

THE STOIC



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THE STOIC

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EDITORIAL

WHILE newspapers are resounding with ten years of Thatcherism, the School's gaze is on its own anniversary: the ten years in which the Headmaster has guided our ship; the decade of Mr. and Mrs. Turner's achievements and services to Stowe. We all unite in wishing them a happy and peaceful retirement, knowing that two people so imbued with active public duty will hardly be disengaging from the wider world. Our thanks and gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Turner will be properly expressed in the next issue of *The Stoic*.

Last Autumn's Congreve production made an imaginative departure from custom in staging a musical, **The Boy Friend**. Our congratulations go to Mr. Meredith for the vitality of the fine spectacle. This year's Drama Festival was the first in which all eleven Houses presented plays. It was a superb accomplishment, also highlighting the drawbacks inherent in having to squeeze so many plays into four days. The Drama Festival, even more than other large-scale events, has to contend for space in a crowded Term.

Meanwhile, the tradition of popular musicals by the staff was this summer maintained with a resplendent production of Lerner and Loewe's **My Fair Lady**. It was again all the more remarkable for being achieved amidst a busy timetable.

We saw also memorable concerts by the School Orchestra, a clarinet recital by Mr. Harris and splendid performances of Mozart, Ravel and Fauré by the Buckingham and District Music Society and Stowe Choral Society.

(On a dissimilar note, we hear that plans are afoot to revive the Disco Competition in an attempt to divert some Stoics into a cultural activity other than watching Antipodean soap-operas).

The Mission was greeted with a mixed response, but most Stoics were stimulated in various ways by the experience of the visit.

Sport's Wheel of Fortune offered the Rugby First XV a turn of disappointing results. Always evident, however, was their great fighting spirit and the consolation of being the best-looking team throughout the season. A high standard of House competition culminated in victory for Chandos over Cobham. The warm Spring brought a thaw to the School's sporting fortunes with a successful season for the Hockey First XI, whose conquests included Radley. Cobham, this time, won the House competition. The Cross-Country First VIII had its best ever season, losing only one match, and the School is indebted to the peerless efforts of Mr. Platt and the team-members for continuing Stowe's unrivalled record.

Italy received two parties of Stoics, the art group marvelling at the frescoes of Florence, while the classicists parsed the Roman ruins of Campagna.

The Spring Term also welcomed the arrival of Dr. Collins, as Head of the Economics/Politics department; of Mrs. Reid to the French department; and to the Classics department of Mr. Kreeger, who, as an Old Stoic, is now seeing the School from the other side of the fence.

Finally, we congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Hirst on the birth of their son, Tristan, and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson on the birth of their son, Daniel.

The Editors.

The Prefectorial Body consists currently of the following:

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DRAMA

Congreve Club Production

THE BOY FRIEND

By Sandy Wilson

The Congreve Club launched itself into musical comedy in November with its production of Sandy Wilson's *The Boy Friend*, and did so with a stylish success only equalled by the enthusiasm of the cast and the determination of their producer, Tony Meredith.

Despite its recent revival, this twenties musical comedy did not seem an obvious choice for Stowe in 1988, yet its charm for the audience clearly lay in the superbly held contrast between the mannered naïveté and ingenuousness of Polly and her friends, and their ruthless, not to say predatory, search for the Boy Friend. Style, in other words, was everything, for whatever Sandy Wilson's talents, it must be said that plot construction was not one of them.

Christopher Lascelles as Tony, odd-jobbing in Nice (where else?) to escape his frightfully rich parents, charmed his audience from his first appearance as perky messenger boy to his final declaration to poor little rich girl, Polly Browne, beautifully played with knowing innocence by Sally Searby. Their duet "I could be happy with you" was a quality mixture of singing, dancing and flirtation in almost equal proportion.

Amid the champagne froth of girlish giggles from Polly's finishing school classmates, and the splendid chorus of flappers and their companions, Maisie (a strong performance from Philippa Thompson) handled with ease both the music and the amorous Bobby, played with determined transatlantic panache by Jonathan Shillington. An ageing Luke Wates as Polly's father gave in to the prevailing mood of the show after a perfunctory moral struggle, and eventually proved himself capable of a truly abandoned Charleston with Madame Dubonnet, seductive school-mistress extraordinaire. Leysa Kay triumphed in this rôle, with a maturity (and a French accent) which many older women would envy. Equally triumphant was Emma Singleton who, as staid little Hortense, threw her bonnet over the windmill with relish in "Nicer than Nice." For my money this number, skilfully staged and ably supported by the chorus, was a high point of the show.

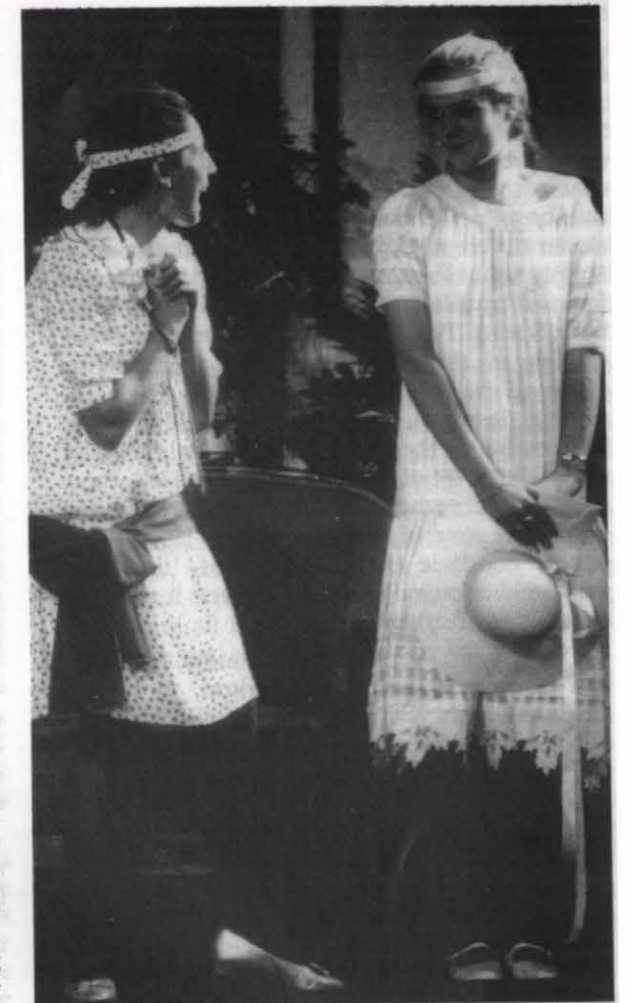
The arrival of Tony's parents, Lord and Lady Brockhurst (Timothy Arlon and Camilla Benyon) made sense of that young man's flight from what one can only call the bosom of the family: she with a magnificently determined bust and plummy tones — which occasionally made her a little difficult to hear — he with a soul pickled in whisky and a penchant for "gels." His duet "Never too late to fall in love," with Jessica Blakemore as the naughty Dulcie, was a delight.

A stylish production of this kind needs to be sustained by variety, and when the sunlit Mediterranean set and bright young dresses changed dramatically to the glitter and inventive costumes of the masked ball in Act 3, the spontaneous applause spoke for itself. Despite some rather static staging in this last act, Lionel Weston is to be congratulated on the meticulously planned and executed choreography, from the large chorus numbers such as the cheerful "Sur le (sic) Plage" to that sultry tango by Ola Nathan Marsh and Melissa Fuentes. Even critics of an age to know what they were talking about were loud in their praise of the Charleston, which made such a wonderful finale to the show.

To an accompaniment of David Gatehouse and Paul Drayton on piano, with Oliver Ridge on double bass and Charles Sampson on drums, the voices of Sally Searby, Leysa Kay and Philippa Thompson set a high standard to which the whole cast responded with a confidence that doubtless owed much to David Gatehouse's galvanising efforts. Neither singing nor dancing are easy on stage, and for a cast to cope with both at once with such apparent ease testified to the efforts and stamina of both staff and pupils.

Youth, hard work and disciplined energy came together in this production to carry the audience to a never-never land where enthusiastic boy friends, committed to good fun and cricket jumpers, threw themselves at the last with lemming-like lunacy into the arms of every available female on the Riviera, and where, for young and old alike, love triumphed for a while under an azure sky.

R.E.M.

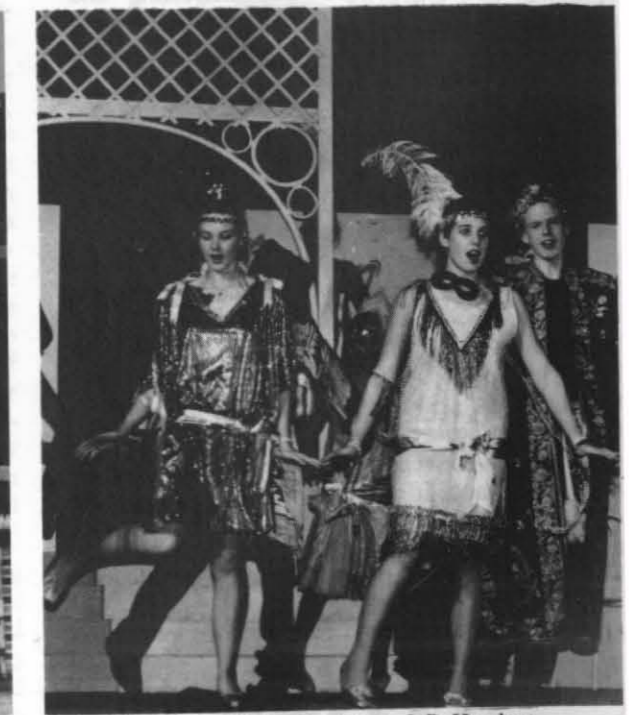


Phillipa Thompson and Sally Searby



T. D. L. Arlon

Photos by M. M. Renwick



Jessica Blakemore, Philippa Thompson, J. P. Humbert

THE 1989 HOUSE DRAMA FESTIVAL

This year's festival was (again — but for the last time, presumably) the biggest to date, with all eleven houses participating: four short days saw twenty-six performances — two or three each of eleven different plays in eight separate theatres. Simply to have survived the hectic programme imposed by this shortest and busiest of short and busy Spring Terms would have been testimony enough to the enthusiasm and determination displayed by the directors and their hordes of actors, designers, technicians and all-purpose helpers, but in the end we had not only a lot of shows, but a lot of very good ones: indeed, those commentators who had visited us before felt that standards were rising — though let no-one, please, conclude that the idea of 'the more pressure the festival's under the better it gets' can be taken any further!

Two of last year's commentators, directors Ivor Benjamin and Jon Tarlton, not only returned to this year's festival, but also managed to drop in one Sunday near the beginning of term to give some general advice and, even more usefully, to discuss specific plans in advance of final decisions being made. They were joined for the festival by Peter Sampson, a director and teacher who was also with us last year, the director Claire Grove, and the actors Fraser and Rosalind Wilson and Julian Armistead; Walpole House was also privileged to entertain Ned Sherrin for an evening. As a team the commentators saw everything, talked with many of those involved, gave an interesting and amusing summary of their impressions at a concluding forum and involved themselves in lessons, discussing texts and giving workshops; we are very grateful for their enthusiastic and energetic contribution, and have enjoyed their appreciation of our efforts.

Individual reviews of plays follow, and in many ways it would be wrong of me to attempt to pre-empt or supplement them with any comments of my own, but perhaps I may be allowed to draw something of a moral for future festivals by repeating advice which I have often given and heard given, but of which I have never been so convinced as now, having watched this festival take shape: future directors, beware the 'easy' decision of a conventional thriller or comedy on a box-set, because it's actually the toughest choice of the lot. To find a good script, to cut it, to work on it and then to make it work . . . all these are far harder than if you opt for a serious drama (which can still be funny of course) inventively staged; and even if you manage to do all of these well — as, for instance, Chandos managed with *The Happiest Days of Your Life* in 1986 — it can still be no more of a success and fulfilment than that

enjoyed by, for instance, the twenty-one actors and many backstage men involved in Grenville's one-hour *Dr. Faustus* this year, done, incidentally, with six lights, a houseroom wall and some furniture — a set no worse than even Walpole's massive, immaculate and painstakingly constructed set of lights and flats. Obviously the festival is rich for its mix, and that includes the conventional box-set comedies and thrillers, the 'well-made plays,' but these should not be chosen without careful and wary thought: plays like *The Long and the Short and the Tall*, or like *The Real Inspector Hound*, or like *Daisy Pulls It Off*, or like *Dr. Faustus*, or like *Albert's Bridge* can be done well; plays like *Blithe Spirit* can work in new and different ways; small venues can contain big successes . . . these are things that happened or very nearly happened — sometimes we were just a jot of courage, a shade of certainty or a misplaced table away — in this year's festival as well as, and perhaps at less cost for no less return than, some successful well-made comedies and thrillers.

Stoics may not remember films which contained lines like "I know, let's do the show in the barn!", but the show always ended up much better for being forced to move from the comfortable, obvious venue . . .

Encouraged greatly by the commitment and the results of this year, I look forward to the 1990 lateral-thinking Drama Festival.

S.G.A.H.

Nugent House Play

DAISY PULLS IT OFF (An Edited Preview)
By Denise Duggan

Nugent's ripping production was ever so reminiscent of Angela Brazil's scrummy tales of gymslips and hockey-sticks at uncommonly good girls' public schools. In this tremendously exciting tradition, Daisy Meredith, a penurious Elementary School girl wins a scholarship to Grangewood, where she endures such frightful trials and tribulations, including beastly jealousy and snobbery and cat-calling, makes solid friendships, unravels her own genteel origins and wins through by being 'honourable, honest, courageous, and straight in all things.' It was a perfectly pleasurable parody and pastiche of the timeless quality of Miss Brazil's yarns, drama emulating fiction imitating life mimicking an ideal circa 1927. Indeed, our heroine with the wide-blue-yonder look, Daisy, superbly acted by Karen Armes, wants desperately to 'learn Latin and Greek, to play hockey . . . have midnight feasts and get into dreadful scrapes just like they do in books.'

All girlish life is there at Grangewood, for while Daisy finds a serious chum in Trixie Martin, the madcap poet of the Upper Fourth (breazily

played by Anne Rimmer), she suffers the venom of the 'stuck-up pair of prigs,' Sybil and Monica. Trixie hits the nail squarely on the head when reflecting on these two: 'They absolutely detest games — sure sign of a rotter.' Robyn Wolsley Brinton's haughty, hostile Sybil was a capital performance; Jane Clark Hutchinson did very well as the unspeakable toady, Monica. Poor Daisy. As if not awfully busy forming, with Trixie, the Dark Horse Secret Society (motto: *Hinc spes effulget*), treasure-hunting, investigating the dubious Mr. Scoblowksi (Reinhard Scholten), she has to contend with Sybil blotting her essay on Shelley and sneakily switching the entries to the School Poetry Competition. It was bad form and the absolute limit, but nothing to pour the vials of wrath about.

Rather, Daisy is irrepressible, a high-flier, scholar, detective, expert pianist and glorious games player; her path to success at Grangewood is, well, inexorable. The Roxy resounded, first with laughter, then with oceans of tears as Daisy not only discovered her father, uncovered the Beaumont treasure, foiled the Bolsheviks, rescued those 'two queens of tragedy,' Sybil and Monica, (hoist with their own foolish petard) from disaster on the cliffs, but JUBILATE, scored the winning goal in the incredibly vital hockey match versus Vearncombe.

There were so many hilarious moments in the production and I particularly liked the scene where Daisy and Trixie break both bounds and the code 'Hairy Star,' speculating that Sir Digby was perhaps a lunatic. I also admired the ritualised hockey game against Vearncombe, the sticks beaten on the stage floor in time to Trixie's running commentary from the San window. It reminded one of how terribly tribal and primitive hockey really is, especially when played by girls.

As often iterated in 'The Three Marys,' the casting for *Daisy Pulls It Off* was 'utterly' brill, with a super consistency in all the *dramatis personae*, who enjoyed themselves while delighting us. Victoria Gregson's was a fine Miss Granville, the cool mistress (her limp suggesting a mysterious past) who warmed to Daisy's endearing decency. Jessamy Huntley was the definitive Clare Beaumont, Head Girl and 'shining example of British girlhood.' How poised yet sensitive Jessamy was in the rôle, a spiffing sense of humour showing intermittently from behind her stiff upper lip. She says also of Daisy's piano-playing, 'anyone who plays like that cannot surely be guilty of the things she's been accused of,' thus perceptively identifying beauty with moral goodness.

Anna Gradon's Alice was another charming performance, balancing soundness with a sense of fair do's. Credits to all and sundry for splendid thespian pluck, namely, to Alex Rice as a topping Belinda; to the versatile Emily Trustram Eve and Nikki Wells in dual parts; and to Rose Dawson as the Headmistress. Chester King's 'slightly

cracked' and lumpen Mr. Thompson metamorphosed, whistling 'All Through The Night,' into Daisy's long-lost Daddy, Sir David. The shock revelation caused her to lapse into brain-fever and Sir David to forget his lines. And one more word about Karen's performance. It was a *tour-de-force* of both memory and execution, running as required, the gamut of emotion from A to B and back again; she was self-deprecatingly earnest and unselfconsciously Romantic, pausing for a 'final look at the silvery moon illuminating the unruly sea.'

The set was of a jolly useful, all-purpose open-plan design, serving, without alteration, as a train, classroom, gallery, library, the H.M.'s study, dormy and sports pitch, cliff face *et al.* And much praise is due to Jessica Blakemore's technical direction. Julia Moore must be heartily congratulated for her manifold talents as producer, editor and director, and for a truly successful evening. No order marks for Nugent, but Benes all round, for pulling it off (*Honesta quam magna*) and striving to play the game.

T.A.O.

In The ROXY

DAISY PULLS IT OFF

THURSDAY and SATURDAY the 2nd & 4th MARCH!!

by DENISE DEEGAN

NUGENT!

Bruce House Play

THE CREATURE CREEPS

Great credit is due to Charles Sampson who so ably directed this year's Bruce House play — Jack Sharkey's *The Creature Creeps* which cleverly, if somewhat confusingly, satirizes the familiar Transylvanian horror story.

Miles Nottage as the apparently diabolical Count von Blitzen and Paul Gates as his horribly twisted manservant succeeded in terrifying visitors Babsy Balloon and Frank Sterling (brilliantly played by Fletcher Morgan and Simon Scott) when they unexpectedly arrive with the Count's lunatic daughter, Daisy (Max Macintosh).

The plot thickens as the sisters (Karl Wagner, Ian Thomas, Alex Saary and Alex McDonald Vitale) of the Countess (Toby Chester Jones) arrive with their fiancés, Hans, Fritz, Otto and Heinrich Shtuuker, four identical brothers expertly played by James Snyder, who successively disappear as bloodcurdling screams rise from the dungeons.

All is revealed in the end as the brothers turn out to be the same man engaged in a convoluted plan to win the hand of the delectable youngest sister. Contrary to all expectations the Count's cellar is discovered to have been the scene of nothing more dreadful than a game of poker and his henchman suffers no worse fate than marriage to the crazed housekeeper — Jason de la Pena.

The cast deserve praise for much, not least their mastery (by the end of the second night) of an extremely complex plot with more unexpected turns than might easily be remembered and for providing an enjoyable bizarre evening's entertainment.

D.S.B.

Temple House Play

THE REAL INSPECTOR HOUND

Temple made an excellent choice for the Drama Festival in Tom Stoppard's inspired lunacy, a wickedly funny combination of Agatha Christie, local rep and high comedy. It is an extremely enjoyable piece which stands repeated viewing with ease, and its length is ideal for the Festival.

Stoppard's splendid device of the two critics, Moon and Birdboot, makes it rather difficult to review the play without a twinge or two. Charlie Wright — who also directed — underplayed Moon with a rather disarming modesty; Gerry Scrase matched him well, displaying a good deal of stage presence, and if they occasionally lost words or opportunities for comedy, they still made a most watchable centrepiece to the evening. It was a pity, I felt, that the decision had been taken to mike their voices: how much more intimate (and, dare one say, easier to hear!) their

whispered exchanges would have been. Microphones so often present more problems than they solve.

"Hound" is such a felicitous entertainment that it might almost be said to play itself, but there were some hitches, both technical and artistic. Gremlins played havoc with the tape recording equipment, which provided unplanned merriment — curse all playwrights who insist on telephones which have to ring! — and there were other distractions such as a troublesome pipe and some clouds of hair-greying talcum powder.

There was much to enjoy in the acting. True, there were roughnesses which could have been smoothed out: gabbled lines from several of the cast; too much shuffling from people's feet and altogether some unsure blocking, with too many dries for comfort (doesn't time telescope at such moments?) Above all, the play-within-the-play could have done with a great deal more overplaying. Four of Stoppard's most delightful inspirations were virtually lost: the bridge game, with its heavily underlined double entendres; the critics' mock reviews (Barry Norman meets Irving Wardle); Magnus's "Oil my gun" formula, which must go way over the top, whereas here it hardly left the ground, and above all Mrs. Drudge's classic at the telephone ("Hello? The same, half an hour later . . .")

But Marco Baldini's Mrs. Drudge was a nicely gawky creation with a touch of Joyce Grenfell about her; Edward Shillington looked suitably bewildered when caught between Jenny Holland and Philippa Luard; both Major Magnus (Dominic Hyman) and Hound (Marcos Agostini) could have done with more vigour, but they warmed as the play progressed. There was also the excellent set, which was rightly singled out by the commentators at the Festival seminar: how heartening to see such an intelligent use of a House Room as theatre in the round, with just the right quantity of props. Many directors, this reviewer included, are shy of staging a play in such a venue, and this really worked. How Charlie Wright ever talked Dominic Hyman into such a dazzling display of speed, steering and sheer nerve in that wheelchair, one will never know; but it was a marvellously theatrical moment, and one which the lively audience will no doubt cherish.

J.S.K.

Grenville House Play

DR. FAUSTUS

By Christopher Marlowe

The tragic history of the Life and Death of DOCTOR Faustus relies for its impact upon drawing the audience into the horror of observing a man hauled down into the rigours of hellish banishment. This he does willingly, for in

choosing to adopt habits and interests which are hellish he knows well that he will be eternally damned.

For this task Aiden Whitehall's Faustus was well suited. From the outset one was aware of an actor who was concerned not merely to whip his audience through the lines but to speak them with clarity and precision. There is some room for humour in Marlowe's lines and these might have been explored by Faustus a little further but his measured tones at the outset and feverish fear at the end went a long way to maintaining our appreciation of Faustus's experience.

Faustus's friend and enemy appeared with make-up which might have jarred had it not been for an awareness that the pale face of Mephistopheles and the sensuality of his reddened lips mirrored the psychological state of Faustus: more immediate physical attractiveness is necessary set against the background of a hellish abyss. Long will the whitened face and staring eyes of Jojo Steel stick in my mind.

Mention has been made in some detail of a few principal areas of the play but the detail of the production deserves more. One remembers the raucousness of Robin and Dick with Toby Crosthwaite's catching of a mug thrown at him across the stage, the careful but simple use of lighting, the homely atmosphere of Faustus's room complete with white chrysanthemums tucked into the bookshelves and, perhaps most remarkably, the beautifully scanned blank-verse of car dealing Mark Chamberlain. Tristan Crawford's chorus must be noted. His formal and measured introduction of the play worked very easily. There were some areas which grated — fumbled cigars and some awkward gaps — but these did not distract for long. The director, Chris Jonson, and his cast worked very hard at this production and it must be said without reservation that their efforts were clearly noticeable. They deserved the very warm applause they received on both nights.

S.H.C.R.

Chandos House Play

ALBERT'S BRIDGE

By Tom Stoppard

Having performed in this little theatre only last year, the benefits and limitations were still quite fresh in my mind when I went to see Chandos' production of *Albert's Bridge*. The classroom is well suited to the plot, the balcony adapting well to a makeshift bridge, upon which the central plot progressed. This concerned Albert, plausibly played by Phil Would, a philosophy student from a working class family-made-good environment in downtown Clifton, who rejects the banality of office work and instead turns to bridge painting for salvation. Life is rosy for Albert.

However, he does not realise the intricacies of local government, beautifully parodied by The Council. This crowd of sycophants and yesmen, ably led by Matthew Pumfrey, is incorrectly advised by an incompetent and self-important technical adviser, dourly portrayed by Tim Dew, who unwisely leads the Council to believe that efficiency, economy, and good public service all come hand in glove. As a result, three of the four bridge painters are laid off and Albert is left—to finish the job alone.

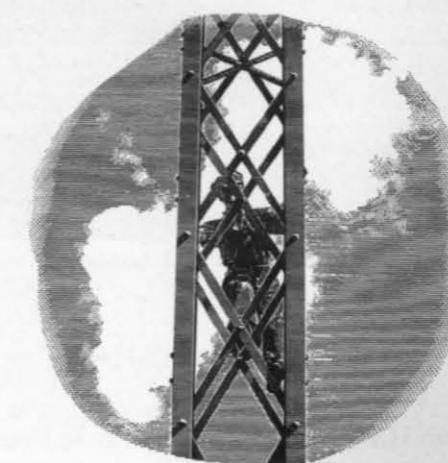
The logical consequence that the bridge would not be finished before tarnishing was predictable, but the drama of the situation was borne out well by all, and the final nemesis was very effective indeed.

As a radio play there were necessarily many changes of scene and location (from bridge to board room to front room and back) and, as a result, the continuity suffered from this, despite competent directing from Simeon Anderson. This effect was unfortunately aggravated in places by poorly learnt script and an over-zealous prompt, neither of which are ever helped by a small, first night audience.

Nonetheless, the production was very enjoyable with, in addition, the cameo figures of Albert's close family and a potential suicide adding varying degrees of hilarity and tragedy to what is already a play full of socio-political comment.

J.W. Ffooks

ALBERT'S BRIDGE



ROOM 16

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

at 8-00

Presented By Chandos House

Cobham House Play

THE GEESE ARE GETTING FAT

To deal with the negative points first. The play is a domestic comedy whose dialogue and action spark occasionally, but it is essentially directionless and no real climax or point emerged during performance. There were many prompts, and entries and exits were not always well timed. Actors not in the foreground occasionally seemed to be at loss what to do with themselves.

Credit, however, should be given to the cast, crew and director (James Vernon) for mustering the energy and initiative to put on a play at fairly short notice. Credit also to the good humour displayed by the cast, despite their lack of polish.

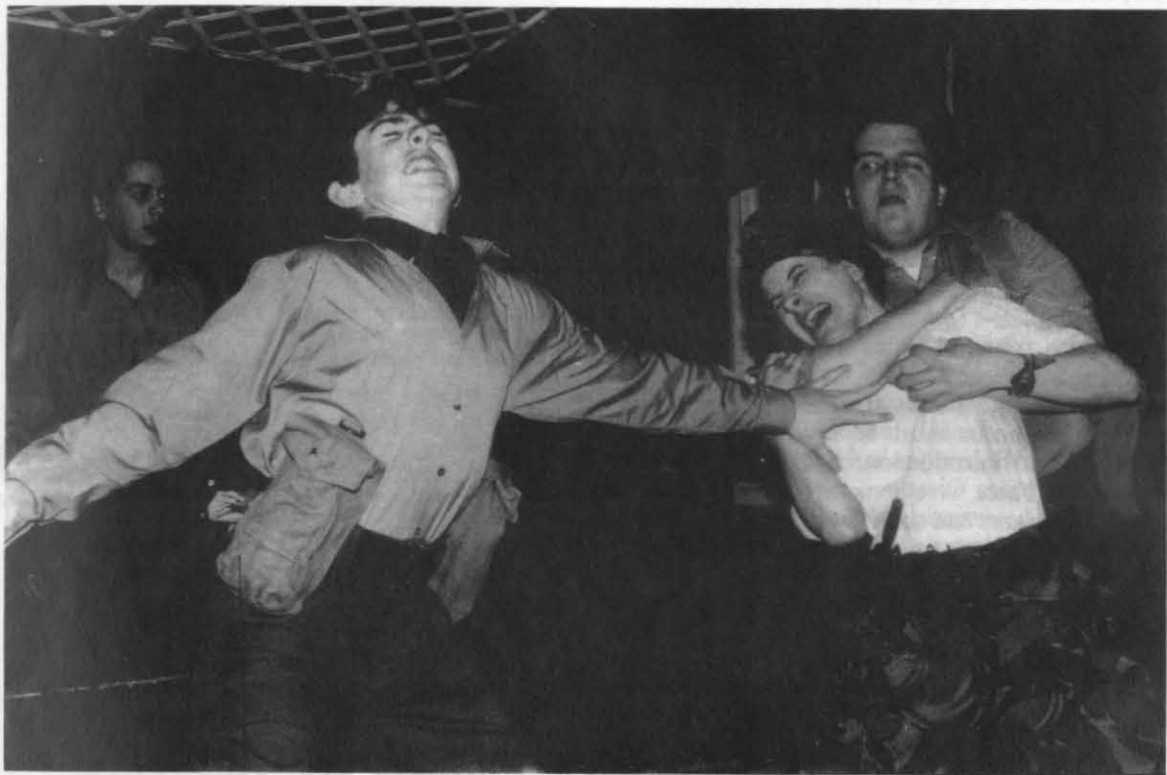
Cobham continued its tradition of boys playing the parts of both sexes. This was entertaining, and

in particular Mark Aldridge acted very well the rôle of Joyce Wyndham. His matronly mannerisms were excellent and he caught perceptively the good lady's tone, veering between exasperation and tolerance as she busied herself around her house in preparation for, and during, Christmas festivities.

