

THE STOIC



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*Photographs: Front Cover
and inside Back Cover
by E. A. G. Shillington.
Inside Front Cover
by S. A. Brittain.*

THE STOIC

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EDITORIAL

AS the recent **Free Kuwait** leaflets, badges and banners have amply demonstrated, Stoics may be removed but not remote from issues of international concern, such as possible conflict in the Gulf, or urgent questions about European integration, economic, political and social.

Pineapple Day on 20th May was an equally vivid, if more domestic, illustration of active Stoic care and generosity. Staff and Stoics alike gave up their weekend to organise and participate, alongside the local community, in a variety of events which raised over £10,000. Our report and photographs are graphic testimony to the free interplay of charity and fun.

On another summer occasion, Speech and Old Stoic Day, the Headmaster's maiden address emphasised that, marvellous as Stowe's heritage and beauty are, it is primarily the people here who endow the School with its purpose and character.

That Stoic spirit of adventure was no less evident in last year's expeditions to the Galapagos and Nepal, the absorbing accounts of which are given within these pages. Daunted by neither size nor distance, individual initiatives took Stoics to South Africa, the Soviet Union, as well as Luxemburg and Liechtenstein, among other European mini-states.

Stowe's cultural and creative tradition was also on display in the Lower Sixth production of **Amadeus**, and the enthusiastic reception of Pavilion Opera's **Magic Flute** in the Music Room. The Junior Congreve staged successfully Priestley's **An Inspector Calls**.

One of the highlights of Autumn's musical programme was the 'Mistral' Saxophone Quartet's entertaining evening in the Roxburgh Hall. The House Music Competition was, as ever, entertaining, with Stanhope winning the overall prize for best performances.

It is customary for us to spotlight Rugby, Hockey and Cricket, and, of course, Athletics, which continued the School's habit of success. Equally pleasing, and deserving of recognition, however, are the achievements of the so-called 'minor sports,' Golf, Croquet and Swimming. Girls' sport at Stowe is also alive and kicking and we point particularly to the Summer Term's highly accomplished Girls' Tennis teams.

The campaign for, and building of, the Paul Dobinson Memorial Theatre was an expression of the sense of enterprise and tradition shared by the whole School. The Theatre was officially opened on 10th November and will be managed by Mr. McKillop, who joined the Staff in September. Other new arrivals included: Mrs. Green, who will teach History and Classical Civilisation; Mrs. Evans to Modern Languages; Mr. Tearle to Chemistry; and Miss Cowling to the Economics and Politics Department. We also welcome Mr. Henderson as our Organist, and congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Hirst on the birth of their son, Jamie.

Mr. Hirst will be taking over Chandos House from Mr. Dobinson, who, sadly, will be leaving Stowe to become Headmaster of Lindisfarne College in Clwyd. Mr. Kreeger became in Autumn Term the Housemaster of Temple, after Mr. Marcuse.

Amongst those other distinguished and long-standing members of Staff who departed was Mr. Gatehouse. We carry inside our valedictory appreciation of all those members who left in July. To be recorded here, however, is our gratitude to Mr. Richardson for so ably filling in for the History Department during the Summer Term.

The Editors

The Prefectorial body consists currently of the following:—

E. P. Kavindele	Head of School
J. K. S. Mackenzie	Second Prefect
T. H. P. Russell	Head of Bruce
M. S. Baldini	Head of Temple
J. A. Cazalet	Head of Grenville
A. E. Beattie	Joint Head of Chandos & Prefect of Club
A. C. H. Watson	Joint Head of Chandos
L. H. Ferrand	Head of Cobham
R. J. Q. Green	Head of Chatham
J. L. E. Agostini	Head of Grafton
W. L. C. Morris	Head of Walpole
O. P. M. Seale	Joint Head of Lyttelton
I. Yongsunthon	Joint Head of Lyttelton & Prefect of Grounds
Zoe H. Beale	Head of Stanhope
Alison R. Howard	Head of Nugent
D. S. Beveridge	Prefect of Grounds
M. J. C. Flower, ma.	Prefect of Club
F. Morgan	Prefect of Defaulters (Boys)
N. G. B. Mynett	Prefect of Main Building
T. J. Scarff	Prefect of Sanctions

X

A.R.P.

Anthony Pedder arrived at Stowe in September 1962 after National Service in the Royal Navy and a degree at St. Andrew's University. In appointing Anthony, Donald Crichton-Miller probably did not know what a shrewd move he had made, as he had secured for Stowe the services of a dedicated schoolmaster. Teacher of physics and chemistry, Housemaster of Nugent in its original form as a junior boys' house, Head of Science and Senior Tutor: these are the bare bones of a career stretching over 28 years. To this list must be added years of running the Beagles and Clay Pigeon Shooting, the organisation of Oxford Water fishing, master-in-charge of the signals section in the C.C.F., of Monday Extras and of Expedition Day, as well as some dignified, faintly amused, cricket umpiring.

He would certainly feel, rightly, that his main contribution has been in the classroom. And what a contribution! For years the 'A' level chemistry results were amongst the best in the school, thanks to his teaching. In the days of Oxbridge scholarships, the marks of the successful scientists often showed that it was the excellent chemistry result which made the difference. Those enormous preps (How ever did he find the time and energy to mark them so thoroughly?) and the marathon evening Oxbridge classes paid rich dividends both for

his pupils and for him. Nothing gave him more pleasure than his pupils' success and no pleasure was more deserved for he possesses that priceless attribute of a teacher: he has never spared himself. It was inevitable that he would become involved in the running of the academic side of the school and in 1973, after five years as housemaster of Nugent, he took over the chemistry department and as head of science. He quickly showed himself to be on top of the considerable administrative burden of running a department with a large technical and teaching staff working in an expensive new building with much valuable equipment. Stowe science prospered under his guidance. His appointment as Senior Tutor in 1985 was no surprise. During his period of office, he presided over the introduction of a new academic curriculum in the lower and middle schools and ushered in a broadening of the tutorial system. But it was probably as a Sixth Form Tutor he was at his happiest. His advice on university entrance procedures and science courses was widely sought and willingly given. His U.C.C.A. reports were masterpieces. He always took great trouble with his tutees, who appreciated his scholarship and fair-minded concern for their welfare. Not that he was a soft touch: he expected his pupils to work hard and those that did not could find themselves on the receiving end of some very direct comments.

Anthony is clearly a very competent scientist. Not many have taught, as he has, both physics and chemistry in the Sixth Form. But his scholarship extends well beyond his own subject and, for example, he has a wide knowledge of literature. Conversation with him soon demonstrates how much he has absorbed from his many travels, particularly in Spain. Stoics have sometimes been unwise enough to try to persuade him to agree to an extra day or two of holiday for reasons such as obscure festivals in far-off countries, impossible flight times or the failure of British Rail to provide convenient connections. They have been disappointed for Anthony is always quick to see the flaw in any argument; he is something of a connoisseur of obscure festivals and an expert on unusual travel arrangements. Humour is one of his trademarks and his reply would almost certainly have brought laughter to those listening. He has a fund of absurd stories and, as anyone who has taught within earshot of his classroom will know, his lessons are enjoyable, as well as being serious intellectual activity.

Like many good schoolmasters, Anthony is wary of educationalists and their theories, although he has been open to persuasion. He was, after all, one of the pioneer teachers for the 'A' level Physical Science project. However G.C.S.E. and the consequent watering down of Sixth Form science have not impressed him; so after 28 years, he feels the need for a change. With characteristic generosity, he has presented the school with trees for Chapel Court to replace those recently blown down. It was typical of him to insist that these should be trees which would be at their best during term-time to provide pleasure for members of the school, rather than a stream of holiday visitors. As a member of the Common Room and sometime president, his warmth and kindness were much appreciated; Stowe will miss him greatly and all must wish him a long and happy retirement. He has certainly earned it.

C.P.M.

H.D.M.

Douglas Marcuse came from Rugby School with First XV experience and after a Classics degree at Pembroke, Oxford, he took his teaching qualification at Pembroke, Cambridge. Douglas has been an integral part of Stowe for over twenty years. Since his arrival in the autumn of 1968, to teach classics, there have been few areas of school life in which he has not been involved. He has been Housemaster of both Temple and Nugent, Under-housemaster of Cobham, a games coach, a devotee of natural history and much, much more. His has been a distinctive brand of schoolmastering, service always coming before

self, an unflagging sense of justice tempered with deep personal humility and boundless good humour. He has given great strength to the spiritual life of the school and it is as a Christian schoolmaster that we shall perhaps remember Douglas most strongly of all, as he now moves on to his new life at St. Aubyns, Rottingdean.

For the last five years Temple House has had his unstinted support and concern. No problem has been too small for him, no person less important than any other. It was the same in Nugent in the days when it was a Third Form boys' House and provided its inmates with a most secure and happy start.

It was in Douglas' rooms in both houses, of course, that Centrepoint, the School's weekly Christian meeting (forerunner of Crossfire) took place; many, many Stoics have been fortified by the biscuits, coffee, inspiring speakers and practical prayer. There was always, without any particular fuss, a very great welcome, an understated (but very real) Christian friendship, a deep (but never paraded) knowledge of the Bible. Those who heard Douglas preach in Chapel last year could not but be moved by his clearly-expressed, deeply-held faith. One remembers him, at one particularly busy end-of-term (and Douglas kept longer hours than most!) producing a text from Isaiah with characteristic prefatory coughs of diffidence: "Even youths grow tired and weary and young men stumble and fall, but those who hope in the Lord will renew their strength." "Hm!" he remarked, an impish grin suddenly lighting up the slightly creased face; "Hm! Well that's all right then!"

Everyone will have his own memories of him. Perhaps these may include Douglas, the report-writer. There was the time, for example, when Nugent was being pulled down in the beginning of the holidays to get ready for the first girls. Douglas, however, was still at his reports, dogged at his desk, whilst masonry tumbled around, walls fell as in Jericho, debris everywhere, smoke rising. Nugent surely the set for Lionel Bart's *Blitz*, yet Douglas wrote on, deliberately, unhurriedly and, mercifully, survived. Then there was Douglas on the rigger field, a demonic tackler, flying for yards horizontally only inches above the turf before bringing down the mightiest, toughest foe. There was Douglas on the touchline, urging on his Second XV with an astonishingly ruthless vocabulary. He produced many fine teams. There was Douglas embussing for distant parts with any number of junior hockey or cricket teams, so often the willing umpire in times of emergency. A team man, if ever there was one. There was Douglas the scourge of the litter-bug, never quite able to pass by a fallen chocolate wrapper.

Generations have enjoyed his teaching, littered with more puns than even he could have stooped to arrest; the love of Greece and Rome shone through, the attention to the details of language always precise and scholarly.

We can't replace him, for he is unique. But we can salute him with affection, as he begins a new phase of his career, thanking him for all that he has done for Stowe over so many years. May the birds on the wild Sussex marshes, which he loves so much, chorus him a loud song of welcome! A rare spirit moves their way.

A.G.M.

D.F.G.

Succeeding Angus Watson in 1970 as Stowe's Director of Music, David Gatehouse quickly established himself as another man of great musicianship, some theatricality, incisive intellect and consummate energy.

In the 1970's David conducted the orchestra and Choral Society in many large-scale classic works, the most memorable performances of which were probably 'Gerontius,' the 'B Minor Mass' and the Verdi 'Requiem.' In the 1980's there followed equally memorable performances often of less familiar and more recent works, notably David Fanshawe's 'African Sanctus,' Leonard Bernstein's 'Chichester Psalms' and Carl Orff's 'Carmina Burana.' Both decades saw many chamber concerts in the Music Room and Marble Hall, including particularly fine performances of Tallis' 'Spem in Alium,' the Monteverdi 'Vespers' and the 'Four Seasons.'

In Queen's Temple Singers' rehearsals David would sometimes show little patience with gossiping sopranos, and even less with contraltos. Tenors and basses never dared whisper. But on the day of a concert David would personally ensure that every last detail was attended to, and nothing left to chance.

He introduced Carols by Candlelight, a magical evening now so popular that those requiring tickets are virtually forced to camp out overnight. He re-introduced the week of the House Music Competitions, a week wherein a very large number of pupils play a very wide variety of instruments with an even wider range of expertise, and which culminates in an evening of rapturously received collective musical offerings from each House in turn. Last year's final evening, adjudicated by former Beatles' producer George Martin, was one of rare warmth, spirit and enjoyment.

David also brought to Stowe some of the finest musicians of our age. Alfred Brendel, Andre Tchaikowsky, the prodigiously-talented and much-lamented Terence Judd, James

Galway, Jack Brymer and Sioned Williams all performed at Stowe. So did Johnny Dankworth and Cleo Laine, and Georgie Fame. Simon Rattle conducted in the Chapel. Kent Opera sang several times, and Pavilion Opera are now, despite the soaring cost of tickets, regular visitors.

As well as giving several two-piano recitals with Paul Drayton — their 'Rite of Spring' transcription was unforgettable — David gave many superb organ recitals. Equally noteworthy were the musical achievements of Stowe's pupils, several of the best of whom won Organ Scholarships to Oxford. Stowe's high musical standing in the local community is well-merited.

Two years ago David assumed responsibility for Stowe's G.C.S.E. and 'A' Level entries, a task to which he brought great administrative flair and painstaking attention to detail. Not only did he successfully co-ordinate the thousands of subject-entries of hundreds of pupils from dozens of Heads of Department, Tutors and Form Masters, he ensured that the Drayson Hall remained the oasis of outward calm required for the candidates to do their best. I doubt that the public examinations of any school in the land ran more smoothly than did Stowe's last summer.

Not a man to bite his lip, David was at times too exacting to be an easy colleague. He disliked those who assumed an authority they did not have, or who abused the authority they had. He hated hypocrites and despised dissemblers. He could dominate an argument with a powerful and ruthless logic and, when in sombre mood, was not one lightly to be teased.

But, as well as considerable charm, he had an immense natural presence; he could quell in an instant an uprising in the Roxburgh Hall. His reputation for public eloquence was earned often in support of the under-dog. He had an acute sense of fairness, a sharp sense of fun and a rare sense of the absurd. (He adored Monty Python.) Unfailingly honest and generous to a fault, he was more likely than most to offer practical help to those needing it.

