with their heads out of the window.

House Tutors were of course expected to take preparation, help with games and generally get to know the boys. A good opportunity for the latter was in the dormitories, which we were expected to tour while the boys were going to bed. J.F. used to say that one only got to know a boy when he had his shirt off. He himself went round many of the dormitories on the last night of term, a practice which I followed at Lancaster. There was a theory that horse-play in the dormitories was a good way for boys to let off steam before going to bed. The damage to the beds was accepted as inevitable. On one occasion the earnest and enthusiastic Bishop of Ripon, a School Governor, was invited to tour the dormitories in Chandos. The boys happened to be in a quiet mood and, when he enquired when the ragging was going to start, something had to be laid on for his benefit. The Bishop prided himself on his youthful spirit and insisted on going bathing with the boys in the lake. When he merrily joined in a ducking contest, he had to be pulled out half drowned.

At that time the only serious swimming that was possible at Stowe was in the lake, part of which was enclosed with wooden platforms provided for diving. Heckstall-Smith was in charge and, as I was no cricketer, he asked me to give a hand. I had been an earnest but unskilful swimmer and in view of the Life Saving tests I had passed at Berkhamsted it was suggested that I should start a class. In the yard by the engine house there was a large tank to cool the water. It was quite warm, so much so that often steam rose from the dark green water. I never understood how we managed to get permission to use it, as it could be a bit noisome, but I imagine that chemicals were put in it from time to time. However, the classes duly took place and I arranged for a Master from Berkhamsted to examine the boys, taking no small pride in showing off Stowe to him. In some ways I felt a bit of a fraud, as I should not have been much use in a rescue operation.

I cannot resist a short note on Heckstall-Smith. A Physicist from Sidney Sussex, he was one of the most original, if not eccentric, members of the Staff at Stowe, a man of wide interests with an alert and challenging mind. His particular brand of sincerity led him to scorn convention and any form of pretentiousness. It was typical of him that he could not see anything wrong in the report on a boy in my form to which J.F. objected. He inherited from his father a passion for boats and much of the space in his room was occupied by a dinghy which he was building. He managed to fit in numbers of boys, whom he invited to listen to gramophone records (especially Wagner) and to discuss everything under the sun. Men like my good friend, Fritz Clifford, used to think that the stimulus he provided was too strong for immature minds and there may be something in this. A very trifling incident which sticks in my mind is



Those Spartan Days!

perhaps revealing. He brought a large jar of honey into breakfast and in reply to a comment from me branched into an explanation of the theory that in the matter of diet what one liked was what was good for one. His motives were impeccably honest and he was a convinced Christian, eventually joining the Society of Friends. I remember a walk with him soon after our first meeting when he argued forcibly that the only credible God must be one who was prepared to suffer himself for the ills that beset mankind. He left Stowe soon after I did and, to my surprise, settled down happily to married life. He became Headmaster of Ludlow and then of the Grammar School at Chippenham, where my wife and I visited him in an old house clearly chosen because it backed on the river. We were told that his unconventional approach had completely puzzled the good people of Chippenham, then still a typical Wiltshire town. He left an absorbing record of his career, including some organic farming in Wales and a spell at Gordonstoun, in a book published in 1962 called "Doubtful Schoolmaster."

(To be continued)

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THE PINEAPPLE CLUB

—A History

In May 1927, the Pineapple Public House at 62 Carlisle Street, (now Penfold Street), London was rented by the School at £800 down and £60 a year. Derelict at the time, it was not until mid-summer 1928 that restoration was complete, including a chapel in the basement.

The Club was opened under Mr. Thomas Sargent in November 1927 to a group of 10 working class boys. Word spread, with the immediate result that demand increased, as is recorded in the first *Stowe Club* pamphlet published:

For weeks the door was besieged by crowds of aggravated boys demanding admission.

The Club was recorded in the second such pamphlet as being set up for the following reasons—

To keep the boys off the streets.

and for

The teaching of leadership and the education of the boys in virtue and citizenship.

Many different activities were started including P.T., Boxing, Fencing, Singing, etc.; and yet at first the boys were slow to accept this form of discipline. It is mentioned that:

The boys only regarded the Club as a place where they could come in the evening and enjoy themselves, preferably in as rowdy a manner as possible.

Hence the number of boys admitted was kept small — by the first Christmas the numbers had only swelled to 25 from the initial 10, despite this augmentation of publicity and demand. The individual boys themselves were very carefully chosen, so that maximum benefit could be derived from the Club—

The boy who will do nothing but play ball, listen to the gramophone or spend the night in aimless ragging, soon finds his place taken by another.

And yet an optimistic note prevailed:

They are slowly beginning to see that it exists mainly to develop personality and character.

The Club was initially funded by the School and Friends of the School — and amply so:

Never at any time were we unable to pay a bill when it was presented.

This of course was helped by no outlay in the way of salaries: all work, by members of Staff and Old Stoics alike, was voluntary — and by generous donations from individuals and business firms.

Since then the Club has moved to a new building in Harrow Road that contains a canteen, a

lounge, games rooms and a large, well-equipped gymnasium — thus enabling an even wider range of activities to be carried out. But of even greater importance, the Club is also able to provide a friendly, sympathetic and stimulating environment where members can meet their friends and join in some of the many activities offered.

Third formers from Stowe make regular visits to the Pineapple Club and have done so since it was started. The purpose of this is to keep the other main aim of the Club alive: to enable Stoics to meet those people less fortunate than themselves. It opens our eyes to what other kinds of people there are in our community.

So far Club trips have been very successful and indeed very popular amongst the third formers.

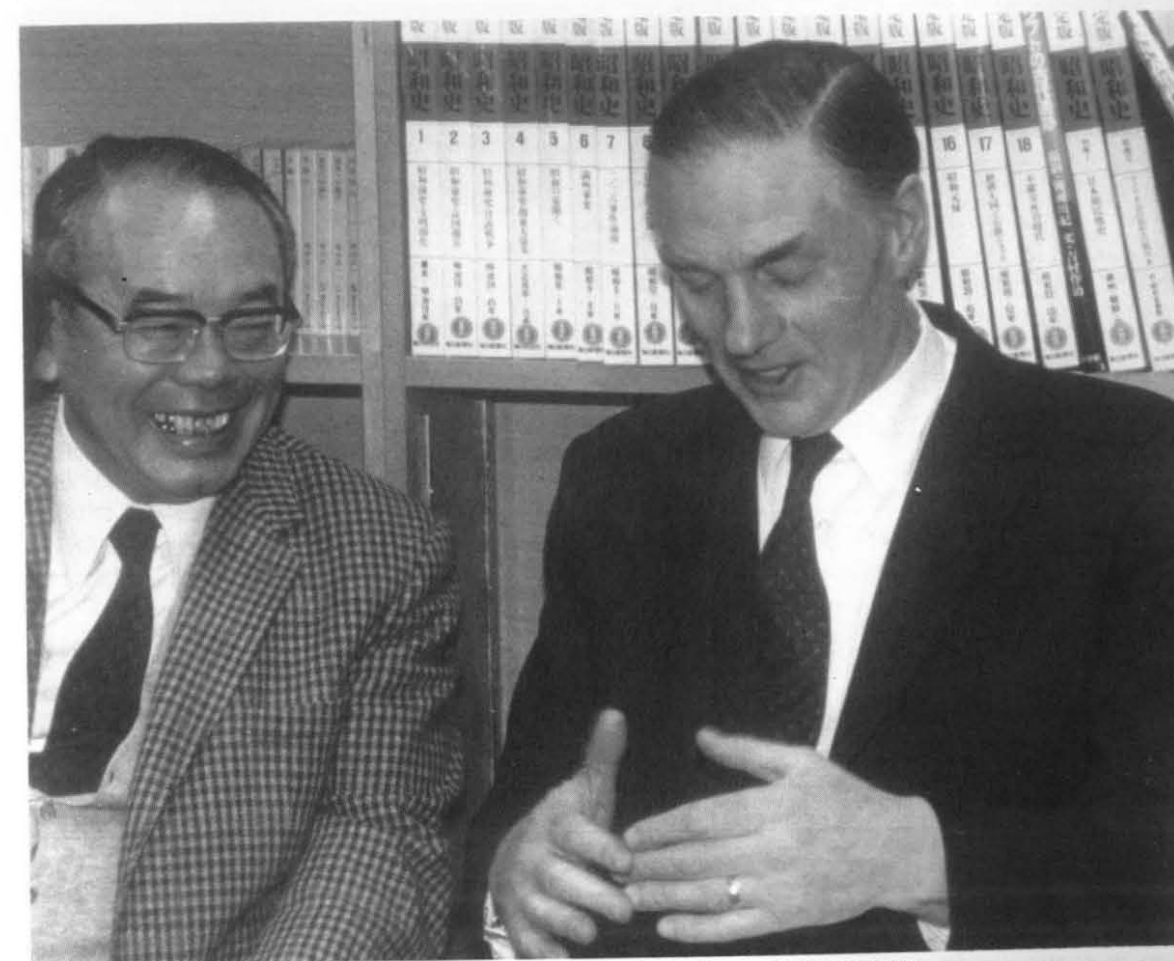
J. Ursing



Following a visit to Stowe by members of the Staff of the Japanese Gyosei School in Milton Keynes, a number of Stowe Masters spent a most interesting afternoon with their Japanese hosts. They participated in a tea ceremony, witnessed Zen archery and altogether enjoyed this novel and educational encounter.



Left to right: Dr. Houliston, Dr. James, Mr. Mullineux, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Bevington. On tatami in the tea house — or, "Who's won the Toulouse-Lautrec impersonation contest?"



Mr. Nobue — Headmaster of Gyosei School — and the Headmaster.

The Stowe team which won in Autumn 1987 the Independent Schools Design and Build Competition. The team produced a flying machine capable of being launched by hand to fly along a measured distance and of carrying an egg as a passenger. The Stoics achieved a feat that once defeated Leonardo da Vinci.



From left to right: A. R. Bennett, A. Wolcough, J. Roberts, R. St. J. Hill



A. Wolcough

DRAMA

THE CHERRY ORCHARD

'From the distance comes the sound of an axe thudding against a tree' and later:

'Through the silence comes the dull thudding of the axe. It sounds lonely and sad'. (Act V).

The one stage direction blunt and undemonstrative, the other invested with feeling and suggestive not merely of the clearing of a building plot but also of the dissolution of the Ranyevskaya family and their world. The two directions epitomise Chekhov's challenge to his performers: a challenge to convey at once (both immediately, or else the audience will fail to catch the play's emotional tone, and also together, or else the depths of the play's perspective will be missed) the superficial and the deeply felt; his demand of his players is that they should express the fullness of language that arises from, but often seems not to articulate, the inner life of the characters.

In *The Cherry Orchard* there are lifetimes of suffering and joy lurking beneath the often brittle gaiety of ordinary conversation. Language takes its emotional colour only against the implicit background of lost summers where radiant privilege was pierced by sadness; and so, most demanding, what is said is less important than the often unspoken reasons for its utterance. The play's comedy is meaningless without an awareness of this in the audience. The laughter of the Ranyevskaya family attempts but only in part achieves an almost aristocratic disdain for the exigencies of fate, while that evoked by Yepikhodov, Yasha and Firs, is far more than the intrinsic comedy of situation. It presents a commentary on contrasting life styles and their smaller ambitions in a future that is closing fast on their masters. Within this framework Firs' loyalty, abandonment and death suggest the interdependence of his own with Madame Ranyevskaya's world and finally the breaking of ancient bonds between master and peasant which Chekhov clearly saw extending beyond the confines of his play.

To begin, then, at the end of the production, the death of Firs, sensitively and skilfully played by Luke Wates, underlined how successfully the cast had established the surface levels of the play as well as charting its deeper, more moving currents. This Firs was a creature of flesh and blood: old, tired and taken for granted, mocked — once with the aid of a deliciously irreverent interpolation — into occasional displays of anger against a roost which once he ruled. But he was also, in his loyalty and natural dignity, a lynch pin of the Ranyevskaya's world: a still centre without which . . . chaos. And, because all this had been so well established, the boldness of a protracted fade over the dead servant held in thrall an audience who withheld their applause to

retain for moments longer the mood of pathos inspired by the play's ending.

In this and many other ways this sensitive and intelligent production took on a quality that may even have surprised the actors themselves. It began with style and panache with Ben De Wynter's appropriately garagey Lopakhin providing the brash confidence necessary to get the play under way with vigour. Lopakhin's bafflement at Madame Ranyevskaya's rejection of his scheme for rebuilding the family fortunes was made more convincing by the raw decency of the suggestion. Even in Lopakhin there are inklings of magnanimity, but they are inklings devoid of sensitivity and finesse. Here, then, clearly delineated was one of the play's themes: blunt materialism blind to life's spiritual possibilities.

The opening scene was helped by the warmth and simplicity of Amber Delahooke's Dunyasha and the eccentric comedy of Ben Ridley as 'Disasters by the Dozen' Yepikhodov, whose comic timing and control of gesture and grimace were admirably sustained throughout the evening. But it was with the entry of Leysa Kay as Madame Ranyevskaya that we knew that this production was going to succeed as Chekhov. Here was a performance from within, one that conveyed immediately both the sadness and the moral and emotional frailty behind the slipping mask of insouciance. One sensed from the start of this performance the potential as well as the imminent dissolution of the Ranyevskayas. Leysa's elegance of movement and demeanour, her subtlety of gesture and inflection and her wonderful clarity of diction made this a fine and memorable performance.

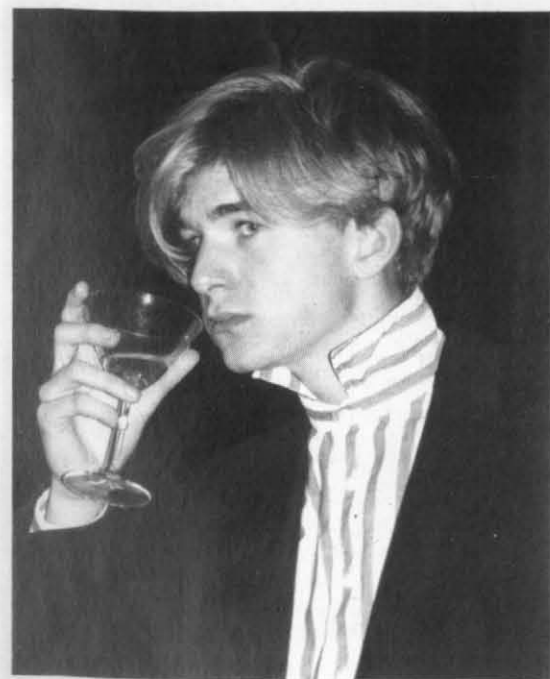


Leysa Kay

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks

All this confident development of character was played out against the background of a superbly economical set, which once again demonstrated the skill of Mr. Scott and the Art department not only in creating marvellous atmosphere but also in making that creation work so well dramatically. The set, along with the lavish costumes, was very much at one with the acting.

As the Acts unfolded we were introduced to a range of firmly contrasted characters, all of whom avoided the danger of caricature and whose interaction one with another made explicit the tight-knit, almost feudal sense of family of the Ranyevskayas and their heritage. Chris Allerton's Gayev was a sensitive portrayal of the would-be philosopher, frightened by the deep wells of his own emotion but whose instinctive feel for times past is accurate and genuine — it was the restraint of this performance that made it so successful. Simeon-Pischik, the sponging landowner, is not so fully drawn, existing rather as a foil to others of the central circle and as a seemingly clumsy means of underlying Madame Ranyevskaya's often miscalculated generosity. None of this, of course, is the actor's fault and Bimbo Hart did well to maintain the character's credibility. Madame Ranyevskaya's two daughters, the gay, giddy-headed Anya and practical down-to-earth Varya, adopted and only too aware of the serious business of getting by, were admirably contrasted by Sally Searby and Penny Waldman respectively — a contrast instantly established by costume.



Jonathan Shillington Photograph by J. W. Ffooks

Below stairs (only too aware of a world outside) Yasha, the young footman, was hilariously funny — was it really his own hair? The temptation to over-act to a responsive audience must

have been almost irresistible, but resist it Jonathan Shillington did and in so doing added considerably to the texture of the play. Yasha's cavalier treatment of the moon-eyed Dunyasha evoked a touchingly sensitive portrayal of unspoken sadness and forbearance from Amber Delahooke. Amongst, but never apparently part of this domestic group Yta Nicholson gave a lively performance as the somewhat enigmatic governess, Charlotta Ivanova, retained perhaps after her usefulness as an act of almost absent-minded generosity by Madam Ranyevskaya. Yta's own vitality was a delight to watch, her accent underlining her alienation from the household, but this portrayal was perhaps a little difficult to reconcile with one who by her own admission 'knew nothing and was loved by no-one'.

It is not altogether easy, either, to know what to make of Trofimov, the outsider, observer, commentator, whatever Chekhov may have intended in the eternal student and remembrancer to Luby Ranyevskaya of the bitter grief of her drowned son. Trofimov's seems an especially difficult part to play as alone of the principals he is never part of the inner circle and so cannot draw upon the prevailing spirit of the Ranyevskaya household, who support one another both emotionally and theatrically. He has to create his own dramatic impact somewhat in isolation from the others and his style is at times frustratingly declamatory, whereas other exchanges are essentially conversational. Nonetheless Chris Carpenter gave a portrayal of deep sincerity, achieving as well something of the gaucheness of the young visionary.

Also from outside the Ranyevskayas' immediate circle came Peter Evelyn and Miles Nottage as two drunken passers-by, the former giving a particularly convincing and well-controlled cameo; and guests dancing to the haunting waltzes of an unseen band at the Ranyevskaya ball, the warm lighting and faded splendour of which ('We used to have generals dancing here, we had barons, we had admirals') made a telling contrast with the stark desolation of the coldly-lit, dust sheeted final act leading the family away from the Gayev estate and Firs from life itself.

It all added up to a tightly knit and powerfully moving performance. On the one hand we had the braveness of lives casually gay yet pierced with shafts of grief both now and then; on the other more humdrum level lives led with as much emotion out of the spotlight's glare, some hesitantly conscious of the opportunities to come, others likely to fall with the fall of the Household in which they served. Dual direction can too easily become dual direction, but there was no sign here of the individual hand — a seamless garment indeed! Mr. Small and Dr. Houliston had

instilled both understanding of the play and evoked a fine performance of it. The sensitivity of the production suggested that much discussion had gone on in rehearsal into the play's nature. In **The Cherry Orchard** comic and tragic elements illuminate each other and cannot be seen in

isolation. For this reviewer, the play's overwhelming effect lay in the sensitive striking of the *lacrimae rerum* note: the portrayal of lives like blossoms on a tree threatened by cold winds and under the shadow of the axe.

R.M.P.



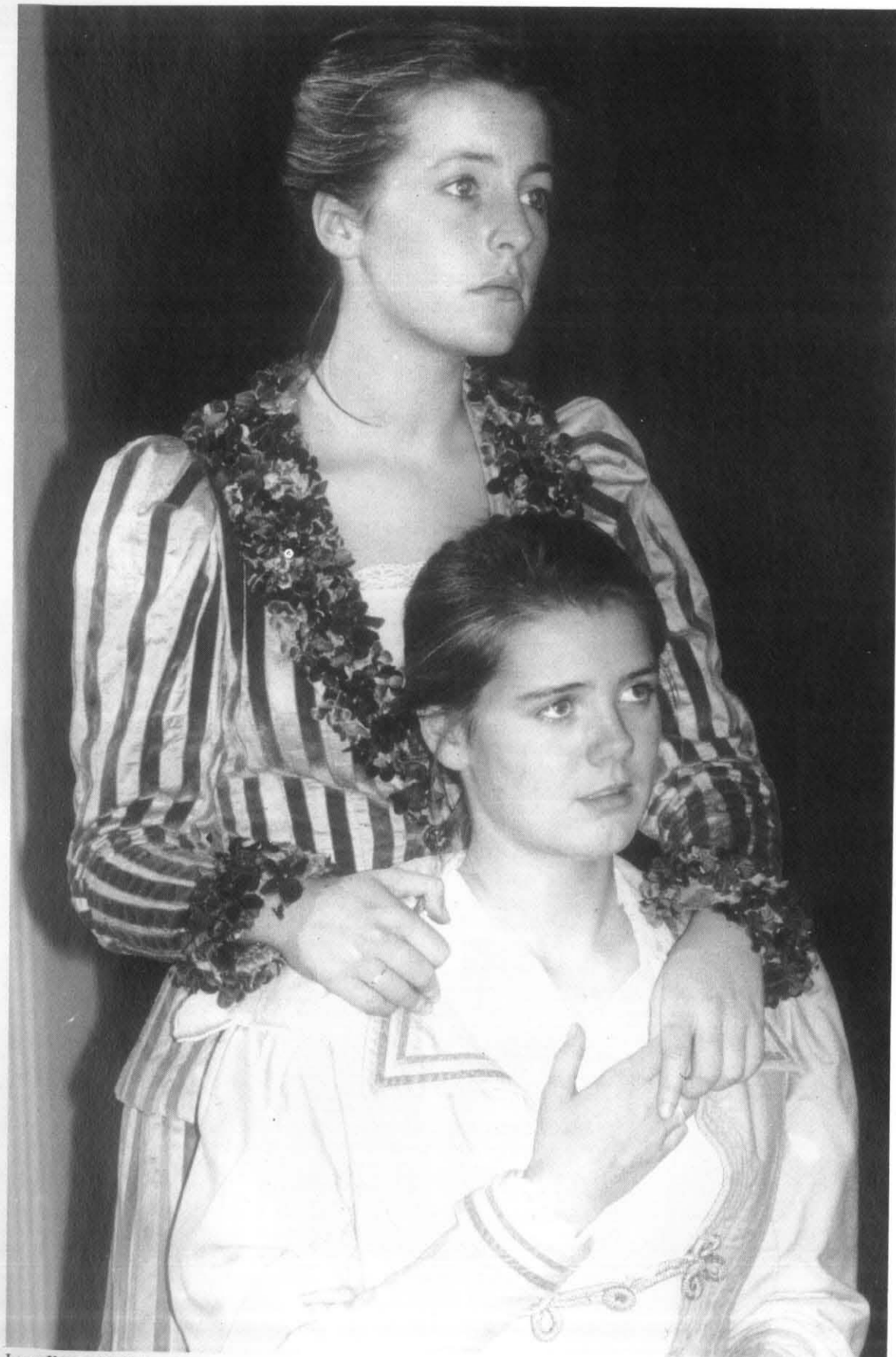
Chris Allerton.