Other fine 'ladies' were Charles Hill as the teenage Pat Wyndham (very authentic appearance), Ola Nathan-Marsh as an amazing Sheila Pratt, Charlie Howie as the intriguing Delia Moss and George Passmore as the svelte, seductive Swede, Greta.

Stage, lighting and sound were adequate but three cheers for the make-up girls, Sarah Pearce and Claire Kirton, for turning out the boys so well!

E.S.T.



O. M. Goldstein, J. N. E. Law, M. C. G. Atkinson, M. S. Rogers

Photograph by M. M. Renwick

Chatham House Play

THE LONG AND THE SHORT AND THE TALL

Chatham House's offering in the House Drama Festival was a taut, static piece which concentrates on the interplay of young nervous conscripts bewildered and caught up in the Far-Eastern theatre during the Second World War. Throughout the play there is an aggressive sense of helplessness and futility which presages its climax: darkness and crescendo of rifle shots. This tension was well captured by Chatham's theatrical troopers.

The British soldiers were on the stage throughout the length of the drama. They managed to build up their individual *personae* partly through a clever use of regional accents. Tristan McEwen took on the difficult rôle of Sergeant Mitchem the NCO in command of the reconnaissance platoon. His was a sensitive portrayal of a basically weak man fighting hard to appear both experienced and masterful. Sharp contrast was given to the Sergeant's somewhat spineless personality by Matthew Rogers who played his second-in-command, Corporal Johnstone. According to all the worst traditions of our glorious army this character was made into a cruel, insensitive,

vindictive bully who openly manipulated his weak superior. Matthew Rogers had a commanding stage presence and positively spat out his lines with a venomous delivery. Daniel Campbell's rôle as acting Lance-Corporal Macleish, also explored the theme of leadership. Macleish was shown as a toady utterly incapable of command. In a tense and well sustained scene Macleish, left in control, is caught by his returning superiors arguing with his openly insubordinate men.

Apart from the theme of leadership the play also dwelt on the nature of human compassion. This aspect was particularly well developed by the cast and especially by Nigel Blackwood's portrayal of the cockney wide-boy Private Bamforth. Despite all his East-end cynicism, it is ironically Bamforth who befriends the Japanese prisoner, played by Marcus Atkinson, and attempts to shield him from the irrational cruelty of his colleagues. The growing closeness of Bamforth and the captive was marked by a cleverly acted, humorous episode when captor attempts to teach captive some rudimentary English commands. The other members of the platoon were played intentionally as subordinate and in awe of Private Bamforth. Whitaker, played by Paul Boswell, was the only member of the platoon to stand up to Bamforth. Privates Evans and Smith, in contrast, seemed stunned and lost in bewilderment by the horror of their predicament. Evans, played by John Law, as a home-loving Welshman, tries to escape his growing desperation by directing his thoughts to his sweetheart in the valleys.

This was a difficult play to attempt emphasising as it does, not stage-action but sensitive character portrayal. Chatham's was clearly a great team effort on the part of both directors and cast and was much appreciated by the audience.

C.H.J.

Grafton House Play

BEDROOM FARCE

By Alan Ayckbourn

Alan Ayckbourn's *Bedroom Farce* presents the futile and absurd proceedings of four stereotyped, rather boring couples. When Ernest and Delia (commendably portrayed by Rupert Holtby and Simon Wade) return from a disastrous anniversary dinner, they celebrate with pilchards on toast (even more bravely portrayed by 'Beecham's Boveril') which unfortunately failed in its character interpretation as did certain other members of the cast.

A prime example of the latter was Steven Forro who, hindered by nerves, gave a half-hearted performance as Trevor. It is Trevor and his neurotic, self-conscious wife, Susannah (a credible and humorous study by Lucy Nutley) who descend on each couple in turn, leaving chaos in their wake.

Actions speak louder than words in this play, as they do in most of Alan Ayckbourn's. The most professional acting by Belinda Roberts was when she put on her earrings; but there was competent yelling by the injured Nick (Philip Haviland), passionate kissing (Belinda Roberts and Steven Forro) and some credible wife-bashing (Lucy Nutley and Steven Forro).

Recognition must go to Rupert Holtby for his excellent portrayal of an old-colonial type and for Simon Wade's mature understanding of his part. They complemented each other and provided a needed boost to the overall performance.

Emma Roberts, as Kate, acted well, but special praise must go to Rupert Fisher who had the most difficult task of directing, casting and acting — all of which he performed creditably!

There was insufficient allowance made for the audience in the choice of venue. The stage was not used to its best capacity and even by the end of the play Emma Roberts still did not know where her front door was.

Nerves might have spoiled the enjoyment of some of the cast, but not the audience's, who appreciated a brave attempt at a first night production — well worth the walk to the Queen's Temple.

Julia Moore



Belinda Roberts, Philip Haviland

Photograph by J. S. Oldham

Walpole House Play

IMPACT

It is a pity that the members of Walpole House and their associates, with their considerable theatrical abilities, could not have sunk their teeth into a more rewarding play than **Impact**, a turgid piece of cliché-ridden ephemera banged together by two ladies from Sussex University. The characters included two ill-used women, played by Tanya Murray and Victoria Mills. Naturally these poor ingenues were manipulated by the wicked world of men, represented by an evil scheming doctor (Ben Ridley) and an irresistibly handsome snake (Jon Burrough). Mercifully a member of the sisterhood biffed the latter unconvincingly on the head with an ash-tray and both members of the reptile sex were morally cashiered and served ferocious penalties by the end of the play.

I congratulate the actors upon getting through some of the lines with straight faces. The Sussex ladies dealt Ben Ridley a particularly vindictive hand: "I've got to have time to put Leo's body in the boot of the Mercedes" comes a few minutes before: "We're going to Beachy Head to drop him over." Mind you, even the unfortunate widow, recently so violently bereft of her handsome snake, has her trauma compounded by being required to enter the stage to ask her sister-in-law (who has just come out of hypnosis cunningly engineered by the evil scheming doctor after his patient has gone through two car crashes in which she lost a husband and struck a dog) the famous line: "Is there anything you want from the shops?"

With rivetting dialogue like this, is it any wonder that one of the Drug Squad's more notable failures to catch a cue involved a sentence which began: "This gap in your memory . . ."? The audience enjoyed the joke but I don't think the Sussex ladies would have approved.

Given this sort of material, the actors did very well. Ben Ridley communicated an appropriately convincing menace and he coped admirably with the tricky manoeuvre involved in moving the body of the handsome snake out into the kitchen. Jon Burrough died well and remained impressively inanimate when a member of the sisterhood was fussing round his person rather closely with a tea-towel (a vital clue) and when his lengthy frame was manhandled off stage, his trousers refusing to provide cover from the spotlights for his full-length butterscotch coloured socks. Tanya Murray remembered all her dreadful lines and acted responsively throughout. Her sense of confusion (in which the audience certainly shared) was effectively sustained. Victoria Mills passed dutifully through the various hoops of unremarkable surprise demanded by the Sussex ladies. Charles Spencer's Inspector preserved an impressive sang-froid as he obediently provided some of the protracted details of a ludicrously

complex and tedious plot. The only man, apart from the policeman, who was not altogether evil was a weird American who was visiting the campus on a sort of Odyssey of humane revenge. The dreary dialogue inflicted upon this worthy drop-out was handled well enough by Tim Arlon. I suspect that some of what he said was *ad lib* but then who could blame him as anything was likely to be better than the original? He sustained his accent well and moved round the stage (and the towering, staring figure of the traumatised, tranquillised, hypnotised, falsely accused member of the sisterhood) easily and seductively, which is just as well as Tanya Murray must have been at least eight inches his superior in height. This caused the audience further merriment when the evil scheming doctor left the diminutive American and the looming sister on the stage together, with the line; "Don't let her over-do things, Kincaid." In the end, the whole thing depended upon the way people wrote the figure 7, the coincidence of a set of initials and the American overhearing some vital piece of evidence transmitted over the phone: thrilling and fascinating stuff to be sure!

Simon Richards is to be congratulated on the sound. So many cars came and went that it was good that only one of them started up and took itself down the drive before the driver had actually left the house. The telephones and television were well done and none of the actors looked at the former before it rang! James Mackenzie did the lighting very well and it would have seemed quite threatening on more than one occasion if only one could have taken the dialogue with a moment's seriousness. David Amdor is to be commended for his stage design which was managed well by Nick Cooper and his team.

Indeed, Luke Wates, the Director, and William Stoppard, the Producer, are to be congratulated with all the others for a skilful and professional presentation. This certainly made the evening possible and, personally, I found the dialogue so funny that I enjoyed the occasion very much. Seriously, however, I think it is worth recording that the highly developed gifts of all those involved might have been more usefully deployed upon a better play.

P.A.S.F.

Stanhope House Play

BLITHE SPIRIT

By Noel Coward

In their time, several of Noel Coward's plays were a trifle risqué not to say daring, though for a teenager growing up in the late 1980s this may be rather hard to believe. Nevertheless they have a charm all of their own. The dialogue is always witty, the observation of human vanity is invariably amusing and there is something touchingly nostalgic about the civilised and urbane world in which these pieces occur. It came as a bit of a shock to observe that the play under review was first produced in the darkest days of the Second World War — a catastrophe of which there seems to be not the slightest trace in the script. The Stanhope production of **Blithe Spirit** was lively and at times inventive. The actors made the most of all the surprises and fun that can be derived from Coward's classic situation where an author who invites a medium to his home in the hopes of getting material for a mystery story he is writing, finds that his first wife returns to his home — visible and audible, however, only to himself.

Chlöe Walker as Ruth, the increasingly distraught second wife, gave a well-sustained performance which contrasted effectively with Charles, her husband played by Sebastian Timpson who, though occasionally a trifle hesitant, soon settled into the potentially very amusing rôle of a double hen-pecked husband. Max King and Nikki Turnbull as Dr. and Mrs. Bradman provided a suitably staid and totally uncomprehending couple whose medical approach to the paranormal was at times superbly banal. The appropriately ethereal first wife, Elvira, was brightly performed by Pippa Thompson whose delightfully elfin sense of mischief was an excellent foil to the near-hysteria of her rival.

Sarah Pollard (who was also the Producer) and Millie Benyon gave us a further study in extremes. Sarah was just the sort of maid who would turn most employers to some sort of self-service, while Millie as the redoubtable Madame Arcati, gave a convincingly gushing interpretation of the sort of medium whose enthusiasm for making contact with the other world is equalled only by her unawareness of its embarrassing consequences. All told this was a thoroughly enjoyable evening's entertainment and Antoinette Hadida and her team are to be congratulated on making Stanhope's debut in the House Drama Festival a great success.

Timothy Stunt

Lyttelton House Play

DEAD RINGER

Lyttelton definitely benefited this year from not only a good choice of play but also from the excellent casting, the quality of the acting and the clear-cut directing.

Dead Ringer is an "old favourite," the plot centring around the often very comic situations arising from the Prime Minister's sudden demise immediately prior to the general election, and the installation of his exact double until the election has blown over; unfortunately a double who meantime decides that he enjoys being Britain's political leader and thus decides to stay, blackmail being the alternative. A good comedy can be seen again without any lessening of enjoyment, provided that it is produced well. Certainly the funny lines were still funny and the overall plot still enjoyable, and this can only be a credit to the director, Patrick Marshall.

It has to be said here that a large part of the success of this production was brought about by Orlando Seale's interpretation of the part of Randolph Bolton, the Prime Minister, and later his double, Gerry Jackson. His obviously natural talent for acting lent the part a consistently humorous nature, even when the lines did not necessarily dictate this of their own accord; he had evidently taken some time and care to think out the manner in which he would portray this often quite difficult character. Along with the other two lead rôles, played by the director Patrick Marshall and Sarah Hichens, he lent the play much of the coherence that was the quintessence of its success. Yet indeed all the cast certainly contributed to this; the skilful and careful nature of the acting was uniform and rewarding.

In a play of this genre the directing itself has to be more important than the technical side of the production, but this only served to emphasise the quality of the set and costumes. Indeed great care had been taken in almost every respect — with the exception of one, which unfortunately could only be detrimental: the prompting. There was certainly no excess of it and prompts when they came were handled cleverly, often in such a way as to be humorous, but it cannot be denied that in any comedy full of wit and repartee, accuracy of lines is essential. The very infrequency of the occurrence of these prompts only made their necessity seem more of an unnecessary shame.

However, as is hopefully obvious, the enjoyment of the performance was a tribute to the certainly great volume of time and care involved in its preparation.

E. B. Walsworth-Bell

DEAD WRINGER

IN THE ROXBURGH HALL

FRIDAY SAT. 8.00 p.m.

LYTTELTON HOUSE

By O. P. M. Seale

J.M.T. Muir Temple.

Muir Temple's initiation into the world of Stowe, though not exactly a baptism of fire, was not wholly auspicious. His arrival coincided with that of Stowe's third Headmaster, Donald Crichton-Miller; and in the month of September in the year 1958 there went out a decree that all the world should go up to the Temple of Concord to be reviewed; and Muir also went up thither, because he was of the house and lineage of Stowe. Then came the stern inquisition:

'Are you a scientist?'

'No, sir.'

'I want to meet a physicist.'

And not very long thereafter the Lord smote the temple of Concord so that the roof thereof collapsed, nor has it ever been used since — for lawful purposes. Now this was a sign from above to the devout that never thereafter should Muir be so snubbed, at any rate in that temple.

After that infelicitous start all went swimmingly. Friendship shrinks from offering a man perhaps the most opprobrious title that malice can devise, that of 'the perfect schoolmaster,' but such are Muir's qualities and talents that I fear he must consent to bear the palm. His intellectual powers must take pride of place. Throughout his long career here his enthusiasm for French and German language and literature, and his ability to arouse such enthusiasm in others, helped many generations of Stoics over the successive hurdles of 'O' and 'A' Level examinations and University entry, as well as instilling in many of them an abiding interest in such literature. The more timid may have been initially intimidated by his occasional assumption of ferocity, but they soon became aware of the velvet hand beneath the iron glove. Outside the classroom Muir was involved from the beginning with many of the activities which occupy a Stoic's leisure time, always with what in saner times I might have called, but dare not now call, a spirit of infectious gaiety. He coached most of the major games, hockey being, I believe, his preference. But fundamentally even more important was his impact on the community as a person, in the field of what it is now fashionable to call the pastoral side of education; never had sheep a better shepherd. Here the warmth of his nature and his instinctive understanding of the young endeared him to all who came his way. I had ample opportunity to observe this myself when he became my assistant in Chandos. In September 1967 came the Housemastership of Grafton, where, after two very different predecessors, by an adroit blend of firmness and amiability he created a very happy, spirited community for David Mee to inherit in 1978. In January 1979 he was appointed Second Master, again after two very different predecessors. Having been one of them myself I can say *sine ira et studio* that before

Muir's time that post, though not wholly a sinecure, had not imposed a crushing burden on its holders' mental or physical resources. Such were Muir's boundless energies, his will to enhance the well-being and efficiency of the School, that he proved himself more than equal to the demands of the increasing complexity of its administration, from matters of general policy to those of the smallest moment; he laboured tirelessly, for example, to solve the seemingly intractable difficulties of the dining rooms and of the labyrinthine social and athletic calendar. His capacity for attention to detail was, in fact, such as Winston Churchill himself might have admired, as together with that other arch-insomniac, Napoleon, he would have commended Muir's ability to go without sleep. He worked a very long day. One aspect of Muir's services as Second Master which may have passed unnoticed by many was his great concern for those whose work is so vital yet taken too much for granted, the members of the domestic staff, whom he was constantly ready to help with sympathy and guidance. All this was done with an unflinching good humour (well, almost unflinching, if I may be permitted the oxymoron), a wit and a sense of the comic which not only regularly enlivened the tedium of Common Room existence but also dulled the edge of many an otherwise potentially lethal razor-sharp issue; if the comparison be not too strained, Laertes' words about Ophelia come to mind:

'hell itself

She turns to favour and to prettiness.'

'prettiness'? — perhaps not: but 'favour' — certainly.

It is not surprising that with such qualities Muir won the respect and affection both of the boys and girls and of his colleagues, not least those who benefited from his patience as listener and wisdom as counsellor.

Margaret will be best remembered in the wider community for her indefatigable work as Chairman of the North-West Division of the Buckinghamshire Association for the Blind. In the world of Stowe, apart from giving Muir the support without which his spirit must surely sometimes have wilted, she contributed a great deal to Music and Drama, in the former as a founder-member of the Rutland House (now Queen's Temple) Singers, in the latter as Wardrobe Mistress for the Congreve Club, whose successes for many years have been much indebted to her. She took part, too, as did Muir, in various Staff productions.

No appreciation of Muir and Margaret would be complete without reference to the generous hospitality always readily available to present and former members of the community.

Now they have retired to Yorkshire, where we wish them a well-earned rest. Perhaps there Muir may have the leisure and inspiration to practise

something which some may not know him to possess, his skill as a painter. *we wish*

longos per annos proderat huic scholae:
domi forisque prodigus artium
mentes iuventutis fovebat,
et leviora comes iuvabat.

septentriones nunc colit arduas;
hortus libelli carmina rus placent
curis soluto; sic quiete
uxor et ipse diu fruatur.

B.S.S.

MUSIC AT STOWE

The Autumn Term concert by the School Orchestra and Choral Society was organized rather differently from previous years. The orchestra had little adult help and the second half of the concert consisted of the jazzy cantata *Nero* which has no orchestral part. Two concertos featured soloists from the School; a Vivaldi concerto for two oboes brought stylish playing from Sebastian Timpson and Edward Wright accompanied by strings from the main orchestra. Mozart's Horn Concerto in D was played with great beauty of sound and polish by Annabel Grey-Edwards with good support from the orchestra, considering the special difficulties imposed on any players trying to perform Mozart. Paul Drayton's *Nero* made up the second part of the concert and a good performance was given of this work which has more vitality than all the other "pop cantatas" put together. It would be invidious to mention any individual contributions except to say that with P.C.D. playing the piano and JBD taking the part of *Nero* it would be hard to imagine a better performance.

Carols by Candlelight brought the term to a close and the Spring Term opened with a recital given by P.D.H. (clarinet) with Melanie Ragge (piano). Melanie is best known as the oboe teacher at Stowe but the evening showed her to be a gifted pianist as well. The highlight of the concert was the Reger Clarinet Sonata, a wonderful piece from the twilight of German romanticism, which was given a warm and sympathetic performance.

Tosca was the work for this year's operatic workshop once again introduced (and produced) with great style by Jonathan Lewsey. The Music Room was the venue for this tale of passion in which A.R.S. and Lola Biagioni starred as the ill-fated lovers with P.C.D. providing the "orchestra." Possibly the room is a little small to cope with performances as heroic as this but there is no doubt that the audience enjoyed a wonderfully sung performance. Mr. Lewsey was able to fill in much interesting detail in addition to coping with the difficult task of explaining the plot of the opera!

The Pupils' Concert contained many enjoyable items and it was very encouraging to see so many young players taking part. Annabel Bentley produced a highlight of the concert playing three movements from the Bach Flute Suite in B minor with a small string orchestra. Her phrasing in the minuet was particularly delightful.

The Buckingham and District Music Society combined with the Stowe Choral Society in a performance of the Faure Requiem for the end of term concert, this time under the baton of D.F.G. Once again this collaboration worked very well with a moving performance and the chapel packed almost to capacity for the second year running. The first half of the concert consisted of Ravel's Mother Goose Suite and the Mozart Sinfonia Concertante featuring Gillian and myself as soloists. *Elijah* is the work that has been chosen for the two choirs to perform together next year. It is an excellent work to introduce anyone to the excitement of choral singing, so don't be so shy Stoics and let's have a few more of you taking part!

R.J.S.S.

A GRAND CHORAL AND ORCHESTRAL CONCERT

Sunday, March 12th, 1989

Any concert including works by Ravel and Fauré automatically hath me in thrall, and if the works are *Ma Mère l'Oye* and the Requiem the thralldom is the more enchanting. Ravel's somewhat Satanic spirit may have felt some sense of irony at hearing a work of his presented in a chapel, a Protestant chapel at that, but the excellence of the performance would no doubt have earned his indulgence. As in the later, more profound *l'Enfant et les Sortilèges*, Ravel creates from the world of children, animals and the fairy tale a magical web of fantasy symbolically and subtly suggesting the reality which often underlies the nursery rhyme. He wrote to Jeanne Leleu, one of the two pianists who first played the work in 1910, congratulating her on her 'childlike and sensitive performance.' The orchestral version, though it may lose a little in childlike simplicity, surely gains immensely in warmth, variety and harmonic complexity, all of which were fully produced on this occasion, from the fine delicacy of the woodwind and the music played (supposedly) on tiny instruments by tiny people to solemn upsurges of sound from the strings as in *The Enchanted Garden*.

As D.F.G.'s programme notes told us, the Fauré Requiem has a link with Ravel's music in its use of colour, and also in its control of orchestration, though otherwise it could hardly be

more different. I suspect it is the most popular of all liturgical works, certainly of this century, for its melodic simplicity, its sheer 'tunefulness,' and also for its very brevity and understatement. The whole performance, vocal and instrumental, was superb. To the Stowe members of the audience the solo work of Sally Searby and Simon Reid gave the Requiem a special appeal. Sally sang the much loved *Pie Jesu* with the purity of a treble but more warmth than a boy's voice can normally muster; Simon, in his début as a soloist here, sang the *Offertorium* and *Libera me* with confidence and control; his critical wife thought him better in the latter, but both seemed excellent to me.

Between these two exponents of French romanticism, and skilfully contrasting them with music of the strictly 'Classical' era, came a much grander work by one the latchet of whose shoe they would, in their own and general esteem, be unworthy to unloose, the towering figure of Mozart. It is scarcely credible that a man of 23 should have written this complex masterpiece, the Sinfonia Concertante for violin and viola, comparable, as D.F.G. again informed us, with the great piano concertos. Though this work more than the others would have benefited from a more spacious venue, it too was given a most polished, vigorous interpretation. It was pleasant to see Gillian Secret partnering her husband as a change from her usual more submissive rôle under his baton, and their rendering of the Andante in particular was a beautiful piece of sustained tenderness and sonority.

One missed some familiar faces in the orchestra, but had to remember that on this occasion Stowe was primarily host, providing only some of the musical resources, and David Gatehouse must be congratulated on another imaginative concert accorded the rapturous reception it deserved.

B.S.S.

MUSIC

(List of Musical Events)

Sunday, January 15th, 1989 at 8.00 p.m.
in The Roxburgh Hall
CLARINET RECITAL
by PAUL HARRIS

Sunday, January 29th at 8.00 p.m.
in The State Music Room
OPERA WORKSHOP
Scenes from TOSCA by PUCCINI
with
JONATHAN LEWSEY (Guest Producer)

Sunday, February 12th, 1989 at 8.00 p.m.
in The State Music Room
CONCERT BY PUPILS
OF STOWE SCHOOL

Tuesday, February 28th
6.00 CONCERT

Sunday, March 12th, 1989 at 8.00 p.m.
in Stowe Chapel

BUCKINGHAM AND DISTRICT
MUSIC SOCIETY
and
STOWE CHORAL SOCIETY
ORCHESTRA led by RUTH FOURMY
Conducted by DAVID GATEHOUSE
GILLIAN and ROBERT SECRET (violin and viola)

Suite: ma mère l'Oye Ravel
Sinfonia concertante Mozart
REQUIEM Fauré

Sunday, May 14th, 1989 at 8.00 p.m.
in The State Music Room
MAURIZI ENSEMBLE

Ode to Napoleon Schoenberg
Piano Quintet Dvorak

Sunday, May 21st, 1989 at 8.00 p.m.
in the Roxburgh Hall
KATE ELMITT and JOHN RAILTON

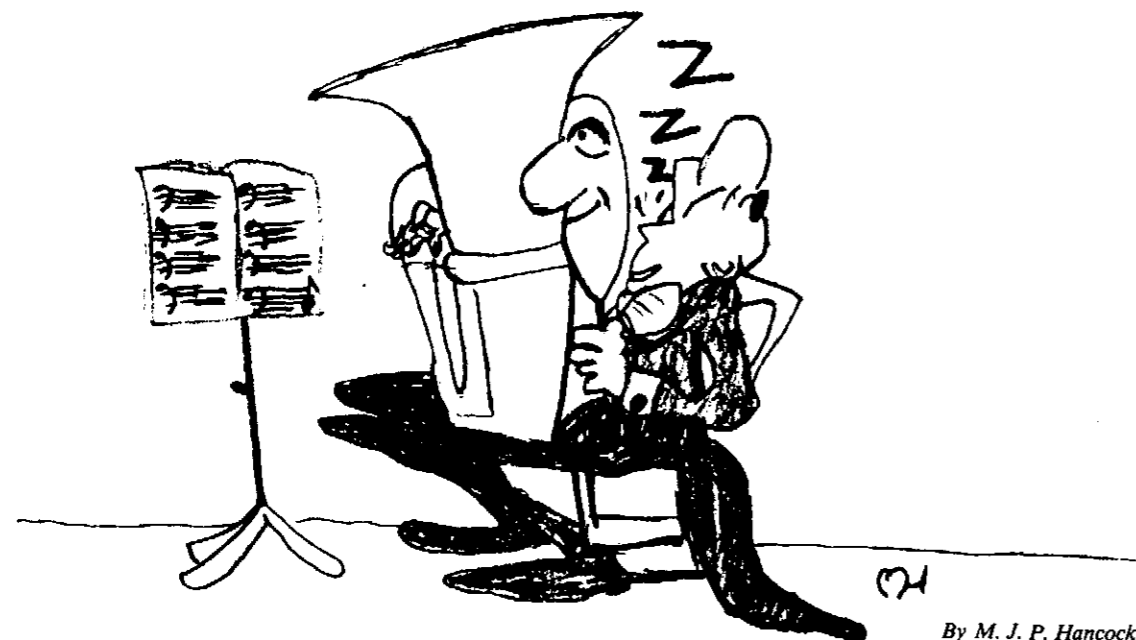
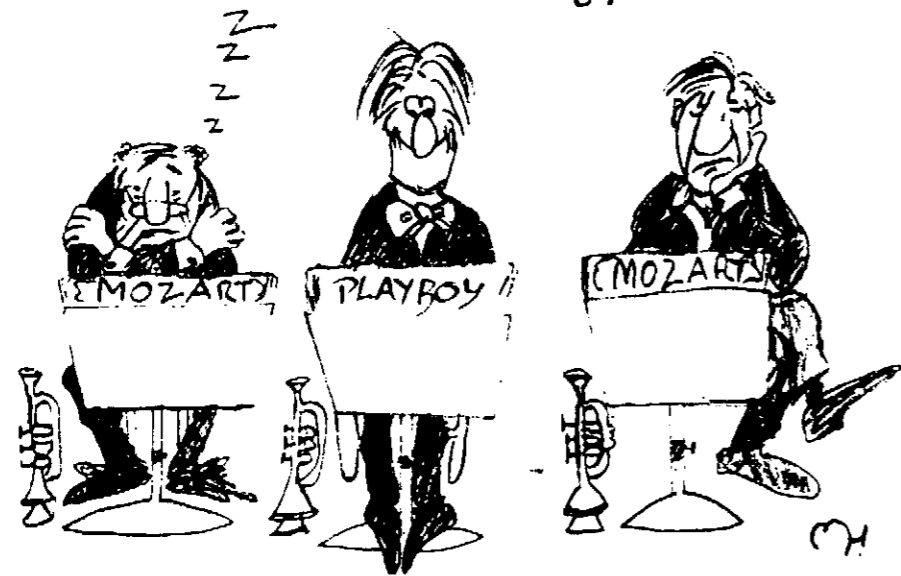
in
CARNIVAL OF THE ANIMALS Saint-Saëns
CARNIVAL OF THE INSECTS Paul Drayton

Saturday, May 27th, 1989 at 12 noon
in The Roxburgh Hall
SPEECH DAY CONCERT
PETER EVELYN trumpet
ALEXANDER WRIGHT flute
EDWARD WRIGHT recorder
STOWE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Trumpet Tune Stanley
Concerto for flute and recorder Telemann
The 'Farewell' Symphony Haydn
Overture: Die Fledermaus Strauss

Sunday, June 4th, 1989 at 8.00 p.m.
in The Marble Hall
THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE SINGERS
Conducted by PAUL DRAYTON
in a Programme of Unaccompanied Choral Music
Sunday, June 11th, 1989 at 8.00 p.m.
in The State music Room
MAURIZI ENSEMBLE

Quintet in C K.515 Mozart
Sextet in G Op. 36 Brahms



By M. J. P. Hancock

CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS

THE FALL

The whirr of powerful engines,
The green flashing light,
The leap,
The fall.