D.G.L.

W.S.L.W.

Stan Woolley joined Peter Longhurst in the Economics and Politics Department in 1978, after having successful teaching experience at Westminster School.

Stan is a man of many parts and he very soon began to make an important contribution to School rowing, fell walking and light-weight camping.

However, his greatest achievement was undoubtedly the establishment of the Outdoor Pursuit Centre at Cuiltteamhuic in the Cairngorms. This was his brain-child and it was his energy and persistence which created a Centre which brought a new dimension of field activities to Stoics. Stan possesses unbelievable stamina in the mountains and he was careful to introduce the people in his care to a sensible but challenging programme of fell walking.

Although Stan is an eminently sociable person, he had a craving for the solitude and the possibilities for deep contemplation that come from experience in the mountains. He was prominent for many years in the work of the British Schools' Exploration Society. His paramount interest was in Polar regions and he was an experienced explorer in both the Arctic and Antarctica. He has spent some time in the Falkland Islands, en route for Antarctica, and I well remember him speaking so movingly of the people and the natural history of those islands at the time of the recent war there. Stan has in his possession a most comprehensive range of literature related to exploration, which has a natural emphasis on Polar regions. There was hardly a reputable bookseller in the U.K. who had not had a visit from Stan in his quest for new material.

As an economist Stan is very competent but, true to his calling, he is controversial in his views. His regular jousting with Victor Selormey about the cures for the nation's economy were a feature in the Common Room mid-morning break. His senior colleague, P.G.L. looked on with amused tolerance, choosing to husband his energies for future close scrutiny of bursarial problems!

Stan possess immense kindness and a real concern for his pupils. Any departmental discussion of 'problem cases' would invariably have Stan's insistence that we look at the better, more positive side of the offender concerned. He would tenaciously defend his point of view and indeed this quiet tenacity, which characterized all his work, often won the day.

Stan was very modest about his own achievements and he showed rare dexterity in deflating any just praise that came his way.

His roots, and those of his wife Angela, were in the Wirral and he possesses a north country forthrightness. A few cunning sixth formers, hopeful of securing a cosy passage in Monday morning classes, would comment on the stirring performance of Tranmere Rovers on the previous Saturday. This pleased Stan but did not deflect him from his stern pedagogic purpose.

Stan was, regrettably, advised on medical grounds to seek early retirement but there are good grounds for anticipating that he will have

a long and fruitful retirement. He will be greatly missed by the entire school community.

A.R.

J.E.E.

James Ewens joined the staff at Stowe at very short notice in April 1981 because the school found itself quite unexpectedly without a master to look after the metalwork in the "Boys' Workshops." He then stayed for nearly nine years and did much more than just look after the metalwork teaching.

He had had a varied and fascinating career before he came to Stowe. He had been a recording engineer at Abbey Road Studios and developed a passion for the work of several of the opera singers and musicians he had recorded there. Later he became engineer to the Royal Opera House and then the Old Vic Theatre. He had also run jazz and folk music clubs in London, as well as a small printing works.

In his early years at Stowe he was Under Housemaster to Grenville and many boys from that time will remember his ever-open door and his willingness to give very large amounts of his time if he thought he could help. Later he moved out of Grenville and married Allison.

During his time at Stowe, Design gained in numerical strength and academic stature. He played a major rôle in developing and supporting new courses and teaching methods. He gave to pupils developing projects in subject areas close to his own interests, many hours of his time and much energy. Many 'A' Level Design Projects owed much to his love of helping an enthusiastic pupil achieve high standards.

It was not just in the Design Department he contributed. Stowe's theatre productions benefited tremendously from his expertise, particularly with stage lighting. He brought professional technical standards to all the productions he was involved in.

However, James's greatest contribution to Stowe was his development of photography and printing. The enthusiasm and long hours that he put into this encouraged Stoics to produce some of the best school photography that I have ever seen.

James has been one of Stowe's characters in recent years: striking to look at, often marvellous company for both Stoics and staff, with a sharp wit and strongly held and interesting views on a wide range of subjects. Stowe will be duller without him.

M.A.C.

T.C.

Trevor Cawthorne came to Stowe in Spring 1985 and quickly showed that he was an extremely able teacher at all levels, his exam-

ination results always being very impressive. He was particularly interested in Electronics and its technical applications and gave up a great deal of his time to organise, build up and teach examination groups in Electronics and offer this subject as a subsidiary in 'A' level time. This valuable contribution, being unreplaced, will be very much missed in future.

Outside the classroom Trevor was very active indeed. He was a resident underhousemaster of Grafton until he married in the Summer of '86, but still helped this way by assisting for one night per week. Perhaps he will be remembered best for his delightfully direct and open manner and his genuine concern to demonstrate the fairness of those exercising authority, which often involved considerable time in explaining the rights and wrongs of a given situation, his sense of humour shining through the tiresome and mundane. His enthusiasm for Astronomy will always be remembered, particularly his patience in showing Halley's Comet to all interested Graftonians at this time.

Earlier on he organised driving lessons and spent much time with the theatre lighting, but he changed from these in October 1986 in order to organise a major school activity: the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. Here his impact was considerable. His enthusiasm and skilful administration ensured smooth running in the face of much red tape, which he conveniently snipped at strategic moments. However, he will probably be best remembered for his unfailing ability to get lost on Field Days because some conversation would inevitably carry him way past any scheduled turning point!

In addition to the above he organised Thursday Junior Societies and always helped with the coaching of Rugby and Soccer. His interest in Hockey emerged during his last year. His wife Joanne played for Buckingham and Trevor can be quoted, so typically, as follows: "You know, I think it is quite a good game after all . . . !"

All this is going to leave some large gaps which will never be fully filled, and thus it is an understatement to say that he will be very much missed at Stowe. However, his wish to return to the North is understandable and so we wish him and his family every possible success in his new life and career as Head of Physics at Kirkham Grammar School.

O.L.R.

D.H.G.

Duncan Gowen came to Stowe to replace Mrs. Small as a historian in September 1988 after four years at Seaford College. He contributed in an unobtrusive way to many areas of life at Stowe including a spell as Under-Housemaster in Cobham, besides some notable work

coaching rugby and cricket and also a leading rôle in the C.C.F., running the Proficiency Company last year, as well as attending two Adventurous Training Summer Camps.

In History, he quickly made a name for himself as an efficient, methodical and professional teacher. He was very versatile and something of a trend setter with visual aids, especially videotapes! His colleagues still follow his injunction to 'use the pause button.' His diffident manner concealed a great commitment to the subject and communicating it, so that all his students were extremely well prepared. Consequently it was a sad day for Stowe when he decided to take his 'Gap Year' late in life by joining an African Safari and Travel Company. His wry sense of humour and quiet efficient presence will be missed and we wish him well in his new sphere of activity, which we have just heard will now involve a return to teaching at All Hallows in January 1991. Duncan has remained unexpected to the last and will not be lost to the profession as had seemed likely!

A.A.V.R.



Photograph by J.M.L.

SPEECH DAY 1990

The Headmaster's Speech

My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, Honoured Guest: welcome!

The Chairman of another school's governing body looked round the crowded hall on an occasion such as this, stared at the row of seated parents and then began: "Some of you have heard the Headmaster before and some haven't. Those of you who haven't will be looking forward eagerly to hearing him." Well, I know that the present Stoics present will have heard me before and perhaps their eagerness is by now a little dulled. A few days ago I had the privilege of being Guest of Honour at the Old Stoic Society Dinner and was told in no uncertain terms by my wife, Annie, that I had gone on far too long: they, too, may be looking forward to my speech with less than eager anticipation; however, I promise not to be that long today for I know that the eager anticipation is mainly reserved for our Guest of Honour, whom I welcome with enormous warmth and gratitude for having agreed to come down to my first Speech Day and give away the prizes.

A year ago, I remember being asked what did I think I was looking forward to: during the year I have increasingly **not** looked forward to making this speech, so I hope that it won't be as painful for you as it might have appeared in prospect to be for me. A year ago, I also remember being asked why I wanted to become a headmaster, and I rather facetiously replied that I looked forward to becoming even more pompous and absurd: only those who knew me will be able to corroborate the opinions of one or two Stoics here as to whether I have achieved that. I certainly didn't expect it to be all wine and roses: the roses have yet to bloom and I have seen precious little wine, though one glass or two I do remember taking and enjoying with the Golf team to celebrate their fine victory in the Gerald Micklem Public Schools Tournament this year.

What did I expect to find? Really, what did I find: a warmth of welcome, a wonderfully beautiful setting and a splendid and talented community of people. I never tire of telling parents and remember with gratitude the early weeks when, very new and neophytic, with 'L' plate glistening, I got back home at about midnight every evening and was pleased to find that I was indeed still married and overjoyed to hear from my wife of a thin but steady stream of Stoics who had been down to Kinloss to seek her out and extend to her, too, a warm and compassionate welcome. And, of course, the beauty of the place is beguiling and I, too, in my turn, have been moved deeply by the spell-

binding work of the 18th century's imprint and the genius of our forebears. The first four occasions on which I visited Stowe last year were in totally different weathers and showed her off in entirely different moods: all were, in their diverse ways, utterly entrancing and the first night I spent at Stowe in Kinloss as the guest of my predecessor over the weekend of the girls' selection day, I awoke to a thin dressing of light powder snow over the landscape — I knew then that I was going to be in for a very special experience.

But the beauty of the place is not the School, and the thriving energy and potential of the community was there for all to see. Reviewing last year's achievements is a little like assuming vicarious glory from another's efforts; but our work over the year here has carried on from the strong foundations of my predecessor's last year. Our results in the Middle Sixth public examinations last summer almost equalled the record-breaking 90% pass rate of the year before. The strength of the results was more in the middle grades this time, although Geography excelled with 10 'A' grades and not a single failure from 48 entries. There were no failures either in Art, German or Music for the sixth year running nor any this time in Design, French and Greek.

Our GCSE candidates fared better in 1989 than in the previous year of the Exam, which was its first, with particularly pleasing results from English, French, Geography and Physics. Of subjects with a substantial entry, Art, Classical Studies and German achieved 100% pass rate; that is grade 'C' or better. The School, staff and pupils alike, have settled fully into GCSE and there is little time or inclination to look back to 'O' level. The National Curriculum, and all other parts of the 1988 Education Reform Act, are now in full swing and have taken up a good deal of our attention this year and last. Although Independent Schools will not be bound to observe the National Curriculum, it would be a shortsighted school that chose to ignore its main ingredients and requirements. In most respects, schools such as Stowe already cover the main bulk of the requirement both in the core subjects of English, Maths and Science and the foundation subjects, which include History, Geography, Design and Technology, Music, Art, and Modern Languages. Traditionally, much of what is done in Art and Technology in a boarding school has been done outside the formal timetable and today's concerts and exhibitions show some of the tremendous results of that. I welcome the fact that these subjects are to be seen nationally as an integral part of the curriculum. Music, Art, Technology and Drama are already strongly represented in our life here,

so in our response to the National Curriculum it will be a matter of reviewing and revising the structure of our programme rather than of introducing completely new elements. Our facilities and the wonderful work done in the Design and Technology Centre, though perhaps not the prettiest building on the site, are, of course, one reflection of this new emphasis.

Of our University and Polytechnic Entrance performance, St. Andrew's attracted the largest number of successful applicants, with Bristol and Durham not far behind. The somewhat disappointing Oxbridge results were, perhaps, partly balanced by Annabel Soutar getting into Princeton, the first Stowe entry there for many years. In the 1988/89 season, 44 Stoics were accepted by Universities in the United Kingdom, and the success rate for Old Stoics applying for Oxford or Cambridge was again 50%, which might suggest that this is a sensible way of application for those whose capabilities may not be so obviously on display a year earlier.

With the coming of GCSE, you may feel at times that examination work is in danger of being too continually in your children's minds (or so it should be) and in yours, as project follows project and they are submitted to what is rather sinisterly called "continuous assessment." 'Course work' is the politer term for it and it has certainly introduced a more sombre note into the life of the Stoic in his first three years. Fortunately, I don't think he is wilting too much under the strain and some of the projects I have seen are both refreshing and reassuring: they are by no means all drudgery, and in many cases it really has deepened a pupil's knowledge and commitment to the subject. Many of the projects that I see bear the signs of real pride and enjoyment. There is a danger of overloading, but I would judge that the main effects of GCSE have been beneficial and it is an Exam that I think is a very good one, apart from the immense load of paperwork and formal record keeping that has to be done by an already fully committed and hardworking staff. I would now like to extend to them my thanks and admiration for the support they have given me in my first year here, their terrific welcome which is a reflection of that, and their immense capacity for hard and unremitting work — uncomplainingly and generously given. Not only in the classroom, where natural professionalism is characteristic (it is not only the teaching then: the marking, preparation, instruction and the desire to fire children's academic enthusiasm) but also the leadership and the coaching. Here at Stowe, where so many more extra mural activities are on offer, the vast choice of these have to be run by someone who is both interested and accomplished, and

prepared to give uncomplainingly of their time and effort to make these worthwhile, happy and successful. If I pick out two members of staff in particular, I hope the rest will forgive me. The Second Master and Senior Tutor, Charlie Macdonald and Mike Hornby, have been megaliths, pillars of strength to help and guide me, advise and nag me, listen to and lift me throughout the year.

This year there are some *vales* to record on some very distinguished and loyal servants of the school: at the end of this term we say goodbye to Antony Pedder after 28 years at Stowe, five of which were spent in the new boys house of Nugent before it became a girls' house and sixteen as Director of Science and three as Senior Tutor. We also bid farewell to Douglas Marcuse: a fine Classicist of twenty-two years standing, the last five of which as Housemaster of Temple; David Gatehouse, our Director of Music leaves after twenty years and the Concert that we heard today was a fine and fitting indication of his years here: we also sadly bid farewell to Stan Woolley who, for ten years, has striven to build the foundations of the Economics and Politics Department which will, I am sure, become one of the more important subjects we offer; we also say farewell to Trevor Cawthorne from the Physics Department and Duncan Gowen from the History Department. They have all been energetic contributors to the life and spirit of Stowe and I am sure you will join me in wishing them fine and happy futures.