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks



Ben De Wynter, Chris Allerton and Leysa Kay.

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks



Leysa Kay and Sally Learby.

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks

1988 DRAMA FESTIVAL

It would be invidious of me to add many further comments to those already in print below from distinguished colleagues about the various productions in the 1988 Drama Festival, but I hope I may be permitted an overall and, as it has turned out, a departer's view of it.

By general agreement this year's commentators were the best team we have since the Festival was inaugurated in 1981. In eight Drama Festivals we have seen productions of sixty-two plays. Three plays have been performed twice during those years. All but three productions have been the work of Stowe pupils as directors, although all Housemasters and Housemistresses have shown remarkable ability to guide and suggest ideas to their companies. To act as referee and logistician — 'enabler' would be a good term, perhaps — has been an exhilarating and life-enhancing experience. We all know that teachers can direct plays: the excitement has been to see the talent developed by pupils amongst themselves, and to learn from what they have achieved. For the standards Stoics have set themselves in many of these productions have been breathtakingly high at times — something which successive groups of commentators have noted.

This year's team comprised: Ivor Benjamin (Playwright and Director, Stephen Tate (Actor and Producer), Jon Tarlton (Director and Writer), Crawford Logan (Actor), Peter Sampson (Teacher and Director) and James Reynolds (Actor). They saw as many plays as possible, led a Drama Workshop, attended and took several classes and finally closed the Festival with a stimulating and provocative Forum. It was sad that comparatively few attended this: those who did found much wisdom there. Even some directors avoided the meeting, afraid of criticism? It was salutary to all of us that one whose production was criticised was able to argue his case with vigour and effect. We who put on public performances must be able to withstand adverse comment: 'bland praise or nothing' devalues the whole process of learning, and our visiting professionals over the years have demonstrated not merely their own knowledge but their sensitivity to our efforts here. Next year, as the Festival moves into a new era under the guidance of Mr. Hirst, we may actually achieve what we have hoped to do for years: to have an expert or two here at Stowe in the formative stage of production, to guide selection of play and manner of production, not just to comment on the final result. I have no doubt that S.G.A.H. will succeed in moving the Festival on into the 1990's renewed in health and excitement.

Choice of play: here the 1988 Festival failed, rather. The choice was rather bland — boulevard and coach-party pleasers rather than plays which challenged an audience's assumptions either in

content or technique. And the execution, at least in terms of self-discipline on stage, was sadly lacking in one or two performances. It was good to see those casts raising their sights and making significant improvements in subsequent performances — next time, first time must be the aim. At least casts can then deny future commentators any opportunity to present Golden Bat Awards! (These were light-heartedly presented at the end of the Forum for 'The Longest Corpse,' 'The Shortest Scene,' 'The Safest Sex' by the commentating team).

Stoic attendance was up this year, in spite of plays being performed in five different venues, although I do not think that was due to the choice of play, though some may argue that! Most exciting was the new theatre created by Chatham in the balconied Room 16, where a delightful production of Ustinov's **Romanoff and Juliet** was seen, full of inventiveness and laughter. The Rehearsal Room used, for the first time in several years, an 'end-on' stage, which had its drawbacks in terms of audibility. Thus Chandos's **The Birthday Party** — which was superb for those at the front — became obscure to those further back. The scale of the Roxburgh Hall was surmounted by Bruce's confident bravado in **The Passion of Dracula** and Walpole's **The Exorcism** produced some real frissons of fear through excellent acting, even if only half the cast were Walpudlians! Overall, though, which is where the main significance of the Festival must lie, two hundred Stoics (excluding audiences) must have been involved in their House productions in one way or another.

On, then, to 1989. I shall miss the excitement and the social activity of Festival time, but I am sure it is in safe hands and will continue to prosper.

I.M.S.

ROMANOFF AND JULIET

Peter Ustinov's brilliant neo-classical comedy of love in a miniature non-aligned Central European state during the cold war has been unaccountably neglected in the thirty or so years that have elapsed since its original success in the West End. I find this all the more surprising in view of Chatham's hugely enjoyable production. The world may have changed a good deal but the play is by no means dated and this production which cleverly made use of the newly constructed library gallery in the classics room with a minimum of props and scenery, made the most of Ustinov's hilarious dialogue which provides a variety of *obiter dicta* on such eternal problems as diplomacy, tourism, materialism and even how to cope with neurotic parents.

John Ffooks as the General masterminding the whole operation performed with great skill and a fair degree of panache, taking us into his confidence from time to time as to the difficulty of

getting the Russian ambassador's son married to the daughter of his American counterpart. The versatile Rory Symes and Justin Clark were the General's suitably resourceful assistants — sometimes rather bored soldiers, sometimes energetic employees of the local tourist office. As for the love-sick couple, Marcus Atkinson's ponderosity contrasted well with Daniel Campbell's delightfully flighty femininity as Juliet. These in turn were afflicted with their appropriately anguished parents. Matthew Rogers and Oliver Goldstein clearly knew all about Communist self-discipline (except in the little matter of a hat) and their severity and restraint were a credit to their ideology. On the other hand, Chris Carpenter gave us an outrageously extrovert American father, while John Law was the epitome of the American 'mom' — kind, understanding and quite unaffected by the gravity of the situation her husband was agonising over.

The elaborate comings and goings of Tristran McEwen effectively thickened the plot, especially when his political orthodoxy as a KGB agent was so seriously impugned that his only resort was to become a monk and thus introduce us to the decrepit Archbishop. It was at this point that your reviewer was reduced to something very near to cardiac arrest. Manipulated by the General into performing the wedding ceremony, and valiantly

struggling with his lisp, his limp and his deafness — to mention but a few of the prelate's infirmities — Richard Larcombe provided us with an achingly funny dénouement to a very well sustained piece of comic drama. Even the two minor parts — Stephen Holmes as the very genial American boy-friend and Paul Boswell as the heavily ideological junior sea captain with her rather ambiguous sexuality — were excellently integrated into the production, which must be one of the most outstanding comic evenings here at Stowe for a long time.

T.C.F.S.



J. W. Ffooks.

Photograph by M. Renwick



J. W. Ffooks and C. J. Carpenter.

Photography by M. Renwick

THE WINSLOW BOY

In *The Winslow Boy* Terence Rattigan presents a dramatic version of a real-life episode in which a man, seeking to clear the name of his son, finds himself pitted against the British Establishment at great personal cost to himself. Not only does the play provide scope for memorable characterization and dramatic interaction, but it also raises serious questions as to the true value of public justice. By and large the Grafton cast responded with understanding and commendable sensitivity to both these challenges.

With a formidable presence which more than compensated for any weakness in vocal prowess, Nathan Jenden played Arthur Winslow, the father driven by his desire for justice to make enormous sacrifices which gradually erode the stability of his family life. In contrast to this singlemindedness is the young Ronnie, who is evidently unperturbed by the doubt shed on his honesty, played with a convincing and endearing clarity by Rupert Holtby.

Amongst a group of people with a generally high standard of acting, perhaps the most consummate performance was that of Joanna Morison in the rôle of Grace Winslow, Ronnie's mother. With a splendid, maternal kind of vacancy she displayed an impressive command and consistency in her part, occasionally giving way to a desperation all the more poignant for its rarity.



Nathan Jenden and Joanna Morison.

Striking too, was the portrayal of Catherine Winslow, the feminist older sister who, although almost beyond marriageable age, rejects the convention and security offered to her by the proposal of her fiancé played by Sebastian Timpson — out of loyalty to her family and from a sense of justice similar to her father's. Illona Dixon showed considerable potential in the depth of her rendering of this difficult character. Kyno Jones as Ronnie's elder brother was altogether a shade too bland, but perhaps this, with the impeccable costumes, added to the authenticity of the period. Alex Rutter deserves recognition for his competent portrayal of the lawyer, Sir Robert Morton, and together with Nathan Jenden for directing a cohesive and, at times, polished production.

Naomi Stunt

Bruce House Play

THE PASSION OF DRACULA

Passionate it was too, particularly Miles Nottage, who in the depths of his emotional climax (he found it rather disturbing that his girlfriend was a vampire) lost a lot of spittle and most of his voice while proceeding to impale himself upon the nearest convenient stake. Dracula is always a difficult person to present, mainly because he is such a familiar and over-used figure. Ben Chester-Jones, plus Doctor Martens, hardly inspired the audience to terror: it is impossible to do so, but his Transylvanian accent and acting capabilities were effective. Julian Keirle proved to be very adept and skilful at playing the effeminate, and somewhat jelly back-boned, reporter Jonathan Harker, whose conversion into heroics was convincing. And the pleasant surprise of this production was Fletcher Morgan's Renfield whose timing and acting were immaculate. However, there was a tendency for some of the actors to speak a little too fast, and hence they lost some of the expression. However, all credit to Alastair Macintosh who directed, and played Doctor Van Helsing: no mean feat in itself. He controlled the stage and his actions often saved embarrassing situations (like lack of Bat). So his cross was too big, so what? So what if people were thrown around like pins in a ten-pin alley in the last climactic scene? What was important was that the actors were able to convey their enjoyment (although they might have thought they didn't have any) to the audience who, along with myself, enjoyed the acting as much as the technical misfortunes.

N. A. Holland

Temple House Play

TAKING STEPS

By Alan Ayckbourn

Since seeing the second night's performance I have heard that the first night was a "disaster" and also "extremely entertaining." One person told me it was both a disaster (in the sense of certain stage business not coming off) and hilarious: in fact what amounted to a howling success: "I laughed until it hurt." Odd and interesting.

Clearly the performance I saw was under better control and Temple's staging of *Taking Steps* was warmly appreciated by a large audience. Director and cast naturally wanted to provoke amused response to this witty farce — and they succeeded even if some of the laughter was unscripted: many of the audience knew the cast personally and found a further source of humour in that fact.

The set was complicated — which it had to be — but the cramped stage meant a lot of clumping around the props. Nevertheless, the various entries and exits into and out of the rooms of a large mansion, and the various perplexities about who was or who wasn't in the same house, room (or even bed) with someone else, were successfully contrived. The same attention, however, had not been devoted to the learning of lines: there were many prompts.

Ayckbourn's farces also include perceptive commentary on what is amusing and ridiculous in middle class manners and relationships. This aspect of the production was less successfully realized — and that became evident in the closing section of the play. It was not clear at the end of the play what each character's final decision or situation was intended to signify.

Simon Montford, Christopher Lascelles and Lorne Roy filled their rôles adequately; Lucy Cooper spoke her part clearly and vigorously; the lighting and sound crew performed well their complicated tasks.

But special praise should be given to Toby Gauvain's portrayal of Tristan Watson: the excessively polite and hopelessly incompetent lawyer who unwittingly ends up compromising himself with two women; and Gerry Scrase's amusing presentation of the motor-bike-loving Leslie Bainbridge, hopeful of 'craftily making money out of the 'toffs' and yet bewildered by their domestic antics.

E.S.T.

Grenville House Play

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS

French Without Tears was as smooth, slick and efficient as its title implies it should be, for which the cast and particularly the director, Peter Evelyn, should be warmly commended: such a production plays nicely on a certain glibness inherent in the script. Grenville sensed this, and also the way the play generates comedy from the underplaying of utterly ludicrous situations: Ben Whitfield's furious Kit, trying hard to be impressive in his anger, was brilliantly oblivious of his wonderfully comic fancy dress while the audience hooted at the incongruity; Charles Davies-Gilbert's absent-minded donning of similar garb was equally well pitched in its restraint, and his timing of some neat lines masterful; Anselm Guise dealt beautifully with the comic part of Brian, though his far-back voice lapsed into a distracting hoarseness at times. Selina Flynn played Jacqueline ("Jack" to the British boys) with a superbly sustained "Allo 'Allo" French accent, dealing with the potentially fussy business of clearing the table and busying herself around the place with such confident efficiency that her activity, voice and expansive gestures spread a sureness over the whole stage: the audience's certainty of her did much to ease along the smooth running of the production as a whole.

And yet if there is irony in the "Without Tears" of the title, one is tempted to feel that it may have rebounded on the playwright: particularly when acted on the vast expanse of the Roxburgh stage, it is a peculiarly passionless play to have been written around the idea of a 'femme fatale' breaking the hearts of the men and rivals around her. Terry Fell's portrayal of the superior and cynical Alan was a masterpiece of controlled and relaxed calm and confidence, but he was rather more stretched when Alan is suddenly gripped by violent emotion — or is it the play that shows its seams here? Similarly, scenes involving only two actors showed strain that activity could only sometimes relieve: Amanda Morriss's nicely coquettish and self-aware Diane related well to Jacqueline largely because the latter was hemming her skirt for her at the time, and this shared activity stabilised the performances and shrunk the stage; Kit Nectar and Commander Rogers, on the other hand, had nothing but the aforementioned fancy-dress business to bind them together and ended up pacing the vast stage in a manner more suitable to recitation than inter-relation.

Rattigan, Roxburgh or Grenville — whoever created the hiccoughs, the enduring impression stamped by the evening was that of a smart, sure-touched production of a light entertainment.

S.G.A.H.

Cobham House Play

THE WHITE SHEEP OF THE FAMILY

By Ian Hay and L. du Garde Peach

Aristotle, who required that comedy be framed on lines of probability, would not have liked this play. The central basis of *The White Sheep* is the improbable bordering on the farcical. Its humour rests on a series of inversions and deliberate paradoxes revolving round a single idea, if not a singular joke, that a respectable middle-class household operates as a gang of professional felons. Crime is for the Winter ménage the moral and practical norm, under the guise of a Hampstead rectitude and respectability. Indeed, the paterfamilias James Winter, in an excellent characterisation by J. A. T. Legg, is a Justice of the Peace. He is the latest in a long dishonourable family tradition of upwardly-mobile crooks, criminals and convicts. This hilarious reversal of values both animates that old oxymoron 'honest thief' and redefines the notion of having a job as 'doing a job.' Burglary, larceny and forgery become commonplace occupations or pursuits disrupted only by the nuisance of police interference. So the play outlined a cumulation of opposites, a ply over ply of ironies.

The great disappointment to the Winters, the 'white sheep' of the title, is their forger son Peter (portrayed by J. M. Aron), who has, much to his family's dismay and chagrin, not only gone 'straight' but found employment in a bank. To make matters still worse, he is engaged to Angela (bravely played by M. H. P. King), daughter to Assistant Commissioner John Preston (A. T. Talbot-Rice). All is resolved, however, with the errant young man returning to the fold, when Angela herself turns out to be a thief of some ambition and expertise in her own right.

If this droll plot and non-malicious humour resonates of P. G. Wodehouse, it is because Ian Hay (the pen name of Sir John Hay Beith) collaborated with Wodehouse in a number of comedies during the 1930's. And it was an age of comic innocence which the Cobham production evoked, alongside the play's middling ethos as less a drawing room than a sitting room farce. The actors attained varying degrees of success in their presentation of the comic personages. M. I. G. Smith as Mrs. Winter settled down to a convincing depiction of a middle-aged wife and mother in twin sets and pearls. Continually busy in the background, she finally finished, to my relief, the pretty cushion she was sewing. J. Ursing's demure maid, Janet, was a gem of a cameo execution, her zest for safe-breaking and pocket-picking accompanied a vivacious eye and curvaceous knee.

I also enjoyed the performance of J.P. Humbert as the infuriatingly absent-minded vicar, and F. C. Hawkings-Byass as the sponge-

sued wideboy and 'fence' who handled the valuables lifted by the Winters. A. N. van Moppes played the daughter Pat, who mislaid during the course of the evening her shoes and her lines. The work of the stage designers and constructors was very commendable, for the set endowed the play with an authentic 1950's ambience. And I wish to congratulate E. B. Walworth-Bell for his bold and clear-cut direction.

Laughter often derives from the faults and foibles of humanity and *The White Sheep of the Family* took the ludicrous to the logical conclusion of a blithely happy ending. In a way, the production's intermittent confusions, unintentional pauses in dialogue, missed cues and scenes, and anticipations contributed to the general sense of the absurd. The theatrical bemusement often conducted to the audience's amusement. This sort of comedy is according to classical recipe a form of sportive activity in which any idea of evil becomes nugatory. I suspect the play and the Cobham players confounded Moliere's assertion in *Le Tartuffe* that the 'business of comedy is to correct the vices of men.'

T.A.O.

Lyttelton House Play

ROPE

By Patrick Hamilton

A responsive but subdued audience witnessed Lyttelton's repudiation, through the medium of this famous moral thriller, of the corrupt Nietzschean doctrine that a man with enough boldness of will can do exactly as he pleases without being answerable to any moral law. The amoral superman in this case is Brandon who persuades a like-minded but more timorous fellow Oxonian to strangle a college friend, stuff his body in a large chest and invite his parents and a few other guests to a buffet supper, eaten off the very same chest.

Whence such diabolical audacity? The two colleagues in crime have a mentor, Rupert Cadell, who duly detects the truth only to be confronted with the argument that it was his teachings that inspired the murder. Life is greater than logic, it seems, however, and he breaks free of his own past ideas and literally blows the whistle on the murderers, leading the impenitent and wildly indignant Brandon from strangler's rope to hangman's noose. This is the most challenging rôle in the play, and it yielded in this production an unexpected yet entirely deserved triumph for George Todd. He had a commanding stage presence and he delivered the great critical speeches near the end of the play with fine control.

The strength of this production lay in the uniformly high standard of the cast. Apart from a momentary loss of concentration in the early

stages of the party and some overacting (resulting from a late change in cast), the performance was convincing from start to finish: the players were good enough for us to forget them. In particular, Bimbo Hart as Brandon and Tyrell Bardsley as Granillo carried the action forward with authority, projecting with clear definition the contrasting bossily self-confident and nervous characters. Sophie Leila added a pleasing touch of bubbly carefree curiosity that increased the tension, and Matthew Bazeley performed creditably as Kenneth, a naive friend of the victim. Giles Martin livened up the proceedings as the victim's limping father, but lost the opportunity to exploit the full pathos of the rôle.

The play was subjected to severe cutting and even so was played in slightly indecent haste; it was directed with much energy but some disregard for the niceties of the moral issues. The audience might perhaps have been trusted with a little more leisure to respond to some of the finely-written speeches but on the whole was given a worthy entertainment.

V.H.H.

MUSIC

Sunday, January 17th, 1988 at 8.00 p.m.
in The Roxburgh Hall

PIANO RECITAL
by
PAUL DRAYTON

Sonata in C Hob.xvi/48 (c.1788/89).....	Haydn
Andante con espressione Rondo: presto	
Impromptu in B flat Op. 142 No. 3 (1827).....	Schubert
(Theme and five variations)	
Ballade No. 4 in F minor, Op. 52 (1842).....	Chopin
Sonatine (1903-5).....	Ravel
Modéré Menuet Animé	
Nocturnes (1934-5).....	Poulenc
No. 4 in C minor 'Bal fantôme'	
No. 5 in D minor 'Phalènes'	
No. 7 in E flat major	
Première Communion de la Vierge (1944).....	Messiaen
(Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant-Jesus)	
L'Isle Joyeuse (1904).....	Debussy

MUSIC AT STOWE

The Stowe Concert Series has seen a wide variety of concerts over the last few months with good attendances at most events.

On November 15th, Paul Harris produced a concert of Wind Chamber Music which made for an enjoyable and diverting evening. The highlight of the concert was a performance of the Sextet by Poulenc in which the players were joined by pianist Paul Drayton. Sadly the piano in the Music Room is no longer quite up to the task asked of it in this type of situation and consequently was not able to hold its own against the woodwind instruments all the time.

Paul Drayton featured in the end of term concert in the rôle of composer in his work for chorus and orchestra, "God's Anvil," which was given a

spirited performance by the School Orchestra and Choral Society, conducted by David Gatehouse. Fiona Swadling was the piano soloist in the first movement of Mozart's D minor Piano Concert — a formidable work with which she coped well. A Stoic, Stuart Thompson, featured as conductor and composer of his own work, "The Canterville Ghost." He has recently gained a place to study composition at The Royal Academy of Music, and we all wish him well. Carols by Candlelight once again made a fitting close to the term although the writer of this article feels that this event wears rather thin but doubts that our customers will allow us to drop it!