Air buffs my face,
Tears streak backwards, and reach my hair,
The clouds engulf,
Whiteness.

I look out of the clouds,
See faint grey blobs miles below me,
See a patchwork of greens and yellows
And a wormy brown river.

I check my altitude — 300 feet
I pull the rip cord
I pull it again
I pull it out
But no parachute.

Now I can pick out the air base,
I see the frenzied, running figures.
They don't know what to do,
Now I see the whites of their faces.

My hair streams out behind me
And my nose is numb
But I don't care
It'll be all over soon.

I approach the tarmac,
Arms outspread,
The useless parachute a dead weight.
I see their puzzled, horrified faces, then . . .
Darkness.

S. G. Edenborough (IIIa)

THE WAVES

Twisting, turning,
Curling, swirling,
Whirling, twirling,
Tossing, sloshing,
Crashing, smashing,
Hurling, stirring,
Whooshing, pushing,
Slapping, lapping,
Rushing, crushing,
Heaving, weaving,
Missing, hissing,
Spinning, swilling,
Whipping, slipping,
Hitting, quitting.
These are the waves that crash down on the jagged
rocks.

N. D. Smith (IIIa)

STOWE SCHOOL BLUES

The wind is blowing, showing its wrath,
The rain is lashing, hockey's off.

What shall I do, squash, badminton or fives?
It's on days like this I wish I were never alive.

I went to the courts, they were all being used,
No matter how hard I tried, I was always refused.

Yes, I'll go to Nugent to chat up my girl,
Only to find she's with Christopher Curl!

Now I'm depressed, no one likes me any more,
But to my surprise, a knock on my door.

"Come on you, let's have some fun,
We'll take the Thirds on a Monday run!"

N. D. Smith (IIIa)

THE USBORNE BOOK OF LONDON

In the Usborne Book of London
The opportunities are manifold.
You know where to look for Woden, Dragen and
Hagen.

They are all there,
And are told of in this compact book.

In the Usborne Book of London,
Look no further for a Kirkman and Morman
Hand in hand.
Experience a milkman and bagman
Foxtrotting in Witwatersrand.
No, they are not analysands,
Make sure you understand,
This is the Usborne Book of London.

'But where,' I hear you shout,
'Where to go for an onion, mushroom, tuna,
and banana pizza?'

Look no further than the Usborne Book of
London.

The section after Ulster.
Will find you in the glossary.
Just after the list of sanctuaries
Comes the takeaways.
This is all in the mighty
Usborne Book of London.

So wherever you go,
Whatever you do,
Whoever you meet,
Make sure you know
Where your copy is situated, of
The mighty, wonderful, amazing,
Stimulating, exciting, thrilling
Usborne Book of London.

R. M. Saper (IIIa)

FIVE DAYS OF WORKING

Five days of working,
Without a kobo in my wallet,
Five days of working,
Without enough food in my sack.
Five days of working
Without a taste of fresh brewed palm wine.

I work on a farm
Whose owner, a foolish drunk, lives on rum
And strong palm wine.
He pays 50 naira for five day's work,
But my 50 naira failed to arrive.
The drunk has spent my 50 naira
For my five days work, on rum and palm wine.

Well, my five days of working
Has not been for nothing,
The foolish drunk is giving me a horse and a goat
With four pints of palm wine
For my five days of work.
I shall sell the goat for 80 or 100 naira.
With money in my wallet and food in my sack
And palm wine to drink,
I shall ride into the sunset on my way home,
Sweet home.

F. T. Erogbogbo (III)

THE WOMAN IN THE RED FORD ESCORT

It was high noon Baker's Town:
An unsuspecting little crowd,
Wished upon a passing cloud.
But this was such a rash mistake
As any wretched clown could make.

The Red Ford Escort — blurr of paint,
Rushed by as if wishing fate,
It moved so like the speed of light,
Nothing stopping its fearful flight
The white, black orange of a zebra.

Approach the car — "Good God, SLOW DOWN!"
But naught defrosts the freezing frown
Of a man in his prime completely cut down,
By the woman in the Red Ford Escort.

J. M. P. Shasha (IIIa)

PREDATOR

Silent and fatal predator.
Motionless — the scent caught.
Body drawn up, every muscle tensed,
Highly strung like a spring stretched to its limit.
A deadly statue.
And then pressure released,
Its weight thrown with terrific power;
Quick and merciless.
A canine tearing, then silence.
Heavy panting.
Grunts of pleasure muffled by the carcass,
mutilated and torn.

J. M. Crawford (IIIa)

JOHN SMITH

John Smith is an indolent man,
Staying in bed when he possibly can.
Usually lives in a permanent daze,
In his special world of foggy haze.

But one day he went berserk.
He decided to sit down and do some work.
So down he sat with pen and paper,
But up he got, not much later.

So deciding he wasn't a worker,
Became a part-time fighting Gurkha,
But didn't like the discipline
So soon he gave that in.

However, he then ran out of money,
(So he couldn't have his morning honey!)
So off he went to find some dough;
Didn't find anything to suit him though.

So in the end he went on the dole,
Suitable for his lazy soul.
So now he's frittering his time away,
With nothing to do but sleep all day.

M. Chamberlain

LIFE WOULD NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN

Fred's arrival in the driveway was announced by several short paps on the horn and the breakfast that I had wolfed down only minutes before threatened to surface again.

However, I soon sat, for the first time in my relatively short life, in the driving seat of a mobile advert for "B.S.M." and my opinion that I was on a kamikaze mission that could only result in my own or some unfortunate pedestrian's death was confirmed as I performed the first of many "bunny-hop" starts.

The ensuing hour passed excruciatingly slowly, as did the vehicles wedged furiously behind me. The initial terror that had gripped me during those first moments had dissipated slightly but confidence was not entirely mine as I ground the gear stick from one position to another at Fred's signal, while the engine roared in protest at the novicial pressure I was putting on the "revs."

The only consolation during this hour of torture was that the smug, jovial look that Fred had worn previously had been replaced by a look of sheer terror as we careered towards the traffic lights which were, with a sly wink, changing from green to red.

I should say at this point that Fred had not struck me as particularly religious at first, but I then noticed him silently apologising profusely for any sins that he might have committed in his life and was bargaining desperately with the Almighty for deliverance from this female maniac.

No longer patronising, Fred, while popping a couple of valium, suggested we remove ourselves to a quieter back road. All went well and after a less eventful second hour I was deposited, with some relief on Fred's part, on my doorstep.

This pattern of events continued for some time until I mastered the elusive art of clutch control and the equally difficult one of steering the car straight while changing gear. However, despite my new dominance over the tamed vehicle, roundabouts continued to baffle me.

The problem was that I just was not a suicidal maniac or a demented inmate of some sinister clinic like the majority of my fellow drivers and therefore I simply could not throw myself, instructor and car into the mercurial fray spinning around the ash trees in the centre (kindly planted by the council for the increased pleasure of motorists).

So, lesson after lesson, we sat at the end of the access road nudging our way slowly and timidly onto the racetrack, although our progress was

marred by panicky jerks initiated by my nervously twitching right foot. Fred's face turned a kaleidoscope of colours as the fuming vehicles piled up behind us began to vent their rage using various expletives.

Finally, my right foot, with no guidance from the upper regions of my body, which were numb with terror, decided that the waiting was over. As my foot and pedal connected with the floor the car took what can only be described as a kangaroo hop across the dotted line and stopped dead, spread-eagled across the speedway. The other humiliation I felt cannot be described as car after car skidded to a halt as they caught sight of my over-zealous manoeuvres.

Fred, who I think had overdosed, did not say another word as I steered us off the roundabout and crawled home.

Having at last secured enough disasters under my belt to be considered advanced, Fred sent me off to the test centre to face one of those grim-faced specimens of man known as driving examiners.

As expected, Steve was wearing the regulation uniform of pale pink shirt; grey, leather tie; grey, shiny suit; grey, Hush-puppies; and pale pink socks. He gave me a gleeful grin, a rarity, as I wriggled into the driving seat wearing my shortest skirt, having been informed it was a good pass technique.

We set off towards the perversely designed street system of Hampstead Garden Suburb. However, my frequent shopping trips had not been a total waste of time as I was able to successfully negotiate all the complexities deviously engineered by the road designers.

Everything went smoothly as we cruised at a cool fifty until we passed the man washing his car. Unfortunately, Steve's window was open and the man's aim was not terribly good. I thought the slight soaking did wonders for the suit but evidently Steve did not share my opinion and his barely suppressed rage boiled menacingly near the surface.

However, the rest of the test passed without any other event and at last we came to a glorious stand-still at the test centre.

I turned and smiled waveringly but expectantly at Steve who was scribbling on a small, official-looking slip. He slowly unbuckled his seatbelt, turned towards me, leant against the door and stared hard at me for what seemed like hours.

"You passed."

Life would never be the same again.

Catherine E. L. Muir

I STAND FAST, I STAND FIRST

It was seven-thirty. London was busy with traffic, the rain pouring down, making more noise than the thousands of people on their way to their evenings-out. Situated in a small street by the Ritz Hotel was a popular restaurant—"The Whim," renowned for its exquisite French menu and fashionable customers. The restaurant had been open half an hour and already several people had taken their tables. All of them regular customers.

For a brief moment, the noise from outside swept in with the man who entered. Once he had closed the door the only sound to be heard was constant gossip and glasses being placed on tables. The man handed his coat to the attendant on his left and looked to the head waiter on his right with a smile. Mitchell walked out from his enclosure and escorted Donald Simmons to his usual table. Once seated, he ordered a drink and glanced at the menu. The people to his right were making a lot of noise. He showed his disapproval by clearing his throat a few times in their direction. Unfortunately his actions did not epitomize his objections as the people did not notice. Simmons looked to the waiter and asked for the "Chef's Choice," and sat back in his chair. He had hoped for a quiet meal but the family two tables away had other ideas. He stared at them. The father was roughly his own age, in his late thirties, as was the mother. The son was maybe eleven and the daughter about eight. The father stared at Simmons whilst the mother spoke to the children. When their eyes met their faces showed a spontaneous expression of unbelieving surprise. Simmons immediately went to the other table.

"Well, well, well, Nick Gilmour after all this time!"

"Don, it must be twenty years. I can't believe it!"

Nick Gilmour's family looked to Simmons.

"This is my wife Caroline, my son Harry and my daughter Patty."

"Pleased to meet you all," Simmons said with a smile.

"Take a seat, Don." Gilmour looked to his family.

"We grew up together at Stowe and shared studies for three years, unfortunately when I was expelled I lost all contact with Don, but now we all know he is a world-famous musician."

Simmons smiled at his old friend, "So everyone knows about me, but what about you?"

Gilmour paused and replied, "Well I've just been enjoying myself mainly. Did you keep in touch with any Stoics? When I left I lost contact with everyone. I didn't know what I would do but

it's taken me twenty years and I'm the director of a company."

Simmons seemed to be rather taken back.

"I'm here on a business trip, in search of another record contract. I'm trying to make a comeback. My latest few albums didn't do very well. If I don't get this contract then it will be the end of me."

Nick Gilmour talked and talked with Simmons. An hour went by and finally came the moment he was waiting for.

"You know it really makes me content to know that you could be at the end of your career. After all if it wasn't for you I wouldn't have been expelled."

"What are you talking about? Are you mad Nick?"

"Let me explain. Twenty years ago I lent you a knife. It was discovered that a cabinet containing 'A' level exams had been forced open. Some papers were stolen. You left my knife with my name on it by the cabinet. You then put the papers in my desk. When our Housemaster checked our study and found them, I was expelled at once. Do you realize how hard it was for me to get work. No-one wanted to know about me."

Simmons looked at his friend and stood up from his chair. "You belong in an asylum. I am pleased that I know what happened to you. Goodbye Nick."

Simmons told Mitchell to charge his meal to his account and left. Once outside he couldn't help but think, "How did he find out?"

The next morning he left his ex-manager's office after hearing bad news. His contract had been turned down. His manager fired him. Simmons would have no more concerts, records, money, friends, books. It was as if he had no soul. He crossed the road and cried.

What is it Don?" Gilmour asked. He had been walking up the same street and following Simmons.

"I didn't tell you I was the head of a record company did I? Yes of course your music just wasn't suitable. I don't think that I would ever accept a liar anyhow. I am pleased that I know what happened to you. Goodbye Don."

Many years passed. It was almost seven-thirty. London was busy with traffic, the rain was pouring down, making more noise than the thousands of people on their way to their evenings-out. Situated in a small alley not far from the Ritz Hotel was an old tramp surrounded by bottles of alcohol. It's so pleasing to know what happened to Don Simmons don't you think?

L. J. Harris (Vr)

A ROOMFUL OF DREAMS

He sat there alone in his comfortable chair, reflecting on what had just happened. The window was open and the ensuing draught suddenly disturbed his thoughts. The chill of the draught suited the atmosphere in the room now that she had left. Now it was too late to tell her how much he loved her. It was just too late to tell her anything.

Flickers of the city's profusion of neon lights made patterns on his perplexed forehead. What had he done? Where had she gone? These were the questions his mind kept on asking and the answer remained the same, "I don't know!" Perhaps he would never know why she had left him. Perhaps deep down inside he did not want to know?

The door slammed and although she was not there he began to feel her presence. Outside he heard the incessant rumbling of the city which in the words of the song "never slept." The impersonal sounds made him feel even more lonely now they were all he had left. He prayed for silence, stillness and inner peace but that simply

refused to materialise: his mind rambled on like the city's traffic refusing to stop except for a few seconds. He had loved her but had made the mistake of assuming her feelings were the same. They were not. The truth was harsh; at moments it felt unacceptable that she loved someone else.

Thoughts of her flooded through his mind. He shut his eyes in a vain attempt to block these thoughts out but they struck back at him harder and harder. He was about to surrender to these thoughts. He was humiliated; defeated. How was he to recover from such a tremendous blow?

When he called her name, the dream vanished, temporarily releasing him from this paralysing torture. His head sank in dismay as tears pricked his eyes, as the words of his friends re-echoed continuously in his head. All of a sudden he emitted a sigh of relief from deep within him. They were right when they said he would get over it. Frustration attacked him out of nowhere. He got up, grabbed his raincoat as he could hear it was drizzling outside, opened the door, turned round and saw nothing; nothing that was except a roomful of dreams. He smiled and gently shut the door.

M. S. Al-Kaylani

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FIRST VISIT

"Left or right?" my father asked, in a frustrated tone of voice. "Er . . . r-i-g-h-t, I think," my mother said, in a confused fashion, for she was looking for sign-posts while trying to read my father's out-of-date O.S. map.

We had successfully passed through Buckingham and were now cruising over the hills up to Stowe at approximately 70 m.p.h..

"Do be careful," Mum said.

"Don't worry, I know this part of the country like the back of my hand," my father replied confidently.

Eventually we arrived at the Obelisk! My father said that it was a 50-50 chance which way one turned to get to the main school, and he made the wrong choice. Half an hour later we were shown into the Headmaster's ante-room. My small brother immediately started playing with the Secretary's two puppies.

A tall, thin man invited us through into another room and we all sat down on old, uncomfortable chairs.

"Did you find the school easily?" he asked.

"Oh yes," my father replied pompously. What a liar!

The Headmaster then asked us a load of completely irrelevant questions, as far as I was concerned. After five minutes it got to a stage where there was no real conversation; so the Headmaster got up and said that he had arranged for a "Stoic" (what a stupid name, I thought) to show us round the school. He pressed a buzzer and asked the boy to be shown in.

A tall, fat boy was shown in. His face was covered with spots, his mouth was small and his hair greasy. I almost had a cardiac arrest, even my mother was feeling faint. My father placed a chair behind her and she collapsed into it in disbelief.

"Well . . . er," the Headmaster said, embarrassed, "this is Adam and he will show you around the school. Have a good time."

"Good time, huh," I mumbled to myself, "I've seen jollier mortuaries!"

We left the room and were led out to the North Front.

"The big Arch," my brother said, "can we go there?"

"No, Richard," Mum said, "it is too far to walk."

"Suppose I take you round the classrooms first; then we can go round the grounds," Adam said in a half-hearted tone.

"Super," my father said enthusiastically, "let's go."

As we walked past the North Colonnade, Adam asked my father:

"Have you seen any of the houses yet?"

"No," my father replied, "we're going to see some on a later visit."

"Ah," he said, trying to sound interested.

He led us through an old, rotten door and down a tiled passage.

"This is the maths block," Adam said.

"Looks more like . . .," my brother started to say, but was cut short when my mother's hand clamped itself round his mouth.

"It consists of seven classrooms and a computer room," Adam continued, "Shall we go to the science labs?"

"Rather," I yelled.

Once in the labs I stared in awe at all the modern equipment and technology.

"Can we go to the Chemistry Department, please," I had just remembered manners!

"Hello," an old man said, "I'm Professor Flask."

"Nice to meet you," my father said, trying to muffle his laughs.

At that moment my brother noticed something he obviously liked the look of, and ran through the lab. My mother called after him and started to run. She dodged the pupils like a slalom skier and her hand-bag swayed like a pendulum, knocking chemicals and glassware off shelves. It was chaos.

"Out," Professor Flask yelled, "out!"

We hastily retreated out into the open.

Adam showed us through the rest of the departments during the next hour. Then we made our way towards the golf course.

"What a beautiful course!" my mother exclaimed; she was very keen on golf.

"There's that man," my brother said; he meant the Headmaster.

It looked as if he had made a good drive and had a chance of getting the ball on the green. He took two minutes to get his posture right and swung; he lifted his head and the club face was flung open when it hit the ball, resulting in a shank. The ball skidded across the ground, slowed in the rough and rolled into the stream.

We screamed with laughter. The Head gave us a chilling glance. That soon shut us up.

"I think we had better go," my father said.

"I agree," Adam said.

We left the Headmaster shouting:

"That could have been a par!"

Once we had been shown round to the North Front my father turned to Adam.

"Thanks for a very educational tour."

"A pleasure," he said. How two-faced can you get!

We got into the car and sped off down the drive.

"Let's jump the bridge," my father said.

He put his foot down on the accelerator and gathered speed down the hill. As we neared the bridge the tyre burst. The car skidded out of control, my father fought to bring the car back on course. He slammed on the brakes and we lost all speed. We hit the bridge and the car went about a metre in the air. We landed heavily and the exhaust fell off!

"Great," Mum said, "absolutely great."

N. D. Smith (IIIa)

THE CONSPIRACY

It was a cold winter's night in the village of Slumpham. Snow was falling and the people were going to bed. Yet, in the corner of the village stood a rambling cottage, inside the inhabitants were still awake. The Rector's wife, a fat dumpling of a woman, was serving out punch. She was the kindest woman around: she always gave the village children money to buy sweets; she left food out for animals; she cared for those who were ill and she always helped people whenever she could.

That night, the annual carol singing had taken place, and now all the carol singers, whose noses were stinging with the cold and whose feet were frozen solid, were enjoying a hot drink of punch and sausage rolls made by the Rector's wife herself. The warm kitchen was a homely place, with the open fire, the pine fittings and the Christmas tree in the window.

Meanwhile, in the lounge, the two church cleaners, the church clerk, the previously retired old vicar, his wife, the church organist, his deputy and Mrs. Mealham, an old busybody who always interfered with church affairs, were having a chat.

"We've got to give that miserable old Rector the come-uppance he deserves. He's a bad tempered, grumpy old thing. Rectors are meant to be kind caring men who spread the word of God," said the clerk. "What we need is a plan that will give him a shock. Perhaps we could put a snake in his underpants," suggested Mrs. Mealham. "No. That wouldn't work, he'd like that, he's such a creep!" said the organist gloomily.

"You've all read *A Christmas Carol* by Charles Dickens, haven't you?" said the previous vicar's wife. "Well why don't we visit him dressed up as ghosts, that ought to change him!"

"That wouldn't work, we could never convince him that we were real ghosts," said one of the church cleaners.

"Well, I tell you what, let's go home now and think about it for the time being and we'll meet at my house on December 23rd," said the previous Rector.

So they all departed and went back to their various houses. The two church cleaners couldn't think of anything. The church clerk thought of putting dynamite in the pulpit, but it occurred to him that it would kill the Rector, and although he wanted to give him a fright, he didn't want to kill him. The previous vicar, who once could have thought of hundreds of devious plans, was nearly ninety and in the last few years his brain was not as good as it used to be, so he couldn't think of any plans either. The previous vicar's wife who was eighty-six, was too busy doing the Christmas shopping and preparing mince pies and Christmas dinner to even think about the conspiracy. The church organist was far too busy practising the descant versions of "O Come All Ye Faithful" and "Hark the Herald Angels Sing."

He was also wondering whether to play "In Dulci Jubilo" by Bach, which was to do with Christmas, but which he disliked, or to play "Cantabile in B major" by Franck, which he liked, but didn't have anything to do with Christmas. Because he was so busy playing the organ, he didn't think of any plans either. As for Mrs. Mealham, she was so busy poking her nose into other people's business, seeing what they were baking for Christmas dinner, finding out who had artificial trees or not, how many cards and presents her neighbours had received, that she totally forgot about the conspiracy.

It was the deputy organist who came up with a plan. In his spare time he played with his chemistry set, which has forty thousand chemicals in it; rare ones like Gold Duoflouridehydrocarbonibricopperoxide and Potassium Permanganesenesiummagnesium and Praseodymium Bradisiliconium. It was when he was mixing up these three chemicals that he discovered he could make camouflage paint. He found that when painted all over yourself, you were instantly invisible. But really the paint camouflaged you in within your surroundings.

The deputy organist discussed his plan with the others on December 23rd. They all agreed it was an excellent plan.

Soon it was Christmas Eve, everyone was going to bed. Snow was falling thick and fast. The whole village was dark now, apart from the windows which were lit up by Christmas Tree lights. The church, however, was an exception. The lights were on, and the path to the entrance was lit up by lanterns, which had been erected by the clerk especially for the service.

The first people were now arriving for Midnight Mass. The Rector was already in the church, grumbling at everything and everyone.

"Pah! Why did you put holly on the organ case? It looks stupid! And who was the silly idiot who put a garland on the pulpit? And who's to blame for the mistletoe on the roof? And who is

responsible for putting tinsel round the statue of the first Earl of Slumpham! I'll bet it's those stupid church cleaners," moaned the vicar to the organist.

While all this was going on, the church clerk and the deputy organist were in the belfry, painting themselves with camouflage paint. Soon the church was full and everybody was singing "Oh, Come All Ye Faithful." Then the vicar delivered his sermon.

Five minutes into it, the clerk and the deputy organist climbed into the nave. Then they gathered the hymn books.

"Right, are you ready?" asked the clerk.

"Yes," replied the deputy organist. So they then started to throw the hymn books all over the congregation.

"HELP!" cried everyone, "IT'S A POLTERGEIST!"

"I am death! I have come to finish off the vicar! He is mean and therefore is to come with me to hell!" yelled the clerk, in his loudest, deepest voice. Everybody ran for their lives out of the church, in case it decided to confront them. The rest of the conspiracy ran just as well, and looked completely authentic.

As soon as the organist had fled, the deputy started to play the piece which he played at every funeral. To the petrified vicar, who was rooted to the spot, it appeared the organ was playing itself. "I shall now kill," boomed the clerk.

"No! No! Please have mercy on me!" pleaded the vicar.

"I cannot. Thou shalt repent of all your sins!" said the clerk.

"I shall! I shall! Dear kind Death, please take pity on me! I'll be a changed person," grovelled the vicar, tears rolling down his face.

"Well . . . all right then. But I shalt warn thee! one more time, and to hell thou shalt go!" warned the clerk.

The vicar returned home, relieved to be alive and a changed person. Meanwhile the clerk and the deputy organist were washing off the camouflaging paint. From that day, the vicar of Slumpham has been a different person, he is of the most loved men in the country, and is now every bit as nice as his wife!

S. J. M. Jones (IIIa)

ABBAS: KING OF PERSIA

I remember the first night of term. We lay hugging ourselves not daring to move for fear of touching the icy expanse of sheet around us. We told each other stories about the heroic deeds of the holidays. Of how Rogers swam out five miles to sea and saved the life of a young girl, of how Maxwell's father shot down more German planes than any other British pilot, and of Abbas, King of Persia.

One after the other each boy told his story and handed on to the next to take the stage. It was the turn of Abbas. "So Abbas, what has your father done for the country?" asked Maxwell provocatively. Abbas was a delicate boy with a pale yellow skin and brown hair and eyes. He was not popular and the only way he managed to gain a few friends was through his amazing generosity. He was never a great friend, but since I was not as beastly as the others, he took a great liking to me. "My father would have been the rightful King of Persia, but since he is dead I am heir to the throne," came the unexpected answer.

The dorm was silent, nobody knew what to think. Obviously it was a fabrication but its unusualness as a claim had us all dumbfounded. Maxwell broke the silence with a burst of laughter and we all followed suit. The event was passed over and forgotten.

Soon Exeat was upon us and Abbas pressed an invitation upon me to come and stay with him. My parents were away and since the alternative was my grandparents in Tunbridge Wells, I accepted the invitation. The Exeat was three days long and I was to spend it all with Abbas.

The house was large and Georgian with an unkempt garden which one could tell had once been splendid. The vestiges of paths remained overgrown by rosebushes on each side. It had obviously been beautifully laid out and designed but now the hedges were no longer trimmed and kept and the verges were no longer straight.

Once in the house, Abbas introduced me to his nanny, a delightful lady to whom he was obviously attached. She too had his swarthy skin and deep brown eyes but her most prominent feature was her extraordinary long eyelashes.

Abbas and I scampered around the house penetrating every dark and hidden corner. Eventually we reached his room and unpacked our bags. Hanging over his bed was an ornately framed picture with a plaque which read: "Abbas, King of Persia." My mind flashed back to the first night of term, when Abbas had made his claim. So this was where he had got the idea from.

That night we sat down to the most regal meal I have ever eaten. The dining room was almost

as dark as the night outside and the flickering candles cast shadows round the room. Abbas and I sat one end of the long table whilst the old lady sat at the other. The table was covered with small dishes, leaving hardly an inch of space. Directly above the old lady's head there were, almost hidden in the shadows, two richly decorated swords.

"I see you have noticed Abbas's swords. They belonged to his grandfather," said the old lady.

I enjoyed the rest of my stay, which sped by. Abbas and I remained friends throughout our school-life but I never returned to the house and when we left school we drifted apart and lost contact.

Half a lifetime later, I met Abbas again. I was out shopping and we passed each other in the street. I didn't even notice him but suddenly heard him calling me from behind. I turned round to see a forty-year-old Abbas with a small black pencil thin moustache. "Seale!" How nice to see you." We went to a small cafe and discussed our lives over a cup of coffee.

"Well actually I'm planning to return to Persia to try and re-establish myself as King," said Abbas casually. The childhood memories came flooding back, but at that time I had dismissed his claim as a boyish boast. Now he was really going to be King Abbas.

"Pop round and see me tomorrow at the old house, I'll be packing and preparing to leave. There are some things I would like you to have."

I left in a state of disbelief, could it be true? Was he really the heir to the throne of Iran? The next day I went to see him, my curiosity rising. I arrived at the old house which now looked even more dilapidated and the garden overgrown. It had the shabby look of an exiled aristocrat.

The door was opened by a butler who ushered me to a badly lit sitting room, and then returned bearing one of the two swords which I had seen as a child.

"Mr. Abbas wanted you to have this, sir," said the butler handing over the sword.

"Where is the matching sword?" I asked.

"It is on its way to Iran with Mr. Abbas."

Over the next few weeks I closely followed the situation in Iran. The papers read: "There has been an attempt to restore the Shah to the throne, at the head of this movement is Prince Abbas."

The attempted restoration was a failure, what happened to Abbas remains a mystery but I still have the sword hanging in my dining room.

O. P. M. Seale (Vo)



THE HILLSBOROUGH TRAGEDY

Saturday, April 15th, 1989 was the day of the FA Cup semi-finals, one of which was between Liverpool and Nottingham Forest at Sheffield Wednesday's Hillsborough ground. It turned into Britain's worst sporting disaster.

Within minutes of the kick-off, spectators at the Liverpool supporters' end spilled onto the pitch through an open gate in the fencing. They were clearly trying to escape the crush of an overcrowded section of terracing, but the awful truth took some time to emerge. In fact, ninety-five people were killed, mainly crushed to death.

It was immediately evident to those at the game that this was not a hooligan problem. The fences installed to prevent pitch invasions were apparently to blame for the suffocations. There had to be some reason for the overcrowding, however, and it emerged that before the start of the game police had ordered a gate to be opened to ease the crush of people trying to get into the ground. This was meant to be an all-ticket match, but none of the thousands pouring through the gate had theirs checked.