Scholarship and leadership don't always go hand-in-hand so it has been a special pleasure, in this my first year, to see the good work and academy of our prefectorial body. Busy people thrive and get busier because much is put on them, and I would like to pay special tribute to our two Heads of School who have led a team which has shown integrity, loyalty and desire to run the place under the tenets of good practice and rightmindedness. It was characteristic of Tim Dew, the Head of School, that he should immediately own up to have fallen from grace momentarily and offer his resignation: I had to accept it temporarily but would here and now like to pay court to his and Will Stoppard's fine qualities of leadership, dependability, efficiency and friendly concern. They lead a fine team of Prefects and Monitors whose work I would like publicly to acknowledge and go on record as saying that they have been, and are, fine examples of all that is good in young people.

And what else have I found in my first year here? A very good and thorough Careers Advice structure, which of course is not only salient but vital to our young people. The organisation of this, superbly run by Simon Collins, now returns, after a brief sojourn, to

Antony Lloyd who I know looks forward to being helped in this work by Tom Lewis, who is our recent appointment as Industrial Fellow, to help increase awareness in the School of future careers in industry and national expectations in the years ahead.

One of my first duties was to open the Old Stoic Art Exhibition which showed how thorough and deep rooted was the effect of beauty of the place and its refining spirit. It was truly a magnificent exhibition of such talented Stoic artists from the past. I doubt whether another school could boast such as this.

Immediately after, I went to the Art School to see the seed of all this, and it was exhilarating to remark the spirit of such as Robin and Dodie Watt and William Dady being kept alive and thriving in the able hands of Ken Melber and Guy Scott. The high-fliers were obviously being shown how to fly higher and the hubbub of fourth formers, some of whom hardly knew perhaps which end of the pencil to sharpen, were engaged in fascinated enquiry into shapes, structures, tones and textures: the Art School's spirit is a thriving and productive one, witness the wonderful exhibition today. We bid farewell to our Artist in Residence this year, Jeremy Peake, and next year his contribution to the Art School and its teaching will be made by Ian McKillop, an old friend of Stowe, who will also concern himself with the organisation of Theatre and its resources and equipment and the overseeing of the work in our new Theatre Workshop, the Paul Dobinson Memorial Theatre, which is open for viewing today and is a very exciting prospect. Drama, too, here thrives and since last Speech Day we have seen *La Malade Imaginaire*, *The Magistrate*, the wonderful Congreve production last autumn, *Damn Yankees*: I hope the rest of the cast will forgive me if I single out Tim Arlon's magnificent performance, the last, sadly, of a distinguished acting career here. He it was also who organised another of those splendid Stoic occasions where inspiration and energy burgeon in the Blues and Rock Concert towards the end of last term. Last term also saw the House Drama Festival and I was (perhaps punch-drunk is not effusively complimentary enough) certainly 'mind blown' by the quality and entertainment given. At the beginning of this term we saw the Staff showing their Thespian expertise in a highly acclaimed musical, *The Pyjama Game*. Coming attractions include the Lower Sixth *Amadeus* and the Junior Congreve, *Government Inspector*. Such a broad diet of Drama and of such high quality show another distinctive and great strength here at Stowe.

But it is, of course, not only in the Art, Music and Drama that the life of a School is

measured: the splendid opportunities offered by the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme and our CCF Contingent have been strongly realised and in certain areas our sporting achievements bear comparison with our strongest competitors. Perhaps in team games recently we have not gained the results and



Lola (Chloe Walker) Photograph by S. J. Cunard (MVI)

rewards that our spirit and determination merit; it was especially gratifying for me to see our major teams sticking to their tasks with courage and strong heart even if their skills and techniques were not quite the match. In the more individual sports, such as Cross-country, Golf, Shooting and Swimming we more than hold our own and if I make special mention of the fifteen County Champions in the recent Athletics Meeting held at Stantonbury Track last Saturday it is because that is freshest in mind. The whole team looked impressive in their new tracksuits, were excellent ambassadors for the School and many of the performances were achieved through very hard work and training. A credit to their own spirit and the fine efforts of their trainers and coaches. Another achievement of the Golf Team is to have won the Hill Samuel District Foursomes and move forward to the National Finals in July: how splendid it would be to add that scalp to the Gerald Micklem.

It is not only on the academic and sporting side that a community spirit and warmth is built and I would like to pay court and tribute to the immense amount of good will and hard work done in various fields by the following:—Our 2 gardeners (derisively few in number but determined and dedicated in action, who always greet me with a

cheery "good morning"), our ground staff who operate in conjunction with the National Trust and mesh so well with them that we hardly noticed the change of regime; the Bursary administrative staff; Bryan Martin and Peter Mullholland and their teams; our new doctor, Roger Harrington, who has taken on the enormous mantle so well worn by Chris Brown until last summer, so ably and effortlessly and who has been a great source of comfort and strength to me this year; and the fine Sanatorium staff led so professionally and compassionately by Sylvia Kennedy, always willing, with a ready smile and a tender shoulder for anyone sick or unhappy; the Caterer and his staff who take on an increasing burden of extra functions willingly and efficiently (I have heard far fewer complaints since Geoff Higgins became Catering Manager); the cleaning staff who have to grapple with this immense stately home to keep it looking as young and pristine as it should; and certainly not least the wonderful quartet that I have inherited in my office and to whom I extend a special warmth of gratitude: as my wife said, I cannot be the easiest of bosses to work for — though I don't know why! Indefatigable, cheerful, highly efficient, they keep me in good trim to try to keep the school in good trim.

By now, you will have got my drift, I hope, if I retain any vestige of my calling as a pedagogue: that a school is about people and for people, and I was wonderfully pleased to appreciate how warm and welcoming our community is, not least to you, our parents and our bread-line. At another place, we used to write what were always deemed to be fantastic reports, long and often rather prolix (we write no less good reports here but at a somewhat shorter and more succinct pointing) but I have since thought that a major spin-off of that was to keep parents at arm's length by committing everything to paper.

I was highly gratified to see how wide and embracing the arms of Stowe are extended to our parents: the active encouragement given for visiting, consultation, and those wonderful convivia, the 'At Homes.' Without the strength of the partnership with you, the education and development of your children would be maimed, one-sided and require of them a strange sort of schizophrenia between home and school, holiday and term-time. That Stowe is about people is shown in another way too, in the wonderful work done by our Community Service group. It pleased me no end to see a group down at the Lord Mayor Treloar School, near Alton earlier this term visiting other children who, but for an accident at birth, are as hail and hearty, creative and committed as they are. I was recently asked by *The Voice*

(what a good paper that is emerging as, and I hope that you have all bought your copies today!) at the moving and enjoyable reunion of Stowe Headmasters—I was asked what was one of my strongest impressions of the year, and I gave as my answer the strongly affecting sight of our Community Service group welcoming the local old people to the dress rehearsal of the Staff Play, where I thought some of the finest qualities of the Stoic and our youth were on display — care, consideration, unpatronising warmth and concern; qualities also on view at the old people's Christmas Party where the delightful cabaret of vignettes from the Congreve's *Damn Yankees* delighted and amused them.

Another recent and tremendous example of the spirit of Stoics was the Pineapple Day and if I needed a special focus for all the good things here at Stowe it was this occasion last Sunday. Since the demise of the Pineapple Ball, together with the loss of their ILEA grant, the Stowe Club for Boys in Paddington has suffered serious financial hardship. To make good some of the short-fall, we decided to have a fundraising Fun Day and Fair at Stowe. That we raised £8,255 on the day itself is a remarkable testament to the way the energies of the School can be channelled to glorious effect. With more in the pipeline from sponsored events, it suggests a potential fund to be handed over to the Club in the region of £12,000. In all, 251 Stoics took part in sponsored events in the morning — running, walking and cycling 13 miles (a half marathon) and there were also sponsored swimming and dancing events. In the afternoon, footsore and a little weary, everyone joined in a wonderful array of stalls and functions on a splendid summer's afternoon and had a terrific time. Some boys from the Club came with the Club leader and were very moved by the alacrity and energy with which the School set about the job.

The favourite stalls appeared to be the greasy pole pillow fight, which never stopped, and the 'soak the staff' football target. That I personally got as wet as I did attests, I hope, at least to the fact that I haven't become more pompous, though perhaps some thought more absurd! The Band Concert in the evening rounded off a very splendid event and one which we can feel justly proud of and elated by. Forty-three staff were directly involved and almost all participated. I'm sure the bottle of birthday bubbly so kindly presented to me by the School did not cloud my perceptions! By common consent, it was Stowe at its best.

Last year, my predecessor, Christopher Turner, quoted Wordsworth's 'Tintern Abbey' and the 'Spirit of Place.' I take my cue from him and quote from another Wordsworth poem, the one line "the child is father of the

man." What happens here matters for the future. That may seem a sexist remark but it is true. And what of the girls here, which is another example of something fine that I appreciate coming from the "other" place. Not only are some of them staggeringly bright (though some, sure, are staggeringly unbright) but they lend a normality and civilising influence and a further attractiveness to the place. They too, have their successes, coming second nationally in the Clay Pigeon Shooting Competition and having a splendid tennis record; and their sport and work give a nudge and example to our boy Stoics. I say, quite unreservedly, that we have here at Stowe, alongside as fine a bunch of Housemasters as I know, two quite superb Housemistresses and their support teams, which gives me great confidence in affirming to prospective parents the benefits of a sixth form education at Stowe. It is not only the girls who give Stowe a healthy and positive flavour but our band of Europeans and Internationals who provide a good cosmopolitan cross-section to the School, broaden our horizons and will help us forward to 1992 and beyond.

It is a wonderful time to be young and I am very optimistic about our youth. They live in exciting times of enormous change which has swept across Europe and the world and I feel secure in my belief that here at Stowe we are equipping them with the attributes for life in this modern world. Some wastrels there are to be sure who will squander themselves whatever—but young people are much better people than I think I was at school: they are more compassionate, confident, aware of the world, have a greater sense of justice; and schools too are better, fairer, kinder places. When prospective parents come to see the School, they sometimes ask a difficult question: "What," they say, "Headmaster, is special to Stowe?" It is difficult because there are so many possible answers and they seem to expect something short and snappy that they can write down in a notebook to compare with other schools; but the most special things are always the hardest to find words for. In one way, of course, it is very apparent: it is the great 18th century expression of the human spirit which overwhelms you as you drive up the Course and the spirit of beauty that underlies it. All of that is rather daunting and, anyway, the special thing about a school is never just its grounds and buildings, however beautiful. So I think of the immense variety of people who have passed through Stowe (staff and pupils), artists, writers, musicians, scholars, businessmen, politicians, soldiers, priests, lawyers, teachers, historians, and you Sir Nicholas, as Solicitor General concerned with the great affairs of the nation. It has been said that the ideal career follows the pattern of

"learning, earning and serving"; that is what Stowe helps these Stoics to develop and that thereafter they all have in common: a flexibility, a capacity to turn and listen to people as individuals; each respected in his or her own right, of infinite value, however talented or however lacking in apparent grace or ability; the clear view of objectives; and a seriousness in themselves and in this regard for the world and other people. Of course, this is based on the Christian gospel but it doesn't usually, nor should it, come over as obviously pious or religious, just as a readiness to accept people as they are and to see the essential goodness in them. You cannot really put all that in a prospectus or write it into the curriculum: but it is certainly those qualities I have valued most among the people connected with Stowe during my first year, and that I most hope to see preserved here. I suppose tolerance is another name for it and, though that sounds a bit limited, it is valuing people and not just tolerating them that transforms life within a school, or among the tensions of society at large. So, if like the prospective parents, you are looking at your watch and wondering when this chap is going to get to the point and answer the question, I have to offer you this for your notebooks: it is the people here who are special to Stowe, the boys and girls, the teachers and all who work in or for the School. It is the people who are special and the relationship between them. When a Stoic is asked where he has been to school, I hope that he will not reply "Stowe, I'm afraid," but "Stowe, thank God!"

It is good to have so many of you with us, and I wish you all a very happy, interesting, enjoyable and proud Speech Day, and a splendid half-term holiday.

Sir Nicholas Lyell's Speech

Headmaster, Governors, Ladies & Gentlemen,

It's a very great honour to be your guest today, particularly as an Old Stoic and most particularly, Headmaster, on this your first Speech Day after such an impressive first year for you. If I glance over there to the steps of the South Front, I remember the Speech Days when I was here, with the portly figure of Lord Wimborne, the then Chairman of the Governors, and Eric Reynolds the Headmaster (a wonderfully lively teacher) moving out on to the steps. The shape of the individual guests varied, but whatever their shapes, it isn't a rôle that I had expected to play. Above all, not in front of my old Form Master Brian Stephan, whom it is such a pleasure to see still in harness.

My father believed strongly that you must allow your children to live their own lives, and he encouraged me to choose from a short list which school (with a bit of guidance) I wanted

to go to: I chose Stowe. For its beauty certainly, but above all I think because even at the age of 12 I had a feeling that it encouraged an independence of spirit. I think it did, and I'm sure it still does. It encouraged people not only to do the standard things, and I was lucky enough to be exceedingly well taught at all levels, but also the things that interested them most. For me, it was the Debating Society under Bill McElwee; it was the exuberance of the House and School plays, which are obviously still here in full measure, and it was the quiet loveliness of the grounds. I'm greatly impressed by the improvements in the School since I was a boy here. We still bathed in those days in the murky waters of the Eleven Acre Lake — I'm not sure what the environmentalists would say about that today! I'm also greatly impressed by the standards that you are achieving. The continuing growth in academic standards that you outlined, Headmaster: the wonderful vigour of the Art School and the Workshops. You were talking about beauty not being everything, but the Art School has produced beauty from garbage in their exhibition today, and that's imagination of a high order. I was also wonderfully impressed by the music in this morning's concert and the School's continuing athletic prowess. I was never a great athlete myself, but I'm told there is a generous photograph of me in the squash team lurking somewhere about.