On Sunday, January 17th, Paul Drayton was in action, this time giving a piano recital in the Roxburgh Hall. A good audience heard a wide variety of music: works by Haydn, Chopin and Schubert made up the first half and French music the second, which included a magical performance of part of the "Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant Jesus" by Messiaen. In March Paul Drayton and Messiaen featured again, this time with David Gatehouse (piano) in the wonderful "Visions de l'Amen," a concert I was very sorry to have to miss as I was on duty with the Oxford Symphony Orchestra that night.

February 14th was the date of the Pupils' Concert and once again this was a very happy, if slightly too long, occasion. Peter Sawbridge leading a group of junior string players through a taxing Church Sonata by Mozart was a memorable event and this would seem a good place to wish him well when he takes up his Organ Scholarship at Balliol next year.

Mozart was the composer whose music was heard at the end of term, the Clarinet Concerto being played by Paul Harris and the combined Stowe and Buckingham Choral Societies performing his last work, the Requiem. Two Old Stoics, Lisa Tustian and Nicholas Bewes, were part of an outstanding quartet of soloists for the choral work, and it is hoped that the two choirs will combine again in the future.

To sum up, music seems in a healthy state at Stowe at the moment with the tiny quibble that is it not about time that we find a piano for the Music Room that is capable of sustaining a demanding concert series?

R.J.S.S.

An Evening's Entertainment by D.F.G. and P.C.D.

Sunday, March 6th, 1988 at 8.00 p.m.
in The Music Room

FRENCH MUSIC FOR TWO PIANOS
played by
PAUL DRAYTON AND DAVID GATEHOUSE
including

En blanc et noir (three pieces for two pianos)..... Debussy

"CALL THAT MUSIC!"

A Talk by

PAUL DRAYTON AND DAVID GATEHOUSE
(Pianos)

Visions de l'Amen (for two pianos)..... Messiaen
D.F.G. and P.C.D. on two pianos was in any case bound to be a treat. But this was special: it was a brilliant introduction to a composer of great contemporary, and lasting, importance. The Music Room still echoes with Messiaen's music — cascades of bells, shimmering chords, vivid colour and intense intellectual concentration. Messiaen is a composer, an artist and a prophet. Some of us had been fortunate enough to have heard him at Stowe before (on Chapel organ) and were therefore prepared for greatness, but this was a very carefully prepared presentation of Messiaen's musicianship and theology. First, there were the opening pieces by Debussy to show from what Messiaen had grown; then there was the lucid analysis, *viva voce*, movement by movement of Messiaen's "Visions" immediately before the two speakers played the whole work. As a result we could concentrate on the music with some sense of direction.

So, the programme was Debussy, talk and Messiaen. Debussy evokes for most, perhaps, memories of falling asleep to the strains of "L'Après-midi d'une faune," and of a few apparently shapeless piano pieces. Some have stumbled on "La Mer," as a filler to a programme of Brahms, or even the vivid narrative of "The Blessed Damosel." The three pieces, "En blanc et noir," which we were given this evening came

across as a post-impressionist exploration of the human sub-conscious: remote from piety and religious faith, they found, as they peered into those depths (or were they shallows?), fickleness, complexity and aimlessness. But David and Paul played the pieces so warmly that, even if one could not respond to Debussy's personality and pessimism, one could enjoy his harmonic richness.

It would be wrong to comment on what D.F.G. and P.C.D. said about Messiaen in "Call that Music?" We were very grateful for it: it was clear, immediately helpful, and of the right length and entirely appropriate for the occasion. Their playing was wonderful. The technique was sparkling and evenly fluent, and the dynamics, which as we were told were an essential part of the design, were controlled over very long periods. Even Rossini would have been envious! The last movement, the Amen of the Consummation, was very exciting and led to a prolonged applause which the Music Room has seldom heard for piano music.

Whether they intended it or not, David and Paul convinced us that Messiaen is not merely a master-craftsman — he is enjoyable! There were recognizable tunes, the tunes were developed and they travelled through changing scenery of great beauty. And Messiaen was enabled to speak with power and conviction. I want to hear more of him and I want to hear them again soon! Memories of that evening will last long and they will glow.

C.G.T.



Mr. Drayton.

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks

CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

A Leaf out of my Autobiography OR: Why I Fired my Secretary

On the morning of my thirty-fifth birthday I woke up and it was raining. It was raining cats and dogs outside. I realized that I wasn't in a particularly good mood when I stepped on an upturned hair-brush on my way to the bathroom. In fact I could see this was not going to be a good day, but rather one of those days!

On my way down to breakfast I thought that although I was in a bad mood, I would give today a chance as it was my birthday and I may get a few presents from my wife and three children.

Downstairs in the kitchen:

"Good morning darling, terrible day," I said to my wife, as she was busily slaving away, cooking me breakfast.

"Good morning, darling, isn't it," she replied. No mention of my birthday though. "Where are the children this morning, darling?"

"Oh, they'll be down in a minute, when they smell the bacon!" She had completely forgotten my birthday. Oh well, let's hope that the children hadn't.

"Morning dad," said number two son, Christopher.

"Morning dad," said number one son, Giles.

"Good morning pops," said baby daughter, Rosie.

"Morning children," I said smiling, trying to hide my dismay, I couldn't bear it. I looked at my watch and said, "Look at the time, must dash, I'll miss the meeting!" As I got up I took my jacket from the back of the door and rushed out into my car. I was now in a filthy mood.

At work, in my office my secretary came into my study and said, "Happy Birthday Mr. Fisher, how does it feel to be twenty-one?" This cheered me up a bit, as at least someone had remembered.

Close to lunch time my secretary again came into my office. "Why don't just you and I go to lunch together, as it is your birthday?" she said with a hopeful look on her face.

"That's the best thing I've heard all day, let's . . ." We went to a little restaurant deep in the countryside. We had a long and very nice meal. I had also had quite a few drinks. As we were about to leave she said to me, "Look, it is your birthday, we don't need to go back to work."

"No, that's a jolly good idea, we don't need to today, as it's a special day." I agreed and could just start to feel the effect of the drinks.

"On our way home why don't you 'pop in at my place for a few more drinks?" she said smiling. Now, who was I to say no to an invitation like that! "Yes, that would be nice," I replied hastily.

After a short trip we were at her place. We went in, and she poured me a huge Scotch. She went round her house, drawing all the curtains and turning on a few lights. We sat and talked for about fifteen minutes, while we both drank strong drinks. Then she stood up.

"I'm just going to slip into something a little more comfortable," she said as she walked into another room and closed the door behind her. Well, I thought to myself, today hasn't turned out to be such a bad day after all. It was definitely turning into a better day and I was starting to relax and enjoy it.

Then, from the next room, my secretary came out holding a birthday cake, followed by my wife, and then all of my children, all singing in company:

"Happy Birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday dear Rupert and Daddy, happy birthday to you!"

R. M. A. Fisher (Vc)

THERE COULD BE NO TURNING BACK

"There could be no turning back now. If he changed his mind he would be killed by his own men as a coward. He would have to ride on and risk the enemy. Will he succeed? This serial will continue right after the commercials."

Roy slammed his fist down on the control panel. The picture changed to one of a sports ground.

"So it's England 10, USA 21. We'll be back with the match in a couple of minutes, but first a word from our sponsors."

In a fit of temper he threw the control panel against the opposite wall. It hit the "off" switch and the set went blank and silent.

With a tremendous effort, Roy wrenched himself out of his seat and walked dozily into the kitchen where his mother was preparing lunch, while keeping one eye on the soap opera which a small set in the corner was showing.

"Mum, I'm bored."

"Why, I thought you were watching the serial!"

"I was, but it keeps being interrupted by commercials. So I turn over to the international match, and they're just starting a commercial break there, too. There are more commercials than programmes these days."

"I don't know why you bother, anyway," replied his mother, "none of the programmes are worth watching."

And she turned her attention back to the soap opera. At that moment the doorbell rang.

"Can you get that, love! It's probably your dad." Roy complied, and there indeed was his father on the doorstep.

"Hi Dad, how was work this morning?"

"Oh, not so bad, not so bad. Can you put the news on?"

"Sure."

A few minutes later the family were eating their lunch in reverential silence, seated around the TV screen.

"News now from Wembley, and the second International challenge match. After being 18-0 down, England gave a tremendous fight back, scoring in the final minute to snatch victory from the USA's grasp and win by 22 points to 21. That means it all rests on the final match a week today, and there will be exclusive live coverage here on Channel 3. We'll be bringing you the latest news from the Stock Exchange after the break."

"That's what I've been waiting for," said Roy's father as a voice advised him that the Robinson Toolmate was the ideal Christmas present for the working man.

The commercials finished, the presenter handed viewers over to the City correspondent.

"It's been a hectic morning on the Stock Exchange," said the City correspondent, and proceeded to tell his audience that buying had reached fever pitch and the FT index looked to be heading for another all-time high. He then ran

through the main share prices, and all Roy's father's shares were up, so he was in a good mood when he left the house.

"The television set—or rather, in most cases, sets—were becoming more and more the focal point for the average household. Since the service had been de-regulated, more and more channels were available, they were funded more and more by advertising and the programmes, which occasionally interrupted the commercials, were increasingly geared towards the mass market. The quality for which British broadcasting was once revered had vanished in favour of a diet of violence, glossy soap operas, cheap quiz shows, sport and sensational news, all with regular commercial breaks.

And the advent of twenty-four hour TV geared to the masses had the side-effect of destroying all other forms of entertainment. Not only did people no longer go to the cinema, to the theatre or concerts, but all the time that they weren't working or sleeping was spent in front of the goggle-box. Gone was family spirit, and the ingenuity which had characterised previous generations. No-one thought up ways of amusing themselves anymore, no-one had conversations. Life began and ended with the cathode-ray tube in the sitting room.

Of course, once the television revolution had started many people realised that it was not good for mankind. But it was too late to do anything. The old world had gone forever. There would be no turning back.

N. D. Jackson (XX)

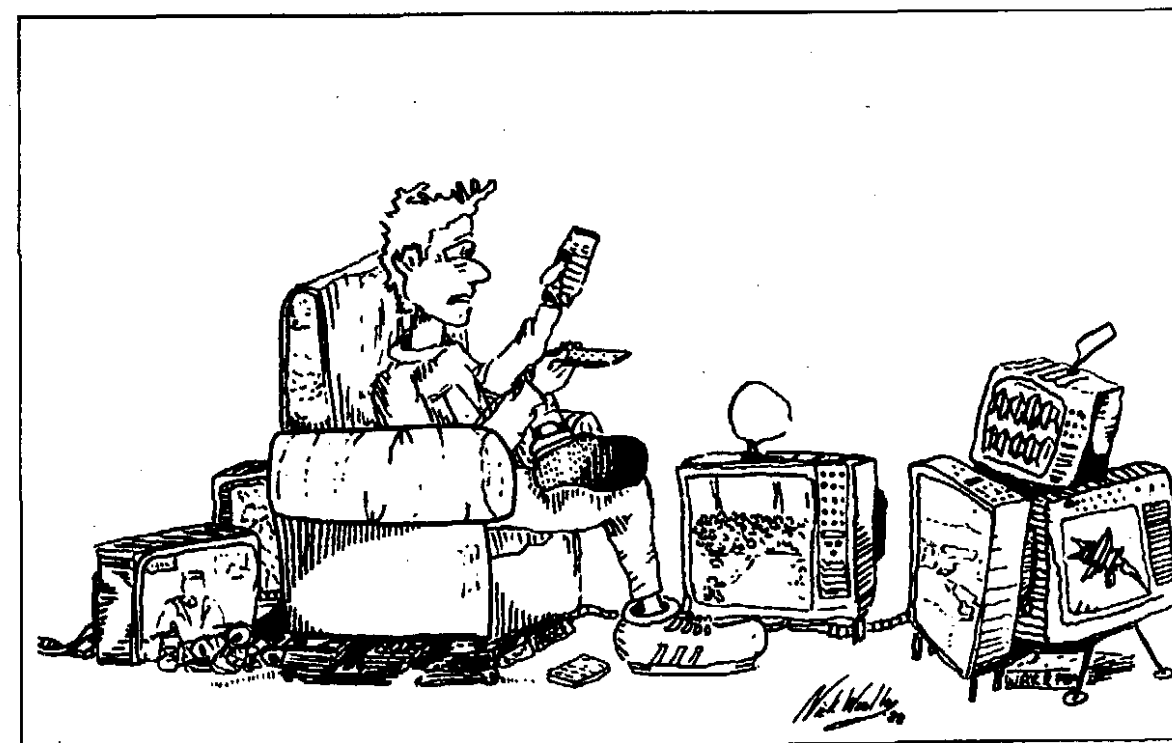




Photo by J. W. Fooks

MY SOUL, THERE IS A COUNTRY . . .

Henry Vaughan

Mein Seel da liegt ein fernes Land
 Gar hinter Sternenschein,
 Dort steht ein Schutzengel am Rand
 Gewand in Schlachten mein.

Dort ist laut Krachen und Gefahr
 Gekrönter Fried' ist frei,
 Geboren in der Krippe da
 Wachen in schönster Reih'.

Er steht barmherzig als Freund bei
 Erwach doch, oh mein Seel,
 Und stieg herab aus Liebes fei
 Sein Tod tilgt Deine Fehl.

Falls Du dort hin geh'n darfst, dann sieh'
 Die Friedensblum' find'st Du,
 Doch welken wird die Rose nie
 Dein' Festung und Dein' Ruh!

Laß doch des Hauses Herd allein
 S' gibt Sicherheit Dir nicht,
 Einer wird immer bei Dir sein:
 Gott, Dein Leben, Kur und Pflicht!

My Soul, there is a Countrie
 Far beyond the stars,
 Where stands a winged Sentries
 All skilfull in the wars,

There above noise, and danger
 Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles,
 And one born in a Manger
 Commands the Beauteous files,

He is thy gracious friend,
 And (O my Soul awake!)
 Did in pure love descend
 To die here for thy sake,

If thou canst get but thither,
 There grows the flowre of peace,
 The Rose that cannot wither,
 Thy fortresse, and thy ease;

Leave then thy foolish ranges;
 For none can thee secure,
 But one, who never changes,
 Thy God, thy life, thy Cure.

frei aus dem Englischer,

G.R.H.

THE SEA

The sea is ever changing: its colour, its mood, its behaviour, even its temperature — all these are subject to change. At times it is a friend to man, providing him with recreation and pleasure, with fish to eat, and with a calm surface on which to sail. At other times it becomes man's enemy, terrifying in its awesome power, bringing death and destruction to those caught up in its anger.

In holiday mood the sea is blue, lapping the golden sand, welcoming the swimmers splashing in its gentle waves. Allowing small white-sailed yachts to bob freely over its calm and benign surface, the sea is our companion in pleasure and relaxation, seemingly harmless and without threat. As long as the sun shines and the wind remains a gentle breeze, for so long is the sea a friend.

But when the skies cloud over and the wind blows with ever-gathering strength, whipping the surface of the sea into giant waves capped with a seething froth of white rage, then the sea is revealed as the implacable enemy of man and all who dare to challenge the omnipotence of the ocean. With casual strength the sea shoulders aside the frail defences erected in its path by puny men, and smashes to matchwood the expensive yachts, beloved toys of the wealthy and vain. Without mercy it will drown the unwary, the foolhardy, the coward, or the hero, indifferent to their suffering.

At extreme ends of the earth the sea is cold, hostile and intolerant of any invasion of its

solitude. It lays a giant minefield of towering icebergs, frozen fragments of itself, to guard its isolation. The only inhabitants it will permit are the shoals of silver fish and the schools of whistling, grunting whales deep beneath its surface, the slippery seals and those ludicrous comedians, the gentle pompous penguins.

The sea is our friend and our enemy, our servant and our master, our refuge and our destroyer. The sea is a thousand contradictions, an ever-changing, ever-lasting, constant factor in the lives of those who dwell on earth.

H. P. V. Scott-Gall (LVI)

AUTUMN

The rain-washed sky is a clear, bright blue,
 above the yellow-leaved trees.

A rag of cloud lies in the south,
 the water ripples in the breeze.

A swan glides regally across the pond,
 silently and with utmost grace.

As an angler sitting on a canvas stool
 ponders time and space.

The watery sun gazes weakly down
 on the calm of this Autumn scene,
 And wonders with a little grief,
 what great things might have been.

D. I. G. Szalay (XL)



Photograph by C. J. Price-Thomas (LVI)

SPACE TRAVEL

The population of the world recently passed the five billion mark. If the current trend continues, we are soon going to run out of habitable land space. Some less developed countries are already experiencing this problem.

There are three solutions. The first is birth control, actually trying to stop the increase, but this is in many places difficult to implement, especially in some Asian and African countries where the number of children is held to be an indication of social standing. Also, artificial birth control is against Roman Catholic teaching.

Secondly, we can try to increase the hospitable land surface by drainage, irrigation and removing vegetation. But this is difficult, conservationists would object and, in any case, there is still a finite surface area on the Earth.

The third option, which I will consider here, has seemingly limitless possibilities, if it can be put into operation in time. It is for some people to abandon the Earth's surface altogether, and make a new home in space. This home may be man-made, or it may be on another planet. Just how this is possible is what I want to discuss.

The space programme is over thirty years old, yet it can still be said to be in its infancy. Until recently it is the two super-powers who have made all the running. The U.S.S.R. were the first to send up an artificial satellite, the almost legendary Sputnik I. They were also the first to have a man in space, Yuri Gagarin, orbiting the Earth once. Although the Americans put their man in space soon afterwards, it was a long time before they put someone else into orbit.

The U.S.A., however, then put all their efforts into getting men in space, culminating in a moon landing. They used three different spacecraft: Mercury was the original test of men in space, Gemini had longer missions carrying out various experiments, including space-walking, and Apollo was the moon programme.

The Apollo programme was a success. Its early stages were devoted to testing in orbit the craft, particularly the human module which would, actually land on the moon. Later missions orbited the moon, and finally Apollo II went all the way. In July 1969, Neil Armstrong and "Buzz" Aldrin became the first humans to walk on the moon.

Meanwhile, however, the Russians were concentrating on quite a different kind of research, and one that promised to be far more useful. A series of permanent space stations orbiting the Earth were carrying out tests on how the human body stood up to prolonged periods of weightlessness as well as other research into life in space. This research is still carrying on, and a new record length of stay in space was recently set.

The only American space station was Skylab,

in the late 1970's. Damaged at launch, it was a wreck from the outset and eventually broke up and fell to Earth. The Apollo moon programme ended up in the mid-1970's, having put only a dozen men on the moon.

The Americans switched their attention in the early eighties to building a re-usable spacecraft, which they named the Space Shuttle. It was designed to carry up to seven people, and ideally should have been able to take off from and land on a runway, and be fully re-usable.

However, so much fuel is needed in the launch that three external tanks are necessary — two solid fuel boosters and a huge liquid fuel tank. While the solid boosters are recoverable, the big tank is not. The sheer size of the tank means that the shuttle has to be launched vertically like a conventional rocket, although it can land like an aeroplane.

In 1981, the shuttle Columbus was launched with two astronauts. The mission was a success, and more took place, gradually increasing the size of the crew to the maximum seven.

In January 1986, the twenty-fifth shuttle mission was launched. The shuttle Challenger had seven astronauts on board, including the first ever civilian astronaut. It was going to be the biggest and best mission yet.

Then, under two minutes after lift-off, disaster struck. The shuttle exploded in a ball of flame, killing all seven on board. Soon afterwards NASA experienced similar explosions with both their unmanned satellite launchers, and the American space programme was effectively halted. Meanwhile the U.S.S.R. have continued with their research, and Europe, China and Japan have developed their own satellite launchers.

I am sure that we will eventually find a way to live in space, but whether we will ever colonise the moon or any of the planets in our solar system is still not certain. None of them are hospitable without some protection, either because their atmosphere contains little or no oxygen, or because they experience extremes of temperature, or both.

On the other hand, space stations may not be ideal, either. There is no gravity in space, and Russian research has shown that prolonged zero gravity can be bad for the heart, muscles and skeleton.

However, it is possible to produce artificial gravity in space. Although true gravity cannot be created, there is a suitable substitute: centrifugal force, the tendency of rotation to force bodies towards the outside. If a station was made in the shape of a cylindrical drum, it could be made to rotate and the curved surface would become its floor. Once set in motion, it would continue turning, since in space there is no friction to stop it.

And beyond our solar system? If there are any other planets, they will be in the vicinity of a star and the nearest star is four light years away. That means that, travelling at the speed of light, it would take four years to reach it. At the moment we can only move at a fraction of that speed.

If we went on a round trip to the stars intending to take less than eight years, we would need to break the "light barrier." This is thought to be impossible, but who knows? Once the stars are within our reach, we will be able to find as many new Earths as we might need to solve the population problem.

N. D. Jackson (XX)

SNOW

The snow falls, a cover of white. Trees
Are weighted down with silk. Paths freshly crisp
And painted. People walk in splendour new,
Expressing appreciation and disdain.