The grief and bitterness over the deaths led, perhaps inevitably, to hasty apportioning of blame. The police bore the brunt for opening that gate, but the whole idea of crush barriers at football matches was also called into question. It was pointed out that the death toll at the Bradford City fire four years earlier would have been much increased had such barriers been in place.

A few days after the event two things happened which inflamed public opinion, especially on Merseyside. Firstly Jacques Georges, president of the European Football Union which had days earlier agreed to accept English clubs back into European competition in the 1990-91 season, said in a French radio interview that the fans pushing into the ground had behaved like animals.

The second thing was that a local Police Federation representative alleged that police officers had been urinated on by fans and impeded in the course of helping the injured. If anything, this even more incensed the families of the dead, who claimed that police were trying to deflect the blame. The Merseyside Police Federation rebuked their South Yorkshire colleagues for pre-empting the official police inquiry.

At the time of the disaster, the Government was attempting to get through Parliament its already unpopular Football Spectators Bill, whose central proposal was a measure to force spectators at league grounds to carry identity cards, the idea being that known troublemakers could be barred from matches. It was pointed out

that having to show a card would slow down the entrance and increase the crush outside the ground, but the only concession forthcoming was a relaxation of the pressure for the bill to be on the statute book by July, and even that took the threat of a Tory backbench rebellion.

I believe that the vast majority of Liverpool fans at Hillsborough were blameless. Of course some were drunk, of course there was rowdy behaviour — this is inevitable at a match with such a large attendance, but these formed a tiny fraction of the Merseyside crowd. Indeed, television pictures showed fans doing their best to help the injured, and being applauded by those still on the terraces. These pictures showed no evidence of the alleged bad behaviour. As for the supposed looting of dead bodies on the pitch, it is most likely that people were actually seen looking for identification.

While the police were wrong in trying to deflect the blame, that is not to say that they should accept all of it. What those outside the ground saw was a throng of supporters, many of whom did in fact have tickets, pushing to get through the turnstiles which clearly could not cope. There were bound to be injuries, even deaths, and so they decided to open the big gate — standard police procedure in such situations.

However, there were a combination of circumstances which they failed to foresee. Firstly, all the spectators went into a single section of terracing. They need not have done so, but they could hear that the match was already in progress and, panicking in case they should miss something, went towards the nearest section. Secondly, unlike a similar incident at Queen's Park Rangers the previous season, there were barriers between the spectators and the pitch, with only one small gate as a means of escape. The crush that this caused was responsible for the injuries and deaths.

The problem may still have been less severe if the police inside the ground had had better communications with those outside. The former did not know about either the crush outside nor opening of the gate, so the first fans to spill out were shepherded back onto the terraces. If those inside had known about the late rush, the start might have been delayed. We cannot blame those who turned up without tickets, as they knew that they would be able to buy them outside the ground. If we should blame anyone, it is the touts.

What is needed is a system used at major matches on the continent, whereby fans are stopped and their tickets checked when they get near the stadium. This has the double advantage of filtering out those without tickets and preventing a sudden rush of fans trying to gain entry.

Other than that, ground modifications are the main lesson of Hillsborough. Within days of the tragedy some grounds began ripping down fencing; a replacement crowd control might be a dry moat, or else a form of fencing that open up completely. There is also a move towards all-seated stadiums, which will be sad for those fans who are used to standing on the Kop like many generations before them, and will also increase entry prices, but it will prevent anything similar to Hillsborough from ever happening again.

Nothing can bring back the dead and the events at Hillsborough have made the game itself seem irrelevant. I hope, though, that after Ibrox, Bradford and now Hillsborough, we can finally learn the lessons to make this British sport's last major disaster.

N. D. Jackson

THE SATANIC VERSES

By Salman Rushdie

Pub. Viking Penguin 546pp. £12.95 H.B.

Almost anyone who is aware of world events would also be aware of the controversy caused by Salman Rushdie's latest book, *The Satanic Verses*. They might also think that they were able to write a review of it. So well has attention been focused on Rushdie, shown both as champion of free speech and unwelcome agitator, caught in an unfortunate political crossfire of his own making, that sight of the work in question has almost been lost.

The plot, when first encountered, seems, at least, fantastic — the tale of the transmogrification of two men, Saladin Chamcha and Gibreel Farishta, (survivors of a mid-air explosion of a hijacked jet), into anthropomorphized versions of evil and good. Fortunately, this does not develop into a stereotyped battle of Evil versus Good, but then none of Rushdie's work could be described as stereotyped.

Initially, the characters coexist until Chamcha is taken away by the police, who are constantly on the receiving end of Rushdie's satire and parody. Thus their paths diverge.

The author transports the reader to lands and times far removed from the present, and begins his "offensive and slanderous" attacks on the Muslim faith. The (false) prophet in question, Mahound, is the spirit, if not the form, of Gibreel Farishta. This allegedly good Imam who is founding a new religion is advised by an angel that he cannot continue in direct opposition to the gods already in vogue. Owing to Mahound's inability to distinguish between good and evil, he makes

concessions to this angel. This inability is perpetuated as a theme throughout the sections of the novel about Jahalia, city of sand, much to the chagrin of the good Ayatollah Khomeini, who is heavily mocked. As the new faith grows, Mahound becomes bogged down by dogma and obsessed with irrelevancies which alienate his followers, who are unable to express their dissatisfaction due to the might of the Imam's police force.

The other half of the book, that concerned with the more temporal, the present day, continues, as the characters' situations become more entwined without either being aware that this is so. Both become convinced of their divinity — Farishta because of the increasing intensity of his visions and Chamcha because when one is a seven foot red goat breathing sulphurous smoke, one can be left in little doubt. Chamcha sees the destruction of Farishta as his way to salvation. However, when, at last, they do meet, no clear victor can be established, and it is only with the statement of Farishta's final action that the issue is, at least in part, resolved. The only devils are those in our own hearts, and it is there that battles should be fought.

Many complain that Rushdie is, at best, difficult to read and that this book was a pre-meditated piece of self-promotion. It is undeniable that he wrote it to satirize aspects of Islam and knew that Muslims would be incensed, but I think it unlikely that he could have foreseen this book being the most controversial since *Lady Chatterly's Lover*. It is, furthermore, most enjoyable.

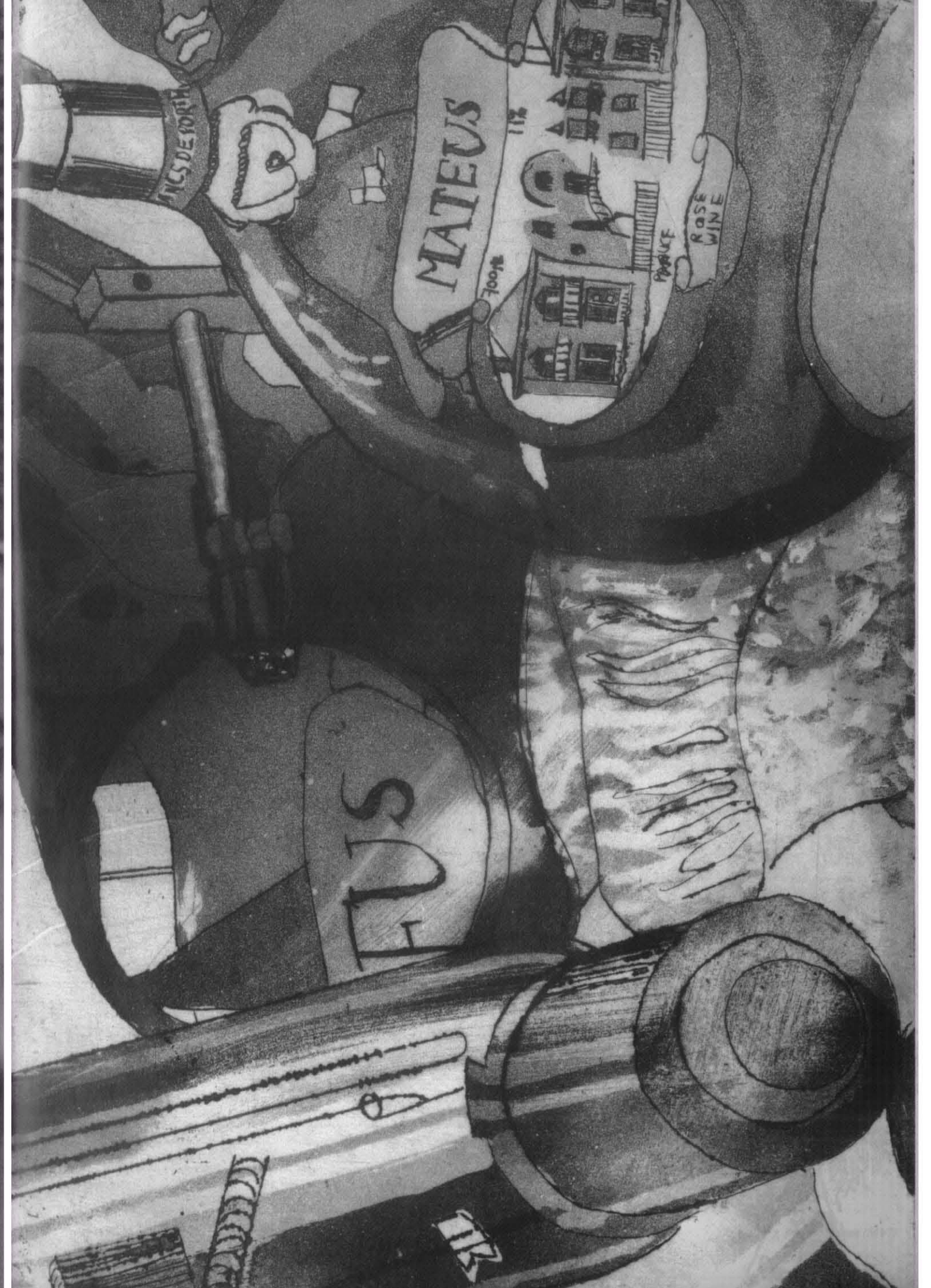
J. W. Ffooks

ERRATUM:

'Bricking Up Mother' in the last issue was written by R. F. Cole (Vo).

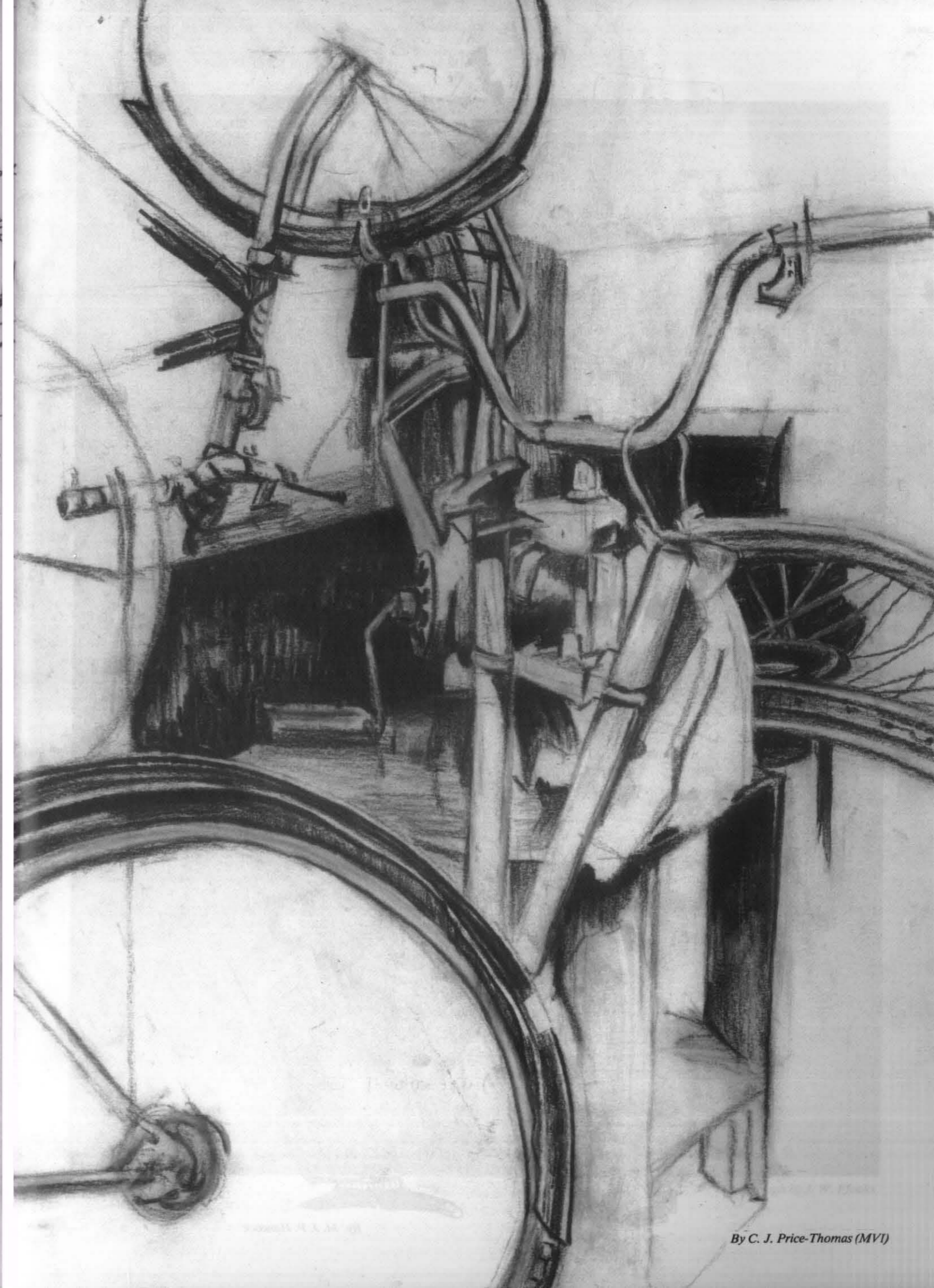


Photograph by C. J. Price-Thomas





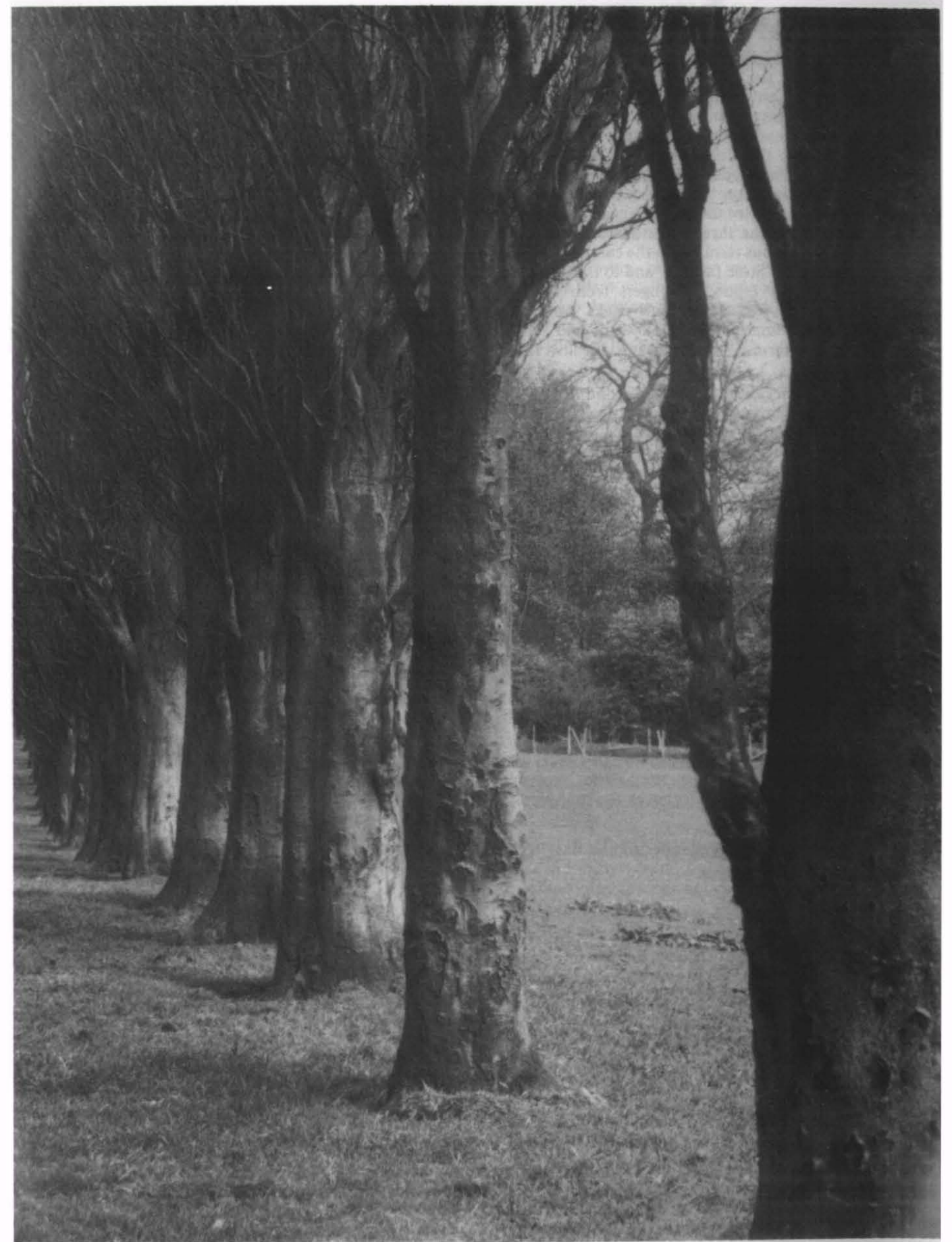
By P. R. Saville (MVI)



By C. J. Price-Thomas (MVI)



By M. J. P. Hancock



Photograph by J. W. Ffooks

ICELAND

It was midnight on Tuesday, 12th July as we stepped off the Icelandair 737 into the recently completed air terminal at Keflavik, Iceland. Within twenty minutes we had collected our rucksacks and been cleared through customs. Then came the first change of plan. We had originally intended to take the half hour shuttle bus from the airport into the capital but neither of us much fancied the idea of lugging our all too heavy packs the three miles across town from Reykjavik's bus terminal to the campsite. And so, in typical Stoic fashion, and to the bewilderment of our fellow passengers from London University, we heaved our packs onto our shoulders, donned our woolley hats and set off out of the terminal buildings into the lava fields beyond.

And so began three weeks of continuous daylight amid the rugged contrasts of what must be one of Europe's wildest countries. Iceland is in fact so close to the Arctic Circle that during the summer months the sun never sets. It is aptly called 'The land of the midnight sun.' It was a strange experience and one which Pete and I never really got used to. We couldn't help but wonder what it is like to be there in winter when the sun never rises for several weeks. Though perhaps that explains the high birth rates and large proportion of drink related problems compared to the rest of Europe!

As we set up the tent in a natural depression about half a mile from the terminal buildings the fact that after nearly a year in the planning we were actually in 'The Land of Fire and Ice' began to seep in.

We bedded down for the first of twenty-one uncomfortable nights atop the volcanic boulders that seemed to cover the majority of the country.

We spent the remainder of the day in the capital enjoying the last bit of civilisation as we know it. Even the camp site was fully equipped with hot showers, a luxury we would not encounter for several weeks.

Although the name Reykjavik means Smokey Bay in Icelandic, the city is almost completely smokeless and is heated by boiling water from hot springs. It is a modern city, in every sense, although the old quarter makes an interesting contrast with the rest of the city and its suburbs.

From Reykjavik in the South-West we made our way up the West coast to Isafjordur in the North-West peninsula. Our route took us through a variety of landscapes but this side of the island is characterised by rugged fjords. The coast road winds its way around the shores of these fjords as the sides are far too steep to even

walk up let alone drive a heavily laden bus. Most of the settlements are situated on this coast road which now encircles the whole island, but even so, we came across very few people. The villages which we did pass through on our way to Isafjordur usually comprised a few houses, a general store and a petrol station spread along the side of the road and this was fairly typical throughout the country. Although we are calling them roads they were in fact little more than graded gravel tracks except in the towns. Passing was next to impossible on this stretch as the road was bounded on one side by the valley wall and on the other by a fairly sheer drop into the Atlantic ocean below.

Having spent the last few hours deciding that "this really must be Isafjordur, mustn't it, because we've been going for ages" every time we approached a village, finally, at about eight o'clock in the evening, we rounded a corner and saw the finger of land jutting into the Arctic Ocean that is Isafjordur. The bus driver spoke the magic word "Tjaldstaedi," meaning camp site, and let most of us off. We grabbed our packs and trudged up towards the site. Then I stopped, returned to the bus, collected my book, and continued back up again. We walked up the road in the last of the evening sunlight as it slid behind the majestic cliffs which surround the fjord in which Isafjordur is situated.

The clouds that had begun to appear that evening had multiplied by the following morning resulting in a dark, overcast sky intent on raining. For want of something better to do this close to the Arctic circle, we elected to change our plan (again). It added spontaneity. Our intended itinerary took us up onto the Drangajokull peninsula, which, when shrouded in cloud as it was that morning, looked singularly uninviting. Furthermore, when the plan had been conceived, it had occurred in the warmth of a study at Stowe. The idea and the reality of a 600km round trip carrying one's own food are two completely different things. And so that plan was scrubbed, to be replaced by three or so days of walking the mountains surrounding Isafjordur — no easy task in itself.

Our first brave venture up the hills was famously unsuccessful, because as soon as we had reached the dizzy heights of the summit of our chosen mountain, we were bathed in a thick sea mist, which we might have suspected from the outset. And so, in true valiant fashion, we accepted defeat, made our way down, and spent the rest of our afternoon in the tent reading the trash potboiler novels that we had brought with us in case of such an eventuality.

Isafjordur and its surrounding mountains on a sunlit evening is one of the most beautiful sights that I have yet seen in this world. The quality of

the light was fantastic, the hues saturated and the air crystal clear. Even the coldness of the arctic sun was tempered by the warmth of that evening. Isafjordur looked very dramatic, backlit as it was, jutting from the harsh, unforgiving mountains, into the chilly Arctic Ocean. I hitched a lift into town trying to think of what it was that had made me come here. After five minutes, I was still undecided, and so I strolled around enjoying the atmosphere, which, for a town of 5,000 people is quite strong. Out of the corner of my eye, I spied a reason for coming — a view of the Drangajokull peninsula in the sun without enshrouding mist.

Although the airport at Isafjordur seemed fairly busy, there was only one flight to Akureyri each day. Faced by the horrifying thought of being stranded in this God-forsaken place any longer we immediately booked our seats for the following day's flight and made our way back.

Akureyri with 25,000 people is quite a cosmopolitan city and is open and western in its plan. The Lutheran church which dominates the town centre is an impressive if hideous piece of architecture. From Akureyri we took a bus around to a small hamlet at Godafoss.

By now we were in the central region of the island and unlike the Western fjords parts of the North are still very young in geological terms. The banks of the river were covered in ash and basalt and there was very little vegetation of any kind.

It was at this time that we had a go at playing cowboys. While we were making our way back to base a couple of Icelanders asked us if we would give them a hand herding some ponies as they were having great difficulty since there were only two of them. This gave us a pleasant break from routine so off we went chasing across the plains of North Iceland in the search for wild horses. We succeeded of course but only after several attempts. Most of our problems were caused by a particularly stubborn black stallion who had a strong aversion to being penned up.

Soon we continued around in a clockwise direction to Lake Myvatn. The place was literally crawling with tourists in their caravans and with their camping luxuries. To make things even more unpleasant the weather took yet another turn for the worse and there was an almost constant drizzle to keep us in low spirits.

The most interesting features of this area are the many and varied examples of volcanic formations. The caldera at Krafla a few miles to the North is still very active and throughout the area of Lake Myvatn the results of previous eruptions can be seen. Nearby is the volcano of Krafla, which awoke in 1975 from nearly three centuries of slumber. During the next ten years potatoes baked in the fields and a geothermal drill hole at the nearby diatomite plant exploded,

spewing out red pumice. The earth rumbled, heaved and eventually split open along an eight kilometre fissure. We were told by a visiting German Vulcanologist that a further large eruption is expected soon. The most notable

example of recent eruptions is to be found at the local church where earlier this century a particularly dramatic eruption resulted in lava flowing into the lake either side of the building. The church was unharmed. Perhaps there is some truth in the belief after all!

The following morning we hiked to the diatomite plant which is situated on top of a hot spot. Here there are mud pots galore and super-heated steam from the geothermal power station billowed into the air.

We returned to the small town of Reynihild to stock up on supplies for the main point of the visit: seven days in the volcanic desert of the Herdubreid nature reserve and the prospect of a 222km round trip across the Odadhraun desert of sand and lavafield.

Our route would take us almost due South down a track which was basically two ruts across a never ending sea of ash and boulders. We knew we must cover the 30 odd kilometres to our first camp by the end of the day so we set off at a reasonably fast pace in the hope of getting there as quickly as possible. Any of you who know anything about walking should realise that it ought to take 6-7 hours to cover this sort of distance. The physical effort is minimal when one is reasonably fresh but the great problem we had to overcome was a psychological one. Boredom.

There were times when time just flashed past and you wondered where it had gone and others when you glanced at your watch and found only a few eternal minutes had passed since the last time you checked.

We ate a couple of chocolate bars for lunch on that first day and eventually arrived at the proposed site of our first night's camp in the desert. After a few panicky minutes we found the tiny stone hut built into the hillside at the edge of a river. The stone walls and battered roof of corrugated iron gave us some shelter from the wind though even our camping mats couldn't even out the hard floor of packed soil.

The next day the terrain became slightly more varied as we approached the flat topped mountain of Herdubreid.

Several vehicles had passed us as we trudged our way across the desert and we had even seen the odd coach load of holiday makers bounce their way, laughing and waving, to the South. And here they all were, camped out in neat rows in the chilly breeze.

The final day into the massive volcano at Askja

took us across yet more of the desert. In 1965 the Apollo astronauts trained for their moon flight at Askja and the scenery certainly resembled the surface of the moon in many places! As a famous Icelandic volcanologist, Gudmundur Sigvaldson, of whom you will all know I'm sure, said, "Askja is a very primitive place. It is the beginning of everything — or the end." Being in the desert for a week we began to feel what he meant.

From here on in the weather began to deteriorate and by the time we arrived at Askja itself the cloud had dropped to ground level. Visibility was down to around twenty yards and the stormy conditions had blown up a sandstorm. We waited for twenty-four hours in the hope that we would be able to take some shots of our objective but the weather only got worse. Six hours after we left, the base of Askja was under several inches of snow!

From now on it was purely a question of getting out as quickly as possible before we had serious problems with the weather. Amid high winds, billowing clouds of ash and rain we struggled back out to the ring road after three days cursing the weather, the desert and just about anything else we could think of. Once out and after a decent meal back at Lake Myvatn where we returned to get our belongings we were left with a sense of achievement at having trekked for a week across this lifeless wasteland.

Isafjordur by evening



Photograph by J. W. Ffooks

From now on we followed the route of the coastal ring road all the way around the East and South coasts to Reykjavik and the plane home.

We stopped off at the Jokulsa river and its glacial lagoon. A branch of the Vatnajokull glacier, covering 8,300 square kilometres, which is one of the largest icecaps in the world and reaches a formidable thickness of 900m, flows into it at one end and bits occasionally break off giving rise to the many small icebergs floating around. The lake is almost 100m deep and has mostly been formed this century as the glacier has shrunk owing to the milder climate perhaps caused by the green-house effect of which the press are so fond.

And so after a 1,500 mile round trip amongst the contrasts of Iceland and its people we returned home to Great Britain exhausted and enlightened. Exploring Iceland had been a three week crash course in confronting our smallness in nature, an experience I survived at the time but one which I now relish. We would like to thank the Myles Henry trustees and the members of the committee for giving us this opportunity and our families and friends for helping us go through with it to the satisfying end.

John Ffooks
Peter Jenkins



A vanishing tradition: one of the older women of Bahariyah, clad in the once-typical costume that is dying with her generation. Note the hair stained with henna, the gold nose-ring and the tattoos on chin and forehead.

Photograph by E. B. Walsworth-Bell

OASES OF EGYPT

Having already lived in Egypt for some years and yet still wishing to explore it further, it seemed an obvious choice to take the opportunity the Myles Henry Prize offered to do so. The only difficult decision was — where exactly were we going to go? Egypt is one of those countries which offers a diverse multitude of strange flavours to the foreign traveller, some much stranger than others. Having eventually decided to travel through the western oases we perhaps avoided some of the strangest of these, but nevertheless they still offered a fair share of weird experiences, and certainly didn't lack interest in any way! We followed a northwards tour through the "New Valley" — the belt of four oases west and parallel to the Nile strip: Kharga, Dakhla, Farafra and Bahariyah respectively; the duration of the journey was just under three weeks.