Today it's to the leavers, those of you who will be leaving at the end of this term once you're over the hurdle of your 'A' Levels, that I particularly want to talk. To those of you who are not leaving, it's surprising how quickly you will find that you are leavers. These thoughts have been much on my mind in the past 18 months, as our two older children have recently left school, and have either gone through or are going through the agonies of the unfolding decisions you have to take at that stage. So what lies ahead for you? How are you going to live your life? At the moment, GAP years are very fashionable. Both our older children wanted them, both eventually travelled in them. At first I did apply some insistence in suggesting that they must learn to type. It may sound prosaic — I can't type — but I believe that everybody these days should be able to type and have the basic keyboard skills. I certainly know, as a member of the Bar, that all successful young barristers in the highflying commercial fields have their own word processors, and don't expect other people necessarily to be able to do their typing for them. So I paid for a short course for both our children. Veronica worked for a bit in a restaurant and in a laboratory, and then she travelled for six months in India. Oliver worked in an extremely boring job, shuffling books in a factory in Hemel Hempstead, went to Burkina

Fasso with a charity expedition taking Land Rovers to a water-drilling project. He is currently in Chimbote in Peru. The pound per day that he pays the family of the school teacher and his family of eight, living in two rooms (which is a sobering thought), almost doubles the family income. When he travels a bit round Peru I only hope he'll keep clear of the Sendero Luminosa, the Maoist and extremely dangerous political group, who as you know only just over a year ago caught a hapless Welsh boy who had gone to an unwise place, tried and then executed him just for being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

That leads me to what I want to say, because these are your decisions. From now on you will be doing it for yourself. Up till this stage you will have tended to think that there is a 'right' answer; to think that it may be found in the back of a book, or that the staff or your Tutor actually know the answers. Now, more and more, you will have to make up your own mind and you will come to realise what I've certainly come to realise: that nobody has a monopoly of wisdom. Some of you will already know what you want to do. Our daughter is lucky enough to and she's lucky enough to be at Cambridge reading medicine. I'm not sure my son does yet know. Whatever you do, it must be you who makes the choice. You only live once in this world, and although parents can try to guide, it's you who have got to make up your mind. Whatever you decide upon, try to remember the other person's point of view. Some of you may want to make a lot of money, to build up a business, and that's an excellent thing to do. Others of you may have a calling to a life of service, perhaps to be a doctor, go into the social services, management, or administration. Perhaps the less well-rewarded but nevertheless the joy and fascination of teaching. But if you achieve and enjoy the wealth and power, remember those who do the service, if you're doing the service and calling for the spending don't forget those who earn it, and take the risks and have the worry — often late into the night — to put together and provide the jobs for people, and make it all work. You are very lucky to have a wide measure of choice, and when you have chosen and now you are doing what you wanted to do, which gives you the motivation to do it well — don't take your good fortune for granted. Headmaster, I've always been a little bit suspicious of talk of tradition. Traditions are not really things you can inherit. You have to create them, or recreate them, for yourselves — every generation. Only that way can you pass anything on. If you stand back and look at the huge changes, or should one say the huge hoped-for changes, that we see in Eastern Europe, these are telling reminders of those thoughts. The free elections,

the free open competitive markets, the opportunities for personal enterprise about which they are painfully and slowly learning — very painful in Russia, very painful in Poland, where the standard of living has dropped since freedom came. These things on which we rely as the foundation of our liberal Western democracies can only happen if we, every generation of us, know how they work and are determined to take part ourselves and make them work.

I want to end with one point from Parliament, and two country proverbs. From Parliament, it's again 'Listen carefully to the other person's point of view, not only from the Opposition but from your own side.' In democracy, in which I hope that some of you will play a full and active part, I am a sincere and tremendous believer in discussion and in the power of persuasion to lead us to the right answer. Of my two proverbs, the first deals with something you will all feel at some stage in your lives, and that's the occasional sense of frustration. It comes from something said to me by a wise old Bedfordshire farmer in my constituency, when I think he knew I was chafing rather and hoping for my chance to come. He said, "Remember, there is a seed time and harvest for everyone." The other one is a peasant proverb. Russian leaders are rather keen on peasant proverbs, Mr. Krushchev and Mr. Gorbachev, to name but two, but I know not where this one comes from. It's an encouraging proverb, with that underlay of shrewdness, and it does relate very much to the choices that you will have to make. It goes, "Be careful what you ask for — you might get it."

You are wonderfully well grounded here at Stowe. Ask wisely, persevere, and may all your hopes and dreams be fulfilled.

DRAMA

Lower Sixth Play

AMADEUS

There can be few plays which have been so successfully adapted for the screen as Shaffer's *Amadeus*, and in all probability, if the Stoics watching the Lower VIth production in June knew the play at all, it was in the baroque extravaganza of Milos Forman's cinematic version. They may well therefore have been unprepared for some of the demands made of them in the stage production. For example, where in the film Salieri is confined to an asylum and confesses everything to a priest, on the stage he turns repeatedly to the audience

and it is to them that he opens his embittered heart in the hope of finding some sympathy for, or even some approval of, his intense distaste for the obnoxiously human trappings of Mozart's genius. Given therefore the need for intelligent audience involvement, it was an ambitious enterprise which the Lower VIth players undertook, and their production, ably directed by Mr. David Barr, was greatly to their credit.

With a minimum of scenery and props we were regularly put in the picture by the 'breezy' and mischievous gossip provided by the antiphonic commentary of the *venticelli* amusingly played by Lorna Struthers and Alison Howard. The smooth intrigue and relentless one-up-manship of the court at Vienna were effectively presented by Darren Beveridge as Van Swieten, and his fellow courtiers, Dominic Walker and David Szalay, all suitably presided over by the unbelievably mundane Joseph II. In this latter rôle Toby Crosthwaite sustained very well the ambiguities implicit in Shaffer's portrayal of this complex figure and one was never quite sure whether he was the puppet or the manipulator of his courtiers. In contrast, the earthy domesticity of Mozart and his wife, played with great gusto by Orlando Seale and Melanie Bourne, left very little to the imagination, and at times one felt that the audience's delight at any sexual or scatological remark made by the irrepressible Mozart was more of a hindrance than an encouragement to the players. This must have been particularly true for Angus Watson whose very competent performance of the part of Salieri seemed to be somewhat paralysed by the lack of audience response.

It should perhaps be a rule that reviewers have to attend the Saturday production when there is a larger proportion of adults in attendance. I am reliably informed that in the final production Angus blossomed into a wonderfully dynamic Salieri — venomously resentful and yet suitably guilt-stricken. The problem with Shaffer's play is that it contains some very witty reflections on the nature of genius and its counterpart, mediocrity. It is hard enough to recognise the voice of God in the inspired but obscene child which Mozart seems to have been. It is likewise painful sometimes to be reminded so forcefully of the petty schemings of the mediocrities who so often characterise the 'establishment' in any society. For a play like this to succeed, the players require an audience with a degree of social awareness and self-knowledge. It is good to know that these actors enjoyed that sort of response at least on the final night because they certainly deserved it.

T.C.F.S.



Darren Beveridge, Toby Crosthwaite, Dominic Walker, David Szalay



Lorna Struthers and Alison Howard



Angus Watson, Melanie Bourne, Orlando Seale

Photographs by E. A. G. Shillington

Junior Congreve Club Play

THE GOVERNMENT INSPECTOR

Gogol's classic study of corruption in Tsarist Russia has been performed all over since its premiere in 1836. The Tsars may have gone, but human nature remains consistent — and the play therefore dates very little.

"If your face is crooked, don't blame the mirror" — so runs the old Russian proverb with which Gogol prefaced his comedy. Jonathan Kreeger's cast and crew were evidently ready to avoid any such criticism, and threw themselves into bringing Gogol's colourful characters to life. "And," as one member of the audience vociferously observed, "I can hear every word!"

A play such as this needs red-blooded committed performance if it is to come off convincingly. Duncan Atherton made a suitably manic Mayor, teetering delightfully on the edge of Cleesian hysteria; contrasting neatly with him was Edward Hart's Lestakov, the eponymous (fake) Inspector, whose performance was assured and contained a well-sustained drunk scene (always difficult to bring off).

Vying for the affections of Lestakov were an excellent double act in the shape of Alex Michael, eyes all a-flutter, and Max Whale, whose ever-more frantic declamation of the word "Moscooow" was picked up by others of the cast. These two portrayals were richly and memorably comic. Among other frantic Moscoowers there was the Bobsky-Dobsky duo: Robert Gooch (perhaps the most maniacal Moscoower of the evening, and possessor of a superb broken nose incurred in a dramatic door-crashing entrance) and Oliver Schneider, who brought the house down in a rather different way with a faintly recognizable "Splendid! . . ."

There was good character acting in depth: a suitably corrupt and hypocritical quartet consisting of Mark Chamberlain ("a pig in trousers?!"), George Pendle, Alex Cole and Panos Karpidas ("the whip!"); Adam Carling, Milo Corbett and Ben Jarrett provided various facets of the Long Arm of the Law; and Rupert Atkinson was impressive as Lestakov's cheeky servant, Joseph. David Lewis, Andrew Bates, George Passmore and Jonathan Anderson all provided neat cameos, and Rupert Saper and Corin Gibbs made the whole thing workable by playing both acting and technical rôles.

All in all, it was plainly a team effort, impossible without Matthew Steggles' well-drilled stage crew, Nick Spencer's lighting, some apt inter-scene music, and of course the superb costumes by Loti Irwin. It was an evening of great fun, energy and enthusiasm from cast and crew, and our thanks go to them all.

The Editors



Alex Michael and Edward Hart

Photograph by M. T. Y. Wreford (V)

THE PAJAMA GAME

By Adler and Ross

In a recent episode of *Only Fools and Horses*, Uncle Albert becomes misty-eyed when he hears a song which reminds him of his poor, dead wife, Ada. "What song is that, Uncle?" asks Del Boy. "Ada, you with the stars in your eyes," sings Uncle Albert mournfully.

So, just thirty-five years after *The Pajama Game* was all the rage in London — it featured such legends as Max Wall, Arthur Lowe, Joy Nichols and Edmund Hockridge — its songs are still remembered even if its plot, which revolves loosely around the demands of the workers at the Sleep Tite pajama factory for a 7½ cents raise, is not. In the mid-50's you could not turn on the wireless without hearing "Hey There" or "Hernando's Hideaway" and, for me at any rate, this year's staff production was a wallow in nostalgia.

Briefly, the demands are resisted until sex, in the form of Sid Sorokin (played by James Larcombe and representing the management) and Babe Williams (played by Ro Masters and representing the workers), rears its ugly head, the demands are met, and they all live happily ever after. Between times there is a sub-plot or two: the workers' Grievance Committee protests when Sid sets about one of his employees; Hines (a work-study man played by Jonathan Kreeger) tries hard to trust Gladys (Hazel Waldman) and, partnered in a soft-shoe

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shuffle routine by Mabel (Juliet Rudolf), insists that he will never be jealous again.

There were some memorable scenes, notably Gladys' and Sid's "Hernando's Hideaway," "Steam Heat," performed with great panache by Hines and Gladys, together with Heather Meredith and Kevin Carr, and "This is my Once a Year Day," featuring just about everyone. Andrew Rudolf (playing Prez) and Antony Lloyd (playing Mr. Hasler) both excelled in mammoth rôles, and the whole show swung along to the musical accompaniment of Paul Drayton on piano, Oliver Ridge on bass and Rupert Godman on drums.

It would be invidious to single out any one performance, so here goes: Jonathan Kreeger as Hines was, quite simply, superb. His dancing, his drunken knife-throwing at the Sleep Tite picnic, and his act of what another Jonathan (Miller) once called "de-trouserment" will long live in the memories of those who saw them. Should Temple and he ever decide to part company, Jonathan has a career waiting for him in the West End.

As always, director Lionel Weston managed to transmit a quite infectious sense not only of fun but of community. Masters, mistresses, secretaries, bursarial staff, laboratory technicians, chefs, caterers, house-matrons, telephonists, medical officers, estate staff, their spouses, their children and some pupils all took part. Such productions are probably Stowe's best advertisement.

D.G.L.

MUSIC AT STOWE

The Summer Term started with a piano recital given by P.C.D. in the Music Room. These events are always well received, not only because of Paul's superb playing, but also his charming and amusing presentation. Edward Davies also has a way of introducing chamber music which could be heard the following week-end in the Maurizi Ensemble's concert of works by Haydn, Dvorak and Brahms. Both events were well supported.

The Speech Day Concert was tinged with sadness as this was the last concert that D.F.G. was to conduct at Stowe after twenty years as Director of Music. The concert was a great success, D.F.G. cajoling the players through a difficult, but attractive, programme. Simon Cormack and Paul Gates opened the concert with "Sound the Trumpet" by Purcell (arranged by W.B.W.) and Sebastian Timpson followed with a good account of the Oboe Concerto by Marcello. The Counterpiece by Mendelssohn for two clarinets was played by Giles Underwood and James Snyder. This work was probably orchestrated by Carl Baermann

and is an effective, if a little awkward, concert item. On this occasion the two clarinetists rose to their task very well indeed. A lighter item by Scott Joplin followed, played by Clare Roper and Teresa Drayton (violins). The concert was given a spectacular finish with the 1812 Overture (maroons set off by the Stowe resident Pacifist!)

The Summer Term ended with concerts by The Queen's Temple Singers and the Maurizi Ensemble.

On September 9th, the Mistral Saxophone Quartet gave a concert in the Roxburgh Hall and this was followed by the now traditional "Meet the Music Staff" concert on September 23rd. P.D.H. and Melanie Ragge were amongst the soloists in the Wind Sinfonia Concertante attributed to Mozart, and W.B.W. played the Haydn Trumpet Concerto. The concert closed with P.C.D. playing the Piano Concerto No. 21 in C major by Mozart.

Pavilion Opera gave a performance of 'The Magic Flute' in the Music Room on September 28th and we must express our gratitude to Mr. Edmondson whose generous support made this event possible.