Pure and light, grey and heavy, pushing down,
Or swept aside. So firm, but yielding, smooth.
Though rough, a spread of precise, beautiful
Love. Unique, work of nature, night, and God.

The sun views the whole visage, beaming.
Praise and death; burner of the frozen tears.

J. S. Goss (IIIa)

Drowned

The steady crash of the waves and the gentle retreat hid the ugly dangers that lurked in the sea's great depths. The pebbles were unaware as they played that the sea was steadily dragging them further and further out. They would no longer be windows or doors on sandcastles.

The sky's blueness was stolen, and half of it lay on the sea making it as blue as a gorgeous girl's eyes.

The current swirled violently as though a wild murder had been committed and the sea had witnessed it. When the waves crashed, the sand swirled upwards as though the sea was bleeding from a subterranean wound, but the oozing was swamped as the sea became calm.

It shimmered like blue shining coins and the sun bounced over the waves. I was hypnotised by its beauty and lay there dreaming for ever.

C. A. A. C. Wright (IVm)



Photo by E. A. G. Shillington, mi. (XL)

A SCENE OF SUFFOLK BEAUTY

The Mere, a freshwater Broads-like creation emphasising a successful interaction of nature and man, lies about two hundred yards from the cold North Sea and the stony beach that protects the tiny Suffolk village of Thorpeness from the perpetual tidal onslaught. In winter the Mere lies silent and sorrowful, only the ducks breaking the skin on the surface of the still, cold water. Beneath, only the eels stir, silently slipping through the water in a lonely search for whatever morsels of food nature cares to supply.

At length, winter breaks into spring, and the fish begin to flip in the warming sun, their bellies full of next year's young. The trees start shyly to open their buds; then all join in a joyful chorus of colour, and the Mere starts to breathe again. Ted brings out the boats, dinghies, punts and all sorts of craft, each lovingly restored and pampered in the warm boathouse during the lonely winter months — each with her own name: Vega, Rose, Mabel, Annabel, Sophie; each slightly different and as old as the Mere herself, dug by teams of men when the entire village was created from the marshland seventy years ago.

Spring leaps with immense eagerness into summer, and with it the sixty acres of islands, seas and backwaters turn a delicate shade of green as trees everywhere race to get their leaves open first. Standing on the quay, the Mere is a completely different sort of world. Straight ahead runs the "Fairway," a straight, wide long stretch of water at the tip of which are just visible a mass of trees, sprouting from islands and standing as magnificent gateways to backwaters from which who-knows-what may emerge. Just to the left of the fairway lies the "Caspian Sea" from which is

clearly visible a number of sleek passageways, through which is just visible an inner lake — the "Blue Lagoon." To the extreme left of the "Caspian Sea" lies a group of large and beautiful islands — the islands of paradise in the "Caribbean Sea," the majority of which is surrounded by reeds.

However, it is at dusk when the Mere is empty and silent, disturbed only by the landing of swans and the flipping of fish. The punt sneaks out from the quayside, its pole guided with the utmost care so as to not disturb this wildlife sanctuary and, above all, to alert the unsuspecting fish, so joyful in their ignorance. The punt glides through the "Caspian Sea" and creeps into the passage between the islands of "Endy's House" and "Peter Pan's Property." It emerges two minutes later into the "Blue Lagoon," only to be confronted by two daunting cannons perched high on the whitewashed walls of the castle, one hundred and fifty yards from us over the still water. The punt proceeds bravely on for one hundred yards before getting into range of two land-based cannons positioned on an island governing the Fairway and the "Blue Lagoon." The dusk air creates a certain degree of insecurity and unreality about these cannons covering both bows from any position in the lagoon, causing the punt crews to cast eager glances behind before anchoring and silently casting to the unsuspecting fish. Silence reigns and night continues to set in, but suddenly a dark long object comes into view; through the increasing gloom it is dismissed as a log, but who knows? Perhaps it is the legendary forty-pound pike that haunts the area, or even the mysterious crocodile that so many people have claimed to see sliding off the bank — the same bank and the same position — for the past seventy years. The fantasy of the Mere lives on.

A. W. de B. Banham (XX)



Photo by J. W. Ffooks

DAWN

Fresh dawn, down by the river.
Breathing the morning mist, as rain jewels quiver
And fall from the old willow tree
Into the image of reality,
Like tear drops, weep at perfect beauty.

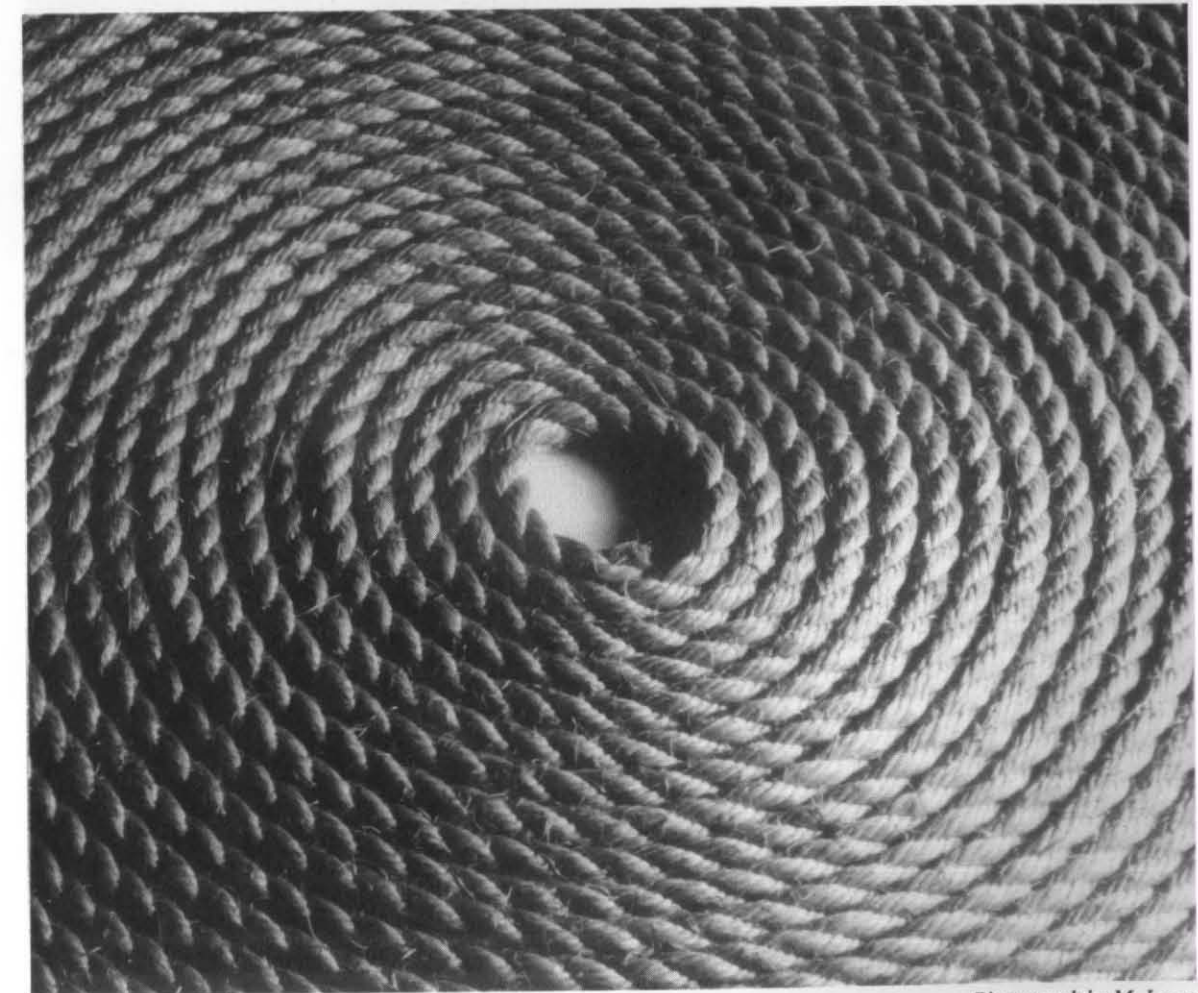
T. R. Fell (LVI)

EXCUSE AND DILEMMA

I wanted one that was all,
Anyone it didn't matter,
But how could I say that?
Words bruise where none scar,
Mine rape me.

They can't see me.
Non-expression read wrongly.
They don't know me so can't care
If, stripped of feature I could shock—
Could be and do, not try not to—
Still life goes on in any frame
Even black.

Susan A. Bolton



Photograph by M. Lowe



By Catherine Downing



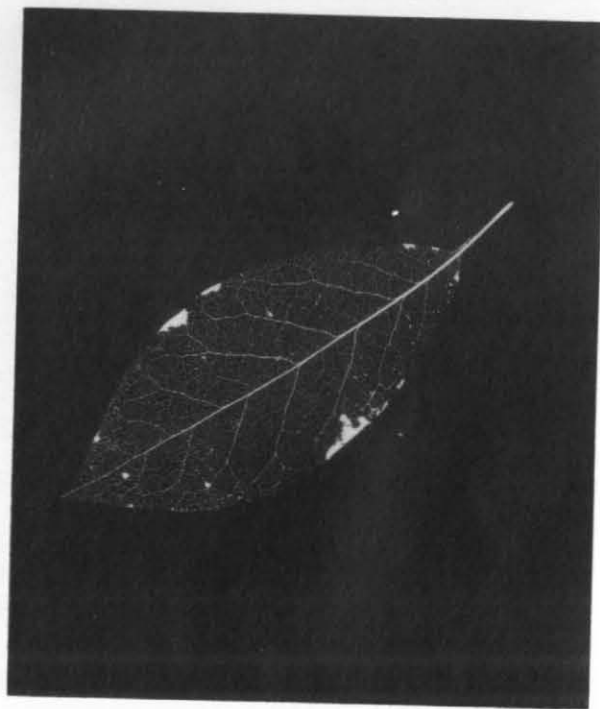
By S. M. Renwick, ma.



Photograph by Ed. Hopley



By C. J. Price-Thomas

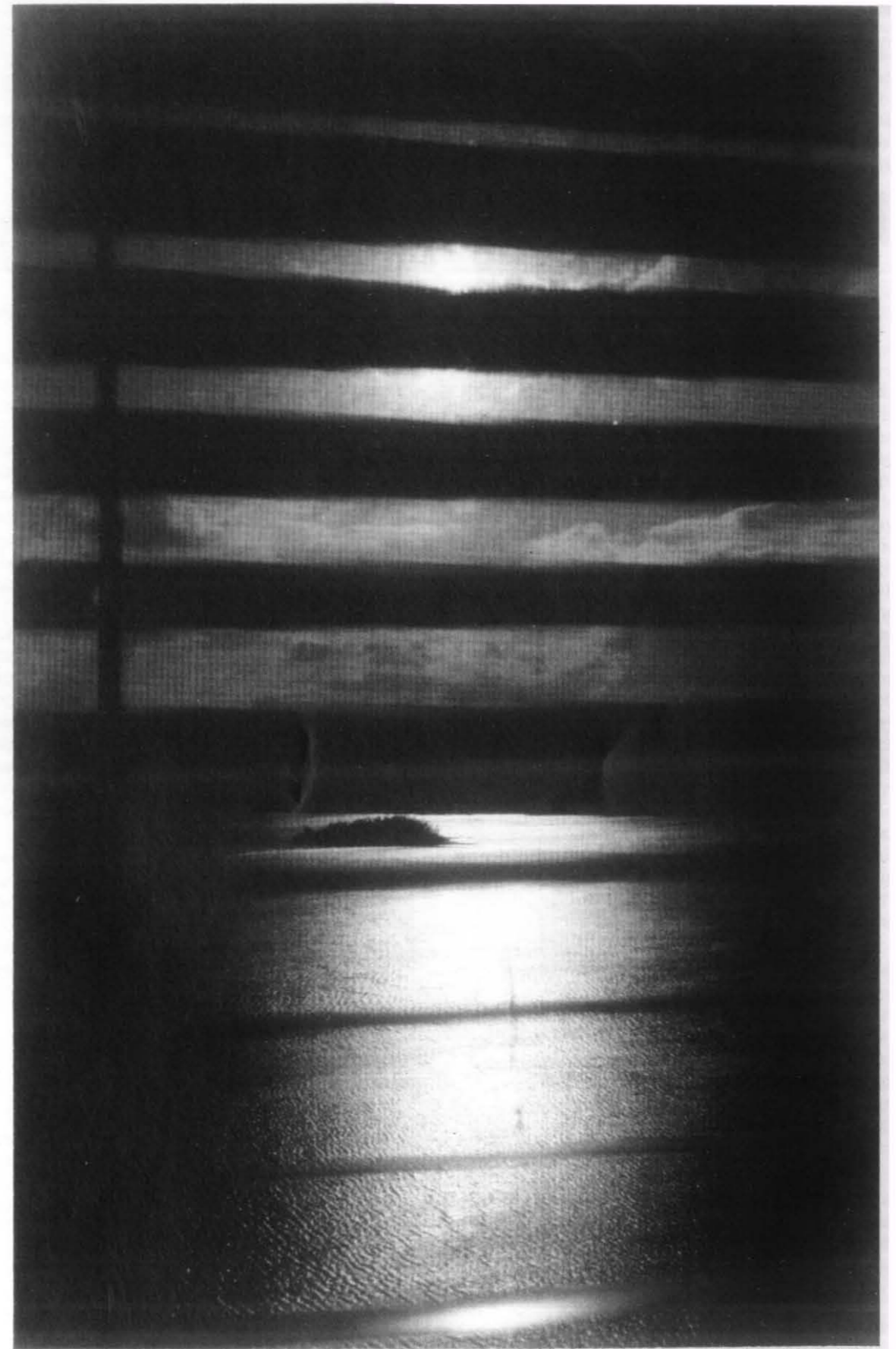


Photograph by M. Lowe



"Self Portrait" '87.

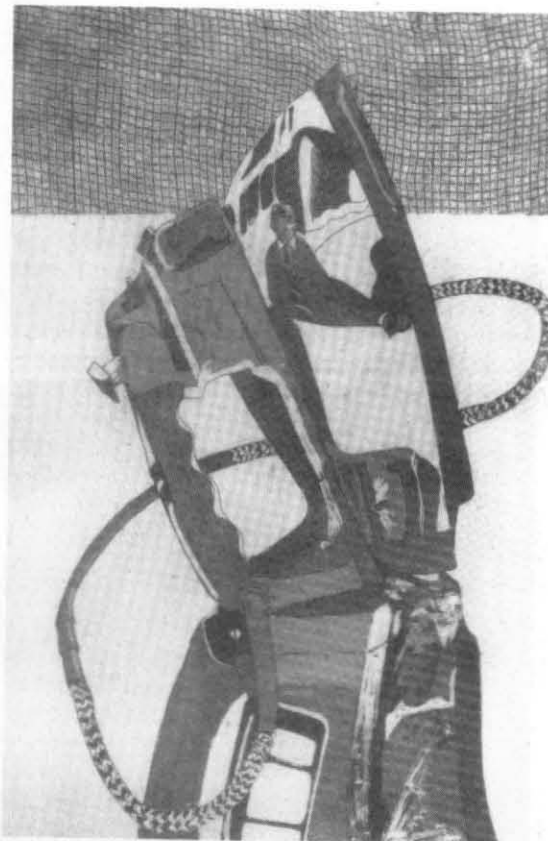
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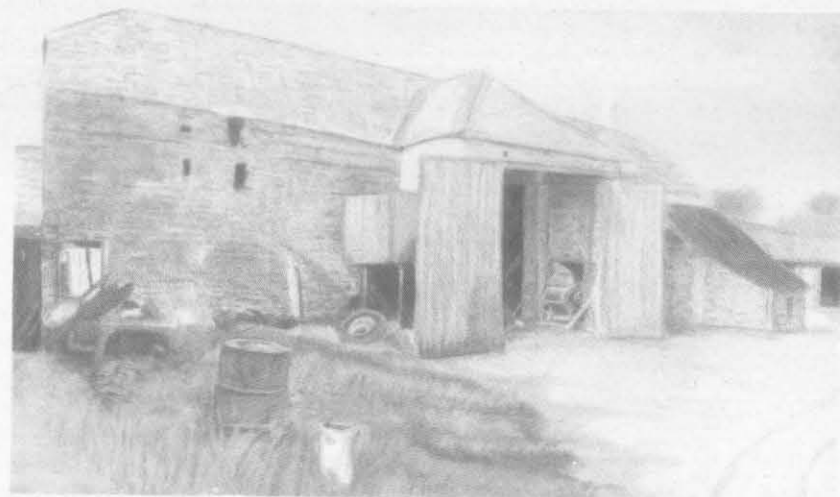
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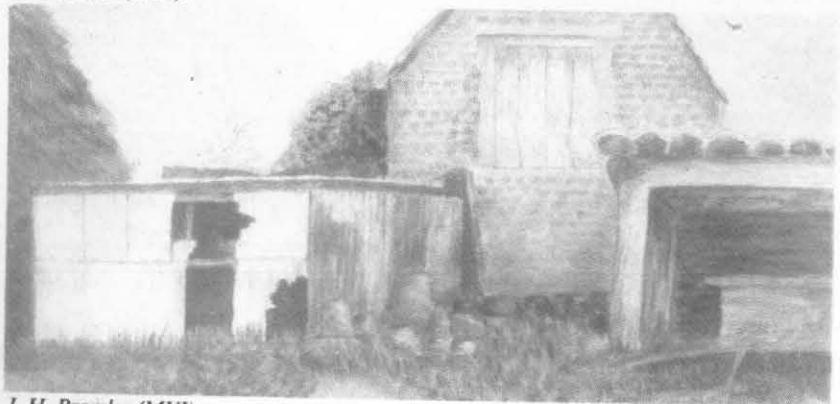
C. Reid ('O' Level)



C. D. R. Wolseley Brinton ('O' Level)



J. L. G. Tew (MVI)



J. H. Bramley (MVI)

Review of THE DEMON AND THE LOBSTER

By Anthony Meredith

The Kingswood Press (Heinemann), 1987. £12.95

There is something about cricket that attracts the literary type: more fine books have been written about cricket than any other sport. Here is another, and it is all the more distinguished for conjuring up the entire cricketing world of almost a century ago, with the aid of only a few contemporary photographs and line drawings.

The author claims to be following the model of Plutarch's *Lives*, a work fortunately well known to the many Stoics who have studied *Julius Caesar* and *Antony and Cleopatra*; but instead of writing two separate but parallel lives of his two subjects, Digby Jephson and Charles Kortright, he has intertwined the two stories. This method highlights the extraordinary ways in which one career mirrored the other, and also makes for a better context in which to describe their most memorable encounter: the Essex—Surrey match at Leyton in 1898.

The Demon, Charles Kortright, and the Lobster, Digby Jephson, are legendary figures here presented in full and lively detail so that they appear as men of flesh and blood. Kortright was one of the first of the really fast bowlers, and like so many of them had an erratic career. Jephson was perhaps the last lob bowler to ply the trade seriously and effectively. Both became first-rate batsmen. Jephson also wrote verses about cricket, some of which rival McGonagall.

No such aspersions can be cast at A.G.M.'s prose, which is chaste and crisp. He also has a discriminating eye for the best of early cricket journalism. Many fine passages are quoted from contemporary commentators, not to mention the purple of such as this, culled from a report on Essex's victory over Australia in 1899:

The rejoicings over the battle of Waterloo were nothing to it. Trafalgar was a mere whisper. Omdurman sank in the shade before the hysterical heroics of the Essex camp followers. (p. 89).

The Golden Age of cricket at the turn of the century featured a large number of colourful characters, who furnish innumerable anecdotes: Ranjitsinhji, Gilbert Jessop, C. B. Fry, J. T. Hearne, Bill Lockwood and Tom Richardson. Those were the days of W. G. Grace, and it is one of this book's many achievements that he has been given exactly the right measure of attention. A.G.M. does not confine himself to anecdote; his final assessment of Grace's career is incisive and thought-provoking, ending with the comment: 'It is possible that W.G. was most of all admired

because he so successfully challenged life beyond the boundaries of probability.' (p. 108).

But this is not a book merely about personalities, nor simply of antiquarian interest, the author's impressive scholarship notwithstanding. It is a book by a man who knows a great deal about the Golden Age, who has thought deeply about cricket and social history, and who cares about the future of the game.

V.H.H.

SOCIETY

CHAPEL

I am almost tempted to say that things have continued according to their usual pattern, which is of course true. Provided that we do not become too fossilised, some stability in the worshipping life of the School is a good thing, although I am not in favour of the "as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be" approach to worship. Any reading of the Book of Acts cannot but leave the reader with the impression that the early church was a dynamic institution where no one stood still long enough to fossilise. I live in hope that one day Chapel will be as lively as the early Church. Since my last report we have welcomed a number of quite excellent preachers, including Mr. Roy Moody, Headmaster of Rokeby School, Professor J. A. Bryant of Exeter University Biological Sciences Department, Bishop Maurice Wood, The Revds. Martin Kettle, from Mill Hill, Neville Cryer, formerly of the Bible Society, Kenneth Habershon, of The Church Pastoral Aid Society, Dan Young, Chaplain of Dean Close, Jerry Root, Pastor of Wheaton College, Illinois (an American Football expert!) and Mr. Martin Muncaster (O.S.). I cannot remember a more diverse group of preachers, or a more stimulating series of sermons. My thanks to all of them.