Ninety-nine per cent of the population of Egypt lives in the source of the country's life, the Nile Valley. Of the remaining 1%, most inhabit the desert oases — there are indeed a few more than those mentioned above. In these isolated blotches of life upon the barren face of the desert, one gains the impression that the communities are perhaps more grateful for their life-supporting environment than their fellow men elsewhere; this, the Libyan Desert, is one of the most arid

regions in the world and life is precious. However, it is important to stress that these oases are not in any way akin to the romantic and idealised image so often portrayed in Western thinking — the sprawling towns and dusty villages with errant goat and dog populations are far from any potential expectations of silver lakes and shady tents, complete with extra accessories of peacefully grazing camels and a handful of shady palm-trees. The towns are Third World towns and the people are Third World people with, of course, the usual symptoms of the rapid advent of Westernisation — any ideas of bearded black-robed sheiks bearing curved silver daggers around their waists are quickly dispelled.

Fundamentally, each oasis consists of a "capital" town surrounded by an often extraordinarily large area of lush green plantation: in Kharga, for instance, the cultivatable area is several hundred kilometres in length and some 50 in breadth. These plantations are fed by a great multitude of sulphurous springs which bubble up from the depths of the earth, the water from each being channelled off through a skilfully controlled grid of irrigation ditches to serve very large areas. It is a technique perfected through thousands of years of constant use. Once the main town would have relied solely upon the produce of this area, consisting mainly of dates and also other fruits, a multitude of vegetables and some livestock, and

most of the population would have been farmers and craftsmen; now, due to general modernisation, and especially as an immediate result of ease of transport and communication, this is no longer so — the large oasis town could almost be a suburb of Cairo. However, it was a delight to find small villages nestled away amongst the omnipresent palm-trees that had successfully defied these winds of change, small communities in which life continues undisturbed, just as it has done for centuries. Her men still harvest the fruit by hand and donkeys still carry the loads; the houses are mud and the tidy streets dust. Well, almost undisturbed — a closer look would reveal the iridescent skeletons that are television aerials on the flat roofs of the otherwise timeless dwellings, and it is not too difficult to perceive that the voice of the mu'ezzin, calling the faithful to prayer five times daily, is amplified through a metal cone.

Travelling for just under three weeks, we were able to spend an average of five days or so in each oasis. We either stayed in the local "hotels" where you can typically enjoy a fairly decent bed and breakfast service for the staggering expense of some 75p, or, on occasion, just slept on the sand out in the desert or in the plantations themselves. Both had their faults; in the hotels sleep was rendered an alien concept by the stifling heat in conjunction with the frequently deafening wailing of the mu'ezzin and the lunar caterwauling of the local canine population. Similarly the plantations may have offered an idyllic setting and some spectacular sunsets and sunrises, but the atmosphere tended to be tarnished by the droning and devouring nature of the local insect population! Early mornings and late afternoons we spent either visiting specific local items of interest, such as the mosques and archaeological sites, or just strolling around the villages and plantations — often very difficult indeed as the locals had an almost embarrassing tendency towards extreme generosity, inviting us in — rather insisting! — for cups of "shi," — the strong and sugary tea traditionally served in little glasses that the locals spend so much of their lives drinking. The intense heat of the middle of the day, for us, as for them, made any prospect which wasn't sitting in the shade and drinking this stuff unimaginable.

The locals were indeed warmly receptive — up until the point of our actually trying to penetrate a mosque, when their attitudes were worryingly prone to sudden change. The ones we did manage to enter were invariably beautiful in their simplicity of colour and style. The local Pharonics likewise tended to the modest side of things but were interesting and historically significant, mainly dating to the Graeco-Roman period, shortly before the time of Christ. The Temple of Hibis in Kharga, dedicated to the God Seth, was the best preserved and actually the oldest

monument, construction having begun there under the Persian King Darius in the fifth century BC. Undoubtedly the highlight of the entire trip, however, took place whilst visiting the site of Al Bagawat, an early Coptic burial ground again in Kharga. The guide — for a small "baksheesh" of course — opened up an "officially" sealed shaft leading downwards into the bedrock below and ushered us down (needless to say we made sure he went down first and equally that we came up first), all the while constantly muttering "mamnour, mamnour" — "forbidden" — just to heighten the suspense. At the bottom a strange odour of decay assailed our nostrils, and, when our straining eyes finally grew accustomed to the murky light, we found ourselves standing in between two equally small rock-cut chambers, surrounded by some eight or nine leathery mummies, gazing at us out of skulls withered underneath the dust of centuries. The boab once again took it upon himself to heighten the atmosphere — now with a distinct view towards the more gruesome side of things — by picking up one of the prone dessicated torsos and thrusting it violently at us, this time excitedly shouting "Moomy! Moommee!" The effect was vaguely reminiscent of Indiana Jones films.

Fascinating as the villages and their people were, the prevalent dust and heat of the season had an enormous capacity to inflict sheer exhaustion, and it was wonderful occasionally to take refuge from this tiring mayhem in the cool leafy calm of the plantations. It was there that one could stroll undisturbed through the tranquillity of ages and bathe in the steady flow of the gushing springs. It is these ageless gardens that truly justify the oases in the ancient title, "The Jewels of the Desert."

It only remains to give Myles Henry's family our warmest thanks for not only making this wonderful experience possible for us with their generous contribution, but also for providing people both past and future with such valuable opportunity.

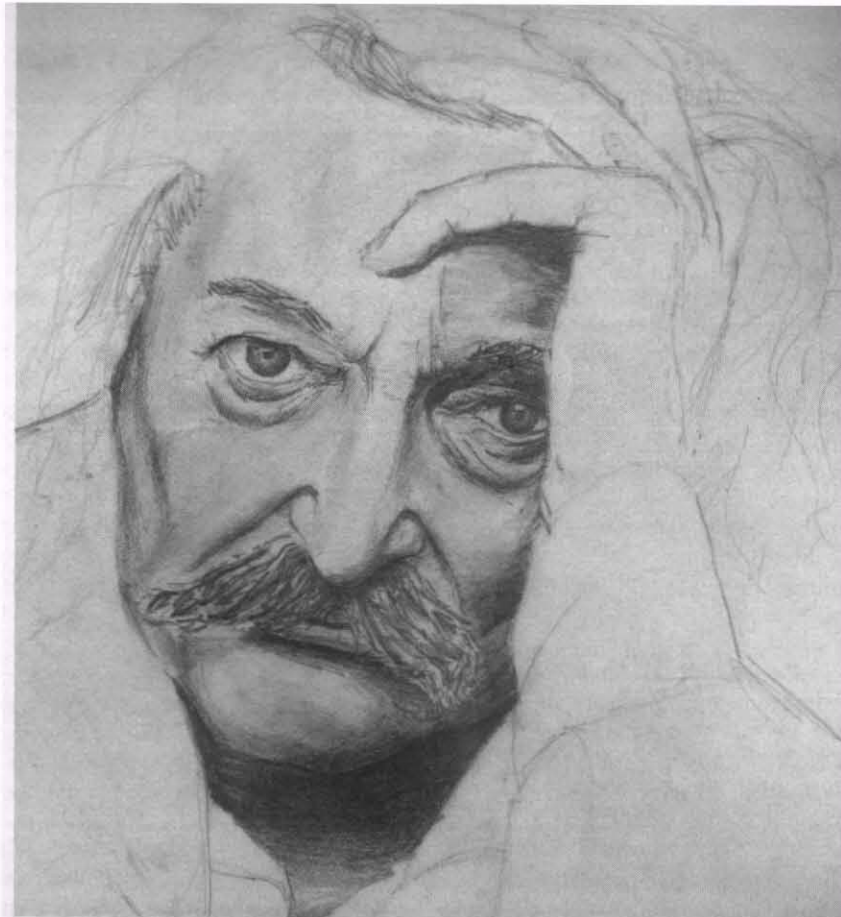
**E. B. Walsworth-Bell
J. A. T. Legg**



By O. P. M. Seale (Vo)



Photograph by E. Hopley



Jacques Lipchitz

By C. J. Price-Thomas



'Monolith'

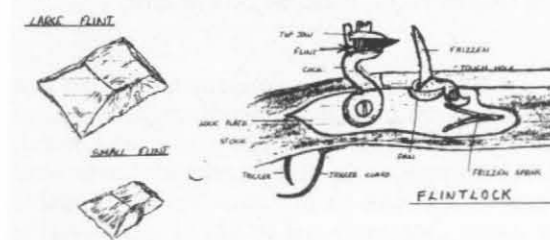
By Rosemary Hutchinson (Artist in Residence)

CANNONBALL HARRIS AND THE FIRING RANGE AT STOWE

Andrew Harris (A. C. Harris, Grafton 1980-85) had only been at Stowe a matter of weeks before his inquisitive nature led him to search the ruins of the Bourbon Tower. The old stone and brick tower is surrounded by its circular earthwork which contains, in the north-eastern sector, an inviting, dark, and rather dank entrance to a series of stone steps leading down to a small, brick, vaulted room some ten feet long and six feet wide where Andrew discovered traces of wooden slats and a raised wooden floor, together with other evidence suggesting that the contents of the room had been protected from the damp. Although not aware of the fact at that early stage, Andrew had stumbled across the old powder magazine used by the Bucks Yeomanry in the 19th Century.

Examining the steps to the magazine, Andrew noticed that a recent fall of earth had scattered the area with odd, but regularly shaped, pieces of flint. Back at school, a friend in the same House, Andrew Renwick, suggested that these were flints as used in flintlock guns and advised Andrew to seek my advice, knowing that one of my interests lay in the field of antique guns. I was able to confirm that they were indeed flints of the type used in muskets, and so started an investigation which was to culminate three years later in a remarkable History 'O' level project, and also incidentally to earn Andrew the sobriquet of Cannonball Harris.

Over the next few weeks Andrew revisited the site of the flints and excavated a total of 750 from the soil at the right hand side of the entrance to the magazine. One can only assume that the flints had been stored in the magazine and discarded unceremoniously when flintlock firearms became obsolete. The shape of these flints is shown here in sketches taken from Andrew's own notes, together with a flintlock action.



Nearly all the flints were of the large musket type although a few smaller ones for use in pistols were also unearthed. They were all composed of a superior hard black flint which indicated that they were "Knapped" at Brandon in Suffolk. These flints were much more durable and reliable than the softer brown flint such as is found lying about the fields around Stowe.

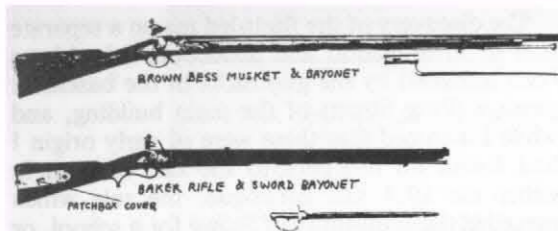
The discovery of the flints led me on a separate trail of investigation and deduction. I had long been intrigued by the gun racks in the basement passage (Plug Street) of the main building, and while I assumed that these were of early origin I had found no reference to the sale of guns in either the 1921 sale catalogue, the sale which preceded the acquisition of Stowe for a school, or yet in the 1848 auction, which should have been the likely one for the sale of flintlock muskets. However, I recently discovered that 200 muskets and 58 rifles were to have been offered in 1848 but were withdrawn before the sale in view of the undesirability of such a quantity of arms reaching the open market. These arms, however, were included in the original edition of the catalogue, and were, I believe, sold privately soon afterwards.

There are four sets of gun racks still in existence, two, containing storage for 30 and 50 guns respectively, about halfway down Plug Street, and two smaller racks to hold seven guns each, opposite the entrance to the Gothic Library.

The racks consist of a series of elliptical recesses cut in the wood to fit the gun butts. A closer examination reveals that the longer racks have a purely elliptical recess, but the small racks also exhibit a cutaway portion on the right hand side of the recess.



A rifle, as its name implies, has a rifled, or spiral-grooved barrel, and in the days of muzzle-loaders the rifle bullet, a spherical lead ball, had to be driven down the length of the barrel by a ramrod. The ball was seated on a lubricated linen patch which wrapped round it and ensured a tight fit to grip the rifling. In the right hand side of the butt of a rifle was a recess for the storage of these patches, covered typically by a hinged brass patch-box cover held in position by a catch. It seems likely that the cut-away in the wood of the small racks might well be to accommodate the catch of a rifle patch-box cover.



The Brown Bess was the standard smoothbore musket of the British Army from approximately 1760 to 1860, and the Baker flintlock rifle was introduced in 1800 at the formation of the élite Rifle Brigade. It did appear that the racks were intended for these two arms and it was now necessary to confirm this.

The small gun racks still retained the upper supports, cut to accept a bayonet rather than the muzzle of a gun, and indeed it was usual at this period for the guns to be stored with the bayonets fitted.

An attempt to fit a Brown Bess musket in the small racks failed, as shown by the photograph with Dr. Waldman representing the Bucks Militia. The recess for the butt was too small and the overall height inadequate.



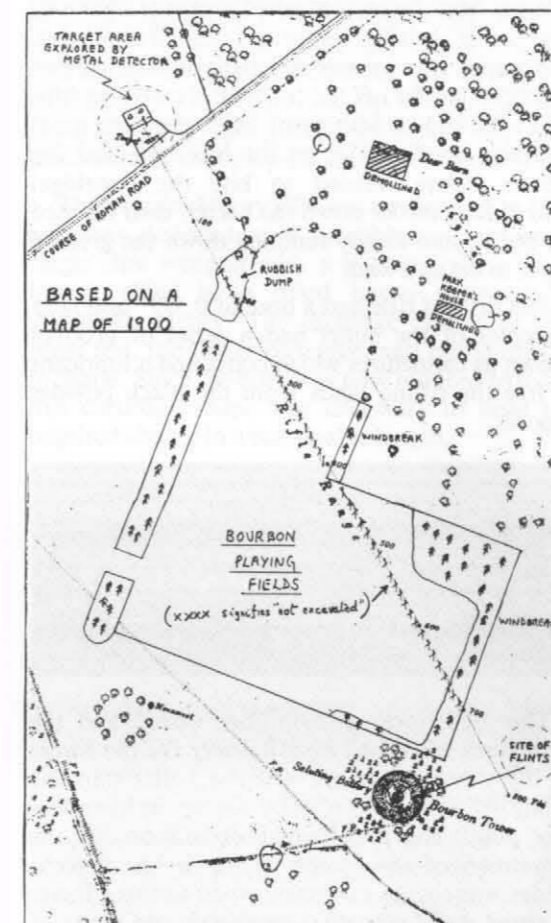
The clearance between the upper and lower supports was 51", and this gave acceptance of the 46" long Baker rifle with 5" to spare, a very satisfactory confirmation that these racks could have been used for that gun.



By the period of the Napoleonic wars the majority of our troops were issued with the India pattern of Brown Bess which had a 39" barrel and an overall length of 55". I now hoped to find evidence that the longer racks could have held this arm. The upper supports of these racks have disappeared, but I was fortunate enough to discover a metal bracket still left in the wall and this gave a measured clearance of 60" between upper and lower supports, so that the Brown Bess musket would have been accepted with 5" to spare, exactly as was the case for the Baker rifle in the smaller racks. A happy conclusion!

To put a date to the construction of the gun racks is to hazard a guess. All the racks appear to have been erected at the same time. The wood, the carpentry, and the handmade nails and brackets all point to the same source, probably the estate carpenters and smiths. The Baker rifle introduced in 1800 would hardly have been available to the Militia until much later, and the India pattern Brown Bess (made originally for the East India Company) was not issued to Militia regiments until 1803; while at Stowe, Sir John Soane did not complete the building of the Gothic Library and Antelibrary until 1807. Possibly the racks were installed soon after this date.

Returning to Andrew and his investigations, a brief discussion with George Clarke had elicited the fact that the 25" Ordnance Survey map of 1900 depicted a rifle range of 800 yards extending from the precincts of the Bourbon Tower to a target half a mile away to the north, across the Roman road. The relevant part of that map is shown here together with Andrew's annotations and an overlay of the present Bourbon Playing Fields.



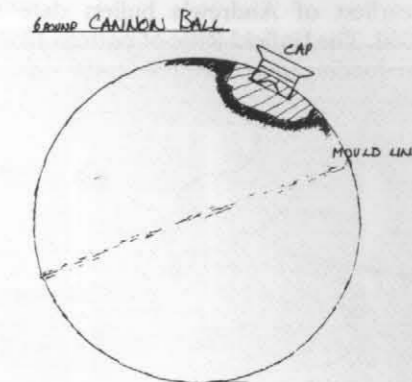
Andrew borrowed a metal detector and explored the target area thoroughly over the next two years, finding innumerable bullets and a total of 34 cannonballs.



J. D. Foster-Smith on the target site 1989.

The cannonballs were all of 4" diameter and 6 pounds in weight. It was known that the Bucks Militia had two 6 pounder guns in 1793 and also that two 6 pounder guns were attached to the Bucks Yeomanry in 1820.

Sotheby's gave their opinion that the cannonballs dated from about 1840 and Andrew's sketch of one of the cannonballs is valuable since at the moment we do not possess one of the originals.



It was suggested at the time that the projecting cap was to unite the cannonball with its powder charge, but I think a more likely explanation is that this was a rivet joining the cannonball to a wooden sabot which fitted the bore of the gun and prevented the cannonball from rolling up the barrel on firing. A rotating cannonball will swerve in the air due to the Bernoulli effect as also exemplified in the faults of hooking or slicing in golf. The ball swerves in the direction of rotation.

The cannonballs were found to be distributed all round the target area, including two rogue shots in the rubbish tip and the Bursar's potato patch, and it seems fairly certain that the cannon were used well before the rifle range was instigated. The first O.S. map of 1870 shows a target area but no rifle range, and in any case no one is likely to fire cannonballs into a target area containing elaborate target marker systems, to say nothing of the men who were marking the shots. It is also more than likely that the rifle range was not created until 1860 since it was not until 1853 with the advent of the Enfield rifle that target shooting became a sport capable of ranges of 800 yards with some accuracy.

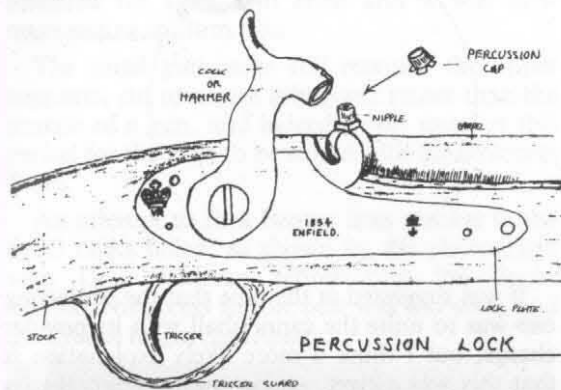
The Bourbon Tower itself was not converted into a fortification until about 1840, with embrasures for gun positions in the earthworks, while an article in the *London Illustrated News* for January 1845 remarks on the firing of a salute from the Bourbon Tower to mark the departure of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. The evidence would all seem to indicate that the cannon were fired at Stowe between the dates of 1840 and 1860.

It is interesting that we still have one relic at Stowe from these days, two heavy waxed canvas and leather powder containers, strapped together,

painted red, and bearing the Royal Coat of Arms. They are in fine condition.

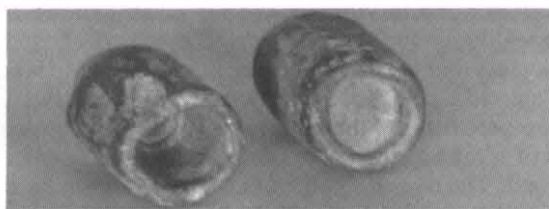
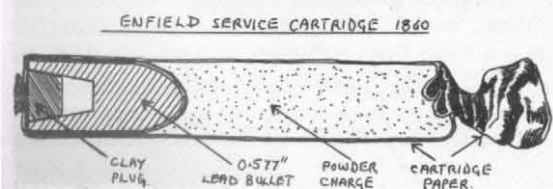
The variety of bullets recovered from the target area might well serve to illustrate a textbook of small arms for the period 1860 to 1916. There are neither musket balls (0.75" diameter) nor Baker rifle balls (0.615" diameter) which again confirms that the range was of more recent origin than these arms.

The earliest of Andrew's bullets date from about 1860. The Enfield Rifle of pattern 1853 was a muzzle-loading percussion weapon sighted to 800 yards.



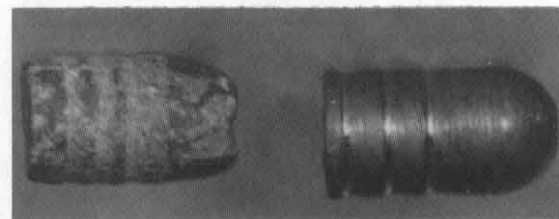
The difficulty of loading a tight-fitting ball or conical bullet by hammering it down a long barrel with a steel ramrod and sometimes even a mallet, was the defect which prevented the earlier exploitation of a rifled bore on the battlefield. Breech-loaders were well known, but the escape of the gases from the breech posed an insoluble problem at this time. It must also be remembered that the black powder then in use was similar to that in present day November 5th fireworks, and on firing left behind a thick black deposit which fouled the grooves of the rifling and necessitated the cleaning of a rifle barrel after only a few shots.

This difficulty was circumvented by the use of a loose-fitting bullet which was dropped into the barrel and then hammered with the ramrod until it flattened enough to form a tight fit in the rifling. Needless to say, the accuracy of shooting with such a distorted bullet was not great. A successful development used a hollow lead bullet with a clay plug inserted in the base. On firing, the plug was driven into the bullet and expanded it firmly into the rifling. The photograph of such a bullet found in the target area shows the plug quite clearly. The original idea was introduced in 1851 but this variant is probably about 1860.



The whole cartridge contained the bullet at the bottom, and the correct powder charge above it, wrapped in cartridge paper and tied off at the top. The paper was greased to assist in lubrication. The rifleman bit off the top of the cartridge (this led to the Indian Mutiny of 1857 when the manufacturer used pig fat as the lubricant and the Indian sepoys refused to bite the cartridge) poured the powder down the barrel, then inserted the bullet, and finally rammed down the greased paper to act as a wad.

The Enfield rifle had a bore of 0.577" and later examples of the bullet had a series of grooves known as cannelures which contained a lubricant to free the rifling lands from the black powder deposit.



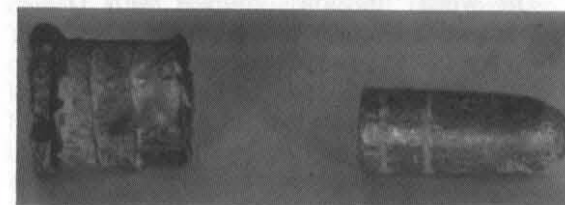
This bullet was also thinner walled and the cannelures weakened it sufficiently for the forces of the explosion to expand the bullet into the rifling without the necessity for an independent clay plug. The problem of obturation, or the prevention of the escape of gas in the breech-loader, was finally overcome when Colonel Boxer invented a self-contained cartridge case made of thin brass foil. When fired, the case expanded and sealed the breech effectively. The introduction of the cartridge case rendered the muzzle-loading rifle obsolete, but with hundreds of thousands of Enfields in store they could hardly be discarded and by 1864 they were being adapted to breech-loading by a gunsmith called Jacob Snider. He removed some 10cm of the breech end of the barrel and fitted a hinged sideways opening breechblock. Since the 0.577" bullets used by the Enfield-Sniders did not need to be rammed down the barrel and did not need the large cavity for expansion they can be identified from the muzzle-loading variety and examples from the Stowe range show that Sniders were also deployed in the Bucks Militia.

Another type of bullet found frequently in the target area is of 0.45" calibre, and was fired by the Martini-Henry rifle. The photograph shows a 0.577" Enfield bullet and the 0.45 Martini-Henry on the inch ruler.



The Martini-Henry rifle was introduced in 1871 and was designed as a breechloader. It was a single shot weapon with a martini falling-block breech allied to a rifled barrel designed by Alexander Henry. The cartridge case is of thin brass foil, the Boxer cartridge, and bottle-necked in shape. Since the bore was now reduced to 0.45" this cartridge shape was necessary to hold the required charge in a reasonable length.

The photographs show the complete cartridge, taken from a book illustration, and also the remains of a case found by the metal detector on the Stowe range.

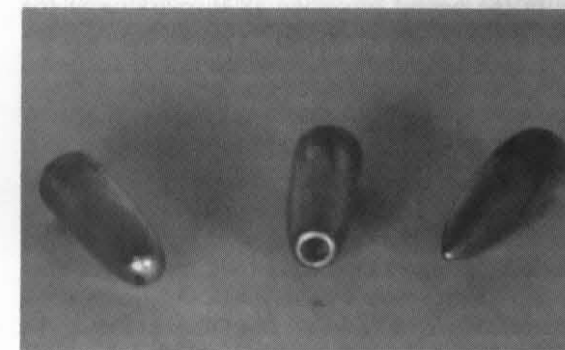


The main fault with both the Snider and the Martini-Henry was the difficulty of extracting the fired, expanded cartridge case which jammed in the breech, and this very fault led to some defeats of the British Army in the Sudanese campaigns of the 1880's.

With the advent of the more solid brass-drawn cartridge case and the magazine rifle, such as the Lee-Enfield in 1895, the 0.303" round became

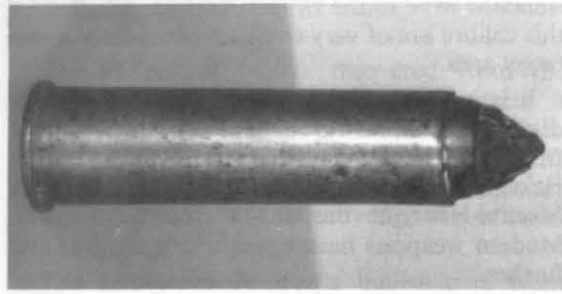
standard issue to the British Army and bullets of this calibre are of very frequent occurrence in the target area.

It is interesting to observe the use of steadily decreasing calibres throughout the 19th Century, from the 0.75" Brown Bess musket to the 0.615" Baker rifle, then the 0.577" Enfield and 0.45" Martini-Henry to the 0.303" magazine rifle. Modern weapons have continued this trend still further.



The photographs show 0.303 bullets excavated by Andrew from the butts, depicting three variations: round nosed, pointed or Spitzer, and hollow-pointed or dum-dum, the latter the expanding bullet named after the arsenal at Dum Dum in India. The Hague convention of 1899 outlawed the use of any type of dum-dum bullets in military service so it is evident that these examples are from before the turn of the century.

By this time also the use of machine guns was widespread, and in the C.C.F. Headquarters is a large photograph of the Maxim gun detachment of the Royal Bucks Hussars at Stowe taken in 1900 (The Bucks Yeomanry assumed the title of Royal Bucks Hussars in 1889). The Royal Bucks was the first Yeomanry Regiment to possess a water-cooled Maxim machine gun, which was presented to them in 1897. Another photograph, also by L. Varney of Buckingham, shows that the Maxim with its two-wheeled carriage and bullet-proof shield was still taking part in manoeuvres at Stowe as late as 1912.



Whilst dealing with the subject of machine guns, there was one extraordinary find in the Oxford Water during dredging operations in 1987: a complete 1" calibre round with an iron bullet designed for use in a Nordenfolt machine gun of 1877 vintage. This remarkable weapon had four 1" barrels mounted side by side and was operated by moving a lever forwards and backwards, firing all four barrels simultaneously or independently at up to 200 rounds a minute. We have not, however, found any examples of this bullet on the Stowe range and one can only speculate on the presence of this exotic round of ammunition amongst the ducks on the Oxford Water.

In the period preceding 1890, marking at the butts was probably entirely by hand, but Andrew also located a phone wire which linked the butts with the firing points. This was a single core copper wire with layers of waxed canvas as insulation and an outer sheath of lead. It was buried to a depth of approximately 4" and, as Andrew has indicated on the map, he was able to locate it at various points along the range. Although he was puzzled at the time to find only one wire, this would have been as expected since the earth itself would have been used as the return path for the current. The existence of the cable enabled the 100 yard firing point to be located accurately, and here Andrew found many 0.303" cartridge cases. These, of course, carry the date of manufacture and the majority fell within the period 1911 to 1916 showing that the range was still in use during the First World War.

The evidence of what took place at Stowe in former days is fast disappearing. Only 25 years ago there still existed the remains of a gun carriage, but now no one knows what type it was or what happened to it. Perhaps some Old Stoic may still remember. The target area itself has been ploughed over at least twice in this decade and there is now little more than a slight rise in the ground to show where the whole paraphernalia of trenches, targets, markers, butts and backstop were once situated. We owe a debt to Andrew Harris for his initiative and careful research into the use of the range at Stowe, and I felt it incumbent upon myself to commit the results to paper before they too were lost to succeeding generations.

F. A. Hudson

THE ARCHIVES

Continuation from December 1988 edition

The elaborate shaping of the stone slabs, curved in two dimensions and rebated to fit the domed roof was performed in Oxford. In fitting these stones, wedges were inserted behind them to correct the angle to conform with a large wooden template spanning half the dome. Concrete was then poured between the lead dome and the stones to fill the gap and set the stones permanently at the correct contour. During the dismantling of the dome it was found that the 18th Century masons had used brick rubble and rubbish for in-filling, so the 1988 version should be an altogether sounder structure than its 1730's predecessor.