On October 14th there was a concert of music for string orchestra in the Marble Hall. The evening included works by Mahler, Bruch and Boccherini and the strings were joined by The Queen's Temple Singers for a short piece by Fauré.

This term the Music Staff were joined by James Henderson (organ) and next term John Cooper Green takes on the mantle of Director of Music. I know I speak for all the musicians in the school in taking this chance to express our great appreciation for the way that P.C.D. has taken on the rôle of Director of Music for the Autumn Term.

R.J.S.S.

LIST OF MUSICAL EVENTS

Sunday, September 9th The Roxburgh Hall 8.00 p.m.

'MISTRAL'
Saxophone Quartet

Sunday, September 23rd The Roxburgh Hall 7.45 p.m.

**MEET THE MUSIC STAFF
OF STOWE SCHOOL**

Trumpet Concerto.....Haydn
Sinfonia Concertante in E flat KAnh9
for Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon and Horn.....Mozart
Piano Concerto no 21 in C K467
'Elvira Madigan'.....Mozart

Orchestra conducted by Robert Secret

Friday, September 28th The State Music Room 8.00 p.m.

**PAVILION OPERA
THE MAGIC FLUTE**
by MOZART

Sunday, October 14th The Marble Hall 8.00 p.m.

**THE QUEEN'S TEMPLE SINGERS
and
STRING ORCHESTRA**

Conductors Paul Drayton and Robert Secret

Cantique de Jean Racine.....Fauré
Five Variants on Dives and Lazarus.....Vaughan Williams
Adagio.....Mahler
Serenade for Strings.....Max Bruch
Procession of the Military Night-Watch
in Madrid.....Boccherini

Sunday, Nov. 18th The State Music Room 8.00 p.m.

ANTHEA GIFFORD — GUITAR
WITH John Trusler — Violin
and Jonathan Williams — Cello
Concert included music by Paganini and Giuliani

Saturday, December 8th The Roxburgh Hall 8.00 p.m.

**STOWE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA
AND CHORAL SOCIETY**
Conductor Robert Secret

Concerto for Two Oboes & Two Clarinets.....Vivaldi
Concerto for Two Violins.....Bach
Hiawatha's Wedding Feast.....Coleridge Taylor

Thursday, December 13th The Marble Hall 8.00 p.m.

CAROLS BY CANDLELIGHT
Conductor Paul Drayton

THE MAGIC FLUTE, Mozart

On September 28th, the Pavilion Opera paid their annual visit to Stowe, ingeniously converting the Music Room into a Victorian nursery. Never easy to stage, the **Magic Flute** is particularly difficult to stage in the round.

This posed no problem, however, to such an accomplished company.

The piano reduction dealt admirably with the technicalities of such a demanding and complicated score. The pianist was so proficient as to give the impression of a full orchestra, especially when managing to play two keyboards simultaneously.

Being in the original German, the singing still conveyed the meaning of Schikanader's text, aided immeasurably by the intelligent use of props.

Never before has Monostatos exited pirouetting in a pink tutu, or entered on a scooter!

Particularly outstanding among the excellent cast, was the Queen of the Night, hitting a crystal clear top "F" every time. She succeeded in conveying extraordinary menace.

Tamino produced a *tour de force* with his challenging near-continuous part, and Pamina was an equally clear-cut comparison.

Papageno provided the scripted jocularity perfectly along with a fair deal of unscripted humour.

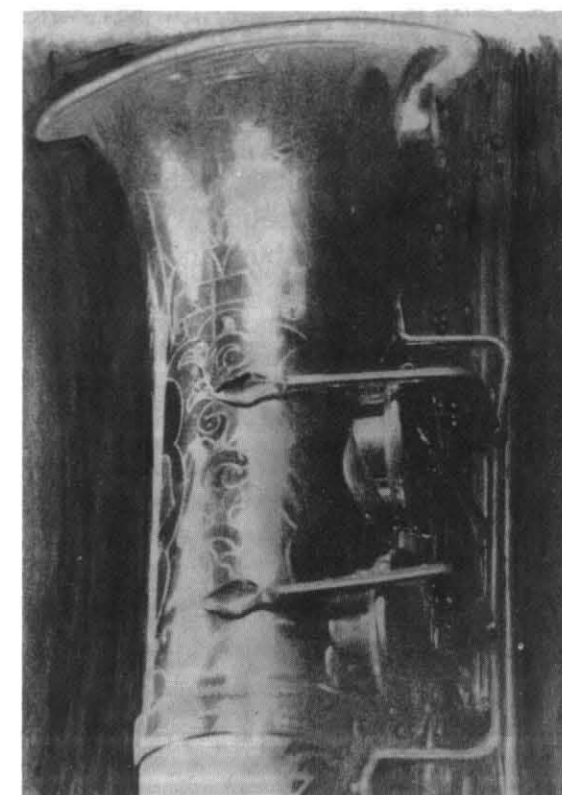
It was, however, sad to see the 'trials of fire and water' unimpressively reduced to cigarettes and beer.

The sheer size of the opera, in choral strength was inevitably lost, but the performance lacked no vitality.

It was a privilege, indeed, for those fortunate Stoics who were given the rare opportunity to attend such a magnificent opera at a significantly reduced price, thanks to the Headmaster and to the Bookshop Committee.

We hope to see Pavilion Opera at Stowe in the future, but if not, the **Magic Flute** will prove a fitting swan-song.

G. C. E. Underwood (VI)



By M. J. Snyder (MVI)



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A RESTORED HISTORIC HOUSE HOTEL IN A LANDSCAPED PARK

It is difficult to match the splendour of Stowe and its gardens. It is now possible, however, when visiting Stowe or making an excursion thence, to stay or dine in a restored country house with a good table and its own fine landscaped park with a lake and garden buildings by Gibbs.

Hartwell House, the home of the Lee family until 1938 and the residence in exile of Louis XVIII of France from 1809 to 1814, is two miles west of Aylesbury and about half an hour's drive south from Stowe.

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CREATIVE CONTRIBUTIONS . . .

THE J. F. ROXBURGH PRIZES FOR VERSE

'Pity befoleth April,
Pity is the root and spring.'

Canto XXX

The first competition of the new decade was based on the theme, 'April is the cruellest month.' This initial line of T. S. Eliot's long poem *The Waste Land* expresses, in its sense of spiritual anguish and sterility, a yearning for the oblivion of memory and desire. Eliot's words both parallel and contrast Chaucer's sentiments at the start of 'The General Prologue' to *The Canterbury Tales*:

'Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of March hath perced to the roote'

While Chaucer exalts, in a traditional manner, budding April and love renewed, in Eliot the flowering of the lilac is a process without redemptive fertility.

Most of the contributions, clearly conscious of these implications, resonated with a sense of pain and inertia. The conjunction of April and Easter properly inspired Christian interpretations, aligning thoughts about suffering and the Passion.

Of the verses commenting on seasonal aspects, the best saw April as a time of transition, an equivocating division between the numbness of winter and the mirage of summer. The winner of the Senior Prize was Geraldine Mitchell-Smith's exploration of that ambivalence regarding a faithless, unreliable month, promising much but giving little. Her conversational tone and movement are appropriate to the reflective nature of the subject.

The Junior Prize was carried by J. S. Goss's intelligent entry, which is subtle in feeling, searching in imagery and technically sound. Its success possibly emerges from a combination of natural talent and practical experience gained from Creative Writing classes. The poem brims with energy of diction and rhythmic vigour, completed by rhyme. Both poems seem to suggest the high cost of regeneration.

The worthy runners-up, published here, are in different ways commendable for their evocations of psychology or landscape.

I should like to praise in particular R. J. Lange's poem which would, in other circumstances, have won a prize.

T.A.O.

WINNER OF THE SENIOR PRIZE

They think themselves significant, even safe.
As thunders roll away fertility still holds
A place in the chartered season.
Birds resume precedence, repose and grow.
Bulbs abandoned beside
Sown and tilled land moving upwards, towards
Children, sequestered in blossomed fields.
Conventional view finds April as any other,
Yet if they look on a melting
Road, macadam sweltering,
Vital lives lifeless, even sour as cream,
Past that imperceptible
Arrival of cold, dense cloud and chill,
Dampened, deepened nights. Save for the cock
Crowing, animals dropping dead for trees.
Just as diplomats with false smiles
Sign technical papers, so
April, the diplomat of seasons,
Pours her libations of milk and honey
While assuring all is well,
Just as it has
Never been;
God smiles because much lies unseen.

Geraldine M. Mitchell-Smith (MVI)

WINNER OF THE JUNIOR PRIZE

Beguiling smile, whimsical crook, pale and wan—
Tears of enigmatic feeling course down
Flesh, powdered, hidden by fluttering fan.
She is the most cunning, cursed clown.
Traacherous friend, faithful foe, loveless heart.
She is uncertainty. Temptress of fools,
Harbinger of dreaded fakes — these her art.
Proud stallion, vain charger — before her: mules.

Half is hot, half is cold — in neutral tones.
Time changing, creature of metamorphosis.
Old, cold men have died. Bee in funeral drones
Laughs and plays through her veil. May this
Mourning cease — at night thief her pretty bloom:
Her snow blossoms, her fist of daffodils.

May marching progress blot her out with gloom,
Pluck out her sullen eye, scourge away her ills,
Drive off her billowed grey veil. Tear, rip,
Scratch — dig deep — turn out her rock face.
Dig further! Push down — reach in, cut, grind, nip
Draw out the blood of life — leaving no trace.
Drag forth birds, true flowers, fruit on bloom
on tree.

From her screeching carcass tear forth light, love
And hope. Spring is eternal — remember it free
Not in the clinging grip of her glove.

J. S. Goss (LVI)

FIRST RUNNER-UP

APRIL IS THE CRUELLEST MONTH

Again it comes, the cruellest month
In all its bitterness;
Its troublesome weather,
Cold and harsh.
Nights of freezing ice
And days of falling rain.

For thirty lengthening days
There is an air of shivering clearness
When at night there are no clouds
To cover us in warmth
And all day long there are showers
Of disheartening drops.

But then it is May with flowers
Of joy and soft spring breezes
Blowing a relieving sense over.
Then June and summer sun,
Warmth to the grassland
And the newly-leaved trees.

And follow August, September and October
When the sun shines and
The day is heated with beams of
Gold and at night with rays
Of silvered beauty that shine
On a lake like light off a blade.

Now in winter there is cold
But we are covered with a blanket,
Warm and the sun shines upon it.
And then to March the Spring
Begins and the flowers open
After a refreshing sleep.

But then to April that cruel
And frost-bearing month
That unkind and bitter month
When grass is white and
The rains fall like a lasting
Burst of cruelty.

R. I. Lange (IV)

RUNNER-UP

Leaving memories behind in April.
Only a touch of Spring remains
To illuminate this sudden sadness.
A change of atmosphere, a change of style.
Migrating birds return, eager
To start afresh — a new turn.
The long-awaited season of labour returns;
To some the fear is enough to numb
Their consciousness and awareness.
Feelings of Spring softly shatter
As those of despair and anguish replace them.
Winter couldn't be called cadaverous—
It had its moments which
All built up to a climax
That tumbled down with the rain in April
And subsided in a heap of reminiscence.
It's not easy when you leave something—
When they were always there with you
Through everything — joking, laughing;
Then telling you that April will soon be over
And we'll be together again — in summer.

Claudia Lowe (MVI)



Photograph by Cathy Olsen (LVI)

GAVIN MAXWELL ESSAY

Essays had to begin with the sentence: "I don't know why I did it; something must have come over me."

Senior Prize 1990

I don't know why I did it; something must have come over me. I was ten and my parents had left me alone again, strictly charged to remain in the house, beneath whose high, shadowy ceilings, among whose quiet, dusty furniture, I soon grew bored. I felt a little guilty, closing the heavy front door behind me and emerging, blinking, into a bright and animated world, but the guilt soon vanished as I was filled with a fresh, exhilarating feeling of freedom. I was a long-time prisoner, finally released from gaol.

Wandering with aimless happiness my feet brought me to the Music Cave, the famous music store, near to which I was fortunate enough to live. I went in and wandered idly up and down the long aisles for half an hour or so before mounting the wide, modern staircase to the extensive top floor.

My innocent mind was a pure green Eden, trustingly drinking in the world. I knew robbers went to gaol and my father shouted at me for taking grapes from the bowl but as I walked up the plastic steps, greed slithered in through a chink in the wall and after him crept selfishness and mole-like cunning burrowed through the soil. Among the trees they whispered their thorny thoughts, which bloomed into noisome spiky flowers spewing reek like crazed factory chimneys, billowing filth and poison and carving out a dark vacuum in my head. Featherless birds shrieked and worms ate into my soft brain; musty-smelling moulds grew on the damp rocks and in the water, which was black and stagnant; lamp-eyed fish fed on one another.

In this fresh state of mind it soon occurred to me that it would be no great matter to acquire a carrier bag, slip a few records into it and join the stream of shoppers leaving the shop. Excited and impressed by my ingenuity I procured myself a bag and made my way stealthily back to the record display, looking unsuspecting as I lifted a few off the shelves and ran my eyes over their sleeves. I glanced around nonchalantly to see if any of the staff — if anybody — was watching, but the world clearly had its back turned. I took another record off the shelf and began to examine it. Now was the moment. Now. No. Give yourself time. Time. Relax. Try again. Calm down. Now.No, no. Pick it up, at least. Okay, now put it down. Now. Now. I picked the record up and with trembling hands and a madly pounding heart

slipped it slowly, slowly into the bag. When it was in I felt an enormous sense of relief but, cunningly, registered none and with an air of well-assumed calmness descended the stairs. Walking deliberately, slowly, I made my way towards the door, even stopping from time to time to lend credence to my act. I was free. Free. Nothing could stop me now: the doors were only steps away. I had done it, and brilliantly, and with such smoothness. Why buy something I thought, when you can steal it? I opened the door and stepped out.