The Revd. Dr. Michael Parsons, now an inner city vicar in Derby, delivered the Lent addresses, and did a little teaching on low temperature physics (the subject of his D.Phil.). He ably demonstrated that faith is nothing to do with leaving the mental apparatus under the bed. I am still thinking about Schroedinger's cat! One interesting spin-off is that quite a few of the sixth form physicists are now hoping to do low temperature 'A' level projects.

Our annual confirmation retreat was again at Grendon Hall, conducted by an old friend, Canon Mark Ruston, well known to many former candidates, and helped by Ben Harris, who was my first Chapel Prefect. Despite some quite heavy conversations, or perhaps because of them, it was felt by all to have been a good time of preparation. My thanks to all who helped.

Several colleagues have led the Morning Chapels this term. I know that they agonise for hours over their material and the thoroughness of their preparation always shows. Many thanks to them and to the first Stoic for some time to take a Morning Chapel, Stuart Thompson. His original approach made quite a constructive impact. Not all impacts are constructive, so well done in getting it right! I wait to see what sort of impact the prefects' service will make. Having been privy to its contents I am greatly looking forward to it. A report next time.

My thanks also to Mrs. Turner and the ladies of the flower stands. I am amazed and delighted by the diversity of the arrangements they produce—never gaudy, but always complementing the architecture of the building and the season of the Christian year.

M.C.S.S.

CENTREPOINT

After helping to run Centrepoint (formerly known by a more daunting name as 'The Study Group') for almost 20 years, I feel we owe a special debt of gratitude to the host of speakers who have spent countless hours preparing talks and travelling long distances in order to impart words of wisdom and encouragement Sunday by Sunday. We are fortunate to have a different speaker each week from a wide variety of backgrounds. During the past two terms our list of speakers has included a farmer, a soldier, a business man, a schoolmaster, an American pastor, a retired bishop and four Old Stoics.

Over the years we have retained more or less the same format for the meetings: refreshments followed by the talk followed by discussion, when appropriate. Sunday after Chapel (occasionally Sunday tea-time) has traditionally been the most convenient time, although we are now trying one or two Friday evenings each term. My flat is the venue, and its size and centrality seem to suit this purpose. We aim to follow a biblical theme each term: for example, last Autumn Term we studied 'Old Testament Characters,' in the Spring 'The Parables,' and in the Summer Term 'The Christian's Armour' from Ephesians Chapter 6.

At our first ever Friday evening meeting last February, Richard Coombs (O.S.) gave a clear and Challenging talk on the parable of 'The Wise and Foolish Builders.' It was encouraging to note that eight different Houses were represented, as well as all five year groups. We hope that Centrepoint is a place where both Prefect and New Boy/Girl will feel equally at home.

H.D.M.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

It has been a very productive year for the Society, combining differing views of A level texts with interest in external subjects. We have also incorporated a new, and distinctly pleasant beginning to the evening with a dinner for the speaker, the English Department *and* selected pupils. The first meeting took place on the 23 September, given by Mr. B. S. Stephan on "Antony and Cleopatra." It turned out to be an excellent opener: the lecture was well constructed, witty, and very informative, his own views expertly presented. Then there followed Armistice Day, November 11, which, suitably enough, finished with "Writers at War 1914-18." "Anger at a Seen Wrong" was presented by Dr. J. W. D. Hibberd and, although the audience was smaller than on the previous occasion, it was fitting, and often quite moving for Rupert Brooke and Wilfred Owen to be discussed at this time. The next paper was given by Dr. P. Swaab on 22 January on Jane Austen, with "Emma" as the principle source; it was again constructive and helped the candidates' understanding of the text. The most colourful discussion this year occurred on the 9 February, when Dr. T. A. Ozturk spoke on the poetry of Thomas Hardy and provided some different critical opinions on the nature of the works. The gem of the evening came in the form of the repartée between Dr. Ozturk and Mr. Hirst which, although inconclusive, was memorable. It has been very enjoyable thus far, and I would like to thank A. P. H. Harris, my co-secretary, and, on our behalf, Mr. P. A. S. Farquhar for his help.

N. A. Holland

THE BRIDGE CLUB

With the departure of several good players at the end of last year, Stowe was left with a relatively young and inexperienced team. After a bad start to the season, when Stowe lost to Bedford, things brightened up at the Berks. and Bucks. County Championships. Here Wreford and Bellew came a commendable second.

The highlight of the season was Stowe succeeding in qualifying in the Bedford round of the *Daily Mail* Cup. Sadly we will be unable to play in the next round since it is held during the holidays.

The House Pairs Competition was won by Bellew and Jenkins of Lyttelton. Grafton won the House Teams Competition with Walpole a close second. This report must end with a plea for greater support for this Club.

Team from: W. T. Fraser-Allen (Captain), R. S. J. Martin (Secretary), A. R. B. Bellew, N. D. Jackson, D. J. Y. Wreford.

W. T. Fraser-Allen

THE CHESS CLUB

The Monday Chess Club welcomed more players than usual last term. There were many fiercely fought games, especially in the Inter-House team competition, which was won by Bruce. T. R. Reiss was victorious in the Senior Club Competition and C. E. M. Mash won the Beginners Tournament. An Inter-House individual tournament is still unfinished, with O. C. K. Jones, J. P. Smith, ma. and I. Yongsunthon yet to clinch their matches. C. R. Kerr deserves special mention for his loyalty to the Club and the many interesting and combative games he has played. Perhaps too often imagination has taken precedence over calculation, but that is a fault which is endemic amongst Stoic chess players at present.

E.S.T.

THE LIBRARY

A year of changes has also promised continuing developments in many facets of the Library. The heating will be fully refurbished during the summer months, with the old lime-caked pipes and antique radiators being replaced by a modern, more compact system. As regards lighting, the current illumination has been amplified and will, I hope, be further improved in both beauty and function. A projected increase in the annual budget, as well as an injection of funds in the interim, will be welcome, gratifying and necessary to the future expansion of the Library. Other forms of re-organisation should eventually lead to more efficient utility of available shelf-space and to an intellectually enhanced quality of holdings.

Among the growing number of accessions were **The Dictionary of National Biography 1971-1980**, the **Oxford Illustrated History of English Literature**, the **Domesday Book to Magna Carta 1087-1216**, and Richard Ellmann's biography **Oscar Wilde**. Gifts to the Stoica Collection included **Guide to Huntington Library Historical Manuscripts** (1982) and John Piper's **Complete Graphic Works** (ed. Orde Levinson, 1987).

The Library is increasingly a dynamic centre of academic study and general use by Stoics. While the number of books registered out increased by over 300 during the past year, those not returned decreased. Stoics recently penalised for their tardiness can draw comfort from the knowledge their fines will contribute towards the acquisition of new titles.

Library Monitor: Clare J. Benyon (Nugent).

House Monitors: C. J. F. Barker (Bruce), M. Lowe (Temple), B. I. De Wynter (Grenville), A. C. N. Bewes (Chandos), J. A. T. Legg (Cobham), J. W. Fooks (Chatham), W. W. M. Chambré (Grafton), S. F. Allison (Walpole), B. Hart (Lyttelton), Fiona E. Pollard (Stanhope).

T.A.O.

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

At the beginning of the Spring Term the Shoe-

string Theatre Company gave a performance of **Antigone** in the Roxburgh Hall. The play was set in present day South America with Creon as an army general. Their version of Sophocles' play gave a very vivid and realistic view of Antigone's arts. It was a slight disappointment that the quieter scenes were not adapted successfully to the size of the hall. But on the whole it was a good production with some novel special effects, including an exploding light bulb!

Later on in the term all those studying Greek went to see **The Frogs** by Aristophanes at King's College, London. This again was an updated and very amusing performance — in Greek! The actors helped by emphasizing all their movements but it was still difficult to understand. The producer did a very good job by making a play that the vast majority would not understand into a light-hearted comedy — reminiscent of a school production.

So yet again it was a busy term for the Society and an enjoyable one for all those involved.

T. W. N. Neve

COMMUNITY SERVICE

This year's Christmas party in the Marble Hall was our twenty-first, and a large number of Stoics turned out to welcome some 300 pensioners from the locality. We struggle annually with wheelchairs and walking frames up the North Front steps, but there is no doubt that it is well worth the effort as far as our guests are concerned. We also delivered some 50 bags of groceries in the last few days of Term, and after the winter break we began our main delivery of logs.

Work in primary schools, visiting, estate work and painting have gone on as usual, and after many terms of valuable, regular, visiting, Henry Worthy was awarded a Representative Tie at the end of the Spring Term. In addition various pupils have undertaken individual projects as part of their Duke of Edinburgh Award. John Fooks produced a splendid new bingo board for the Red Cross Day Centre, Tyrrell Bardsley lent a hand with a cub pack which was very short-staffed and Simon Richards has been putting in extra hours helping out at a nearby farm. Less successful have been my attempts to recruit helpers for a Mother and Toddler group, so if you feel you have any skills in this direction, or would like to develop them, please get in touch!

We have been asked by Buckingham Social Services to undertake a review of local charity organisations for them, which will begin after the Easter break, and I hope we shall become involved later this year in a community project to help the mentally handicapped. In the meantime, however, our principal aim is to raise enough money for a new minibus, and I am happy to report that we may well be able to achieve this by the end of the summer.

Thanks to generous donations from the School Shop and Bookshop, we are well on our way to raising the £6,000 minimum that is needed, and now we are relying on the Sponsored Walk planned for May to provide the balance. I hope this will be an enjoyable day for everyone, and that as many staff and pupils as possible will join in.

R.E.M.

THE CORKSCREW SOCIETY

Port was the subject of the first Corkscrew meeting of 1988 which took place in the Music Room on the evening of Tuesday, 19th January. We are very grateful to our President Mr. Lloyd for giving us an excellent talk on the history of port, the way it is made and the origins of such great port houses as Taylor and Sandeman. Mr. Lloyd supplied seven ports in all, ranging from a white port, which is served chilled as an aperitif, to a Sandeman 1955. It was a great opportunity to taste such a diverse range of ports from your average port to the excellent Vintage Port which Mr. Lloyd kindly supplied from his own cellar. All-in-all, it was an excellent evening — one which will be remembered by everyone and we are grateful to Mr. Lloyd.

On 6th March, the Corkscrew Society and Stowe played host to a joint meeting with the Northampton branch of the International Wine and Food Society. Our guests began arriving at noon and at 12.30, Dr. Shepherd, our Guest Speaker, began the tutored tasting of White Burgundies. Six wines were tasted and each was accompanied by Dr. Shepherd's detailed explanation. Both the wine and Dr. Shepherd's exposition were of an extremely high standard, and we are grateful to both him and the Northampton branch for sharing their knowledge with us and for making this a very memorable meeting. Our thanks also go to the caterer for producing an excellent buffet.

As another year ends, we would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Lloyd for all his help in enabling the very worthwhile Society to continue.

R. C. Weatherby
J. N. L. Arlon

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

The Historical Society has had a busy and successful season with four meetings being held since the last report in *The Stoic*.

The 141st meeting was given by Mr. Hope, who although presently at Oxford, has previously taught at Stowe and is a familiar figure to the Historical Society. His talk was a detailed investigation into the murky circumstances of the death of Richard Hunne, a *cause celebre* of the Sixteenth Century. Mr. Hope suggested that Hunne, regarded by some as an enemy of the Church, was murdered by servants acting under

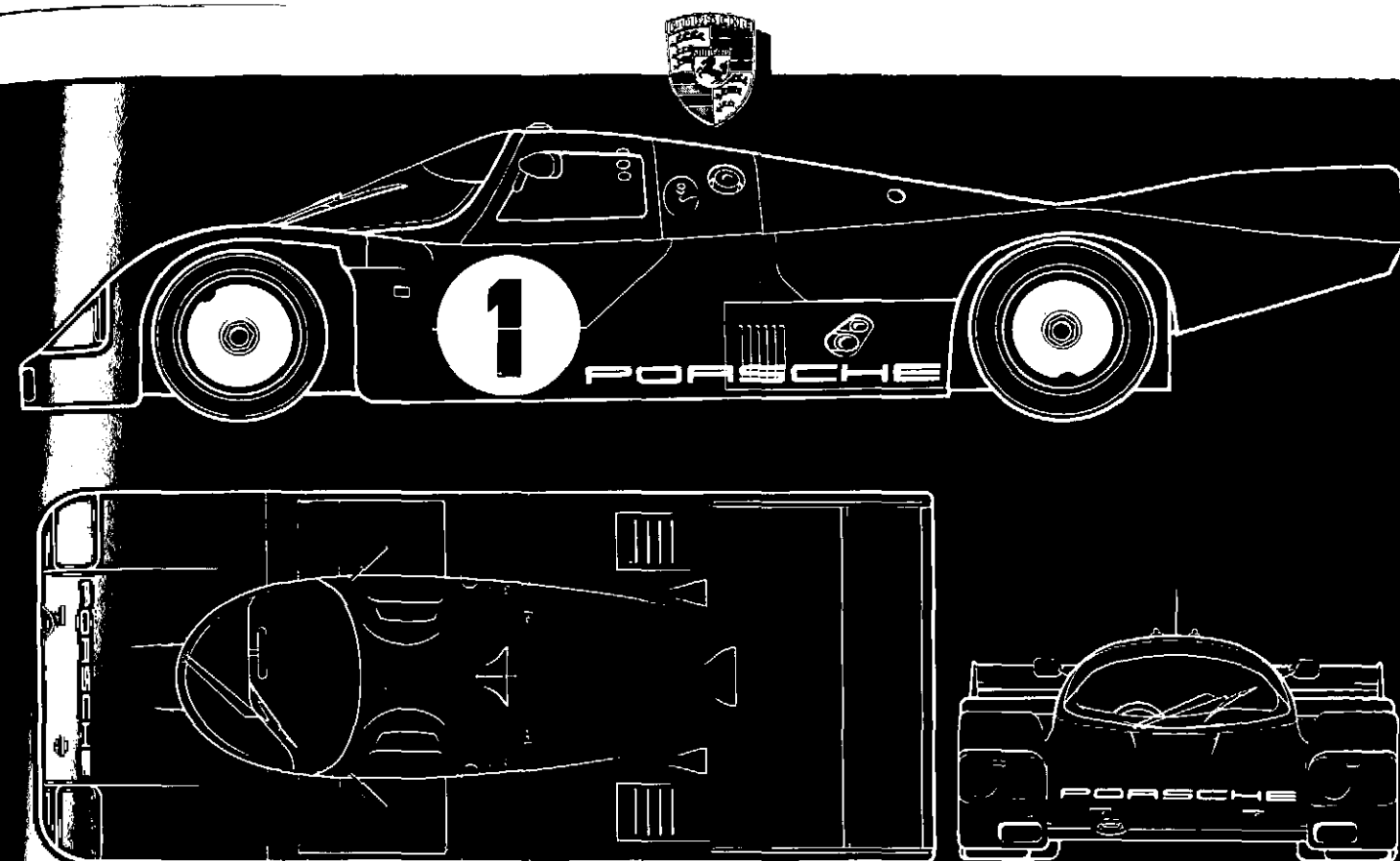
the orders of the Bishop of London. The murderers, however, were never actually found guilty or even brought to trial so that the event remains one of the unexplained mysteries of History.

Dr. Hilton, Senior Tutor at Trinity College, Cambridge gave our next talk on "God and Free Trade between 1800 and 1850." He pinpointed the passing of the Act of Liability in 1856 as a turning point in the political attitudes of the time. Until then, he argued, the political élite was imbued with an evangelical form of Christianity which influenced their political judgement and prevented them from making reforms in the existing social order as that would be interfering in God's "Providential Scheme." In the next generation, though, the "Sons of Evangelicals" reacted against extreme religion, turned instead to progressive liberalism and began systematic reforms to improve their society, the Limited Liability Act being the first such piece of legislation. Dr. Hilton's arguments opened up an entirely new viewpoint on the subject for many of those present and his talk was much appreciated.

"Religious Liberty and the Revolution of 1688" was taken by Dr. Spurt of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford in February. In an evening particularly useful to A level Historians studying the period as a Special Subject, Dr. Spurt talked of how the opposition to toleration was finally overcome through the Toleration Act of 1692. Through figures taken from the County of Warwickshire, Dr. Spurt showed that a meagre 6% of the population were Catholics and a further 12% were dissenters, although the larger group the Dissenters had fewer difficulties than the inward-looking Catholics who faced a generally hostile and fearful nation. Thus when religious liberty did come in 1692, it was something of a paradox that it was this very fear that ensured the Act's passage.

The 144th meeting of the Society taken by Mr. Hyde on "Leadership and Hitler in the Third Reich" was also of use to A level Historians as this is another Special Subject. Mr. Hyde, currently teaching at Stowe, has previously carried out research on Nazi Germany so was able to provide deep insights into this fascinating subject. He began by emphasising the need of the German nation at that time for leadership and highlighted how Hitler exploited this sentiment to rise to power. Mr. Hyde then described the exact form this leadership took. Government was "policratic," a multi-dimensional power structure, or as the speaker succinctly put it, "Chaos!" In such a system access to the Fuhrer became almost feudal in importance where such lowly, but constantly needed, staff as chauffeurs could be promoted to the rank of general. The talk was gratefully received and as with all the lectures this season brought forth a host of questions from staff and pupils alike.

R. D. Hansen-Luke



The Art of One-upmanship

(Or how to acquire a Porsche poster)

As anyone familiar with Porsche's annual school challenge knows, acquiring a Porsche poster is something of an art.

On this occasion, however, you need to be something of an artist. The brief is simple. Through the wonders of water-colour, crayon or felt-tip pen, we invite you to create your own racing livery.

Instead of the famous Rothmans Porsche blue and white, you can select any team colour or name you like. Base your design on the line-drawings of the **PORSCHE** as Porsche is on the race track?

all-conquering Porsche 962C above. Then submit your final artwork on card or paper to the Marketing Department, Porsche Cars Great Britain Limited, Bath Road, Calcot, Reading, RG3 7SE.

Everyone who participates will receive a full colour Porsche poster and the creators of the six most original liveries will then be invited to Porsche's UK headquarters at Reading, as Porsche's special guests for a day.

Will you be as slick on the drawing board

BUILDING ON ACHIEVEMENT

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THE MCELWEE TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIP

The McElwee Travelling Scholarship currently valued at £600 per team was established by grateful, former pupils of the outstanding and popular Bill McElwee, History Tutor at Stowe from 1934-1962. The prize is an attempt to recreate Bill McElwee's own Culture Tours and is usually for travel in Europe to study some aspect of culture, history or art.

However, feeling that most European countries had already been visited and aiming for somewhere perhaps a little more adventurous, Marc Burditt and I decided to spend four weeks in Northern India! Our project was to study the various cultural influences of various races on the sub-continent, particularly the Moghuls, Rajputs and British. To do this we travelled in a rough triangle from Delhi to Bombay and Calcutta, moving on our return to Delhi to the mountains of Kashmir for a week. That was roughly our route but there were many detours, circlings and backrackings as well.

We travelled through India by train, spending two days and one night in each town and the next on the train as we moved towards another destination. In this way we were able to cover 4,500 miles during our stay, a feat most Indians, who seldom leave their home towns anyway, found almost beyond belief.

Our first days in India were the worst. New Delhi, although comparatively modern by Indian standards, was a stifling and boring city, with matters not being helped by my being seriously ill with gastroenteritis for the first few days due to a reaction from my malaria tablets. We nearly postponed our schedule but caught the train for Jaipur as planned. For most of the journey I was in a high fever and neither of us was prepared for the two locals who hustled us out of our compartment at 5.00 a.m. when we arrived at Jaipur. Thinking the train about to leave we jumped out; the train left half an hour later and only then did we realise that we had left our hat and umbrella behind. Little more than an hour later some troops we had taken photographs of tried to rob us and when we arrived at the Government Tourist Bungalow we found that they did have two beds but no running water, fans or food.

We were understandably depressed but cheered up as we travelled around Jaipur and Rajasthan. The local guides were very helpful, and the people extremely friendly, always engaging in conversation to improve their English. In an isolated village we met a Scottish "junkie" who had just finished his A levels and had come to

India to "Mellow Out." To say the least he was a very interesting character, as were many of the travellers we met.

In Calcutta alone, we made friends with two journalists, a Canadian student who had just spent a year teaching in China, an economic aid expert bound for Hyderabad and a mysterious, old, Irish gentleman who had spent the last twenty years in India.

Others we met included an English school teacher, sent by her local council to study the origins of her Bengali pupils, Evan, an attempted alternative comedian from England, John, an Australian postmaster, two English girls from Newcastle University who disapproved of Marc's hunting, Masahiko from Japan and the Caseys. They were an expatriate family who by lending us blankets when we were trekking in the Himalayas, probably saved us from freezing.