A new cap-stone fitted in late September 1988 completed the work of the first phase of the restoration and the chief mason, Shaun Harris, will inscribe a stone in the surrounding drum with his initials and the date 1988 for posterity.

It now remains for the Garden Buildings Trust to raise a further £65,000 which, with a similar amount from English Heritage would enable Ancient Virtue to stand resplendent once more in pride of place over the Elysian Fields as it did more than two hundred and fifty years ago.

F. A. Hudson

Acknowledgements:—

1. Garden Plans and information on Garden Buildings Trust
G. B. Clarke
2. Photographs of the four statues — *J. Davis*

THE MISSION

A Personal View

Very few people could have been as wholly and totally opposed to the Mission as I was from the moment that I first heard about it, from October right up until my first meeting with a member of the team, face to face.

The word "mission" coupled with Daniel Cozen's title of "peripatetic evangelist" conjured up images of Jerry Falwell and colonial clergymen full of the fire of God, civilizing the African heartland at the turn of the century.

The analogy of the jungle seemed strangely appropriate, with us as the natives whose only knowledge of Christianity was of a great Unknown seen only from afar, and a few tales about what it involved passed down by word of mouth.

I, personally, was inherently opposed to what seemed to be the fundamental ethos of the Mission — not only to make sure that every Stoic was confronted with the question of whether or not they believed in God, but to make sure that the answer was yes. This immediately seemed to start off on the wrong foot, using what seemed to

me to be fallacious a priori reasoning, starting from the assumption that God exists to be believed in.

My first contact with a missionary man was hearing Daniel Cozens preach in Chapel. My previous images of Nuremberg rallies vanished in a flash when I realised how soothing he was (possibly a way of directly attacking my subconscious?)

Two days later I heard him speak in the Music Room and, despite his unassuming deportment, and the near ribald response of the audience to the musical pieces with which the evening commenced, Cozens' power as a demagogue was clearly not to be underestimated. He seemingly managed to entrance the audience, bring them to a crescendo (despite all present being "intelligent Vith formers") and, making the whole audience hang on his every word, pause for effect, and then ram home that the only way to avoid eternal damnation was to believe in God. I longed to meet this man and hear him defend what was, as far as I could see, the indefensible.

The previous evening I realised that my reputation in this field had preceded me when one of the younger missionaries said to me, "Oh! you're John Ffooks, are you?"

I felt it smacked of insecurity that the organisers felt that they had to give those involved prior warning of anyone who might put up the least resistance. Daniel Cozens had clearly heard of me also. He seemed almost visibly perturbed that I could, after so much thought, reject God's very existence. Daniel is one of the most honest and forthright men I have had the pleasure to meet. I began to wonder why he was so happy. It was plainly because of his profound belief that God loved him, his family and the world and that Jesus was the way of God.

I did enjoy the opportunity to talk openly with intelligent individuals about a matter so closely related to the principal question regarding our existence — why? I was also impressed with the answers the Mission team gave to my questions, even if I did not entirely accept their answer. Whether or not the mission had the desired effect or not, I was not sure. Previously, I thought I knew why I was an atheist (or, at least, Manichaeian) in opinion. After seven days of intensive thought and intellectual wrangling, the black and white of the matter had merged into areas of varying tones of grey. I felt dangerously close to the category of not believing in God as a saviour, despite acknowledging his existence. There could be no such state of mind. There must be 100% commitment either way.

I was forced to answer to others during that week, and even though my reply was invariably, "No I don't." I had to admit that to meet eleven fairly normal people all so singularly engrossed in a common cause was curious and maybe there

was something in what they were saying after all.

The Church is the largest and most powerful socially acceptable thought-influencing body in existence on the planet, and it was clear that they had been drawn in by its magnet, and I had not.

In hindsight, I felt the most important thing about the Mission was that it gave people the opportunity to address the problem directly, and, after all, I believe that to come to one's own conclusion through quiet logical debate is more important than the side of the fence upon which one comes down upon. In this respect, the Mission was a success for many Stoics. The Mission also highlighted another old truism — discussing the existence of a creator is pointless — it always returns to the simple matter of whether one believes. Or not.

J. W. Ffooks

THE MISSION

It would be insensitive to talk of the 'Mission' in terms of success or failure, as it was an event peculiar to the individual. At the least, it brought, I hope, a new awareness and a recognition of Christianity as an identity in the living world. For some it has begun a process of seeking and questioning, and for others it was the time when they accepted and came to God. For myself and other already professed Christians, it was very exciting and encouraging and I think it gave us a stronger understanding of our belief.

Many of us were worried and sceptical about a mission. Worried that it would be one of those 'way out' impersonal affairs like the ones you hear about in the United States, and sceptical that such an event could do anything other than alienate many from the idea of Christianity altogether. Meeting the Missioners — Daniel Cozens, Erwin Dörschler and Geoff Twigg — a few times beforehand helped to allay most of these fears. They were the most genuine people I've met, indeed so much so that I think many found it difficult to believe that they were being asked to be realistic. Some things they said seemed so strange because we weren't used to such openness.

It is said that persecution strengthens a faith. That is true surely because those persecuted are forced to consider controversial questions that reach right to the roots of their beliefs, especially when it is their lives that are in the balance. In this case, which similarly demands consideration of certain points, the question was "Is this mission in keeping with my understanding of my faith and God? And if not, is it because the mission is not God's will or because there is something missing in my understanding of God? And if so can I accept it?"

Once it had been explained to us what the format would be, our earlier misconceptions disappeared. It was understood that there would be opposition, as there is wherever the Gospel is preached. During the actual week, however, one of the team did comment that the opposition was not as hostile as he had experienced at other schools but rather more constructive and reasoned.

One of the original fears, that it would be forced down people's throats, was the principal criticism. Obviously the faith of Jesus Christ is a free faith and cannot be forced on anyone. The missionaries stressed they cannot convert anyone; it is God himself who brings people to him.

There were wild allegations of brainwashing which, I believe, is more difficult to accomplish than people imagine, involving a technique, time and programming. The Mission never even came close to it. The message was simple and straightforward and did not try to convince by attempting to answer all the issues. It addressed the heart of the matter, Jesus.

Obviously the three missionaries could not meet and answer everyone's questions, but on the whole the members of the team who were assigned to the various houses provided a good threshing ground for people's questions. Some had done the same sort of thing elsewhere, others had never done it and were, at first, quite apprehensive, and most were giving up a week of work which they would have to catch up on afterwards. Spending a week explaining one's faith and answering questions with often no set answer prepared is exhausting. They answered from experience, not from universal knowledge.

A criticism that I heard from people who had talked to them was that they were too self-assured. Well, of course, it wouldn't say much for their convictions if they were not sure that Jesus lived and died to be resurrected, and that they too would go to heaven. I would never have become a Christian if every Christian I met said, "Well I'm not sure, I think I'm right, but I could be wrong."

Another criticism was that they didn't answer the question. Was that because the question was not understood or because the answer was not understood or because there was a difference in belief and understanding? A deadlock was reached where the team member was satisfied with his answer but that the questioner was not.

Often it is only after understanding the basic message that one can go on to understand other problems which before seemed unanswerable. That is why these other questions like — "How did the world begin?" and "What about all the suffering?" of which Jesus, God's own son, underwent, are certainly important but are insignificant when we are faced with the questions, "What are we here for? Is there a God?"

Similarly, people are often more concerned with such things as whether they like the speaker's tastes, or manner or the discrepancies that they see in the Church. True, the Church of England may appear a sinking ship with as many people boring holes in the hull as possible, but that is the establishment, not the actual Church which is God's Kingdom on Earth and is, in that sense, unified. Mother Teresa expressed it well in a letter to someone: "Overcome the finite with the infinite."

The actual week of the mission may be over but I believe that it was only the start of a more enthusiastic and committed Christian Fellowship which I hope will not only provide encouragement for Christians, but for the freedom of the whole School.

The editors would be pleased to receive anybody else's views on the Mission.

J. A. T. Legg

SOCIETY CHAPEL

I find it quite hard to believe, after two years of preparation, that the mission is now behind us. Others have commented from a favourable and an opposing point of view elsewhere in this *Stoic*; I felt that the whole event came off remarkably well. None of my worst nightmares were fulfilled, and many of my hopes were realised.

The mission began with what was intended to be a curtain raiser. A Christian 'escapologist/evangelist,' Pete Gilbert, presented an evening of Houdini-style escapes and some very direct preaching. The response to this was huge, and caught us by surprise. In retrospect I think we ought to have been less direct in what was intended to be only a profile raising event; others may not agree. The main programme, which ran for a full week, brought every Stoic into contact with the missionaries through chapel, and many of them into closer contact through classroom events, the evening meetings and personal conversations. The missionaries were direct without being abrasive, although one or two, I know, did not like the thought that a decision for or against Jesus Christ was being called for. I would have been concerned if that had not been the case.

Once or twice the whole exercise was questioned (as I expected it would be); either because it was felt inappropriate in a school, or because the audience were thought to be too young to make such important decisions. I do not agree with the latter viewpoint, particularly when the matter is handled with sensitivity and a deliberate avoidance of emotion. The whole team was very careful to be rational and calm, almost to a fault.

On the matter of the appropriateness of such ventures in a school, especially with compulsory chapel. I had naturally enough thought long and hard. Stowe is, by foundation, Anglican and Evangelical; this is made clear in its prospectus. Christianity is a missionary faith, and therefore in a Christian school a teaching of the faith, with the implications of a challenge to commitment that goes with such teaching is, I believe, quite appropriate. I found myself supported in this view by Clifford Longley, the religious affairs correspondent of *The Times*, when he delivered the Hockerill Foundation Lecture recently. For too long we have been so hesitant in presenting the Gospel that few have taken it seriously. I would not deliberately set out to cause offence by evangelism, but it has always been a risk, and it is a risk that must be taken. Such a view is shared by the leaders of most of the Christian Churches worldwide, who in one way or another have called for a decade of evangelism. For once we are in the van.

Once the team had departed, the work did not finish. We have tried to establish study groups to help those who wish to grow in the faith. Some are going well, others are hesitant, although in the main they are very encouraging. Other things remain to be done. I am more and more convinced that we need to take a long hard look at the Sunday worship. It is not satisfactory, principally because with a large number of unwilling participants there is a serious barrier to creating a worshipful atmosphere. We also need to address ourselves to using some more of the excellent modern hymns that have so enriched the worship of the church. I would also like to see more active participation in the planning of the spiritual life of the School by Stoics and staff alike. At present there is very little, apart from two services each year. There is an agenda here for some time into the future.

Of course the whole of the term was not taken up by the mission. We enjoyed some particularly fine sermons from various preachers at the end of the Autumn Term and the whole of the Spring Term. There was an excellent Confirmation retreat, led by the Curate of Gerrards Cross, Philip Mountstephen. There were also several good anthems from the Choir.

Finally, to return to the mission, I am very grateful to all the members of the mission team who worked so hard over the course of a year to plan for, pray for and organise the mission, to the many people who donated between them over £1500 towards the costs of the event, to the Headmaster who gave us unwavering support and, of course, especially to the members of the mission team, many of whom had to take leave of their jobs in order to be with us.

M.C.S.S.

THE LIBRARY

During this academic year the Library has been indebted to various donors; in particular the family of J. R. Collier-Wright (Grenville 1987) has given over 100 Penguin editions mainly of French, German, Greek and Latin Classics, and Mr. and Mrs. I. S. Klug, have given a large number of unusual books on Jewish history, mainly on the events of the 20th century, but including also Paul Johnson's *History of the Jews*. Among other gifts are: *Kiri Te Kanawa* (David Fingleton, O.S.); the *Oxford Companion to the Theatre* and *Olivier* (A. Holden), presented by the Hall, Hampstead; *Defenders of Pakistan*, presented by Mr. and Mrs. Asghar-Khan. *Introducing the Old Testament* (John Drane) and *Introducing the New Testament* (John Drane) and *Picture Archive of the Bible* were acquired from the Lowther Trust, and a magnificent *History of Westminster Abbey* given by the retiring United States Ambassador, Walter Annenberg. Recent acquisitions of books by Old Stoics include also: *Flying Start* (Hugh Dundas), *Munich: The Eleventh Hour* (Robert Kee), *Poisoned Arrows* (George Monbiot) and *A Poacher's Companion* (E. G. Walsh).

Alongside the continuing requirements of refurbishment and better heating, the Library's chief need is for more space. In addition to the books noted above, and other donations, there have been many other accessions for which there is scarcely room. We are reluctant to dispose of older books, and are proposing to make use of the free-standing book-cases in the ante-Library. Those studying English and History tend to be the most regular users of the Library, but the reference section (which we should like to improve and update) attracts an increasing number in search of information, particularly for the new-style GCSE 'project.' The Library also acknowledges with gratitude the gift of a substantial sum from the School Shop.

We are most grateful to William Fraser-Allen for the highly efficient performance of his duties as Prefect of Library.

House Library Monitors: M. C. St. J. Croisdale-Appleby (Bruce); J. A. Shillington (Temple); B. G. Whitfield (Grenville); T. J. H. Richards (Chandos); F. C. Hawkings-Biass (Cobham); H. W. Foster (Chatham); N. W. S. Brenchley (Grafton); O. Asghar-Khan (Walpole); T. C. Sermon (Lyttelton); Chlöe O. M. Walker (Stanhope); Sally D. Searby (Nugent).

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

STOWE NATIONAL TRUST VOLUNTEERS

This year the boy foresters temporarily abandoned Duchess Dale to the drainage contractors and worked instead in the screen of trees on the east of the South Front. The restoration of the shady path, shown on the old maps from the cedar tree, via the ruins of the Gothic Cross, to near the Doric Arch, has taken all of this year's limited manpower. It has been a very rewarding exercise for, as well as removing elder and much of the cupressus, we have planted young yews which will both frame the path and give more body to the screen in the future. As this *may* prove to have been our last project before the National Trust takes over the direction of the restoration of the grounds, it is especially satisfying that it should have been one which we conceived and carried through to completion in little more than a year.

M.E.
M.C.S.S.

THE CLASSICAL SOCIETY

As the term was rather short, there was only space for one meeting.

Mr. A. E. G. Atkinson, an Old Grenvillian, came to speak about the 'History and Archaeology in Jerusalem, 1000 BC to AD 70.'

We were shown a number of extremely good slides, in most of which Adam himself featured. The talk was interesting and useful, especially for those studying Ancient History.

During the term groups of Classicists visited St. Albans or Cirencester Corinium Museum and Chedworth Roman Villa. The latter group also attended a most worthwhile conference on Roman Britain organised by the Oxford Classical Association.

In the middle of April selected members of the Classical team are going to Rome and the surrounding area to study the ancient sites.

T. W. N. Neve

DEBATING SOCIETY

This year has seen a marked increase in the number of those attending meetings of the Society, but unfortunately a decline in those wishing to speak. The debating has been amusing but not always of the highest standard.

The first motion of the year was 'Rugby sorts the men from the boys.' C. Peres, 1st XV Captain, and two team-mates, G. Todd and C. Hesketh, proposed the motion, opposed by C. Davies-Gilbert, A. van Moppes and G. Holdsworth-Hunt. The motion was heavily defeated, possibly caused by Davies-Gilbert's peculiar gestures which inspired more laughs than anyone else.

This term there was a debate on the subject of the Prefects. L. Wates, B. Ridley and Miss Jo Morrison proposed the motion that 'They cause more trouble than they're worth.' Three Prefects opposed the motion: B. Hart, T. Neve and C. Clay. The Prefects were heavily defeated. Again, perhaps many of those who attended the debate voted for those whom they considered the funnier. The debate was followed by quite heated discussion from the floor which was unfortunately interrupted by pressure of time.

The Secretary this year has been M. C. G. Atkinson. Thanks again to Mr. Hirst for arrangements.

D. J. Watt-Smith

SCIENCE SOCIETY

Cmdr. R. Brett Knowles' demonstration lecture on 'Radar' provided an entertaining end-of-term meeting in the Physics labs. Those of us old enough to remember radio valves saw them in action once again, producing some spectacular effects, and the occasional unexpected spark or bang! Sadly the party of Lower Sixth scientists who attended the Royal Society of Chemistry 'Christmas Lecture' at the Open University were not so lucky. Like the rest of the large audience, they showed remarkable patience in sitting through one of the duller lectures ever by one of the country's distinguished chemists.

More use is being made of our School membership of the Royal Institution in London and several small groups of sixth formers have enjoyed trips to afternoon lectures there. At the end of last term a lecture on Laser Surgery saw the R.I. at its best with spectacular 'live' demonstrations of these latest techniques. This term we have also been to lectures on Genetics and Development and Magnetic Resonance Scanning, the powerful new imaging technique that complements X-ray scanning and shows up soft tissues in the body with remarkable clarity.

The only lecture at Stowe this term took us to the limits of modern microscopy, with Dr. Andrew Briggs from Oxford showing us examples of ultra-high magnification of materials achieved with the latest techniques. Not only did we see pictures at an atomic level (teacher was right, they are sitting in rows!), but also video film of individual atoms moving position in a crystal. Dr. Briggs reminded us of the exciting developments in the field of Materials Science, inviting Stoics to visit his laboratories in Oxford to find out more about opportunities in this area.

B.H.O.

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Since the last report in *The Stoic* the Society has had five meetings in what has been a successful time for the Society.

The 146th meeting was entitled "Germany, Hitler and the First World War" and was given by Dr. Unman of Warwick University. Dr. Unman's talk emphasised the importance of the First World War in providing the cultural, racial and economic discontent which Hitler exploited during his rise to power.

The 147th meeting was entitled "The Dukes of York and Somerset" and was given by Dr. Keen of Balliol College, Oxford. In his talk Dr. Keen examined the relationship between the Duke of York and the Duke of Somerset in the period before the Wars of the Roses. He concluded that this relationship did not involve a personality clash but rather the exclusion of the Duke of York from patronage by a Court faction.

The 148th meeting was entitled "Why be a heretic? Hints on the origins of the Reformation," and was given by Mr. Hope of Christchurch College, Oxford. Mr. Hope put forward the view that reformation represented a christianisation of Europe shown by the existence of Lollards, whose primary complaint was not church abuse but rather matters of doctrine.

The 149th meeting was a rather unusual one since it involved five pupils in a "Balloon Debate." The idea of this debate was that pupils represented a historical character in a balloon that was losing height. The debaters then had to put forward a case to the floor why they should remain in the balloon and not be thrown out as ballast. The following characters were present in the balloon:

Adam by S. S. Rashid.

King John by O. C. K. Jones.

Florence Nightingale by Laura D. Carey.

Cecil Rhodes by W. T. Fraser-Allen.

Martin Luther King by N. C. I. J. Jenden.

The penultimate person to be "thrown" from the balloon was Florence Nightingale followed by Cecil Rhodes.

The 150th meeting was an important event for the Society. A dinner was held for thirty people in the Music Room and the speaker was Professor Middlemas from Sussex University, who is also an Old Stoic. His talk was entitled, "Can appeasement be justified?" and he proceeded to justify it up till 1938.

I would like to end by thanking Mr. Rudolf on behalf of the Society for arranging an excellent series of talks.

W. T. Fraser-Allen

THE BRIDGE CLUB

The Bridge Club has had a mixed season in terms of results but has been fortunate to be able to field two teams. The 'A' team won only one School match out of three, while the 'B' team won both of its matches.

Unfortunately the 'A' team was unsuccessful in qualifying at the Bedford heat of the *Daily Mail* Cup.

The House Pairs competition was won by W. T. Fraser-Allen and N. D. Jackson of Grafton. Five Houses entered for this year's inter-house team competition and at this moment Bruce and Walpole are waiting to play the final.

Finally I would like to announce the appointment of D. J. Y. Wreford as Captain and N. D. Jackson as Secretary.

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

Results:

Stowe v. Bedford	A Team	Lost
	B Team	Won
Stowe v. Radley	A Team	Lost
	B Team	Won
Stowe v. The Royal Latin	A Team	Won

THE POLITICAL SOCIETY

The Society has been resurrected after some years of inactivity, and an inaugural meeting was held in early September at which the aims of the Society were re-iterated (namely, that it should be an autonomous forum for informed political debate) and a programme for the year was agreed. Since then the Society has had several meetings on subjects drawn from a broad political spectrum.

These ranged from John Fooks' speech on the Palestinian 'Intifada' to an interesting debate on the need (or lack of it) for a British Monarchy, at which Peter Lloyd-Jenkins and William Fraser-Allen produced two equally interesting, but very contrasting viewpoints.

Next term, the Rt. Hon. Spencer Batiste, M.P. will address the Society and it is hoped that a slightly greater turnout will be obtained for this, our first speaker for nearly three years.

My thanks to Mr. Stunt for his continued support and good humour.

J. W. Fooks (Secretary)

COMMUNITY SERVICE

Following last year's successful visit to Oklahoma!, Buckingham pensioners needed no encouragement to come and see the Congreve production of *The Boy Friend* in November, and it was clear from the comments we received that many of them relived their youth as they watched it! Community Service volunteers dispensed tea and coffee at the intervals, and since then, the video that was made of the production has gone to the homes of those who were not able to be there on the night.

The Christmas party took place as usual at the end of the Autumn Term, Christmas parcels and logs were distributed, and in January some of those involved in project work for their Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award visited the Buckingham Social Services Open Day to find out a little more about local services. We have delivered leaflets around Buckingham for the Volunteer Centre,

and some generous souls have given sponsorship in aid of the Buckingham Volunteer Transport Scheme, to which we would like to be able to give more freely. This scheme provides transport to and from hospital and medical centres for those without a car, as well as making it possible for relatives to visit patients in hospital. At the moment this worthwhile scheme is in jeopardy from lack of funds, but we aim to help if we can.

Our own finances are currently fairly insecure, but we now have our new(ish) minibus at last. A week after the old bus finally expired, the new Volkswagen 16-seater was delivered, and is carrying us to Buckingham in comfort and style. It has an extra step at the back which will be much appreciated by the pensioners for whom we provide transport from time to time, and it will, I hope, prove popular enough for our income from hire charges to increase significantly.

R.E.M.

SPORT

RUGBY

THE FIRST XV

In terms of results, this season was the most disappointing for a long time. Only two wins achieved after a most strenuous season. During its course the boys put in a great deal of hard work and brave commitment and came so very close to success on a number of occasions. The normal pattern of a game was for us to dominate the opposition for the first quarter of a game without scoring any points. When the opposition realised this, their heavier forwards and faster backs gradually overpowered us and we spent the next phases of the game defending bravely. Unfortunately our opponents did not always share our inability to cross the line, and several fairly heavy defeats were experienced.

The team never capitulated; if they had, some huge scores would have been the result. We met some very good teams, notably Cheltenham, Rugby and St. Edward's, and it was very commendable that the whole side stood up to the onslaught as well as they did. Some heroic tackling saved the try line on many occasions, though too often an earlier missed tackle was the reason for the pressure.

A. E. Macintosh in the centre and F. C. Hawks-Biass in the back row were outstanding in defence. Both have different styles of tackling but are equally effective. Indeed there were a few gaps in tackling expertise in the side and so often the main pressure was on the rest of the team to plug those gaps. In attack the three-quarters threatened very well and during the course of the season scored some well worked tries — I will remember D. G. Talbot's against Bedford for a long time — it followed such a good passage of rugby from both sides.

J. C. J. Burrough at full back was cool under pressure and demonstrated good handling skill. On the wings Talbot and T. Y. Alireza played well, the latter proving most dangerous early in the season. S. Smith partnering Macintosh was very sound in defence and made some valuable contributions in attack. At scrum half we lost G. J. Amdor early in the season which was a great blow to our cohesion and attacking potential and it meant the fly-half C. D. R. Wolseley Brinton, had to base his play with different partners, never an easy task for the most experienced players. Nevertheless his kicking was a big help to the side.

Our main problem was in the lack of physical presence of our front five forwards. C. M. King and D. J. Watt-Smith provided a strong, powerful second row but the front row of R. A. Roeder, M. W. Hogbin and E. R. M. Staaf were really too light to create the firm platform we

needed. They all played very courageously and it is no fun spending time (usually 30-40 scrums in a game) under such uncomfortable physical pressure.

As captain, C. F. Peres was well respected and played with great courage and commitment. Unfortunately the back row had to adapt their natural attacking game to one of scavenging and defending, but G. H. Todd and C. J. C. Hesketh played extremely bravely in this respect. In conclusion I wish to thank King for his most efficient secretarial duties.

Results:	v. Old Stoics	Lost	8-12
	v. Uppingham	Lost	4-10
	v. Eton	Won	4-3
	v. Radley	Lost	0-21
	v. Oakham	Lost	0-15
	v. Rugby	Lost	7-38
	v. Oundle	Lost	6-20
	v. Bedford	Lost	7-44
	v. Cheltenham	Lost	4-31
	v. Mill Hill	Lost	0-14
	v. Royal Latin	Won	16-4
	v. St. Edward's	Lost	0-26
	v. Bedford Modern	Lost	11-20

L.E.W.

THE SECOND XV

It was certainly a season of mixed fortunes for the Second XV. The first half of the Autumn Term saw two early defeats followed by a spirited draw with Radley, and a win against Oakham. Return from Exeat was swiftly followed by two very disappointing performances against strong Oundle and Bedford teams, but a fair amount of honour and morale was restored by a commendable victory over Chatham. The final three matches of the season produced two wins and one defeat.

It was encouraging to note the way in which the team's tackling improved in the second half of term, and O. Nathan-Marsh set a fine example in this respect. T. Y. Alireza proved to be a positive and effective captain, whilst P. R. Saville and M. W. Pumfrey gave a praiseworthy lead amongst the forwards. M. Skjott and A. Y-K. Chiu show distinct promise for next season's forward division, whilst G.B.K. Ridley's two excellent tries in the final match also bode well for the future.

Second XV Colours: T. Y. Alireza, J. C. J. Burrough, A. Y-K. Chiu, P. J. Clarke, D. E. Hyman, M. J. T. Jefferson, O. Nathan-Marsh, C. J. Price-Thomas, M. W. Pumfrey, T. J. H. Richards, P. R. Saville, M. Skjott, J. Ursing, A. A. Whitehall.

Third XV Colours: G. B. K. Ridley, B. Tuttle.

H.D.M.

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Stowe v. Bedford

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks



Stowe v. Cheltenham

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks

COLTS 'A' XV

It is often said that you make your own luck but this team did not find this to be so. Fate treated them cruelly throughout the season but their spirit remained high. Although only one fixture was won they played excellent rugby at times and deserved more for their efforts. Until half-term all games were close, the only big defeats coming when many key players were out injured in the latter stages of the term. The two best performances were in the 4—3 defeat by Radley and the 19—3 defeat by Bedford. Against Radley they defended superbly for long periods and then managed to put them under real pressure in the final quarter. A very powerful Bedford pack was outplayed in the first half which saw Stowe leading 3—0 having played most of the game in the Bedford 22. Unfortunately the loss of A. E. Beattie with a broken nose and the massive weight disadvantage, told against them in the second half.

In the pack R. E. M. Canavan, A. C. H. Watson, M. Salha and T. A. R. Crosssthaite were always willing and consistent. M. J. C. Flower, M. J. McNeil, A. E. Beattie and E. P. Kavindele were real workers in the pack and will become excellent players in the near future. D. M. Fincham, K. D. R. Callow, A. P. Hayward and M. G. R. Yannaghas also had their moments in the back row. D. S. Beveridge was outstanding at scrum half until his elevation to the 1st XV, while B. M. Teckoe, J. A. Raynor, J. L. C. Agostini, M. and O. P. M. Seale all tackled superbly. M. H. P. King, L. D. Ripley and L. H. Ferrand were better going forward than defending.

This team showed commendable spirit and if they grow physically could well become a fairly competent side. This is the least they deserve.

Results: Won 1; Lost 11.

D.C.M.