The short, swarthy man said, "Excuse me," in a gruff voice and pushed through the door, forcing me rudely back into the shop. I was about to protest his lack of courtesy when he did something very strange: he snatched the bag roughly from my hand. "You haven't paid for this," he said. "Why?" Meaningless. His words had no meaning. Then — how does he know? Then slowly, slowly I began to understand. But I couldn't believe it. I turned slowly, looking for support from anyone, anyone who could tell this man that it wasn't all that serious, that I could put the record back, or pay for it, or both. I felt like saying I didn't mean it, that it had been a rash, idiotic thing to do, that I would never do it again. I felt like begging his forgiveness, I felt — a thousand things — but I did nothing, only stood there, helpless and despondent.

Within me, conscience, like an angel soared upwards from her cell, her bright lamp held proudly aloft and the darkness and its dark inmates fled in shame and confusion to the deepest pits and wells of my mind. In the intense light I could see with painful clarity what I had done and, wide-eyed with terror, I rushed headlong from reality.

A second man walked up in a dirty brown jacket and chocolate brown trousers and the first said, "Well, why?"

I muttered something about not having any money and they led me through a door marked "Private" and down a flight of iron steps to a shabby complex of rooms. I was terrified and helpless as a snared rodent: still hoping they would just take back the record and kick me out. They took me into a small dusty room with a battered old desk and a few brown chairs. The fabric from which they were made was ripped on all of them and the yellow foam padding was showing through. The room smelt of stale cigarette smoke. It was very warm.

I remember little of the next half hour, only snatches. One of my captors asked, "Mind if I smoke?" and lit up without waiting for a reply and they talked softly to each other about various trivial matters until the manager of the shop came in and asked one of the men what had happened. The man related what I had

done, down to the last detail of clumsy incompetence, and as he spoke to me the manager gave me occasional dispassionate looks, under which I repeatedly withered.

They took back the record and the manager asked if there was anyone at home. Home. The idea made me tremble. I said no; someone may have been back but I was desperate to keep the whole incident from my father, from the world, in fact, from which this warm underground hole seemed removed. I was therefore filled with horror when the manager said he hadn't decided whether or not to hand me in to the police. I saw my school career abruptly end and the life I had aspired to rot away to an existence of ex-convict drudgery.

He left with the stocky man and I was alone with brown jacket. He tried to draw me into conversation, talking about where I lived, where I went to school, what my father did. "I'm sure your old man would've given you the money if you'd asked him," he said. I was sure he wouldn't, but didn't speak. The room was strangely soporific and to my surprise I found my mind wandering idly, far beyond its little bounds.

Eventually the manager returned. He was a ratty little man with a receding hairline and a northern accent. He was wearing a blue blazer and his sharp features were white with rage.

"You're a deceitful little sod, aren't you?" he said with cold fury, the shock of such an impassioned assault from a complete stranger hitting me like a bucket of cold water. He can't speak to me like that, I thought, because I am truly sorry, I am forgiven and thus absolved, I am innocent. The anguish already suffered, the shame, the humiliation and the fear seemed to me to be adequate punishment for my small and ineffectual crime and his persistent hostility made me hate him.

I stared at him — dumbfounded.

"You're obviously from a well-to-do family," he continued venomously, "and all you can do is come in here and act like you're on a day trip to Woolworths. If you think I'm going to let you walk out of here scot free you've got another think coming: I'm either going to have you taken to the police station or have somebody — one of your parents — come and collect you. Now you've told me there's nobody at home."

"They might be back by now, I don't know," I blurted out in desperation.

"I'll try it," he said, "what's your number?"

I told him and he walked out again, leaving me once more alone with the man in the brown jacket. Once more my mind wandered and I didn't answer when the man asked, "You ever get into trouble before?"

The manager returned. "I've just spoken to your father," he said, "and he was not pleased, as you can imagine. He asked if we were sure we had the right boy and I said that, yes, we were sure. He told me to send you straight home, so you won't be going to the police station. But," he added spitefully, "If you're ever down here again, your feet won't touch the ground: you'll be handed straight over to the police. Got that?" I nodded and he left, established in my hatred.

The man in the brown jacket showed me out; he was very kind. "What sort of guy's your old man?" he asked and I began to cry. At last I felt real shame, about to face not indifferent, nameless strangers but my own parents. Everything will be different now, I thought: I will be a stranger to my father, he will despise me and shout. He will never forgive me. But I am the same, I thought, whatever I do, I am the same and can be nothing else. Isn't that true? Isn't it?

The man led me up another flight of steps and through a metal door in the side of the building. Out in the garish sunlight, the brash noises and the greasy smells of the high street, he told me, without any threat or malice, not to do anything like this again and I, sobbing like a baby mumbled, "Thank you" and walked away. "Remember to go straight home," he called but I didn't even turn, I just walked on. He was part of a world to which I didn't feel I fully belonged any more.

D. I. G. Szalay (VI)

GAVIN MAXWELL ESSAY

"I don't know why I did it; something must have come over me."

That's the only feeble answer these people deserve. My face is wet, so are my clothes. My head is aching. There must and shall be aspirin.

One could say it started with the tussle I had with my landlord. But perhaps it started still earlier, when I didn't pay my rent.

"Don't worry, I understand deary. When you get a job, eh! You can pay me then. Now what about a little cup of tea and some cake? You can watch my telly if you like."

I didn't pay him. I never got a job. I'm an actor. I'm a very important man. Why should I pay rent to that stupid queer? Why should I flirt with him? He was a short, fat man, with an infatuation for neatness and cleanliness. His hair was always greased into a perfect middle parting. He probably used a pair of compasses and a protractor to make sure it was straight. No matter how much he washed or scrubbed himself he always looked sweaty. Perhaps he

was more shiny than sweaty. But anyway, he was constantly inviting me round to his spotless flat for tea and I, owing to compromising lack of money, was forced to flirt with him.—No longer. I was fed up to the teeth with creeping down the stairs in an effort to avoid him. I crept everywhere. I wanted to see no-one. I hadn't seen anyone for a long time. I was afraid of meeting anyone. No, not afraid, but rather I didn't want to listen to all their dreary nonsense:

"Haven't seen you for ages."

"Why haven't you called or written?"

"Any luck with a job, any parts?"

The longer I stayed away from people, the less I wanted to see anybody. I didn't want to have to stand in front of them and think up some plausible excuse and lie.

It was in this frame of mind that I collided with my landlord on the stairs.

"Hello Sebastian. On your way out? Got a job?"

"No, actually I'm not on my way out, I just feel like walking up and down these stairs so I can rub my mucky shoes on your junk carpet? And no, you vacuous, snotty-nosed pervert, I don't have a job so I can't pay you."

His sickly grin vanished and he mustered up what anger he could.

"There's no need to talk to me like that. I've been very generous to you."

He wheezed and puffed. His fat, sweaty face looked more kickable than ever.

"I don't want your help, your cake or your tea so find some other pretty boy!"

Of course I had to leave. I threw my belongings together and walked off. The area of London I lived in was extremely depressing, especially for someone like myself who had known better. My parents had been quite well off. They sent me to a public school. I had had a very comfortable childhood. They stopped supporting me a couple of years back. They sold their large house and bought a smaller one in Tunbridge Wells.

My landlord's house was in North London. The area had been badly bombed during the war and the houses that had been thrown up afterwards were characterless: rows of identical red-brick cubes. There were some parts which had been left untouched. One house would be missing, like a gap in your teeth. There was only a pile of rubble with a few dishevelled weeds poking up. These plots were rubbish dumps and meeting places for cats and dogs. In amongst all this filth and excrement the children built camps. There was ammunition amongst the broken bricks, stones and sticks for their games.

I walked past the fish and chip shops and the nearly new stores. The air was steamy and grey. I was stifled and squirmed under my wet shirt. I wished I lived in the countryside. I looked for green, so I found the park. I slept there. It was a warm night. I slept very heavily. The next morning my bones ached. I was very damp and sweaty. The dew had soaked my clothes and I could not change or wash. I felt the itch of acne on my shoulders. I was very hot. The air was uncomfortable, oppressive.

I looked at my watch, a remnant of my better off days. It was already nine o'clock. I heard the bustle of the traffic in the streets—the familiar sound of buses and car horns. I made my way through the park, such that it was, patchy, dirty, brown grass. There was more life in a rubbish dump. I couldn't really tell whether I was hungry or just ill, but it seemed about the right time to eat, so I looked for a grocer. I'd been living on greasy chips for weeks, the kind that make the newspaper they're served in go a dark wet colour.

I wanted something fresh. Some fruit to clean my mouth, to bring my taste buds back to life. I found a grocery. It was full of middle-aged women, all different sizes and shapes. It was also very hot and crowded. All the women turned to see who had just come in. They all peered at me in the same way, with the same disdain. In that look they saw my shabby clothes and smelt my sweat. They quickly turned back to their conversations and swapped their shopping bags to their other hands, all in unison as if directed by some almighty choreographer. I must have looked terrible. My clothes were creased and grass stained. I was unshaven. I felt spotty.

I recognised the woman at the front of the queue. I'd seen her in the local church. She was a particularly holier-than-thou member of the congregation. She sang in the choir. I'd given up going now. She was a small woman. She had a leathery face and her hair was black and pulled back into a short knotted tail. She probably dyed it. She was flirting with the shopkeeper and he with her. He probably did the same with all these women. He was the romantic glamour in their lives, he and the butcher, the baker and the milkman, of course. A couple more stiffes entered the store. The others went through their routine all over again: bell goes, door slams, eyes turn and so on. They were greeted and accepted into the clan. The grocer was still chatting with his customer. I picked an apple, some bananas and joined the queue behind the woman. There was still no move. I was very hot now. I took off my jacket. To my disgust and embarrassment I had wet patches of sweat on my shirt. How could the food not rot in the heat? The woman laughed louder than



By P. N. Hitchcock

ever. She was taking so long but no-one appeared to mind. Maybe it was just the light and shadow on their faces but they all seemed to be laughing silently. I wanted to shock them. How dare they laugh at me? Instead of holding in my wind I let it all out with a noisy trumpet. Far from feeling released, I felt still more uncomfortable. The smell diffused into the air. I felt ill and frustrated. I squirmed with violence. I clenched my fists. I felt drops of sweat gather on my eyebrows. I felt my veins under my skin, beating together—I had to move. I stepped forward. The sweat ran onto my eyelids. The woman was still laughing. Half blind with sweat I reached out and pulled the woman round. With all my weight I drove my fist into her face. I hit her cleanly on the nose. She fell straight to the floor, just managing to raise her hand to her face. In her other hand she still held the shopping. Blood seeped between her fingers. Her vegetables scattered across the chequered tiles. I turned for the door. Cries went up and the women ran. Fear had wiped away their proud smiles.

I never reached it.

The owner got me. He threw a can. It hit me on the back of the head. I don't know what'll happen now.

O. P. M. Seale (LVI)

THE JUNIOR GAVIN MAXWELL ESSAY PRIZE

"I don't know why I did it — something must have come over me."

The letter-box still hung enticingly open, my hand still through it, still helplessly fixed in the posture of just having let-go of something.

All was still.

And there, visible through the viscous, fragmented lens of the door-panel was the envelope, a tiny slip, 15 centimetres by 8 centi-

528

metres, ready to bring down a doom that I had just unwittingly set in motion by putting it through the box, sending it tumbling inexorably down a vortex onto the beckoning bristles of the WELCOME mat.

It stopped, just a tantalising few inches from the box, paused in an implausible bridge between door and curtain. Suddenly, the amber shattered and time began again.

The metal jaw snapped back onto my hand, trapping it in a manacle of pain. The pain hardly registered — getting the envelope back was all important. Why had I done it? Why had I pushed it completely through the door without checking? I realised my mistake only afterwards. Why had I not realised it? But there it lay, writing hopelessly distorted by the glass. Gently I forced my hand further down, relying on the deceptive, cubist, image in the door. Must not brush the curtain, must not touch the door, grasp it in the hand, seize it, bring it back — no more.

I had stirred the air, fate settled on the precarious envelope, and it began to swing back-and-forth, with diabolical momentum. The rocking turned into a steady pivot, almost a revolution. The balance broke, the envelope brushed against the curtain as it billowed out, and then the card began to spin as it plummeted down.

A melodramatic silence descended. What had come over me?

The Christmas Card had been invented as a way of expressing amicable greetings and inspiring well-being in the recipient.

The one lying in the tender clutches of the door-mat would not. It had turned from an inoffensive strip of mashed tree into a hostile, evil creature, smugly nurtured in the bristles.

Why was it so bad? It was the wrong card.

Mr. Richard Check and Mr. Raymond Chayne were neighbours, but they were also sworn enemies, and had been ever since the War, when, as part of his repairs, Mr. Check had constructed a fence between his garden and that of Mr. Chayne.

In itself, the fence had much to recommend it; it was of tastefully wrought-iron work, and was well polished. What Mr. Chayne did object to, however, was that it had swallowed up two feet of his prize rose lawn, which he claimed was his land. That sort of thing mattered to Mr. Chayne.

Both argued, each producing an ancient, smudged map of miniscule scale as evidence for their claim. They fought it on the Parish Council, the Town Council, it was even fought in the County Council, and neither surrendered.

For forty years the fence had stood; a barrier between the two, stronger than an inferno. The dispute had aggravated in proportion, until the very mention to one of the other's name would be enough to produce a fit of glowering ire.

And I had delivered Mr. Check's card to Mr. Chayne.

What would happen when he found out? How would he react?

I suddenly wanted to run very quickly in another direction, but slowly I resolved to try and retrieve the card and swap it for the other card in my hand, which, since I had delivered the wrong one, by a process of elimination, must surely be Mr. Chayne's.

Whatever I tried, it could hardly make the situation any worse — well, aggravated burglary might . . .

The doorbell pressed down firmly, and there was no sound. Had I missed the noise? Dare I press the bell again, in case I had?

The door remained resolutely clamped. Please don't be out. Please.

There was a rattling of chains and a shaking of locks. Slowly the door opened, and a figure stepped angrily out of his warm shelter, hands clenching his elbows, his octogenarian eyes shrinking in the bleak light.