Amongst the Indians we met all sorts. On the trains we spoke to educated Professors, a Doctor who had studied medicine in London in the Fifties, a student on a religious pilgrimage to see the highly suspect Bhagwan Rajneesh and an expatriate worker coming home to see his grandparents before they died. There were horrific tourist hawks who would try to con us out of all our money and belongings, who were in tremendous contrast to the friendly and honest peasants of Rajasthan and Kashmir. We once even spoke to some young Roman Catholic English speaking girls trapped between their own Western education and homelife and their more traditional and sometimes oppressive surroundings.

The buildings — Indian, Moghul and British — were all remarkable in their own ways, particularly the Taj Mahal, the Victoria Memorial in Calcutta and the magical Moghul Gardens in Kashmir. But for us we must admit that our greatest pleasures and experiences came through meeting such different, fascinating people and in the natural beauty, sometimes opposed by terrible ugliness, of the country.

For Marc and I, our trip to India was more than just a holiday, we learnt to work together when in trouble and to get on with people from all cultures, races and social positions. It was an experience of a lifetime and our profound thanks must go to David Part and Colin Ansen, the two trustees, who generously sponsored us.

**R. D. Hansen-Luke
M. E. Burditt**

Strange Things Happen on the Geology Field Course!



Bas Nicholl and a Dartmoor pony expressing mutual affection on Hay Tor. (Easter 1987).



Justin Tew with a fox cub rescued from netting in Wood Eaton Quarry, Islip, Nr. Oxford. (Summer 1987).

Photos by Dr. M. Waldman.

SPORT HOCKEY

Artificial grass pitches are still the current topic of conversation in the hockey world. International matches have to be played on them and soon all top class competition will use them. Half the schools in Stowe's fixture list now possess a surface equivalent to 'Astro-turf', which inevitably improves the level of skill at all age levels. When the touring party went to Holland at Easter the best games were on perfect surfaces and everyone grew in confidence; it was exciting to watch. The hard surface at Stowe is too fast for the short corners to be taken with precision and other skills such as aerial passes have their limitations. Last year the weather allowed home matches to be played on grass; this year, because of the rain, several were played on the hard area and in future it would make better sense to stay with the quick-passing game throughout the season whatever the weather.

THE FIRST XI

W. J. P. Atkinson, as captain, commanded the side with cool authority. His ability to calm matters down and to inject the necessary urgency was masterful. R. B. Pumfrey, vice-captain, had power, determination and a will to gain possession but often the final touch failed him. There were one or two memorable games when he and T. H. A. Luer combined to thread through a defence and crack several fine goals. Luer has all the potential of a fine player. His stickwork deserves greater endurance and his whole game needs a higher work rate. N. A. C. Laurence, an old colour, was tireless at inside forward. His willingness to drive hard for the sake of others was the feature of his play and towards the end of the season he was rewarded with well taken goals for all his consistent endeavour. D. T. H. Rotheroe, the fourth old colour, was the linchpin of the defence with fearless tackling and a genuine pace that was an example to all defenders who think that there is less necessity for speed in a full back! The newcomers in the forward line were on the wings: T. W. Bailey on the right, A. C. N. Bewes on the left. Bailey was easily the fastest attacker of all the schools throughout the term. Unfortunately, he saw too little of the ball, which was a reflection of the team's inability to pass often enough down the right hand side. Bewes was always exact, accurate and tenacious in a difficult position on the left. His timing of a pass was usually too late but he has all the makings of a penetrating forward. The midfield was marshalled on either side by M. I. G. Smith and G. J. Amdor; both took a little time to show their best attributes. On a hard surface, Smith read the game with greater

awareness and vision than anyone — a reminder that hockey does not depend on size. His deft touch under pressure turned a dangerous moment to advantage time and again. G. J. Amdor was stronger when in possession of the ball than when shadowing his opponent. His balance and speed of reaction need improvement. There was competition for right back between C. F. B. da S. Peres and J. Kumar. Both played in the majority of matches because of the number of injuries during the term. Peres' commitment was total and only his anticipation and clearance were slower in comparison with Kumar, who moved sharply and effectively as a defender. In goal, on every occasion, was G. E. Holdsworth Hunt. His confidence grew with every game and it cannot be said that his few errors led to a defeat to the side as a whole. There are many occasions when a goalkeeper has an impossible rôle to play. His good eye was better in open play than at short corners. His style was unspectacular but nevertheless courageous; he was prepared to throw himself at the ball at the crucial moment. His experience should be very useful next year. Others who filled in places made vacant through injury included: C. D. R. Wolseley Brinton on the left wing, B. I. De Wynter and J. C. Mahbubani, both at half back. This year it was a young side who, if they are not complacent later on, could do well in 1989. Considerable thanks and praise should go to Atkinson for shaping a most pleasant group, on and off the field, and for an example as a leader with the right type of aggression within the spirit of the game.



T. W. Bailey

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks



1st XI v. Cheltenham — G. Amdor.

THE MATCHES

As a warm-up to the season, the Stowe Occasionals, in the form of the 1st XI played Bicester H.C., an evenly contested match in which the School went ahead in the first half and conceded one goal five minutes before the end. One defensive error at a critical moment is all it needs to change the scoreline. In several matches it was Stowe's lack of concentration rather than the opposition's superior skill that made the difference between winning and losing. Cambridge University Wanderers H.C. have provided strong teams in recent years prior to their own annual encounter with Oxford and to restrict them to one goal in each half was a valiant effort. The Radley game afforded full reign to the forwards, spear-headed by Luer and assisted by other goal scorers: Laurence (penalty flick) and Bewes. There was a will to win and a self-confidence in their own ability to keep the upper hand as much as possible. Bedford provided a most accomplished team, skilfully superior and more familiar than Stowe to their new artificial surface. Only one, second half goal in open play, separated the two sides. A rather flat-footed performance in defence always made Stowe look vulnerable and the burden of being without three senior players proved too much to bear. Away at Oundle, on a sliding red-grass surface, two teams with slow defences produced a high scoring match. In the end, Stowe concentrated the harder at the vital moments and were well pleased with a

victory. It was then down with a bump against Aldenham, as if there was a false assumption that goals would automatically happen with little graft. It was a very late equaliser that saved embarrassment. The motivation had returned by the Cheltenham game, probably because there was a score to settle from the previous year! Tenacious and resolute play created one of the more exciting games to watch and to savour. By now the 1st XI had experienced four different types of surface and should have been able to cope with a competent High Wycombe XI at Bisham Abbey. Further injuries and the wrong approach to the match meant a sorry result at a first class venue. A truly positive attitude had not returned for the Rugby game which turned out to be a rather tame affair and so the seesaw pattern of the term continued. All the best ingredients were present at Mill Hill with the larger slice of territorial advantage. The scoreline did not fully reflect the difference between the two teams. On another immaculate pitch, at Bradfield, an injustice was suffered! So much attacking play produced no goals because of the over-anxiety to score in the forwards. One slip, hardly noticed by many of the players, let in the softest of goals from which Stowe never recovered. The final match versus the Old Stoics rounded off the season well. Hard running, team spirit, selfless passing combined together for a convincing win. Looking back over the term, there has been a wide variety of style, temperament and experience channelled

to a common purpose in the pursuit of progress and improvement in the game. New words are being used in the sporting arena: 'confluence' and 'synergy' try to describe those special moments when a competitor is at one with his objectives and gains added energy when the team, as a whole, plays successfully together. Stoics are beginning to know what are the rewards of good sport and good sportsmanship and long may this learning process last.

Team: First XI: G. E. Holdsworth Hunt, D. T. H. Rotheroe, J. Kumar, M. I. G. Smith, W. J. P. Atkinson (Captain), G. J. Amdor, A. C. N. Bewes, N. A. C. Laurence, T. H. A. Luer, R. B. Pumfrey (Vice-Captain).

(All were awarded Colours).

Results: Played 12; Won 5; Drawn 2; Lost 5.

v. Bicester H.C.	Home	Drawn	1—1
v. Cambridge Wanderers	Home	Lost	0—2
v. St. Edward's, Oxford	Away	Cancelled	
v. Radley	Home	Won	4—1
v. Bedford College	Away	Lost	0—1
v. Oundle	Away	Won	4—3
v. Aldenham	Home	Drawn	1—1
v. Cheltenham	Home	Won	2—1
v. High Wycombe G.S.	Away	Lost	0—3
v. Rugby	Home	Lost	1—2
v. Mill Hill	Away	Won	1—0
v. Bradfield	Away	Lost	0—1
v. Old Stoics	Home	Won	3—1

AMSTERDAM

The city of canals, culture and colourful social life beckoned fourteen eager tourists for three days of festival hockey. The weather was warm and sunny after the wettest March on record. F.I.T. Hockey Club were generous hosts on the first afternoon where a 'friendly' game was played on a fine 'Astro-turf' pitch. Every player was given a run in a full match of good quality with a final score 1—2 to the home team. It was a useful warm-up for the two festival days held at Reigers H.C. at Hoofddorp outside Amsterdam. On the Saturday afternoon the programme included six games of 25 minutes each alternating with a girls tournament on the same pitches. The atmosphere was friendly, music played in the open air intermittently but the first contest was lost in a fit of nerves and tiredness. Morale was low at this point and yet from that moment on a determination set in, caution was thrown to the wind and everything went right. Steadily fluent, attractive hockey developed and there was no turning back. A jubilant team effort won that afternoon's trophy and celebrations went on into the evening's disco in the clubhouse.

Easter Sunday brought a more exacting set of matches amongst a stronger group of Dutch teams. The draw was not in Stowe's favour as the very best side squeezed a simple goal past a rather sleepy defence too early in the morning. Although all the remaining games were won, Stowe could not catch the eventual worthy winners, Bloemendaal, who boast several junior

internationals in their club side (thankfully not present on this day!)

Monday gave a glorious opportunity to see the varied and intriguing sights of the city; an historical nautical centre full of spring blooms, diamonds, Heineken beer and Rembrandtsplein coffee bars. The sordid side of the Red Light district was a passing amusement, whereas, for those who reached it, the Rijks museum gave profound pleasures in the mysteries of art. The long weekend was refreshing, different and successful. Our gratitude is extended to the many Dutch friends who looked after us so well, some of whom we look forward to meeting again in June at Stowe.

Tour Party: G. E. Holdsworth Hunt, D. T. H. Rotheroe, J. C. J. Burrough, M. I. G. Smith, S. McG. G. Smith, W. J. P. Atkinson (Captain), G. J. Amdor, T. W. Bailey, N. A. C. Laurence, R. B. Pumfrey, M. J. T. Jefferson, A. C. N. Bewes, F. C. Hawkings-Byass, C. D. R. Wolseley Brinton.

Results: Played 12; Won 9; Lost 3.
Winners of the Reigers Easter Festival.

v. F.I.T.	Lost	1—2
v. Rood Wit	Lost	0—1
v. Alliance	Won	2—0
v. Lille	Won	2—1
v. Katwijk	Won	2—1
v. Bloemendaal	Won	5—0
v. Reigers	Won	6—0
v. Bloemendaal	Lost	0—1
v. Reigers 'B'	Won	1—0
v. Lille	Won	3—0
v. Alliance	Won	4—1
v. Reigers 'A'	Won	7—1

HOUSEMATCHES

In the Six-a-Side Tournament, the Seniors was won by Chatham and the Juniors by Walpole. In the Eleven-a-Side competition two strong teams were depleted by injury and unavailability of key players. Cobham beat Grafton 1—0 in the Senior final and Chandos beat Walpole 1—0 in the Junior final. All matches were played on grass throughout both competitions without any days lost to rain!

THE OCCASIONALS

During the 1987/88 season the combined Masters and Boys XI has played four club sides with much enjoyment and success. It is appropriate at this point to thank two members of Staff who have contributed so much to the strength of Stowe's hockey over many years. Mr. R. M. Potter has coached the 4th XI with his customary modesty, considerable talent and genial humour. He played a dashing centre forward for the Occasionals. Mr. P. G. Longhurst has coached the 2nd XI and the Under 14 XI with a professional eye. As a Senior Hockey Association Coach he has taught more generations of Stoics the basic skills than anyone before him. As a player he filled the rôle of full back with mature athleticism. Later, as an umpire, he was selfless enough to offer his

services in the foulest of weather without a word of complaint. We shall miss both colleagues enormously; their friendship, their sportsmanship and their wit.

Results: Played 4; Won 2; Drawn 2.

v. Robert Gordon's College	Drawn	1—1
v. Bicester H.C.	Won	2—1
v. Maidenhead & Bray H.C.	Drawn	1—1
v. Old Stoics	Won	3—1

THE OLD STOICS

For the first time in many years the Old Stoics brought two teams to play the School and the Occasionals on the last weekend of term. It is pleasing to report the growing interest in hockey amongst the Old Boys, especially in their support for the Easter Festival at Torbay. This year, The Bats, their proper title, won their first cup and scored more goals than any other team at Torbay.

J.M.L.

SECOND XI

Early season predictions indicated a struggle this season with an inexperienced side. However, its determination and will to win were outstanding and many skilful sides found them difficult to play against. A very direct style of play was developed and many chances created — if not so many were converted. The defence was tight with only one goal conceded from open play all season.

Bedford were skilful and sharp but a 1—1 draw was well deserved. Oundle were outplayed and well beaten 2—1, while Aldenham were easily beaten 4—1. Cheltenham were beaten 2—1 by a top rate performance while High Wycombe were easily beaten 5—0. A very weak side beat Rugby 3—1, while Mill Hill were beaten 1—0.

Life was never easy for the side because of many first team injuries and indeed, the side which played Rugby more closely resembled the Third XI than the Second XI. Perhaps the greatest compliment which can be paid to this side is that on a number of occasions they were the only XI to achieve a result.

Woodford was sound and commanding in goal, while at full back Lavers, Corben and Kumar were determined. Smith, ma. and De Wynter added experience and common sense while Roberts captained the side well and showed many skilful touches. Gorlee and Wolseley-Brinton were skilful and effective while up front Martin created many opportunities for others by his bravery. Hawkings-Byass was top scorer with nine goals and always looked dangerous in front of goal while all the players worked hard for each other.

D.C.M.

COLTS XI

The statistics of the season — three wins, one draw and five losses — are respectable, the story behind them one of initial disappointment but ultimate encouragement. The lesson that ability counts for nothing unless allied to concentration, determination and mutual support was learned the hard way in the first five games — all defeats — and turned to advantage with a very consistent showing in the final four matches.

Bedford and Cheltenham were good sides and deserved their clear-cut victories. Radley, Oundle and Aldenham, however, all scored their winning goals in the last few minutes of games which could easily have gone the other way. Highlight of the term was a pulsating end-to-end encounter with Rugby, when early good finishing was balanced by desperate defence in the closing stages to deny the equaliser.

In a brief report it is perhaps invidious to name individuals in what was essentially a team performance. However, Hazell led the team with great verve, Burrough and Jefferson eventually translated their skill into goals and Would made dangerous and constructive forays down the left wing. Pumfrey played sensibly at the heart of the defence and Stoppard ma. developed a more aggressive tackle. Overall, this was an enjoyable and worthwhile term's hockey played in impeccable sporting spirit by a pleasant group of individuals who finally welded themselves into a team.

G.A.C.

Team: R. C. M. Houghton, W. Stoppard, ma., M. Skjøtt, T. S. Mash, M. W. Pumfrey, mi., R. D. Hazell (Captain), G. J. F. Miller, B. Tuttle, J. C. J. Burrough, M. J. T. Jefferson, P. A. Would.

Also played: M. C. G. Atkinson, mi., M. P. Kaunda, J. J. Sander, J. M. T. B. Berthoin.

Results: v. Radley	Lost	0—1
v. Bedford	Lost	0—5
v. Oundle	Lost	2—3
v. Aldenham	Lost	1—2
v. Cheltenham	Lost	0—4
v. R.G.S. High Wycombe	Won	5—0
v. Rugby	Won	2—1
v. Mill Hill	Drawn	0—0
v. Bradfield	Won	4—2

COLTS 'B' XI

Matches cancelled because of poor weather and a slightly pessimistic mood among some of the team led to an uninspired performance during the first half of the term. Once victory had been tasted, by soundly defeating the Colts 'A' team in a practice game, however, there was no holding back the 'B' XI, and some goal-hungry forwards emerged to menace and even enter the opposition's circle. The defence played their part too with Chiu, following in Powles' footsteps, saving two penalty flicks by Rugby. The greatest

strength lay in midfield where Sander (Captain) and his fellow halves usually dominated the game.

Team from: J. J. Sander, A. Y-K. Chiu, M. W. Hogbin, mi., L. D. Powles, T. D. McEwen, ma., J. M. T. B. Berthoin, R. P. Wachman, C. J. J. W. Hodgson, S. C. Cormack, N. P. Blackwood, mi., M. P. Kaunda, M. C. G. Atkinson, mi., J. L. P. Sayell, O. N. E. Barker, mi., P. A. J-C. Marshall.

Results: v. Radley	Away	Lost	0-4
v. Cheltenham	Away	Lost	0-2
v. Bedford Mod.	Home	Won	4-2
v. Rugby	Away	Won	1-0
v. Mill Hill	Home	Won	2-0

M.J.B.

JUNIOR COLTS XI

The team ended the season very creditably with three wins, one draw and four losses, an improvement on previous performances. The boys enjoyed playing the game, accepting each new challenge with relish, and certainly benefited from being able to play for such a long uninterrupted season and on some of the best hockey surfaces. However 'Astraturf' did not seem to suit our game, as we played much more confidently on good grass pitches. Only the matches against Radley and Rugby were beyond our reach and many of the others were decided by one goal.

Our defence was suspect against skilful forwards who dribbled the ball, as so many of our tackles were ill-timed and without support. Also without tight marking the opposition players were allowed time and opportunity to create more openings. This is one aspect of the game which must be given extra thought in the future. However one could not fault the effort. Gorlee, Watson and Dawson covered acres of ground to plug leaky holes, before Flower joined the ranks, giving us a much tighter defence. Green, as sweeper, and captain, was splendid, both on and off the field; his organisation and inspiration demonstrated maturity and common sense. Beveridge, Mackenzie and de la Pena were very industrious in midfield, trying very hard to set up the momentum for attack. All players need to learn the need for finding space early, when in possession of the ball, and when to close ranks when the opposition have it.

Ferrand and Murray demonstrated some elusive wing play and provided many scoring opportunities with some well-timed crosses, which Morris and Escott tried valiantly to convert into goals. Again, time must be spent on first-time shooting on target as many games suffered through our lack of finishing in front of goal. Mention must be made, however, of our own goalkeeper, King. He bravely rules the circle and saved many a well aimed shot and with a greater awareness of positioning, for angled shots on goal, looks to be a very promising player of the future.

A very encouraging season, congratulations to all players. Practice makes perfect must be your motto for the future!

Players in Squad: R. J. Q. Green, D. S. Beveridge, J. K. S. Mackenzie, J. M. de la Pena, J. R. H. Murray, L. H. Ferrand, C. M. King, M. Gorlee, mi., G. A. C. Dawson, J. Escott, M. J. C. Flower, A. P. Hayward, W. L. C. Morris, T. H. P. Russell, B. A. W. Rowse.

Results: v. St. Edward's	Cancelled
v. Radley	Lost 0-4
v. Bedford	Cancelled
v. Oundle	Won 1-0
v. Aldenham	Lost 0-1
v. Cheltenham	Lost 0-1
v. High Wycombe	Drawn 1-1
v. Rugby	Lost 1-4
v. Mill hill	Won 2-1
v. Bradfield	Won 4-2

L.E.W.

JUNIOR COLTS 'B' XI

The final score-sheet (3 wins, 2 losses, 3 cancellations; 11 goals for, 5 against) reflects a season of mixed fortunes and inclement weather. Pitches were never ideal for really skilful hockey, but the high level of enthusiasm and determination of all those who played more than compensated for this. To all members of the team, regulars and occasionals, congratulations on a good sporting performance, in victory and defeat. Especial thanks to T. H. P. Russell who, having captained the side for most of the season at the expense of a place in the 'A' team, was injured in the last match and is still in plaster!

D.J.E.

UNDER 14 XI

This year's Under 14 team was one of considerable promise, but potential takes time to come to fruition, particularly as a large proportion of Stoics come from non-hockey playing preparatory schools. All those who played were determined to improve their skills, and it was a pity that the wet weather made it necessary to play most days on the quagmire called 'South Front—Pitch 4.' J. A. Dare made a brave goalkeeper who is bound to improve as time goes by — he particularly needs to learn from experience when to intercept passes which come across his goal. I. D. Goodchild, G. I. Scrase and M. P. Bazeley all played well at full-back, and in addition to breaking up a large number of the attacks of their opponents, they showed the ability of distributing balls to their team-mates sensibly. O. G. M. Dury was an excellent Captain and centre half, and when he learns better positional play he will become an extremely good hockey player — but he may well develop into a centre forward as time goes by. R. E. Larcombe, at left-half played extremely well, showed considerable potential, and as he grows in strength should become a fine player. W. Manning was a good defensive right half and when he learns to hit the ball harder he will be a

very useful player. The forwards found it difficult to score goals but they were all prepared to practise hard to improve in this respect. G. Sofraci is an excellent dribbler but must release the ball earlier to those in a better position to shoot at goal. E. Stoppard improved with every match he played and hit many fine centres, while P. A. Williams, R. S. Symes, R. A. Perei and G. J. Amdor all played significant parts for the team. R. G. Burke played at inside right and displayed considerable potential and given normal development will make an outstanding contribution to Stowe hockey in the years to come. Others who played were H. G. Pearl, J. H. S. Pratt, S. J. Denning and C. E. M. Mash, and all these may well feature in future teams. All in all this was a year of promise; they were extremely pleasant to have as a group, and there is no doubt that the future of Stowe hockey is in good hands.