HOCKEY

Gold medals in the Seoul Olympics for the Great Britain team have given the game a higher profile in the lives of all young players at school. Stowe has been no exception. The season started with enthusiasm, energy and high hopes. In addition, there was remarkably dry, mild weather which lasted most of the term. Hockey is the kind of game that can be enjoyed at all levels and Stoics certainly take the opportunities in spare moments at weekends to use the Sports Hall and hard surface area. However, hockey played casually and for fun does not produce winning teams at School level. At the top, the competition is better than ever before. Our fixture list includes the National Indoor and Outdoor Schoolboy Champions. Schools that play competitive hockey for two terms of the normal season enter a

variety of national tournaments and the standard of play inevitably improves. Nowadays, players have to be very ambitious and single minded if they are to win the majority of their fixtures:

THE FIRST XI

Leading the team, with the support of five other old colours, was T. H. A. Luer. The atmosphere which he created was absolutely right. His own skills put him in a class of his own, but he set a fine example of fitness, concentration and positive play. In goal, G. E. Holdsworth Hunt was unfortunate to be restricted by a back injury which eventually put him out of the game at half term. R. C. M. Houghton stepped into the breach and with characteristic modesty acquitted himself well. J. Kumar, at right back, blew hot and cold. His abilities were stylish when the mood took him but his concentration waned for long periods in most matches. C. F. B. da S. Peres, at left back, was, in contrast, committed, reliable and well motivated. G. J. Amdor, left half, considered to be the most difficult position in defence, played with composure. His upright stance reduced mobility but his tackling was resolute. The midfield positions, in the centre and on the right, were shared by brothers, M. I. G. Smith and S. McG. G. Smith. The former settled on the right, free to make his effective attacking runs and the latter commanded the centre producing prodigious hitting and quick powers of recovery. In the front line, on the right, were P. Gorlee at inside and C. D. R. Wolseley Brinton on the wing. Gorlee worked well with Luer showing controlled dribbling and accurate passing. Wolseley Brinton had pace and a powerful hit. His self-confidence grew towards the end of term and he should have been used more. On the left, A. C. N. Bewes and G. J. R. Scholten shared the honors for wing and inside forward. Both found difficulty in releasing the ball early enough to keep an attack flowing. Bewes was forever busy hustling the opposition, Scholten enjoyed exhibiting classy stickwork and produced some brilliantly worked goals. T. H. A. Luer must take great credit as top goal scorer. He is an exciting player who has the ability to raise the tempo of a game as soon as he gains possession of the ball. The services of S. R. C. Corben and J. C. J. Burrough, as substitutes, were invaluable on two occasions.

THE MATCHES

There were few signs of nerves in the opening match against St. Edward's. The forwards combined well in the second half and Luer finished moves with clinical efficiency. Too much of the attacking stayed down the middle because of his influence and the wings were never allowed to spread the game wide. It was an encouraging team performance. Then followed the Radley match, which in the minds of all the players was

the all-important one to win. It turned out to be an extraordinary catalogue of successfully defended short corners. This should not detract from the excellent goals, well taken and well devised. However, the last fifteen minutes were a tribute to the determination and skill of Holdsworth Hunt, Peres and Kumar. It is a mistake to make the Radley fixture like the 'Varsity' match, because what follows is inevitably an anticlimax. Bedford, fresh from winning the national indoor tournament, scored with their very first short corner. Stowe did not offer a recovery. Despite worthy individual performances from M. I. G. Smith, it was a dismal effort in defence. There was no speed in the taking of free hits, which can prove such an advantage, and there was little support for the player with the ball. A very different and improved attitude was evident against Oundle. A will to win and a willingness to play together transformed the atmosphere that afternoon. Everything contrived against Stowe at Cheltenham. Miserable weather and the exhaustion of exam week brought ten Middle Sixth Formers to their knees. There was little anticipation seen in the defensive play and a one-paced effort all round. High Wycombe brought a young adroit team. Again, their reputation knocked Stowe on their heels for too long. A late rally of two goals in the last five minutes told of what could have been done, but all too late. Who would have expected such a turnabout against Rugby? The opening quarter might have produced two goals for Rugby with the right run of the ball but, as often is the case, the goals came against the run of the play. The strong became stronger and a most rewarding game followed. The second half produced some of the most confident, accurate and well constructed hockey of the term. In the Mill Hill match the forwards were allowed to express their individual flair. Self-confidence was high, almost to the point of complacency, but the overall performance was impressive. Watching Luer and Scholten in full flight is reminiscent of the Demon and the Lobster, The one phenomenally sharp and quick, the other wily.

Other matches against Cambridge University Wanderers and the Old Stoics were object lessons in hockey. Cambridge still bring too strong a team in preparation for their match against Oxford Occasionals and the Old Stoics are at a tremendous advantage with better organisation and many very experienced players available on a Sunday fixture. Both occasions provided opportunities for the School to learn basic skills and tactics more maturely executed at the senior level.

THE OXFORD FESTIVAL

Early in the Easter holidays, an untried group of senior boys joined forty other independent

schools at Oxford. Four matches later they remained unbeaten. The sun shone on the first day in the Parks. T. H. A. Luer, Captain, scored within twenty seconds against Strathallan! There followed a well contested match in which Stowe always kept the upper hand. All too soon in the afternoon, Milton Abbey put up much stiffer opposition. Some luck but much honest endeavour brought Stowe their second win. Conditions were very different the next day against Cranbrook. A wet, heavy pitch made the match something of a stalemate; however, the draw was a closely fought encounter with a penalty flick in the last second of the game for Stowe. On the last morning, Schools were only playing on hard surfaces so Daniel Stewart's Melville came to Stowe's home pitch. It proved to be an open game with plenty of goalmouth incidents. Luer was unavailable for the last two matches and G. J. Amdor was a worthy successor. Eight 2nd and 3rd XI players in the party gained valuable experience from the festival. Their attitude on the pitch was vigorous and off the pitch was convivial. It was a thoroughly enjoyable end to a good season.

HOUSEMATCHES

In the Senior Competition, the favourites Walpole were defeated by Cobham in the first round. Cobham went on to win the final against Chatham, 3—0. In the Junior Competition, Chatham beat Walpole, 1—0, in a very close match for the trophy. Housematches always produce the best in those players who at a School level are unspectacular. Walpole and Chandos seniors just could not achieve the results they expected at the set pieces and relied too much on the 'stars' to work their magic. Chatham juniors simply never gave up against teams who could not quite click together on the day. For the first time the girls joined the competition, Stanhope in the preliminary round and a combined side in the first round — a welcome addition.

SECOND XI

This was quite a skilful team but were very inconsistent. They often created many chances but could not finish them off. They reserved their best performances for the best sides and in fact well deserved their win against a very useful Old Stoics team.

Up front E. R. M. Staaf worked tirelessly and improved markedly over the term. R. D. S. Burrough and A. C. E. Rutter were genuine hard workers and unselfish in their efforts. R. D. Hazell and M. J. T. Jefferson provided the craft and were very skilful if not always energetic. M. W. Pumfrey played solidly in front of the defence while M. A. C. Rolt and M. B. Johnstone handled the tricky half-back positions well. W.

Stoppard, ma. and S. R. C. Corben, the captain, both had excellent season while R. C. M. Houghton was consistent.

With greater consistency they could have been very successful. One or two players could have worked harder but the biggest compliment that could be paid is that even when not playing well good sides had trouble against them. They suffered from a number of very dubious decisions which were critical, the worst of them completely turning the Cheltenham game.

Results: Won 3; Lost 5.

D.C.M.

COLTS XI

On first impressions, there was not much over which to enthuse in a season which saw six defeats, one draw and one cancellation in eight scheduled matches. However, while the bare facts cannot be ignored, the 1989 Colts suffered more from their inability to score goals than from their inability to play good hockey.

Much of the success in games comes from self-confidence and determination. Neither quality was much in evidence in the first match against Radley and it was fortunate that a half-time deficit of six goals against was only increased by one in the second half. Matches against Bedford, Oundle, Cheltenham and Rugby all saw an improvement in basics and commitment and the emergence of a pattern of play. This brought respectability to the performance, but produced neither goals nor parity. Eventually goals were scored against R.G.S. High Wycombe, but what might have been a victory ended in an exciting draw. This and the matches with Rugby and Mill Hill brought the most convincing hockey of the term, but there was still no victory to show for honest endeavour and much sweat and toil.

Despite the corporate lack of success, most players emerged from the season with credit. Forro established himself as the best goalkeeper, with many fine saves and a combative approach. Munt and Flower became a sound combination at full-back, while Green learned how to play the percentage game at left-half. On the left wing Murray showed great skill and eventually developed the confidence to "take on" opponents. Ferrand was fast and direct on the right wing and Gorlee emerged later in the term as an inside forward with determination to score goals; but it was unfortunate that Beveridge, the most accomplished forward in the year, was unable to play in several matches. Dawson defended well at right-half and Mackenzie worked tirelessly in the forward line. Morgan, Rowse and Escott played in various forward positions, all with great commitment and Russell captained the side from centre-half, where he

defended stoutly, encouraged his men enthusiastically and set a good example in all departments of the game. The side was pleasant and co-operative both on and off the field and many hard lessons have been learned which will stand the players in good stead in senior hockey next year.

G.A.C.

COLTS 'B' XI

In every match played the team scored one goal, but never more. Inevitably, therefore, they were only rarely in a situation where victory was likely, since the defence was prone to being a little too generous to occasional opposition forays, despite Stowe's frequent control of much of the midfield play. Morris made a good captain until injury removed him and de la Pena then proved a sound replacement; they were both well supported by a good-humoured and enthusiastic team.

Team from: W. L. C. Morris, J. M. de la Pena, A. B. a'Brook, A. R. B. Bellew, M. S. P. Boyd, K. S. Reed, A. M. Saary, J. C. Sucksmith, D. R. Walker, A. C. H. Watson, J. N. E. Law, M. M. Renwick, L. D. Ripley.

The following also played for the 'A' Team: J. Escott, M. J. C. Flower, S. Forro, M. Gorlee, F. Morgan, B. A. W. Rowse.

Results:	v. Radley	Home	Lost	1-3
	v. Bedford	Away	Drawn	1-1
	v. Oundle	Away	Lost	1-2
	v. Bedford Modern	Home	Won	1-0
	v. Rugby	Home	Lost	1-4

M.J.B.

JUNIOR COLTS 'A' XI

The team played very steadily all season except on one day when they were affected by the atrocious weather conditions far more than the opposition were! In a very short term the team developed well in individual skill and tactical awareness. Their best performance was against Bedford when the whole side demonstrated true grit and determination in coming back from a one goal deficit. In all the other matches this has been a recipe for further mistakes to be made. Not on this day, however. Everyone enjoyed the freedom of the all-weather pitch, which allowed their skilful stick work to dominate. On grass we always tended to be bogged down, where our lack of physical presence was always a handicap.

O. G. M. Dury as Captain played a vital rôle as a midfield player and Captain: his energy, example and dribbling skill were great assets to the team. His individual goal against Bedford will remain a memory for a long time. Alongside him M. P. Bazeley and P. G. Burke played tirelessly showing great skill and determination. In goal J. A. Dare commanded the circle with increasing

confidence and his acrobatics saved certain goals on occasion. G. J. Scrase and S. J. Denning were two very useful backs, the latter often demonstrating his preference for attack by dribbling the ball up expertly from deep positions. R. E. Larcombe, A. A. Adeosun, A. J. Scott-Gall, R. J. Symes, D. M. Amdor and P. A. Williams all played with commitment and enthusiasm, and I hope the experience of this season will assist the development of their game in the future.

Results:	v. Radley	Lost	1-4
	v. Bedford	Won	2-1
	v. Oundle	Lost	1-2
	v. Cheltenham	Lost	2-7
	v. Rugby	Lost	1-3
	v. Mill Hill	Lost	1-2

L.E.W.

GIRLS HOCKEY

The weather has been kind this year but injury and illness have not. So far we have played 8 matches both home and away. We began the season extremely well, beating Charmandean 14-0 and Haileybury 3-0 and Aldenham 5-0. Then tragedy struck: we lost our hockey captain, Helena Bailey, through illness which has kept her out of nearly all the matches.

Sally Searby took over as captain and has done a very good job both on the field, usually in goal, and off, trying to keep the team together. In all 17 girls have represented the School at hockey this season, and one of these was a lacrosse player, Joanna Morison, who has stepped in gallantly to replace Victoria Gregson, who is also injured. Of the 8 matches we have Won 4, Lost 3 and Drawn 1.

Results:	v. Tudor Hall	Home	Drawn	0-0
	v. St. Edward's	Home	Won	1-0
	v. Bloxham	Away	Lost	0-1
	v. Haileybury	Home	Lost	0-1
	v. Wellingborough	Away	Lost	0-3

Apart from the Wellingborough match you can see how close the games have been. If we can keep fitter next year, I feel we have the depth of skill to improve our results. The standard of play against Haileybury was superb.

Regular Team Players: Araminta J. Millard, Yta A. Nicholson, Lucy C. Nutley, Nicola J. Turnbull, Penny Waldman, Georgina E. Hopkinson, Annabel J. E. Bentley, Jessica M. C. Blakemore, Victoria L. Gregson, Leysa M. Kay, Sally D. Searby, Emily H. M. Swanwick.

For the very first time we were included in the Inter-House Hockey and played a Stanhope side against Temple, losing 0-3 and then a combined, as it were, 1st XI against Grenville and lost 0-2. Both matches were of a good standard and very much appreciated.

Diane C. Bisp

YEARLINGS 'A' XI

Although the Yearlings club contained some talented players the team failed to knit together well enough to win any matches. The lack of a "will to win" rather than any weaknesses in skill was the cause of a number of losses. The match against Radley was our narrowest defeat — a single goal being the difference. At the other end of the scale our match against Bedford was a rather humbling experience. In spite of these reverses the team kept up its morale and on occasions played some attractive hockey. R. D. S. Burrough, A. J. Barber and G. H. Passmore all show considerable promise but need to work harder at their individual skills. C. E. James performed well in goal on most occasions and the full-back pairing of Whitehead and Crawford shows potential. Next year when the players have developed greater skill and stamina they should meet with more success.

D.H.G.

THE OCCASIONALS

The familiar fixtures were most welcome, once more, to bring together members of the Common Room and boys on an occasional basis. Next season we lose the coaching expertise of Mr. L. E. Weston, who has guided the Junior Colts for many years, and Mr. D. C. McCrea, who has run the 2nd XI. The Occasionals have needed the calm influence of Mr. Weston on the field and it is hoped that both colleagues will be available in the future. Sincere thanks go to them for their services to the School's hockey.

Team: First XI: G. E. Holdsworth Hunt, R. C. M. Houghton, J. Kumar, C. F. B. da S. Peres, M. I. G. Smith, S. McG. G. Smith, G. J. Amdor, C. D. R. Wolseley Brinton, P. Gorlee, T. H. A. Luer (Captain), A. C. N. Bewes, G. J. R. Scholten.

Results: School Matches: Played 8; Won 5; Lost 3.

v. Cambridge Wanderers	Home	Lost	0-4
v. St. Edward's, Oxford	Home	Won	4-1
v. Radley	Away	Won	2-0
v. Bedford College	Home	Lost	0-5
v. Oundle	Home	Won	3-1
v. Cheltenham	Away	Lost	0-8
v. High Wycombe G.S.	Home	Lost	3-4
v. Rugby	Away	Won	5-1
v. Mill Hill	Home	Won	6-1
v. Old Stoics	Home	Lost	0-7

Festival Party: R. C. M. Houghton, W. Stoppard, J. M. Aron, M. B. Johnstone, A. C. E. Rutter, J. C. J. Burrough, M. W. Pumfrey, M. J. T. Jefferson, P. Gorlee, S. C. Cormack, A. C. N. Bewes, T. H. A. Luer (Captain), G. J. Amdor (Vice-Captain), G. J. R. Scholten.

Festival Results: Played 4; Won 3; Drawn 1.

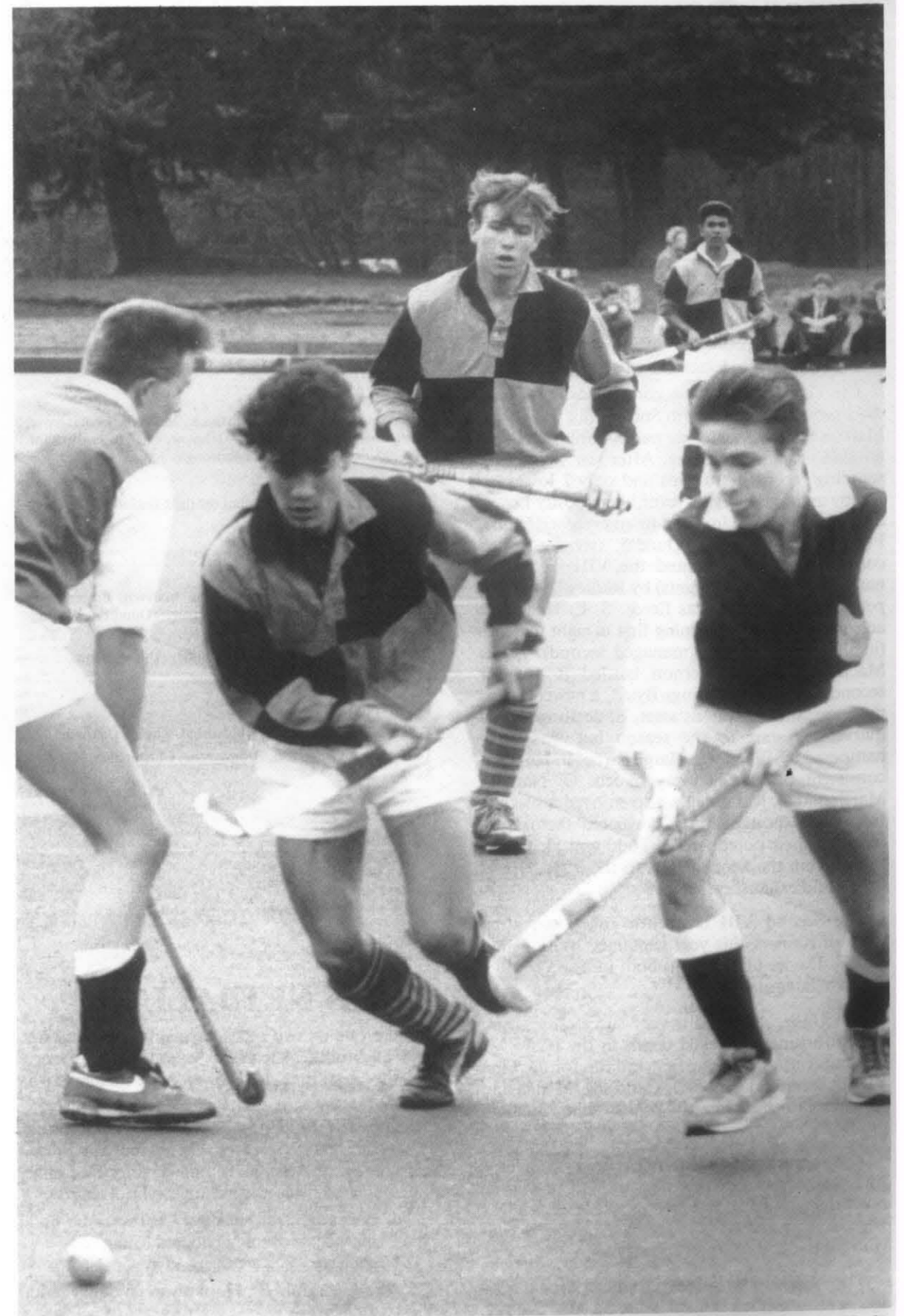
v. Strathallan	The Parks	Won	3-0
v. Milton Abbey	Oriel	Won	2-0
v. Cranbrook	St. Peter's	Drawn	2-2
v. Daniel Stewart's	Stowe	Won	2-1

J.M.L.



T. H. A. Lütter v. Mill Hill

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks



P. Gorlee and C. D. R. Wolsley Brinton v. Mill Hill

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks

CROSS-COUNTRY

Cross-Country at Stowe has developed into a major sport over the last few years and this season especially, after last year's success, was expected to be very promising. Indeed, the First VIII won the Buckinghamshire Schools Championships for the second year running. Stowe has never featured very prominently in the Midland and Northern Independent Schools Championships before. This year, however, they came third out of 23 schools. Ironically, the two schools who beat them, Malvern and Bromsgrove, were defeated by them earlier on in the term in a School match.

The brevity of the Spring Term meant that the teams had to cope with sometimes up to three matches in a week, a sure test of stamina.

The First VIII's season commenced with four days pre-season training in Snowdonia where Mr. Platt set them through their paces, he himself being an avid mountain climber. After last year's outstanding record of 16 wins and only 2 losses (to Rugby and Oundle), the team, then mostly Lower Sixth, was looking forward to an even better one. Both Rugby and Oundle were beaten convincingly this year and the VIII were only narrowly defeated (3 points) by Radley. The competition in the team was fierce. S. E. Montford achieved a record of coming first in eight matches (in the others he only managed second). A. E. Macintosh and J. Vernon battled it out for second place. F. Hawkings-Byass, a newcomer to the team, was a precious asset. E. de Jonge had a marvellous start to the season but was sadly hampered by injury for a large part of it. He was a consistent counter in every match. O. Nathan-Marsh and C. R. Lascelles also enjoyed a successful season though injury prevented them from fulfilling their potential. G. Todd and H. Cairns flitted from the Second VIII to the First VIII as injury and exhaustion set in.

The Second VIII frequently raised a regular team of runners, this year captained by G. Todd and C. Davies-Gilbert who both ran for the First Team in later matches.

The Under 17's had a very successful season but unfortunately lacked depth in the team. M. Cronan constantly came first and ran for the First VIII in several matches. O. Carlo, M. Mcneil and M. Macintosh were all behind him in high positions.

The Juniors' Cross-Country is always hindered by hockey trials but this year showed promising potential with J. Davies and N. Smith leading all the way. A new record was set by Annabel Soutar who led the Girls' Cross-Country.

The Inter-House Finals produced a climax to the season with Cobham winning the Seniors, Bruce the Intermediates and Temple the Juniors.

S. Montford, A. Macintosh and M. Cronan all ran for Buckinghamshire in the National Championships.

The enthusiasm and team spirit of all three age groups were matchless. To Mr. Platt, who devoted so much of his time, good humour and awful jokes to us and helped us reach the standard we are now, we give our sincer thanks.

Full Colours: S. E. Montford (re-award), A. E. Macintosh (re-award), J. F. G. Vernon, R. J. Spencer, F. C. Hawkings-Byass.

Half-Colours: C. B. Davies-Gilbert.

Colts Colours: M. J. McNeil, M. V. Cronan, O. J. Carlo, M. B. Macintosh, mi., M. A. Foster, J. D. C. Davies, W. A. G. Stacey.

Results:

FIRST VIII:

Teams competed against: 13.

Teams beaten: Bradfield, Bloxham, Malvern, Bromsgrove, Cheltenham, Berkhamsted, Harrow, Rugby, Oakham, Uppingham, Oundle, Wellingborough.

Teams lost to: Radley.

S. E. Montford won 8 matches outright (including the Inter-House Finals).

UNDER 17 VIII:

Teams competed against: 13.

Teams beaten: Bradfield, Bloxham, Malvern, Bromsgrove, Cheltenham, Berkhamsted, Harrow, Oundle, Wellingborough.

Teams lost to: Rugby, Oakham, Radley, Uppingham.

UNDER 15 VIII:

Teams competed against: 9.

Teams beaten: Malvern, Berkhamsted, Rugby, Oakham.

Teams lost to: Bradfield, Bromsgrove, Cheltenham, Harrow, Radley.

A. E. Macintosh

GIRLS NETBALL

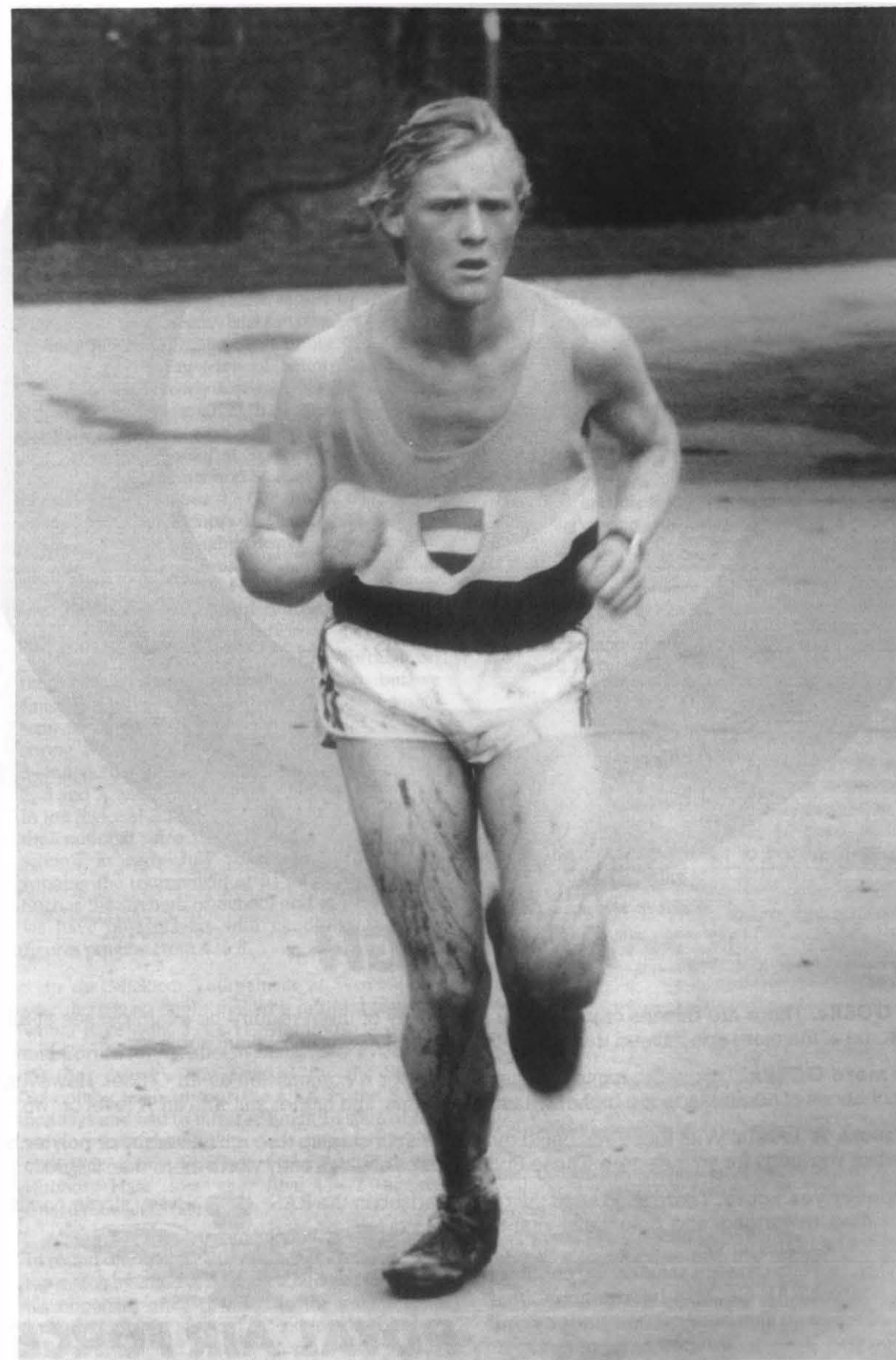
Despite one or two setbacks owing to illness we have had another successful season, and this year, for the first time at Stowe, have fielded two teams.

Under the captaincy of Melissa Fuentes, the Firsts finished the season by winning a mini-tournament at Aldenham, and have in fact only been defeated twice against other school teams.

The Seconds have been very enthusiastic and have done well in winning two and losing one.

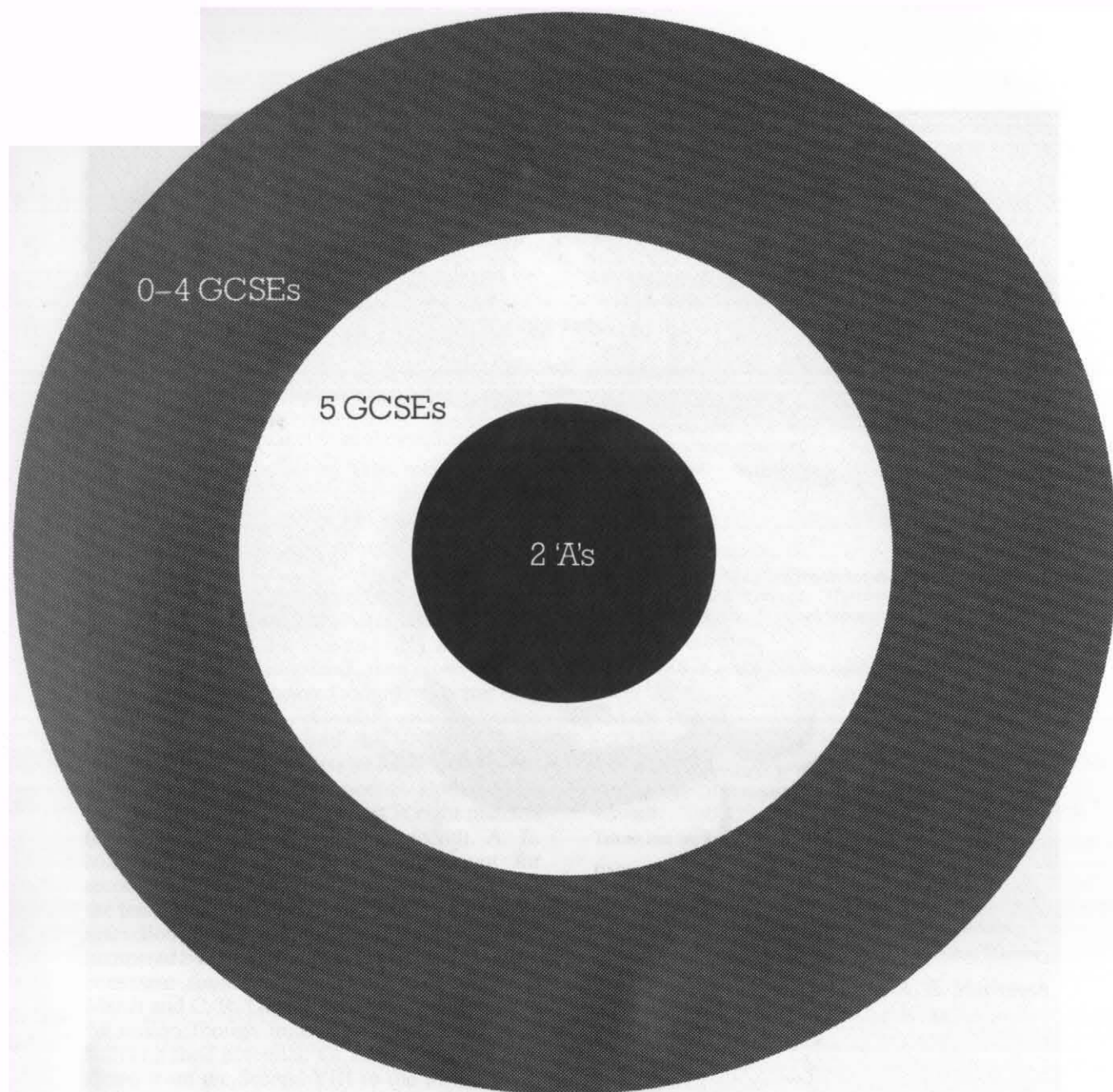
Team colours go to Melissa Fuentes, Nicola J. Cooper, Georgina E. Hopkinson Woolley and Yta Nicholson.