Somehow his slight figure instilled me with a fierce terror. Just about boldly I thrust the card forward.

"Merry Christmas, Mr. Chayne."

Take the card. Don't look down. Look at the card. The sun is shining, the sky is grey, look up, look up, it's a wonderful day. . . .

A hand trembled towards me, fingers twitching around the edge of the envelope. A rheumy eye regarded it sullenly, without his face portraying anything but the merest glowing embers of the Christmas Spirit.

Quickly I grasped the other card from the cold, gnarled clutches of the mat. Panic over.

The card vanished, snatched. Another card was shoved into it.

My heart finally packed its bags and went for a long break in Bognor Regis.

"Look, this is MY card. That was Mrs. Sutton's."

Mrs. Sutton? How? What?

"Can't you read?"

Evidently not. But what about Mr. Check?

Never mind.

J. S. Goss (LVI)

THE RETURN

Crisp and cold, crunch, crunch,
The footsteps moved through the leaves,
Autumn was here,
And so were "they."

Wind prowled through the clustered air,
As the footsteps wandered through,
Autumn was back,
And so were "they."

Leaves trickled slowly to the ground,
Leaving no echo or sound,
Autumn's life was back,
And so were "they."

M. T. Newnham (IIIP)



By Lucie E. Potter (VI)

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THE WAY HOME

(An Excerpt)

Have I worked so hard for this?
That boy whose mind had burst with dreams,
Fantastic castles in the air
With silvered spires
That stood out sharp against the sky
Remote and cold and white,
And every evening burnt so red
By the waning sun that shed
Its vermilion blood across the skies
As it sank behind those purple hills.
How lost I was,
Seeking though the seasons changed
Perfections sought in boyish days,
And through the passing of the years
They dwindled quietly away,
Discarded one by one by one.
And youth, so eternal to the young,
All too soon was swallowed up
And I found myself, uncertain and afraid,
Not in the ivory realm of stillness and soft joy
But coughing on a platform, waiting for the train.
The wind was blowing dust. The king had fled.
There are no castles now,
But in my lonely moments I return
To their grey ruins,
Ivygrown and swathed in mist,
Glistening with the damp.
And the sun sometimes.
And is this really the thing for you?
She'd said.
What do you mean? Of course it is.
Of course it is.
I looked around
And though a ratty rented room may satisfy
A silly, brainless girl,
A coarse old self-important fool,
It whispers failure to me every day.
And every evening crawling back
I wonder what I should have done
And what I could have done
But for mistakes
That have shivered up my poor ideals
To the shards that cruelly cut my brain,
Until, alone and in the dark, it bleeds and bleeds.

Outside wet roofs rushed past.
The wheels murmured on the rails
And at last the sun came out,
A watery pale pathetic thing, soon overrun
By night's vast ascendant gloom.
Disaffected winds buffeted the clouds,
And it soon began to rain again.

D. I. G. Szalay (VI)

AUTUMNAL GHOST

It lingered as the robin observed the green fields,
Wispy and white was the spirit,
A blanket of eerie softness,
Haunting the land with dampness.

Brown, crisp and yellow leaves swirled,
Wind blew them,
Like a plague they surrounded the bare trees.

Birds fluttered above,
On a mission to a place of peace,
Where the foggy matter would not haunt,
And suffocate the land.

Time killed the phantom;
As light came and faded,
The soft ghost was exorcised.

But still the robin watched,
As the dim afternoon transformed
Into a murky, grim evening.

L. B. Smith (IIP)

'IN THE WINDOW'

However hard we try,
Muddied flatness reflects not
The fresh and massive compound of wind and air,
Whose strength weakens
A few brisk trees and ancient heritage.
The feeling that out there, beyond the water
One simple, smoking drift would isolate
As something harsh, which has difficulty
Even to pass the nodding sheep
Of creamy green, that churn and yearn
For —
No knowledge, laws and nature.
Only this landscape, this knoll.
A raincoated stranger pacing
Through dissects my scene,
Breaks my tranquillity,
And the muddied water too,
Probably.
However hard we try, we will never jump,
Out,
Of the window.

Geraldine M. Mitchell-Smith (MVI)

PORTACABIN: THE TEMPLE OF CONCORD

STERILE.

I, in the shade,
Sun glaring off the matte, grey flats.

SQUATTER.

Trampling the grass,
Confronting paradise alone.

INSULT.

Taunting grandeur,
Solitary, man's vile champion.

EXCUSE

Me, the child,
Spawned by brutal efficiency.

PARASITES

Bustle within,
Filing their paper mountains.

MISPLACED.

Rough monobloc,
Cold, lost in nature's wilderness.

UNSIGHTLY.

Astigmatism,
Designer blind to beauty's love.

PARADOX.

Eternal Polymer,
In ephemeral union.

ALIVE.

Talons not to tear,
Concrete tail not to spike,
Hinged mouth not to consume,
Chitinous, moulded hide to repel.

J. S. Goss (LVI)

CURIOSITY

As I recall, Robertson was an unobtrusive man from the beginning. One hardly noticed him in his usual spot near the door, sipping his beer. He had that niggling habit of leaving about an inch of beer in his glass, so the waitresses couldn't take it away or make him buy another. Even though it was warm in the smoke-filled room, he always wore a dark slouch hat pulled over his eyes.

From my seat by the bar I used to watch him, and occasionally, very occasionally, he would glance up and I would catch a glimpse of wide dark eyes with a hunted look. This man puzzled me. He sat there, night after night in the same spot, sipping his beer. He always wore the same clothes, a dark slouch hat, a long grey trench-coat, and pinstripe trousers and black leather shoes. He had always been there, but one never noticed him.

It happened on a Friday night in January, in the heart of a bitter winter, on the sort of night one usually reads about in gangster novels. But this particular night was really terrible, the snow mounting up on the Chicago sidewalks. This did not affect the crowd, though. It was busy as ever, juke box blaring and guys playing pool. Robertson was there, of course, in his dark corner near the door. He had slipped in without my noticing, and the barmaid automatically took him over a beer. That had been around nine, it was now approaching twelve.

Then, with a suddenness which made everybody jump, the door flew open with a flurry of powdered snow. Three figures in hats and overcoats were outlined by the gaudy neon signs. They strode slowly in, one pausing to shut the door. Meanwhile, everyone returned to his glass or pool game, thinking it was just another few punks trying to be hard. The three men hesitated for a moment and looked around. They were all nearly the same, with heavy overcoats, hats and scarves around their faces. Then, they saw what they were looking for and advanced towards Robertson's table.

Robertson froze, his glass half-way to his lips. The biggest of the three men came up close to Robertson and leaned forward, his hands in his pockets. Across the crowded room I could only make out snippets of the conversation, but, with the pale expression on Robertson's face, I didn't have too much trouble guessing the gist.

" . . . The money Robertson . . . "

" . . . don't know . . . nothing to do . . . "

" . . . forty-eight hours . . . usual place . . . "

" . . . please, Bates . . . "

The three men turned and walked out without responding, and departed in the same flurry of snow. Robertson sat, wide-eyed, stunned for a minute, then drained his glass and left.

After this incident I was more interested in Robertson than ever, and the next night I sat by the bar eagerly awaiting his appearance. But appear he did not. Nine came and went, then ten, then eleven. I began to feel like a lover who had been stood up. Curiouser and curiouser, I thought. This was the first time he had not come in for a drink in years — in fact, I had never known him not to.

When I get curious about something, it gnaws away at me and I have to find it out or I would go crazy. I resolved to find out more about Robertson and the three men who burst in so dramatically the previous night.

I next saw Robertson the following evening, outside Porky's for the first time. I was out for a late afternoon stroll through the back alleys,

just after sunset. The shadows were deep and dark but I was in my own territory so I strode boldly in the middle of the alley. I heard the tap, tap, tap of feet coming from up ahead so I slowed down and edged closer to the shadows. Through the darkness I made out a form I recognised, that slow, deliberate walk and bowed head. As he neared I strolled casually past, and Robertson gave me a friendly smile. In that second, though, I saw the lines of worry and anxious face that indicated he was very nervous.

I walked on a few steps further, then quietly turned around and padded along in the deepest shadows, some ten yards behind him. I suddenly recalled what I had heard yesterday: "... forty-eight hours ...". His forty-eight hours was nearly up, so he must now be heading for ... for what? Again curiosity overtook me. I had to follow him. He turned suddenly into a narrow side alley; I followed and just saw him enter past a large, black door. Fortunately, he had left it ajar so I squeezed in, and hid behind a packing-case.

Robertson was in the middle of the floor; he took out a parcel from his pocket. A voice called out, "Robertson?"

"Yeah," he replied submissively.

"Got the dough?"

"Yeah." A man in a fur-lined jacket stepped into the semi-light cast by a window.

"On the floor, Robertson." He slowly dropped the parcel at the man's feet.

"Good boy," he said, grinning, and bent over.

"No way, Hanson!" said Robertson, and reached for his gun. But before he could draw, the room exploded in a cacophony of machine-gun fire and Robertson fell to the ground. Hanson strolled over and picked up the bundle.

"Robertson. He was dumb." And so saying, he strolled out. I wandered over to the body. My whiskers twitched at the smell of the fresh spreading blood. I was strongly reminded of an old saying, which seemed particularly appropriate:

"Curiosity killed the cat." A shiver ran down my spine. Then, with feline swiftness, I left the stiffening corpse in the pool of blood and slipped out the door.

R. McL. Atherton (III)

DRAMATIC MONOLOGUE

"Great Mum; oh, Spaghetti.

"... oh, not too bad. The masters feed you with work and the kitchen feeds you with dog food. The beds are riddled with bugs and the

form rooms are freezing. Apart from that everything is great.

"... Friends? I've got masses of them. I'm the man to be with. For instance when I come into a dormitory everyone shouts out, 'Here's Mr. Popular.' They love me.

"... sarcastic? You must be joking! I've got more friends than John F. Kennedy and they love my tricks! Like I might put a water-bomb into someone's bed, so that when they jump in it explodes. I did it once to a boy called Jack. The whole dormitory was shouting at me, but this time they were being sarcastic.

"... because then they started to beat me up!

"... beat me up? This is what all great friends do. It sort of asserts your friendship. It's like a playfight, I suppose; they all pounce on me and we struggle a bit and after a few minutes we all go back to bed. It's great fun except when I get hurt.

"... not very often, but I suppose you've got to expect that. I have a great nickname as well: 'Village Idiot.' This is because of my famed party stoppers.

"... They're jokes that I tell in the dormitory. I think they like those very much. When I tell them there is about five seconds silence and then the insults start — just for a joke.

"... I'm also known as the hit-man. This is because if there is anything dangerous to be done I am always the man for the job. Whatever it is, I'm sent in there alone to pull it off. It might just be a simple raid on another dormitory or it may be something like going down to the kitchens at night and bringing back food so that we can have a midnight feast.

"... sometimes I really go in for the big one, but usually it is only the minor raids like those on a dormitory which involve me, but they have in common my getting caught. I always take the blame.

"... Well I suppose they were the inspiration, but since I'm top dog I've got to make the sacrifices for my friends. When I became the 'hit-man,' I took the oath to say that I would not give away that others were involved.

"... not really, but since I was the leader of the gang I had to take the responsibility.

"... They're really great when I have my tuck-box open as well. They're always so kind and friendly and always promise to pay me back.

"... Well not always. But they're my friends so I don't really care. Anyway the only problem is if I start to use them to my advantage.

"... talk Mum ... What about?"

E. Stoppard (LVI)

REVISITING STOWE

1990 was the year when Stowe's State Rooms decorated with flower arrangements and with the wonderful enfilade view restored, were first fully opened to the general public. It was therefore very appropriate and a great tribute to Michael Bevington's industry and scholarship that his excellent book *Stowe: a Guide to the House*, elegantly type-set by James and Alison Ewens, came out at the same time. Seeley's Guidebooks between 1759 and 1838 contained detailed descriptions of the furnishings of the State Rooms besides the garden but this is the first major Guide to deal comprehensively and more fully than guides at other stately houses with the whole Mansion from service areas and courtyards to guest suites and upper floors. There are also brief but useful sections on the Temple/Grenville family and the architectural history of the house. The author wears his learning lightly in that he mixes serious architectural descriptions, with amusing stories like "the ghosts and apparitions" staged in the Bachelors' Gallery by the Marchioness of Buckingham in 1797 to frighten and subdue the impetuous and noisy Wynne girls, which vividly brings to life the atmosphere of that house party, when Stowe was more than just a monument to money, good taste and artistic patronage.

Michael Bevington has also been most successful in writing about each room under its present name and then outlining concisely how it came to be as it is now. There is a wealth of up-to-date scholarly detail about the origins of the decor of the State Rooms with an ingenious colour coded section to describe the paintings that used to adorn the walls and their whereabouts now. It is clear that the Grenvilles before the Sale of 1848 had collections of works of Arts of varied quality which would nevertheless be considered astonishing in 1990. It is sad that probably the house was only fully furnished and complete by about 1805 and only operated in the present building as a great house for say 25 years, after which it entered a twilight existence enlivened with increasing infrequency by great occasions like the Royal visit of 1845 and the third Duke's gallant attempt to bring it back to life in the early 1860's, albeit on a reduced scale. The complexity of life at Stowe in the later 19th century is well shewn too for the first time by the number of rooms set aside for different functions like Pages' Room and the Gala Room.

This book is very entertainingly written and profusely illustrated with some especially fascinating photographs — mainly hitherto unpublished — taken from 1870 to about 1900. It is a book to browse through and yet also to

use as an invaluable guide for the general public as they tour the State Rooms which must surely vouch for the tourist as some of the undiscovered gems of the decade on a par with better known houses of the same era. It is probably, however, Stoics past and present who owe the most to Michael Bevington, as they alone have the virtual run of the whole mansion and will savour the unusual snippets of information and be amused by the stories, besides feeling that their experiences and memories will join all the others through-out the last three centuries who have made up and do make Stowe House and the community that has always lived there. At the least, the School has not only saved the Grounds and House but also contributed to the evolution of them in a way that a museum with its tendency to fix in aspic never can. And it is fitting that a member of the staff should tell so graphically the story of that evolution of the living organism that is Stowe.