**P.G.L.
C.J.G.A.**

GIRLS HOCKEY

In all, twenty-four girls have played hockey for the School this season and I must say whoever has been selected, she has given her very best. We have played a total of ten matches: Won 2: Drawn 3: and Lost 5.

The two games that we won were away fixtures versus Warriner 1-0 and against Magdalene in the snow we came away with a very good 2-1 victory. Also the two matches we had against St. Edward's were very exciting and hard fought, both resulting in draws of 1-1 and 2-2.

This year we are not the most skilled at hockey or indeed the most 'healthy' — the Sanatorium has on many a 'match day' played host to half the team — but at least the girls have given 100% effort and rallied around the Hockey Captain, Mel Harris's eagerness and enthusiasm. Because so many have had a taste of match play we have at least obtained some depth in our forces for next season and with plenty of hard work and practice we will have success.

D. C. Bisp

NETBALL

Under the captaincy of Katie Downing, the netball team has been undefeated this season. The team has obtained very high scores in matches thanks to the accuracy of the two shooters, Georgina Woolley and Katie Downing. They could not score the goals, however, without the back-up of the rest of the team, who have shown great tenacity and determination, and have kept the ball largely in the attacking half.

Congratulations to C. J. Downing and M. J. Fuentes who have gained county colours for the North Bucks U.21 and U.18 teams.

Team: Nicola J. Cooper, Melissa J. Fuentes, Sally D. Searby, Yta A. Nicholson, Leysa M. Kay, Helen G. G. Corner, Georgina E. H. Woolie, Katie J. Downing.

Good Reserve work from: Helena C. Bailey, Thomasena M. Boddy and Joanna E. Morison.

B. A. Taylor



By N. F. Q. Terry

RUGBY

FIRST XV

With so many key players absent from the previous season, rebuilding the team was the main objective. The back division in particular suffered through lack of experience. The matches were predictable, though with a slice of good fortune the results against Oakham and Radley would have been in our favour. However, far too often we began too slowly, allowing the opposition the advantage and the opportunity to find a rhythm which was very difficult for us to break. We needed to rely on teamwork and spirit, as our physical presence and skills were not as prominent as those of some of the opposition. Speed and mobility were our aims and Peres and Hawkings-Byass were outstanding in their ball-winning capacity. We relied heavily on their ability to form a platform, so that our threequarters could be released with fast, clean second-phase ball. Too often, however, heavier, bigger packs so dominated the scrum that the effectiveness of our back row was nullified. Consequently our backs had to cover much ground and soak up so much pressure in defence.

Bramley as hooker, replacing the appendix-recuperating captain, played with great determination and effort, so much so in fact that White went to prop on his return to leading the side. Reed, Arlon and Dawson constituted our other regular members of the front row union, a

department where we were struggling to hold our own, though all who played did so with great commitment and often under extreme provocation and pressure. In the second row, King, Holland, Marr and Weatherby all played with distinction at times, though never with the consistency of work rate one demands of the 'powerhouse.' The lineouts were suspect until shortened or when we were using the tail.

At scrum-half Atkinson was an outstanding tactician and his departure at half term with an ankle injury was a sad loss for the team, as indeed was the other injury we sustained on the tour to Arlon, one of the strongest and most dependable forwards. Amdor, and latterly De Wynter played very soundly as substitutes for scrum half however. Pumfrey played well as outside half all season, even though it was not his accustomed full back position. His rôle as vice-captain and his solidity in defence were tremendous assets to the team. Outside him Rotheroe, Macintosh, Amdor and Bailey all played with extreme zest and enthusiasm, though at times fell victim to their individual inexperience. Hesketh was a master tackler and it will be a long time before we see such an example of wing-threequarter defence as we witnessed at Cheltenham. If the rest of the team had displayed half as much spirit and determination that day the result could have been much different. Laurence at the back also showed some touches of competitive genius.

Photograph by N. T. Gartside



First XV v. Rugby: From Left to right: P. E. R. White, N. A. Holland, G. H. B. Martin, F. C. Hawkings-Byass, B. Hesketh, W. J. P. Atkinson.

All round the team demonstrated a degree of motivation, though it must be said that there were times when real grit and determination to succeed were lacking. In France, when against the odds, we glimpsed true spirit and competitiveness, but we could not reproduce anything like that form on home soil. Injuries to key players did not help, however, though those boys who substituted for front line players acquitted themselves admirably. I look forward to seeing some of the younger members of the team emerging next season as leaders.

First XV Colours:

Re-awarded: R. B. Pumfrey, P. E. R. White.

Awarded: J. H. Bramley, F. C. Hawkings-Byass, B. Hesketh, N. A. C. Laurence, C. F. B. da Peres, D. T. H. Rotheroe.

Second XV Colours:

Awarded: G. J. Amdor, ma., J. N. Arlon, ma., W. J. P. Atkinson, ma., T. W. Bailey, M. H. Dawson, N. A. Holland, C. M. King, A. E. Macintosh, ma., A. M. Marr, ma., M. G. Reed, D. G. Talbot, R. C. Weatherby, B. I. de Wynter.

Results:	v. Old Stoics	Drawn	6—6
	v. Eton	Won	11—7
	v. Radley	Lost	9—10
	v. Oakham	Lost	3—9
	v. Rugby	Lost	3—24
	v. Crepy	Won	8—4
	v. Clermont	Won	32—6
	v. Oundle	Lost	0—24
	v. Bedford	Won	11—7
	v. Cheltenham	Lost	0—16
	v. St. Edward's	Lost	7—16
	v. Mill Hill	Won	4—3
	v. Royal Latin	Won	12—3
	v. Bedford Modern	Lost	3—19

L.E.W.

SECOND XV

This was a season in which the Stowe team had to work hard for every victory, whilst their opponents were forced to exhibit similar determination if they wished to gain the honours. The pack was often lighter than the opposition and inferior in the set scrums, but a combination of good line-out play and a lively back row provided valuable possession for the speedy back division. The side played with commendable spirit and determination in both victory and defeat, and nowhere was this more apparent than in the penultimate match against an unbeaten St. Edward's team.

Amongst the backs, Baker proved to be a dependable full-back and gained valuable penalty points when he was on his best kicking form. Kerr-Muir and Talbot often showed speed and determination on the wings, and scored several fine tries. Diamond and S. Smith, inside and outside centres respectively, made an effective combination, and one hopes that the former will learn to follow the latter's example of excellent, decisive tackling. The half-back partnership of scrum-half De Wynter and fly-half Wolsey Brinton provided great stability, both players displaying composure in defence and resourceful-

ness in attack, the former by his opportunist breaks, the latter by impressive kicking for touch.

For the forwards T. Watson and Roeder (who also stepped in as a competent hooker) proved to be sturdy props for the enthusiastic and determined captain and hooker, Lawman. Holland and A. Marr combined to provide an effective second row, both players gaining valuable line-out possession. Holland also set a fine example as captain for the last two matches with his spirited contribution to the team's performance. Perhaps the greatest asset for the side was the splendid, indefatigable back row trio of Todd, Airikkala and C. Hesketh. Whether at the back of the line-out or in open play Airikkala posed threats for his opponents, whilst Todd's determination was apparent in the kicks he charged down and the opportunities he created. The ubiquitous Hesketh made his presence felt in every match with his uncanny ability to grab the ball and score tries in the most unpromising situations.

Finally, mention should be made of two other names: first, Veale for his match-winning and match-saving tackle over at Mill Hill; and last but not least, I. Dunton, whose impeccable touch-judging and loyal, willing support could only have boosted the team's morale.

Team: T. W. Baker, E. J. T. Kerr-Muir, S. McG. G. Smith, A. J. H. Diamond, D. G. Talbot, C. D. R. Wolsey Brinton, B. I. De Wynter, R. A. Roeder, M. J. M. Lawman, T. H. J. Watson, A. G. Marr, N. A. Holland, G. H. Todd, N. J. Airikkala, C. J. C. Hesketh.

Team-judge: I. P. Dunton.

Second XV Colours have been awarded to: N. J. Airikkala, T. W. Baker, A. J. H. Diamond, C. J. C. Hesketh, E. J. T. Kerr-Muir, M. J. M. Lawman, R. A. Roeder, S. McG. G. Smith, G. H. Todd, T. H. J. Watson, C. D. R. Wolsey Brinton.

Results:	v. Old Stoics	Home	Won	12—7
	v. Eton	Away	Won	16—0
	v. Radley	Away	Lost	7—17
	v. Oakham	Home	Drawn	7—7
	v. Rugby	Home	Lost	0—4
	v. Oundle	Home	Lost	0—10
	v. Bedford	Home	Won	6—4
	v. Cheltenham	Home	Lost	7—15
	v. Mill Hill	Away	Won	4—3
	v. St. Edward's	Away	Lost	7—12
	v. Bedford Modern	Away	Won	22—0

H.D.M.

JUNIOR COLTS 'A' XV

It was clear from the start that this would be no easy season: there were simply too few "natural" rugby players in the squad. However, there very quickly emerged a team prepared to play with enough enthusiasm, energy and determination to cause its various opponents all sorts of problems and to notch up some good victories.

Perhaps, inevitably, spirit and fire served the forwards better than it did the backs, and the pattern of play evolved inexorably into the recurring situation of our exerting massive and

sustained pressure on the try line but rarely crossing it successfully: a set of affairs which, when combined with the odd breakaway score from the opposition, could hardly be more demoralising, and left us with two particularly tantalising last-minute, single-score-margin defeats—at home to Radley (0-4) and away at Oakham (8-4). It is to the team's credit that, with no kickers and therefore no option but to keep hurling themselves at the line, so far from becoming demoralised, their determination grew and was eventually rewarded with a good win at Rugby (0—8).

After half-term came some packs much harder to dominate and, therefore, some titanic struggles resulting in one or two key injuries and something of a rough patch in terms of results, though the season was concluded with a good, close win (4—3) over Bedford Modern after a tough and keenly contested match. It was a good way for an affable, gutsy, reliable and fun team to complete its season, and I hope the improvement so deservedly achieved will lead to an even better season next year.

Team: M. A. Foster, J. Escott, E. P. Kavindele, M. P. H. King, mi., L. H. Ferrand, D. S. Beveridge (Vice-Capt.), A. R. B. Bellew, O. P. M. Seale, A. P. Hayward, A. C. H. Watson, mi., M. J. C. Flower, T. A. R. Crosthwaite, M. J. McNeil (Capt.), M. G. R. Yannaghas, A. E. Beattie.

Also Played: R. E. M. Canavan, B. M. Teckoe, K. D. R. Callow, D. M. Fincham, J. M. A. Evans, J. K. S. Mackenzie, H. W. Munt, mi., G. A. E. Dawson, mi., M. S. P. Boyd.

Results: Won 4; Lost 7; Drawn 1; Points for 79; Points against 133.

S.G.A.H.

COLTS 'A' XV

The statistics of 11 games played and 11 defeats make grim reading. On the surface it appears that the season was one of failure. True, no games were won and tries were few and far between, but if points were given for effort and tries for determination then the Colts would have been unbeaten.

All too often Stowe Colts played against heavier, taller, faster, stronger opponents and a large proportion of points conceded were push-over tries or tries from five metres when determination proved fallible against superior mass and velocity. It is not to say that the team was without talent and admirable qualities. Arlon led the Colts with determination until his bad injury. Stoppard proved himself to be an excellent full back; his tackling and catching were exemplary. The tackling of Tuttle, Wates and Berthoin was ferocious and there was aggressive running from Ridley and Nathan-Marsh, when they got the ball. There was Pumphrey's fine kicking, the covering and firmness of Sander, Burrough's safe hands, Hogbin's hooking, the line-out aggression of Skjott and Sampson and Hill was a press-ganged but very mobile prop.

Their game against Oundle, played on the South Front in front of a large crowd, was a fine example of massive determination and courage. They reduced last year's defeat of 0—68 to 0—24, and played an extra ten minutes.

However, there were three games that the Colts could have won, but luck was not on their side. A big disappointment was the defeat by the Royal Latin School when they lost very much against the run of play.

The Colts ended the season with a feeling of being part of a team, a team that had given of their best and a team which, though suffering constant defeat, had an attitude that was a credit to Stowe.

The following played: W. Stoppard, ma., O. Nathan-Marsh, G. B. K. Ridley, J. M. T. B. Berthoin, B. Tuttle, T. D. L. Arlon, J. J. Sander, L. A. Wates, M. Skjott, C. P. Sampson, M. W. Hogbin, M. N. Pumphrey, J. M. A. Hill, J. C. J. Burrough, W. G. M. Pinney, A. Y-K. Chiu, M. J. T. Jefferson.

K.M.

THE YEARLINGS

Once again the new intake provided some large, athletic boys and we produced two good packs of forwards, capable of winning more than their fair share of ball. Billington and Cahusac formed the corner-stones of the front row and were ably supported by Carlo and Spanier at second row. Symes looks an excellent prospect in the back row, as does Hewett, and with a little more weight they should mature into ferocious ball winners.

In the backs division we were much luckier this year and found some excellent ball-handlers who loved to attack and showed much flair. Unfortunately their offensive play was not matched by their defence and we gave away many tries through poor tackling and refusing to pressurise our opponents. Sofraci, at fly-half, was the only real exception and handled and tackled well, although his kicking was not always tactical. Denning, Lambourne and Pearl all have the potential to become accomplished players, but need more bite and determination in their game at present. Williams gave good service at full-back and Stoppard, mi. was ever courageous at scrum-half, occasionally having to tidy up some very scrappy ball.

We scored victories against Royal Latin, Cokethorpe and Oakham but were beaten by all other teams, although one or two matches were very close and could easily have gone either way.

The 'B' Team did not fair much better but were rarely beaten by more than a few points and players such as Emery, Scrase, Burke, Whetherly, Dury, Larcombe and Amdor could easily be pushing for 'A' Team places in years to come.

M.D.

F.J.L.

FENCING

This term has seen a renewal of fencing matches, at long last. We now have a number of enthusiastic fencers in the Club, who are keen to pit themselves against others. There have been two matches. In the first, against St. Edward's, we had to fence in the Marble Hall, the Drayson Hall being used for other activities. The opposition looked fast and fierce in their preliminaries, but in the actual conflict Stowe triumphed. Specially notable was that our victory was largely due to the victories of two girls in our team, Fiona Pollard and Emily Swanick. Fiona took up fencing at Stowe when she first came here, and her enthusiasm has been the encouragement to have matches again. Emily joined Stowe from Tudor Hall, and was already proficient. Both won three of their four bouts. Russell Canavan (5) had the bad luck to lose two bouts on the single hit, or our winning margin might have been greater.

Against Abingdon, Christopher Allerton was unable to fence, and the match was between teams of three. This was perhaps as well, since we were late starting, and only just finished in time for afternoon school as it was. We were perhaps unlucky to lose by one bout. We got more hits though (29-27).

We have a number of quite keen beginners, who are showing promise. I hope that they will continue with their fencing. We would like to see more of the girls fence. It is a sport in which they can compete equally — at least in foil (sabre is deemed too rough!)

Team and Results: C. E. D. Allerton (8) won 2, lost 2.

Team and Results: C. E. O. Allerton won 2, lost 2. Fiona E. Pollard won 3, lost 4. Emily H. M. Swanwick won 5, lost 2. R. E. M. Canavan won 4, lost 3.

Matches: v. St. Edward's Won 10—6
v. Abingdon Lost 4—5

C.D.M.

SOCCER

The 1987/88 season began with two house competitions. Grenville won the 5-a-side competition, beating Grafton 1—0 in the final. Lyttelton won the Senior 7-a-side competition, beating Chatham 2—1 in the final.

There were three school matches during the Autumn term. The senior team were beaten 5—2 by Rugby, but then beat Carmel College 5—2. The Under 16 team were beaten 3—2 by Rugby.

During the Spring Term the senior team lost 6—0 to Radley. The Under 16 team beat Akeley Wood 4—1. The final senior match of the season was against the staff. The staff had the benefit of Damian Talbot's father, who used to be a professional footballer. The senior team just lost 6—7.

The numbers opting for Monday extra soccer are steadily rising. The school teams are chosen from these people. We are always happy to see new members.

T.C.

GOLF

In a Spring Term much milder than usual the complete programme of five matches was played. Harrow were beaten at Moor Park 4—2, several who don't often play for the School acquitting themselves creditably. A strong Old Stoic side was beaten 5—1 at Stowe, and even though most of our players were receiving shots this was still a fine effort, with Oliver Dury 3 under par when he beat Peter Simmons 6 and 5 taking pride of place. Matches against Ellesborough and Northampton County Golf Clubs (away) were lost by 2½—½ and 4½ and 3½ respectively, but most players were giving the opposition shots on handicap, and the same was true of the match against Buckingham which was halved.

We went to Wokingham with a strong side and with high hopes of victory in the Micklem Tournament. However, the eventual winners, Winchester, defeated us 3—2 in the first round. We won a tremendous tustle against Eton in the first round of the Plate, the deciding match going to the 21st, with Simon Corben defeating his opposite number after fine golf by both players. Reaction set in in the Plate Final when we lost 4—1 to Charterhouse.

The overall standard at Woking this year was very high, and there is no doubt that other schools are improving as they build their own courses. Tom Luer was one over par when he won one of his matches 2 and 1, and David Rotheroe had three consecutive birdies fired at him in the final of the Plate.

We have just won our second round of the School Foursomes against Repton at Coventry by 2½—½ at Coventry at the start of the Summer Term, and now have one more round to win in order to reach the national finals in July.

Micklem Team: D. T. H. Rotheroe, P. J. Hale, T. H. A. Luer, S. R. C. Corben, T. W. Bailey (Captain), D. P. W. Hope-Johnstone.

M. D. D.

ETON FIVES

The 1987-88 Fives season has shown encouraging improvement both in the number of boys playing and the standards achieved.

Enthusiasm and dedication were key factors in a season of many challenging matches, the highlight of which was a 3-2 win over Uppingham. The return of G. C. Hooper to the Fives game did much to strengthen the First Senior Pair.

The Colts, with their enthusiasm and performance, proved to be the backbone of the School's Fives strength. The Junior Colts put a lot of work into their game but did not have many wins to show for it. The Yearlings made a very encouraging start and things look very good for future seasons.

The School was represented at the National Eton Fives Championships, held at Eton in March, by R. D. Hazell, J. H. Hutter, R. M. A. Fisher, A. J. D. Marshall-Andrew, ma., R. G. Hill-Walker, D. M. Amdor, R. C. Samuel, J. N. Marshall-Andrew, mi. Colours for the season have been awarded to: Hooper, Fisher, Skjott, Marshall-Andrew, ma. My thanks go to C. M. King (Captain) and C. T. Marfleet (Secretary) for their support over the season.

M.H.

D. of E.'s AWARD SCHEME

Last Summer Term's Field Day expeditions were to Derbyshire for Bronze, Silver and Gold groups. The weather on the Monday was by no means summery and reminded everyone that hill-walking in Britain requires cold-weather equipment all year round.

The Summer camp in the Cairngorms was a success with all the participants being praised by the assessors. Mr. Hancock also showed us how to run up hillsides (see photograph).

This academic year began with a large increase in the number of participants, including a number of girls aiming for Gold awards. The Bronze group went to Shropshire for the Autumn Field Day, the Silver and Gold groups went to the Brecon Beacons.

This Spring Term's Field Day expeditions were to the Forest of Dean for the Bronze group and to Derbyshire for the Silver and Gold groups.

Whilst most participants have walked well and enjoyed their Community Service, Skill and Physical Recreation, it is regrettable that so many need to be pushed into completing the paper-work.

Many thanks yet again to the staff, without whose dedication the award scheme would not be possible.

T.C.

CROSS-COUNTRY

This has been one of Cross-Country's most memorable and successful seasons. A number of firsts were achieved. It was the first time in many years that we have beaten Bradfield College at Bradfield, Malvern College on their 'Mountain' and Radley at Radley.

The First VIII beat sixteen teams and lost to only Rugby and Oundle, both on days when we were at rather less than full strength.

S. E. Montford and A. E. Macintosh both had an outstanding season. Montford won six matches outright and came second in the rest. Macintosh rapidly became our second-string runner and joined Montford as our only sub-29 minutes runners on the Senior Match Course. R. J. B. Sebire was new to school cross-country, and after training hard in the close season, he established himself as third string runner. Shortly behind were G. H. Todd and C. R. Lascelles with very reliable performances. H. M. Cairns barely made the U.17 team last year, but after a term of very determined close season training he earned a well deserved position in the First VIII. W. W. M. Chambré came out of retirement and showed a great deal of improvement over the season. We were lucky that R. J. Spencer joined us full time just when illness was beginning to weaken us.

The U.17 VIII had a very encouraging season beating eleven schools and losing to five. E. F. de Jonge was unfortunately hit by illness but gave very good performances when fit. M. J. McNeil and new boy M. Y. Gronan could always be relied on to be with the first six finishers and there were solid performances by O. Nathan-Marsh, C. R. Wright, K. G. B. Edwards, J. D. C. Davies and M. A. Foster.