B.A.T.



J. G. Vernon

Photograph by J. W. Fooks



AIM HIGH

Score:

0-4 GCSEs. There are dozens of jobs in the RAF. Many of them require no exam passes at all, but some of the more specialised trades need up to four GCSEs in relevant subjects.

5 or more GCSEs. This is the minimum qualification for a commission as an Officer. However, your chances of acceptance are higher with more passes, and higher still with an 'A' level or two.

2 or more 'A' levels. With these you could qualify for sponsorship through university or polytechnic while you study for your degree. These Sponsorships are currently worth more than £19,000.

Whatever you score. There is no such thing as a bad job in the RAF. Every single one is stimulating, rewarding, and potentially vital to the defence of the nation.

Talk to your careers master. Or call in at your nearest RAF Careers Information Office (you'll find us in the phone book under Royal Air Force).



ROYAL AIR FORCE

The Armed Forces are Equal Opportunity Employers under the terms of The Race Relations Act 1976.

GOLF

After one of the mildest and driest winters on record it was a pity that wet weather set in as soon as the programme of golf matches started after the Spring Term exeat. This led directly to the loss of our annual fixture against Harrow at Moor Park and to the postponement of our match against Ellesborough Golf Club which we were able to rearrange for a week later. It may also have led indirectly to the failure of Buckingham Golf Club to raise a team for their fixture against us on their course.

After a lengthy lay-off the results of the four matches played were encouraging. The first match against Northampton County G.C., who turned out a strong team of county players or trialists, was narrowly lost by 3½—2½. It is a tribute to the current strength of the team that off handicap we were receiving hardly any shots. Against the Old Stoics at Sandy Lodge we were without T. H. A. Luer and S. R. C. Corben, both playing hockey against the Old Stoics, but for the first time in my memory the combined total of our handicaps was slightly lower than that of a strong O.S. team containing a number of the successful 1988 Halford Hewitt team. As a result the match played level and finished up honourably all square — 3 points each.

Conceding shots all round to Ellesborough on their own course we were beaten 3—0, but we finished with a decisive victory in the regional semi-final of the Hill Samuel Foursomes against a strong Solihull side at Church Brampton. The 3—nil victory was achieved by margins of 4 and 2, 5 and 3, and 7 and 5. If we can defeat Warwick in the regional final early next term, we will be in the national finals contested between eight schools in early July for the first time since winning the tournament at its inception in 1981. Such is the strength of School golf at present that we have nine players with handicaps in single figures ranging from 4 to 8.

In the Micklem Tournament at Woking this year there is no doubt that with our best team we would have won. J. G. H. Momm (4), Luer (5) and Corben (6) were not available, and P. J. Hale (5), our captain, was selected for the Swifts' Schoolboy team to tour the USA in the Spring holidays and had to miss the Final. In spite of this we won through two very close matches by 3—2 each time against Winchester and Bradfield, and without Hale lost the final 3—2 against Charterhouse.

As always this tournament was full of drama. In round one against Winchester, Hale lost a close top match by 2 and 1, D. A. Lennard was level with his opponent after 18 holes in the second, and waited anxiously to see if a 'sudden-death' play-off was required. D. P. W. Hope-Johnstone and J. D. Watson won the third and fourth matches

comfortably, but O. G. M. Dury, in match five, one up playing the 18th, put his second shot into the lake, while his opponent safely hit the green in two. Dury eventually holed out for a 6 and waited for what seemed the inevitable loss of the hole and the need to play extra holes to get a clear-cut result. Meanwhile the situation was such that Lennard and his opponent were told to play to a finish. Unknown to them the Winchester number five contrived to take 4 putts, the last miss from no more than a foot, and so halved the hole and lost the game against Dury, and thus the overall match. This was a relief to Lennard who had just lost his match at the 19th.

The second round was almost as dramatic. Having lost the top two matches, the first by one hole, and won the fifth 4 and 3, all depended on Hope-Johnstone and Watson playing numbers three and four. The former managed an unlikely birdie to win at the 19th and the latter held on to win 1 up.

Hope-Johnstone and Dury were both unbeaten, and the latter was awarded his colours for his very good showing in his first 'Micklem.'

M.D.D.

SQUASH

My first season of running Squash has been one of mixed fortunes.

The season started with a fine win over St. Edward's by 3—2 for our Firsts, Seconds and Junior Colts.

However, after an outright defeat of all age groups at Harrow the team players, appreciate how much improvement is necessary to aim for. But we now have a nucleus of good ability throughout the age groups to provide a strong platform for the future.

Results for the 1988-89 Season:

	Won	Lost
Girls 1st	2	4
Girls 2nd	—	1
Seniors 1st	4	5
Seniors 2nd	3	1
Colts	1	4
Junior Colts	2	1
Yearlings	1	4

The Inter-House Competition was won by:

Senior: Lyttelton. Junior: Lyttelton.

Colours were awarded to: M. I. G. Smith, mi., J. A. Hutter, M. G. Adwani.

Half Colours were awarded to: H. W. Munt, A. R. B. Bellew, A. J. Searle, D. R. Walker, D. M. Fincham, A. V. Melvani, A. P. Hayward.

I would like to thank G. Woolley, Y. Nicholson and A. Bewes for their help and support throughout the season. Thanks also to Mr. Melber and Mr. Akam whose continued support and contribution to coaching throughout the season have been very much appreciated.

M.J.H.

SOCCER THE FIRST XI

We had rather a super season, as the results show. It was ironic that our confounding success went relatively unnoticed. We hope that people will take notice of Stowe soccer and its success. This came at a time when some other sports seemed to flounder. The success is partly owing to Mr. Alan Murray, who was enthusiastic and unflappable and his expertise enviable.

It was owing to AKM's pep talks and oranges at half-time that we obliterated the old enemy from the face of the earth, the old enemy, of course, being Radley. Against Rugby we proved we were not quite the team we thought we were conceding three goals in the last five minutes. Carmel College and Oakham became this hungry team's next prey: both teams melted in the face of the Stowe furnace and were never heard of again. Our final game was the re-match against Radley. A.K.M. kept telling us it was our F.A. Cup Final. Well, if it was, Stowe won the F.A. Cup for the first time in its history.

Of the players the Captain and Vice-Captain were at all times indescribably brilliant. T. Y. Alireza was devious and skilful in attack. O. Nathan-Marsh and J. M. Aron were brave and resilient in defence. F. C. Hawkings-Byass was the backbone and hitman of the team. M. I. G. Smith displayed an ability to be able to read and control the game. It would be hard to forget L. D. Ralston in goal, who despite his bulk managed to manoeuvre himself in a feline manner, pulling off great saves that any Watford goalkeeper would be proud of (L. D. Ralston is a fervent fan of Watford). But his brilliance was mainly owing to the cheese butties he kept in his goalkeeper's bag. The team's success however, was primarily the result of an effort which was never less than 110%. Many thanks to everyone who played and especially to A.K.M.

Colours: D. G. Talbot (Captain), H. P. V. Scott-Gall (vice-Captain), T. Y. Alireza, F. C. Hawkings-Byass, M. I. G. Smith, J. M. Aron, O. Nathan-Marsh, L. D. Ralston.

Also Played: G. F. J. Miller, M. W. Pumfrey, P. A. Would, T. H. A. Luer, J. C. H. Momm, T. J. H. Richards, D. E. Hyman, M. R. Dunton, R. P. Langford, S. S. Rashid.

Results: v. Radley	Won 6-1
v. Rugby	Lost 3-4
v. Carmel College	Won 5-2
v. Oakham	Won 6-2
v. Radley	Won 4-3

D. G. Talbot
H. P. V. Scott-Gall

BADMINTON

The senior team played eight matches during the Spring Term against a variable standard of opposition. Six matches were won and two were lost. The victories were against Mill Hill, Ratcliffe, Oakham, Cheltenham, High Wycombe and Royal Latin School. The defeats were inflicted by Rugby and Uppingham. This set of results is a fair reflection of the ability of the team, which contains some good players. The pick of the players this term were A. K. C. Saw, M. R. Dunton and A. Z. Anim. In addition, A. V. Melvani, J. C. H. Momm, M. A. C. Rolt, R. J. Fraser-Allen and A. M. Jepson performed creditably.

The most exciting match of the term was the one against Oakham when the result was in doubt right up to the end. Stowe won by 5 games to 4 thanks largely to good performances by Dunton and Anim against Oakham's good number one pair.

The junior team played three matches, winning one and losing two. M. M. Asnani was the most consistent player, his pair winning the majority of their games.

The girls' team played one match which they won conclusively.

A.W.H.

SCULLING

A promising summer regatta season with good performances in the single scull by Fooks, Hancock and Woolley (especially at Birmingham, where Stowe was represented in three finals), was carried through to the Autumn Head season. Here, equipped with two new single sculls, the Club raced well at St. Ives, Marlow, Bedford and Evesham.

It was at Evesham that the Club had its most successful day, with J. W. Fooks and W. N. L. Woolley winning not only their respective divisions of the West Midlands Small Boats Championships, but also breaking the Junior course record in the double scull (a record itself set two years ago by Chamberlain and Livingstone-Learmonth, also of Stowe).

This brought the number of course records held at Evesham to five. It also marked the end of a very enjoyable season, for which I must thank Mr. Woolley, for his undying help and support in coaching us.

J. W. Fooks (Captain)

CAVING

February 1989

It was 7.15 on a dreary Sunday morning. The School slept, all except for the five foolhardy cavers, who abandoned their beds to fight an underground battle, just for the fun of it.

As the sun began to force its dreary self up over the School, Stowe's most dilapidated minibus creaked its way down towards the Oxford Bridge, laden with helmets, lamps, caving-gear and us.

Two of the party (Mr. Akam and Matt. Steggle) had not been caving before, so were not quite sure what to expect. Mrs. Taylor and I had been several times, and Dr. Hornby, the leader of the expedition, has been caving for ten years. Our destination was Priddy Green, a small village in the Mendips, Somerset.

Upon arrival, we were told where to change (the locals objected to unclad bodies of changing cavers). This proved difficult, as the changing room was an old hayloft, accessible only by a ladder with several rungs missing. Once up, one had to tread carefully, as the rotting floorboards would probably have collapsed if trodden on. Nevertheless, all was well when we reached the next room. This had a brand new floor, after someone fell through last year.

Once kitted up, we crossed several fields, heading towards what looked like a well. In fact it was the entrance to Swilden's Hole, where a wide stream disappeared into the ground.

Once inside, we took the long "dry" wriggly way down, stopping at the top of Jacob's Ladder, a 15 feet inclined rift. The easy passage at the base of this led to the Old Grotto, a once beautiful cavern which has been 'desecrated' by generations of cavers.

We met up with the rushing stream again, and continued to a 20 feet drop over which the stream plunged. A rope ladder was ceremoniously unleashed from Matt Steggle's belt, and left in line with two others. The idea was that when the group already down came back up, they would take up their own ladder and put the next one down in its place. It seemed rather risky.

After several more short climbs, still following the stream, we reached the Washing Pot, a deep circular pool with hand holds and few foot holds only around the edge. Passing through several more pools and down small cascades of the stream, we reached the first sump (a place where the passage becomes totally submerged).

In fact, the stream we were in emerges at Wookey Hole, but even with diving equipment there is no known route accessible.

Tired and soaked, we followed the stream back up, this time against the flow.

We reached the 20 ft. ladder, and it was much more daunting from the bottom than the top. We

each climbed it, much slower than descent, as the water rushed down on top of us, and clattered into the shallow pool below.

On the way out, the group went up the short wet way, also via Jacob's Ladder. From there, we went through Binney's Link, then up a tricky 8 ft. climb. We emerged tired, soaked, but happy.

We stopped at Wells on the way to School, and took a glimpse at the picturesque city, then began the long journey home.

All thanks go to Dr. Hornby for organizing another enjoyable trip, and hopefully many more.

J. D. Foster-Smith (Vr)

MOUNTAINEERING

A surprising number of Stoics have been climbing with the C.C.F. or elsewhere, but relatively few are keen on a Sunday trip. Cavers seem to be more faithful to their sport. We had a delightfully damp trip down Swildon's Hole (Mendip) in February, which is fully described elsewhere in this journal. At the time of writing the C.C.F. is looking forward to a bit of adventurous training in Eglwys Faen, a hole in the Llangattock escarpment, with a civilian instructor (me).

We had one climbing trip, to Froggatt Edge, in September. Rather a large gang, with only one leader, managed half a dozen climbs on the grit up to severe in standard, which included Trapeze, Heather Wall and Tinsel's Tangle. We have three trips planned for the Summer term. I hope people will be tempted.

G.M.H.

ETON FIVES

The 1988-89 Fives season has seen continued improvement in the boys' play.

The season began with a very fine win over Aldenham. But the highlight of the season was a win for J. H. Hutter and R. D. Hazell in a match versus Wolverhampton Grammar School.

Half Colours for the season 1988-89 have been awarded to: A. Askari, mi., A. E. Alam, J. N. M. Andrew, mi., K. G. Wagner, R. C. Samuel, D. M. Amdor, mi., R. G. Hill-Walker, E. P. Kavindele.

Boys representing the School at the National Eton Fives Championships held at Highgate were R. G. Hill-Walker and C. Howie.

The inter-house competitions were enthusiastically supported. The winners were:
Senior: Lyttelton. Junior: Cobham.

I would like to thank J. A. Hutter and R. M. A. Fisher for their support in helping the season to run smoothly.

M.J.H.

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Senior Cadet U/O P. J. Lloyd Jenkins, with new cadet G-P Rifle Photograph by J. W. Ffooks

C.C.F. STIC NEWS

For the C.C.F. there is really no such thing as a typical Field Day. February was no exception to this carefully maintained rule. Some cadets went out to sea with *H.M.S. Fencer* and were taken on a tour around *H.M.S. Victory*. The recruits were taught basic tactics and did commendably well in their rifle tests — all passed. Other cadets had valuable insights into the technical side of the Army with visits to the Royal Engineers at their Chattenden home and the Royal Electrical and Mechanical Engineers. The visiting cadets at Chattenden were let loose on excavators, cranes and what can only be described as an armoured JCB. All survived intact — equipment and personnel! Other activities included a tour around a museum of explosive ordnance, ranging from a WW2 V2 rocket and an ancient looking hand grenade to modern heat-seeking missiles. The clay pigeon shooters admired a machine that simulated the laying of mines. It fired rather impressively a whole batch of simulated mines into the air, looking just like clays. The machine is actually used in the final stages of laying a minefield. A tour was made of a street built to train troops for service in Northern Ireland. The cadets were given some practical experience in investigating suspicious parcels safely, though one team managed to blow theirs up! The accompanying talk gave the cadets an interesting look at how the services detect and deal with explosive devices.

There are many opportunities for members of the contingent to be involved in some exciting activities during the holidays. At Easter two cadets went to Gibraltar and spent a week investigating 'the Rock' on the surface, underground and from the sea. Adventurous training takes place at this time also. Thanks to the help of two 'civilian' members of staff, we were able to offer canoeing and caving in addition to the hill walking, climbing and abseiling. One feature of the Crickhowell base camp is the commando assault course and the resident SAS Major who runs it. His favourite line seems to be "Well that wasn't bad for a practice — now let's do it properly, and we'll include the river this time!"

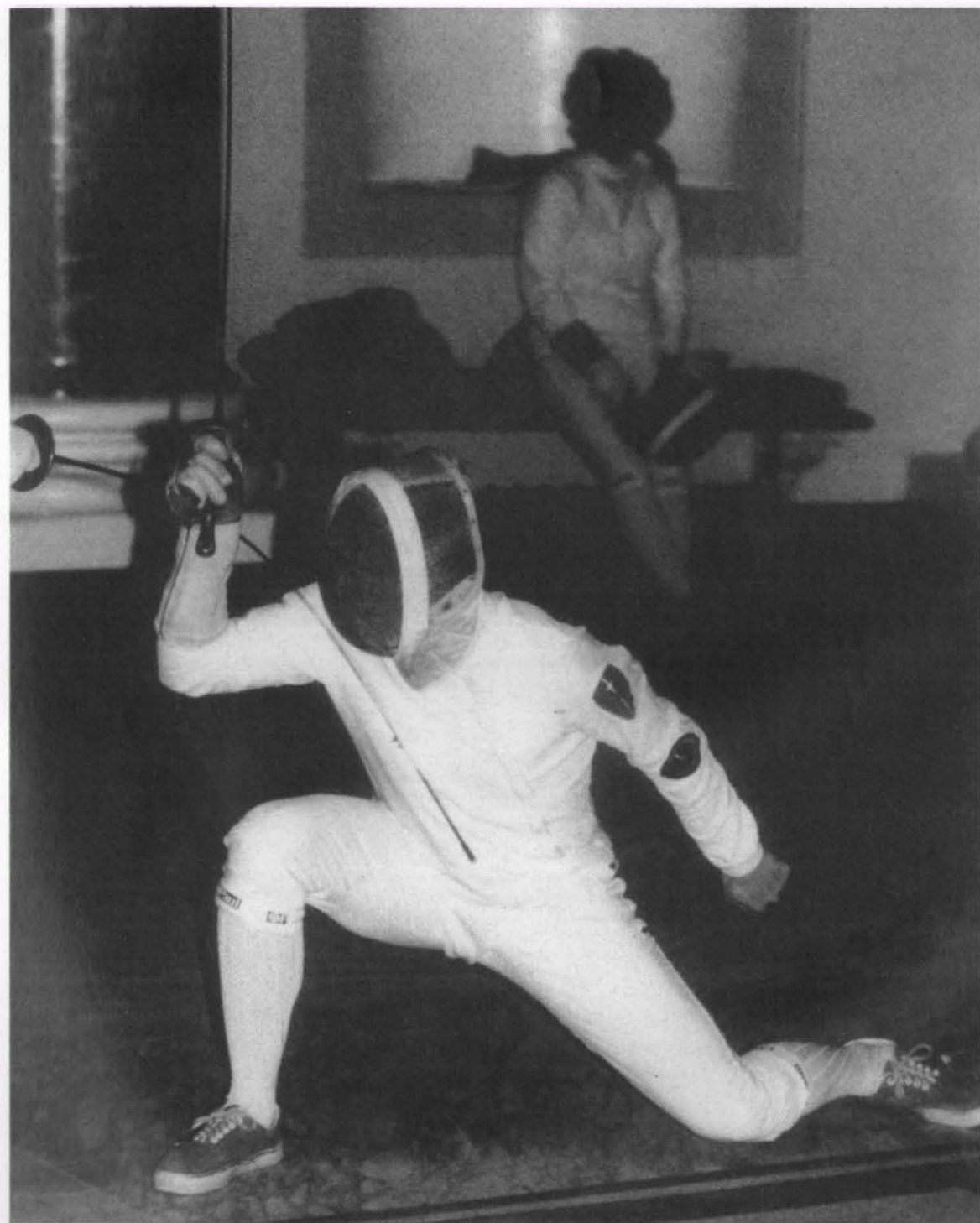
By the time you read this article I will have handed over the contingent to Michael Bevington. He will be the fourth Michael in succession to command the contingent, and bringing another Naval hand to the helm. I wish him every success and am sure he will receive tremendous support from the contingent staff and cadets. It has been a pleasure to command the contingent. The enthusiasm and commitment shown by cadets and NCO's on many occasions, have made it a rewarding experience. I have been grateful for the enthusiastic teamwork displayed by the contingent staff and have particularly appreciated the invaluable assistance given by RSM Brannan.

M.J.S.



Boys v. Girls

Photograph by J. W. Ffooks



R. E. M. Canavan

Photograph by J. W. Fooks

OLD STOIC NEWS

R. C. Allerton (Grenville 1953) was made a CB in the New Year's Honours List.

G. H. B. Carter (Temple 1947) has become non-executive Chairman of Grosvenor Developments Ltd.

S. P. Clegg (Chatham 1978) was Quartermaster to the Olympic teams in Seoul and Calgary, and has now become Assistant General Secretary of the British Olympic Association.

H. S. L. Dundas (Chatham 1938) has published "Flying Start," an autobiography of his wartime experiences. October 1988.

B. J. Hill (Bruce 1951) was knighted in the New Year's Honours List.

P. R. M. Humbert (Grafton 1956) has been appointed Chairman and Director of Waller Humbert Financial Services.

G. D. Inge-Innes-Lillingston (Chandos 1941) has been re-appointed Crown Estate Commissioner. December 1988.

J. S. Kreeger (Chandos 1976) provided the music and cabaret for the Princess Royal and the Lord Chancellor at a dinner for the Worshipful Company of Woolmen in January 1989. He has also written the libretto for "The Fisherman," to be world premiered in May 1989, as part of the London International Opera Festival.

W. H. Latham (Chandos 1979) has had a computer graphics exhibit on at the Arnolfini Gallery, Bristol, which was shown on BBC TV's programme "Tomorrow's World."

M. D. T. Loup (Temple 1947) has become a member of the MCC Committee. April 1989.

G. J. R. Monbiot (Lyttelton 1981) broadcast his programme "Poisoned Arrows," about the transportation of Java inhabitants, on Radio 4 on 13th April, 1989. He has also published a book of the same name.

C. D. Mullineux (Temple 1952) has been awarded the Cadet Forces Medal and two clasps after 30 years service in the CCF.

J. D. Sainsbury (Grenville 1945) was created a Life Peer in the New Year's honours List.

P. G. Shepherd (Chatham 1945) was awarded a CBE in the New Year's Honours List.

S. A. I Thompson (Temple 1988) has been appointed Choirmaster and Organist of St. Mary's Church, Beddington.

B. E. Toye (Grafton 1956) featured in the Radio 4 programme "The Family Firm" on 12th January, 1989.

S. D. C. Wallace (Bruce 1957) was granted a UK Patent for his invention of a lock fastener to improve safety from sub-sea to aerospace. It is already under production in West Germany under the trade name "Metsolock."

C. S. Wates (Bruce 1958) was knighted in the New Year's Honours List.

D. H. M. Williams-Ellis (Temple 1977) had an exhibition of his sculptures at the Cadogan Contemporary Gallery in November and December 1988.

BIRTHS

M. C. Bailey (Chatham 1972) a daughter, on 20th February 1989.

J. A. Barratt (Temple 1977) a son, Jack William, on 10th March 1989.

N. P. Beilby (Grenville 1967) a son, Max, on 14th January 1989.

K. G. Buchanan (Walpole 1967) a son, Oliver, on 30th November 1988.

D. W. Cheyne (Chandos 1967) a son, Rupert, on 20th February 1989.

A. S. Drew (Bruce 1974) a son, Cameron John Duncan, on 12th January 1989.

Elizabeth W. Duncan-Smith (neè Fremantle) (Stanhope 1977) a daughter, Alicia, on 26th January 1989.

P. N. Hall (Temple 1968) a son, Patrick, in December 1988.

S. J. Gornall (Walpole 1975) a son, Thomas James, on 6th January, 1989.

N. R. T. Ireland (Bruce 1973) a daughter, Alexandra Grace Catherine, on 16th January 1989.

N. D. Jamieson (Grenville 1969) a son, Piers, on 13th February 1989.

H. N. A. Lendrum (Temple 1972) a son, Algernon Alexander Harry, on 24th February 1989.

Caitlin J. Kivingston of Bachuil (neè Mitchell) (Stanhope 1976) a daughter, Catriona Jane, on 8th September 1988.

G. L. Macleod-Smith (Walpole 1972) a daughter, on 10th November 1987.

Lord Moynihan (Grafton 1953) a son, Andrew Berkeley, on 7th March 1989.

J. D. A. Nicholl (Lyttelton 1972) a daughter, Rebecca, on 22nd October 1988.

S. T. R. Picton-Turberville (Grafton 1973) a daughter, Abigail, on 16th January 1989.

P. B. Salmon (Grenville 1975) a daughter, Sophie, in September 1988.

MARRIAGES

A. C. Benson (Chatham 1973) to Linda Jane Williams on 10th May 1989.
C. J. Dean (Chandos 1979) to Alexandra Fane on 15th October 1988.
C. A. Frean (Cobham 1967) to Mary Agnes Flatley on 7th May 1989.
Mary Jane McAlpine (Stanhope 1983) to Simon Taylor on 9th December 1987.
S. D. Milligan (Lyttelton 1978) to Heather Lovatt in 1987.
A. P. Selby (Chandos 1971) to Margaret Nolin in November 1988.
J. P. Selby (Chandos 1968) to Amanda Jane Hickman in May 1988.
N. R. A. Sutton (Cobham 1980) to Claire Young on 24th February 1989.

DEATHS

S. C. Asserson (Grenville 1973) in April 1989.
R. C. Baker (Chandos 1953) in September 1988.
D. C. R. Bolton (Chandos 1935) on 22nd November 1987.
G. C. F. Brooke (Chandos 1933) in December 1982.
F. C. Charnock (Grenville 1926) on 13th October 1988.
Lord Chelwood (T. V. H. Beamish) (Chandos 1935) on 8th April 1989.
A. D. H. Cooke (Temple 1932) on 14th December 1988.
R. J. Dickson (Bruce 1936) on 11th November 1988.
M. R. Draycott (Temple 1929) on 27th January 1989.
R. J. S. Fairley (Chatham 1955) on 14th November 1988.
P. M. Falconer (Chandos 1923) on 3rd March 1989.
M. E. Farrer (Bruce 1938) on 18th November 1988.
J. M. Fimister (Walpole 1944) on 28th October 1988.
E. P. Fletcher (Cobham 1930) on 18th November 1988.
J. F. G. Fletcher (Temple 1938) in 1986.
D. R. leP. Gethin (Chatham 1936) has died.
M. P. Gilbert (Cobham 1941) on 1st January 1989.
C. F. H. Goode (Cobham 1927) on 11th January 1989.
D. S. Gray (Bruce 1940) on 29th December 1988.

P. K. Harper (Temple 1943) has died.
A. J. Hill (Cobham 1928) on 13th August 1987.
G. W. Horner (Chandos 1956) on 19th January 1989.
Sophie A. M. Hudson (Stanhope 1980) on 20th December 1988 in the Lockerbie Air Disaster.
R. Jameson (Grenville 1952) on 27th April 1988.
F. W. Kennington (Chatham 1932) on 26th March 1988.
N. Leadley Brown (Grenville 1931) on 21st October 1987.
L. R. Llewellyn (Bruce 1933) on 4th November 1988.
C. Mackenzie-Hill (Chatham 1956) on 9th November 1988.
J. B. Mayland (Walpole 1959) has died.
P. C. J. Nicholl (Bruce 1938) on 14th March 1989.
D. C. Riley (Cobham 1932) on 10th December 1987.
R. Russell (Bruce 1928) on 15th November 1988.
A. D. C. Smith (Temple 1932) on 31st July 1988.
M. E. Sperling (Grafton 1963) on 31st January 1988.
J. F. P. Tate (Walpole 1941) on 8th March 1989.
J. M. Todd (Staff 1934-1948) in December 1988.
W. E. Walrond (Cobham 1933) in April 1989.
D. M. Watson (Chatham 1933) on 5th May 1988.
R. H. White-Smith (Bruce 1941) on 22nd October 1988.
D. D. Withof-Keus (Bruce 1936) on 21st August 1988.





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