The U.15 VIII showed much promise and beat six out of twelve schools. O. J. Carlo won four matches outright and although he was disappointed not to take the Junior Course Record he had a season of which he can be proud.

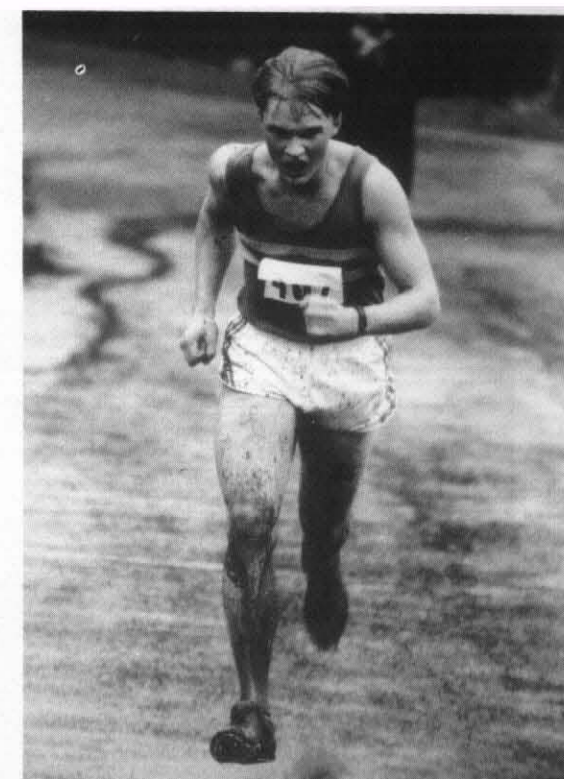
Another first was the staging of the Bucks. Schools Cross-Country Championships. As is usually the case on these occasions it poured with rain all day, but the 400 runners enjoyed the challenge of the Stowe courses and the delightful tea in the Marble Hall. It was a very happy afternoon despite the weather. The First VIII won the Senior County Trophy. The U.17 VIII came second and U.15 came first in their class and third overall. Montford and Macintosh were selected to run for the County Team in the English Schools Cross-Country Championships held at St. Helen's, Merseyside. On yet another wet day Montford and Macintosh gave one of their best performances, coming 155th and 219th respectively. To put these results in perspective they competed against nearly 400 runners selected from many thousands throughout the country. They helped Buckinghamshire come first in the Minor Counties and thirteenth overall.

What made this such a memorable season for me was not just the successes but the dedication, team-spirit and good humour of the First VIII. I have never seen such determination in training. Cross-Country teams can often be a collection of individuals only interested in their own

performance. Not so this season. It was the success of the First VIII that mattered to everyone and it was delightful to see the early finishers run back to encourage the others. How lucky we are that most will be running again next season. We do, however, say 'goodbye' to Sebire and Chambré — thank you both for your contribution to this great season and good luck for the future.

Finally, a big thank you to all those unsung heroes who stand out in all weathers to timekeep or mark courses. Without them the sport could not take place. Over a hundred Stoics assisted with the smooth running of the County Championships and won the admiration of many of our visitors.

G.L.P.



R. J. Spencer

Photo by J. W. Fooks



The Headmaster presents the Senior County Trophy to members of the First VIII. Left to right Back Row: H. Cairns, S. Montford, C.G.T., A. Macintosh, G. Todd. Left to right Front Row: R. Sebire, J. Spence, C. Lascelles.

Photo by Bucks Advertiser



Simon Montford

Photo by C. Price-Thomas



Alastair Macintosh

Photo by C. Price-Thomas

C.C.F.

At the beginning of December a convoy of Landrovers appeared coming over the Oxford Bridge, fanning out into various hides in the grounds. The cavalry had arrived, led by Lieutenant Atkinson, Old Stoic Troop Commander in the Queen's Own Mercian Yeomanry. These Territorial Army soldiers were at Stowe for a weekend exercise, designed to test their infantry skills. Stowe C.C.F. cadets acted as the enemy. The Q.O.M.Y. settled down into their O.P.'s and sent out patrols. The enemy (Stowe's cadets) sent out counter-patrols. In some cases the cadets experienced capture and interrogation, subjects not normally covered in the C.C.F. syllabus. The catch almost included a Housemaster, unaware that he was about to pounce on a fully armed soldier thinking it might be a nocturnal Stoic. In the early morning, the Territorial Army had moved on to the enemy's position at the Bourbon Tower. Stowe's cadets fought bravely in the face of a fierce attack with superior fire power. It was a close thing, victory only being clinched by the Q.O.M.Y., the cadets

having previously agreed to lose for the sake of the exercise; after all we wanted the Yeomanry to come back again in the future.

Field Day in February had one of the most varied programmes for some time. The Naval Section's boats were still in winter storage and so they took to the hills, successfully completing a self-reliance exercise in the Peak District. The Advanced Infantry Section became executive for the weekend, by helping to trial a leadership course run by the Royal Anglians for civilian managers. A few miles away from these initiative tasks and team testing events, the R.E.M.E. Section was testing its mechanical skills. A series of problems were set for the cadets and about half a million pounds worth of sophisticated recovery equipment was at their disposal. They were shown how to diagnose faults on an engine and cut damaged track links from a tank. With an electronic box of tricks and a highly expensive recovery truck, one cadet at a time rescued a heavy goods vehicle from an overturned position. Activities culminated in a team event to recover an armoured personnel carrier stuck in a ditch.



Army Scholar C/Sgt. P. J. L. Jenkins.

Photo by J. W. Ffooks

This is the first time the section has had any experience in field recovery, enabling the cadets to realise that there is more to R.E.M.E. than engine maintenance. The recruits went to the Royal Pioneer Corps at Bicester for the annual inter-section competition, won this year by Sergeant P. Jenkins and his section. The best individual performance was recorded by Cadet P. Askari.

The Adventure Training camp took place during the Easter vacation and was based at Crickhowell near Brecon. The programme included a three-day expedition in the Black Mountains, canoeing, abseiling and rock climbing. The majority of cadets were in their first year in the C.C.F. and although inexperienced, they achieved all the training objectives set. They excelled when taken around a commando-style assault course by the Adjutant of the Army Camp at Crickhowell. This is one of the few courses that involves a river as part of the obstacles. Lieutenant-Commander Manisty bravely encouraged the cadets along the route by participating as well. After climbing over barriers, crawling through water filled pipes and muddy tunnels and wading along a river a few times, the open hills looked all the more inviting; they were in fact, in the fortunate weather conditions this year, much drier!

The Signals Section now has a successor to Lieutenant-Commander Rainer who retired last year. Mr. David Gatehouse has agreed to run the Section and has been busy reading the manuals and getting used to the equipment.

Forthcoming events include our Biennial Inspection in June. The Coldstream Guards will be presenting the Coldstream Cup this year. Last year's competition was closely fought; can Temple win it again? For camps this summer we are fortunate to have two attachments, one for the first year cadets with the Royal Signals in Catterick and the other with the Grenadier Guards in Germany. The Royal Naval Section will be sailing on the Clyde.

For the last three years, the contingent has had an Army Scholar in its ranks. This year is no exception and congratulations go to Sergeant Jenkins who has been awarded an Army Scholarship.

M.J.S.

Senior Cadets: U/O: A. Wolcough.
U/O: B. Hesketh.
Petty Officer: W. Fraser-Allen.
C.S.M.: H. Burford-Taylor, ma.
C.S.M.: B. I. De Wynter.
Colour Sergeant: C. C. P. Woodford.

C.C.F.

R.N. Section:

Field Day: Peak District:

We were all dropped off in our three groups at different places in the heart of the Derbyshire Peak District. We had to walk to the Youth

Hostel finding our own way using O.S. maps, compasses and our own initiative. The rucksacks, packed with spare clothing and waterproofs, made it uncomfortable to lumber up and down the windy moors. The next day, after a prompt start, we climbed up the steep side of Kinder Scout, made our way to a Trig. point and then split up into groups, before returning by Land Rover and minibus, after a tiring and exhilarating Field Day.

I. Darányi (A.B.)

STOWE BEAGLES

The Beagles had a slow start this season owing to prevailing dry weather, but it was soon followed by a memorable day: the opening meet at the Crown Inn, Weston.

Hunting continued throughout the holidays with the Kennel Huntsman (whom I must thank for doing a wonderful job of looking after the beagles) whipping-in, whilst I hunted the hounds.

My Joint Master, Marc Burditt, took over hunting hounds at the beginning of the Spring Term with a very exciting day at Handley Park Farm where we put up a hare within 30 seconds of drawing and hunted hard for the rest of the day. The season ended with a Joint Meet with the R.A.C. Beagles.

During the holidays, the beagles were involved in the Chackmore Charity Chase, a charity event raising money for children in need.

We also had some improvements made at the Kennels with the Supporters Club buying us a new roof and installing an infra-red burglar alarm.

Finally, I must thank the Whippers-in: Edward Rudd, Adam Waugh, Mark Aldridge and James Vernon and my Joint Master, Marc Burditt, for excellent work at the Kennels as much as on the hunting field.

A. J. G. David

STOWE SKI TRIP

For many skiers, early January was not a good time for snow conditions this year. A small party from Stowe travelled to Chamrouse, near Grenoble, in search of snow. The scenery was, however, one of green grass and not the white piste slopes we had hoped for. In fact only one 300 metre run was open. Fortunately Les Deux Alps with its glacier and slopes up to 10,000 feet had more to offer and was within travelling distance. Although it took two hours by coach to reach the resort and patience was required to wait to get up to the slopes with sufficient snow, sunny weather and good snow rewarded our early morning rises. The next trip will be to Kitzbuhel in Austria. This is a town of great charm, surrounded by an extensive skiing area with picturesque, challenging runs. It is also the home of the famous Hahnenkamm Downhill run.

M.J.S.



Leading Seaman S. R. G. Corben with, left to right: Able Seaman D. M. Fincham, E. J. Leach, G. A. E. Dawson, D. P. W. Hope Johnson and A. B. J. D. C. Davies, before setting off on the second day.

Photo by: M.E.M.

STOWE— STANTONBURY EXCHANGE

'It's like a museum,' said one Stantonbury pupil as he walked into the Marble Hall for the first time. 'They call the Headmaster by his Christian name and its so noisy in lessons,' said a Stoic returning from his first visit to Stantonbury.

In February there was another exchange between Third Forms from Stantonbury Campus Comprehensive School in Milton Keynes and Stowe; this time it was III'd's turn. After the initial surprises on both sides, Stowe pupils were not 'snobs' and Milton Keynes is not full of 'Sharons and Kevs.' The Two groups came to terms with their changed surroundings and routine.

This year, instead of newspaper articles being the media outcome, the Exchange was sponsored by the BBC Open University Film Unit. A film will be produced for the Education Faculty on State and Independent Secondary Schools. It became quite cramped at times in some classrooms with an eight-person camera team and the pupils. Some good material was collected, however, and those under the scrutiny of the camera or when 'wired for sound' did very well to remain natural.

The discussion at the end of the the Exchange produced some lively comment from all sides. It was quite apparent that the Third Formers had thought about the experience and considered it most worthwhile.

M.J.S.

ESTATE WORK

Any gardener will tell you that no garden left unattended remains beautiful, even so-called wild gardens need attention. Indeed they need more skilled attention than a regimented border of annual flowers. Stowe's grounds form a garden on a very grand scale. Whereas in many ordinary household gardens there are individual plants of one sort and another that are the focus of attention, with their companions carefully chosen to complement them, in Stowe the foci of attention are the buildings, each in its carefully staged setting.

Many Stoics will know already that the buildings are famous, over one third of all the grade one listed buildings in Buckinghamshire are in the grounds here. However, unless their setting is correct, they are like choice plants badly sited in a garden. Some of the work that is done on the estate is aimed at restoring the setting of the buildings to that planned for them at the turn of the 18th century. Since a garden is a living thing

(and even if the focal points, as in Stowe, are dead) constant work is required even to stand still; a great deal of the ordinary estate work is maintenance of this type.

Everyone knows that trees grow, reach maturity and eventually die. For centuries it has been the practice to plant them more densely than they will eventually stand in order to allow for an element of choice, to allow for losses, and to make the trees grow tall and straight. Over recent years quite a bit of the work carried out on the woodlands has been thinning of the plantings of the 1950's, in order to leave the best specimens, suitably placed, to grow on to maturity. This would be much easier if squirrels did not chew bark and kill off the trees that we want, and if gales did not blow over trees that we would have preferred to keep. The thinning, removal of damaged trees, and cutting up of windfalls occupy quite a bit of the time of the N.T.V. group (Forestry). We are sometimes accused of cutting down all the trees in Stowe. Perhaps our accusers can now understand what is done and why.

The restoration of the landscape is the other reason for some of the forestry operations. We cannot be absolutely sure where every tree was, even less what type of tree it was in 1797, but we do have maps showing where the avenues and copses were and where the sight lines between buildings lay. A considerable amount of debate goes into the planning of each piece of work, all the more so as we contemplate the mistakes of 40 years ago, and curse the perpetrators of them for not consulting the old maps before they began. At the moment, we rely heavily on the maps prepared by Mr. David Sumpster, Architect at the Historic Buildings and Monuments Commission. He used the earliest large-scale ordinance survey map available (1880) to help him make accurate reconstructions of the grounds from the inaccurate maps in the old guide books. We are constantly hoping to find older maps that tell us more. The maps can give us outlines for the plantings; more difficult to determine is the nature of those plantings. Sometimes an old stump reveals what was planted, at other times we have to make an informed guess. Unfortunately the drawings of Nattes and others are not much help in identifying tree species.

At the moment, three acres are being researched and debated. The Elysian Fields, which should be the centrepiece of the landscape, have occupied a great deal of our thoughts. The Temple of Ancient Virtue, which is about to be restored, should be seen in its proper setting, but what was that setting? Where should we plant new trees? And which of the existing trees should be taken down? July will be the month when we make our minds up after many hours of debate and poring over maps. All the old maps, including the Ordinance Survey ones show that the estate was

surrounded by beech trees, outside the ha-ha, on its S.W. and S.E. flanks. We are now thinking of replanting them, along with plans to restore the Queen's drive for access. Wick's quarter ("where?" you might say) should be replanted soon. It originally occupied a wedge of land between the Gothic Temple, the Cobham Monument and the Queen's Temple. Deep inside it there was a clearing surrounding the statues of the Saxon Deities, alas, sold off years ago. Their pedestals remain, inside a circle of yew trees and adorned with offerings to the god of the hop!

So much for future plans — not too far off, we hope. What of the present? The N.T.V. group has concentrated on two areas. We have finished thinning the copse near Kinloss. Some planting is due there now, particularly to secure the edge, which is vital for the landscape framing the South Front.

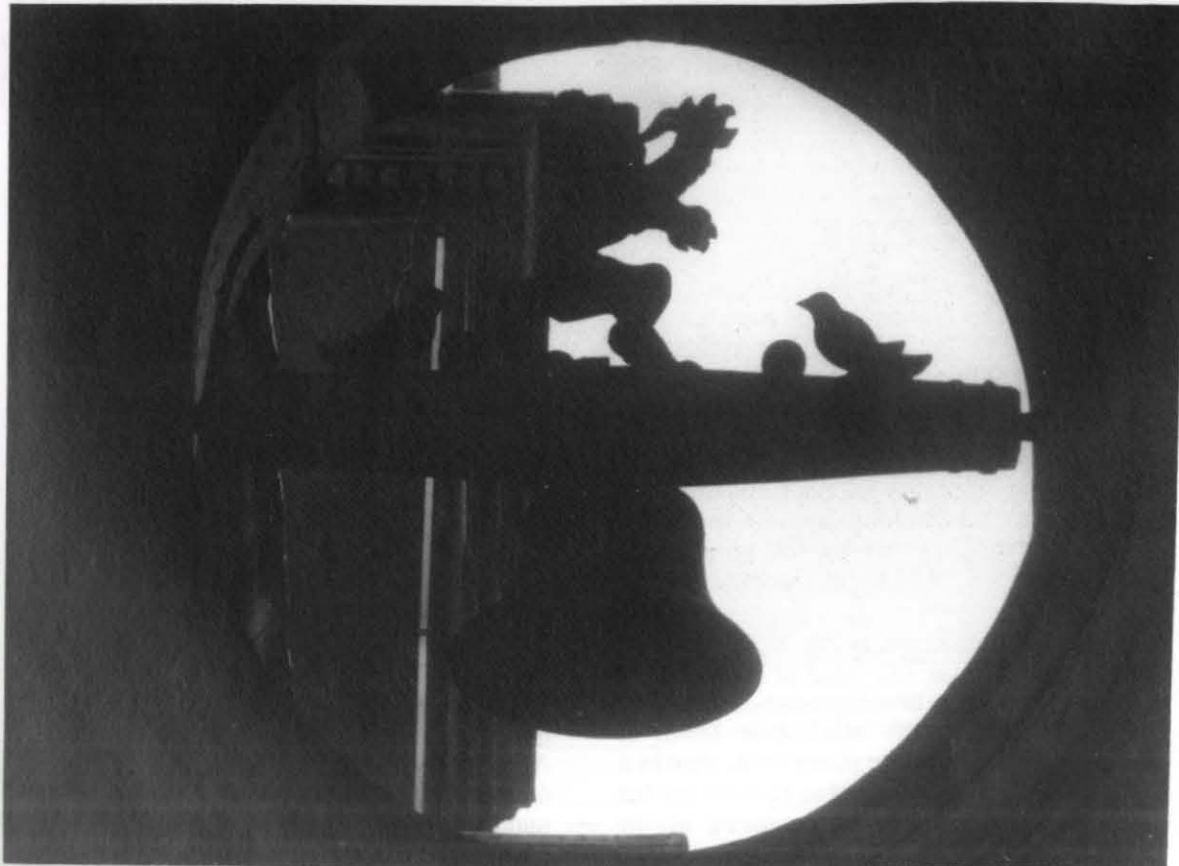
Since completing that work, we have concentrated on Duchess Dale, the area between the Rotondo and the cascades. This has meant a great deal of clearing up of fallen wood, and removing of Cypress trees, which are definitely not 18th century. There will be many months of work there. A little tidying up of the edge of the Grecian valley opposite Walpole was needed to remove the mess caused by the sudden demise of a huge Bhutan pine. It fell over last July, revealing an unsuspected rotten heart. The stump has now been cut up and burnt out. Field Day

was spent working on the area to the north of the Cobham monument. Sufficient work has now been done in removing the burnable material that we might be able to prepare the area for replanting. Some members of the Community Service group have spent many afternoons painting tree guards, not a very exciting job, but vital since they must last 30 years. They will be put into the armoury field. We hope that the patient painters will also assemble and erect them, as well as planting the trees. They should be able to show their grandsons or daughters the tree they planted.

Our work next term will include more work in Duchess Dale, the sowing of seeds collected last autumn and stratified over the winter and the planting of a buddleia hedge to screen the front of the house destined to be the Second Master's residence. We shall also continue with the tree survey, since the winter has been so mild. Most of the trees will be in leaf by the time we return, so an early start can be made. We particularly wish to identify and plant the remaining late 18th century trees.

My thanks to all the willing (and not so willing) workers and particularly to M.E. for work on the ground with me, M.J.B. for historical research and the Estate Manager, Mr. Frank Thomson, for allowing the amateurs to play!

M.C.S.S.



Photograph by P. W. Joynson-Hicks



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DEATHS

B. J. A. Cecil (Chandos 1931) on 29th April 1987.

M. L. Clement-Jones (Chandos 1931) on 5th March 1988.

J. R. Craik-White (Chandos 1935) on 14th November 1987.

R. D. Culverwell (Bruce 1926) on 6th November 1987.

A. S. M. Dickins (Chatham 1932) on 25th November 1987.

M. D. Fyfe (Cobham 1938) on 13th January 1988.

M. J. Gibbon (Grenville 1929) on 27th July 1987.

G. G. Harrison (Grenville 1928) on 23rd February 1988.

N. H. Harrow-Bunn (Staff 1930-1937) on 16th January 1987.

R. V. Heber Percy (Cobham 1928) on 29th October 1987.

J. E. M. Hoare (Bruce 1932) on 2nd November 1987.

J. S. Hunter (Chandos 1949) on 2nd August 1987.

D. A. Jefferson (Grafton 1937) in September 1987.

M. Jefferson (Grafton 1938) in August 1987.

W. Lindsay-Hogg (Bruce 1946) on 7th December 1987.

R. W. McDowell (Grenville 1929) in August 1983.

The Hon. G. D. Morrison (Grenville 1955) on 7th February 1988.

C. P. Petch (Staff 1935) on 8th December 1987.

R. D. C. Reynolds (Bruce 1944) on 6th January 1988.

F. E. Schuster (Grafton 1943) on 21st October 1987.

R. W. Skene (Staff 1930-1937) on 15th April 1988.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Taylor (Chatham 1927) on 1st February 1988.

G. G. Vinen (Walpole 1957) on 18th January 1988.

A. P. West (Temple 1931) on 27th December 1987.



Photography: H. REICHHOLD

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