A.A.V.R.

LORD COBHAM'S GARDENS

By 1750, "no other comprehensive guidebook had been published for any other country seat in England. The genre evolved and reached near perfection at Stowe in virtual isolation." To illustrate the validity of this claim. George Clarke has just published a fascinating book recording almost all the known accounts of this famous landscape garden during the first half of the eighteenth century. The result is a feast both for everyone who loves the grounds of Stowe and for the historian of this most important of Georgian landscapes at its formative stage.

Descriptions of Lord Cobham's Gardens at Stowe (1700-1750) includes the first publication in full of the detailed manuscript accounts from 1735 and 1738 along with many other shorter ones. The whole of Gilbert West's poem of 1732, the first lengthy description, is reprinted together with the relevant excerpts from the masterly verses of Alexander Pope and James Thomson. The first prose publication, Defoe's Appendix to his *Tour*, and its poetical rendering by Samuel Boyse in the same year of 1742 are included in full, as is Benton Seeley's first edition of his many *Guidebooks* from two years later and the first known French description published in 1748. All 26 pieces are introduced by George Clarke with his usual elegant erudition and there is a helpful preface with seven plans.

Seeley's ten plates of engravings published in 1750 are reproduced in full. George Bickham's engravings are also included, but scattered

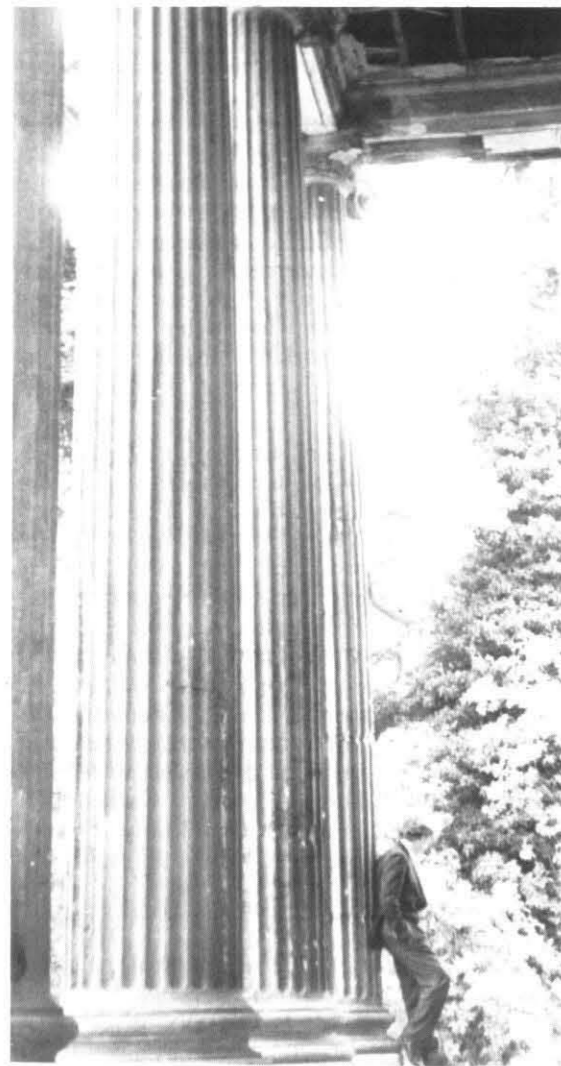
throughout the book. Sadly the text of Bickham's guidebook, *The Beauties of Stowe*, like William Gilpin's *Dialogue* of 1748, proved too long for inclusion, although both have been republished recently elsewhere. Tastefully produced on cream paper, this important contribution to the study of Stowe's history is excellent value. It is particularly fitting that George Clarke, who taught at Stowe from 1950 to 1985 and for many years has given a lead in the restoration of the garden and the research of the sources, should produce this valuable volume just as the National Trust embarks on its ten year programme of repairs to the temples.

Ed G. B. Clarke, *Descriptions of Lord Cobham's Gardens at Stowe (1700-1750)*, The Buckinghamshire Record Society, number 26, 1990.

(Paperback: £5.50 plus £1.00 postage and packing from The Stowe Bookshop, Stowe, Buckingham.)

Hardback: £12.00 plus £1.25 postage and packing from The Honorary Secretary, Buckinghamshire Record Society, County Record Office, County Hall, Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, HP20 1AU).

Michael Bevington



Photograph by S. A. Brittain (MVI)

PINEAPPLE DAY

1927 marked the year J. F. Roxburgh founded an organisation that was to introduce a social and activity centre for boys of similar age to Stoics in North-West London, taking up residence in the disused premises of a pub — **The Pineapple**. Today the Pineapple Club still survives, but in a rather more appropriate accommodation in Harrow Road, Paddington. Unfortunately, as with so many of these societies, financial difficulties have recently threatened the future of the club, and it was strongly felt that Stowe, as its founder, should provide support, since the club was effectively giving meaning to the lives of people who otherwise would be vulnerable to life on the street.

Thus, the Spring Term of 1990 saw the formation of the Pineapple Day Committee, consisting of eleven house representatives, Mr. A. K. Murray as Club representative, and Mr. C. J. G. Atkinson as 'Co-ordinator-in-Chief.' The aim was to declare and structure a day during which the entire school would raise funds for the club; it was quickly decided that the emphasis was to be on a fête-style of afternoon, coupled with sponsored sporting events in the morning, and rounded off with some sort of evening's entertainment. In this way, a highly enterprising combination of fun and effort was the base for an inevitably successful day, that necessarily required the involvement and co-operation of the whole school. The target was set: £10,000 of funds had to be raised.

After many weeks of toil endured by the committee, the day finally arrived; Sunday, the 20th May was blessed with fine weather, and to the relief of all concerned the school was by no means slow to squeeze as much out of the day, in terms of enjoyment, as possible. The sponsored events, supervised by Mr. H. B. Smith, began the day's activities; at approximately 11.30 a.m., Stoics eagerly ran, cycled, walked, swam and danced, raising around £8,000 in total before the fair itself! With teams working practically all morning on the South Front, stalls of all shapes and sizes took form, something which would have been impossible without the expertise of Mr. S. O. Collins.

The official opening of the fair took place at 2.30 p.m.; with Mr. Nichols, Mr. McDougall (Chairman of the Pineapple Club) and the Rev. Peter Watkerston (Chaplain of the Mayflower Centre, London) having been flown in courtesy of Capt. N. Carpenter of the Army Air Corps. Mrs. Annie Nichols expertly signalled the start of the fair. With participants exchanging money for fair tokens, profit was understandably increased, and every stall on

offer was extensively exploited by all the Stoics, who seemed truly to enjoy the festivities. Set-ups such as the Pole Pillow Fight, the Donkey Derby, the Helicopter Display, Soak the Staff and Down it in One appeared to be amongst the favourites. Food and drink stalls had been exhausted by the day's close, and, most rewarding of all for the organisers, there was a definite air that everyone had contributed as much as possible to the day's success. The fun was by no means over; that evening one of the wildest and most superb rock concerts seen at Stowe took the floor, bringing in nearly £1,000 from paying Stoics. With performers including Ben Holloway, Craig Doughty, Enoch Kavindele, Lee Harris and, of course, Tim Arlon, the night was something to remember. All-in-all, the day saw the creation of £5,000, which, when added to the morning's success, resulted in a grand total of £13,000 having been raised. The entire project had achieved its aim and more, superbly demonstrating the breathtaking motivation, in such circumstances, of Staff and Stoic alike.

T. A. D. Crawford



Runner: Fletcher Morgan winning Half Marathon

Photograph by E. A. G. Shillington



Master: J. M. Larcombe Photographs by E. A. Shillington



Photograph by S. J. Cunard (MVI)



Photograph by S. A. Brittain (MVI)



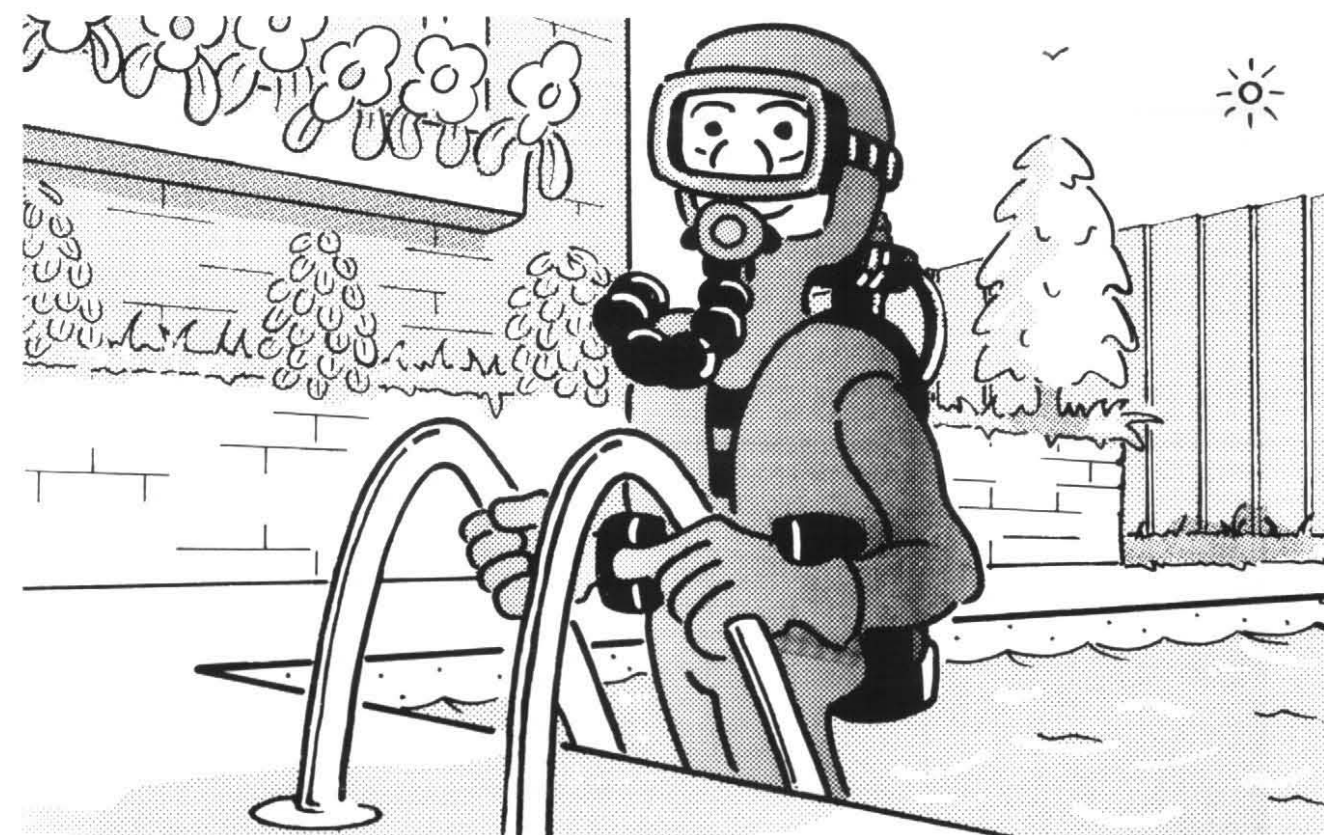
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Photographs by D. W. J.

STOWE-RUGBY EXPEDITION TO ECUADOR AND THE GALAPAGOS ISLANDS

With hindsight, it was fascinating to compare the twenty-two staff and pupils who set off for Ecuador in July, with the group that returned some three and a half weeks and a world of experiences later. Twelve Stoics and six Rugbeians stood in the departure hall at Heathrow, trying to ignore the last-minute advice from anxious mothers and casually enquiring how many anti-mosquito sprays each had packed or whether they should have brought dollars rather than travellers cheques. While Stowe and Rugby eyed one another cautiously from a distance, D.W.J., *pater familias* and originator of the whole trip (aided — I think — by R.E.M., and John and Jane Winchester from Rugby) began what was to be the first of many attempts to count us all. Inevitably, the only person missing was our mentor and guide for the entire trip, David Horwell, who also happened to have all our tickets. . . .

Fifteen hours later, via Amsterdam and Curacao, we flew in over the Andes on a brilliantly clear morning to land in what seemed like a new world. Quito, the capital of Ecuador, lies at 3,000 metres. The mountains rise up around the city itself and the air is cool, clear and decidedly thin — as we were later to discover, disco dancing becomes an endurance sport at this altitude! Beginning as we meant to go on, we had barely settled into our hotel before we were off sight-seeing, poncho-buying and money-changing before our descent into the rain-forest the following day. Tim Arlon and Philippa Luard spent most of that afternoon having their hair put into dreadlocks (*trenzillas* — Hispanists please note) in preparation for the jungle rigours to come. Three hours later, wearing a poncho and strumming a cheap guitar he'd found in the market, Tim looked the equal of any of the natives we were likely to come across on our travels.

The bus drive the next day south-eastwards to Misahualli on the river Napo took ten hours on roads that made the Bourbon track look like a motorway, but swimming in hot springs en route took some of the sting out of the long ride, and the small town itself was worth the journey when we got there — picturesquely seedy and steamily hot it was like something out of Graham Greene and Garcia Marquez combined. Literature gave way to biology at this point, however, as from here we set off

downstream by canoe (motor powered) on a five-day trip into the rainforest. Our guide, Adonis, romantically clad in nothing but shorts, T-shirt and a machete, seemed the epitome of *machismo*, but combined this with impeccable English and an encyclopaedic knowledge of the biology of the rain-forest.

We saw monkeys, snakes, parrots and a peccary, trekked for hours through damp forests of lianas, ficus and balsa, saw huge buttress roots supporting thin trees stretching high up towards the light and passed by maranta, peperomia, philodendrom, bromeliads — to mention only a few — and of course palms of many different sizes and properties. Adonis showed us how to roof a hut with one kind of leaf, make a Panama hat with another, and outraged our ecological consciences by chopping down a palm so that we could try fresh palm heart! An orchid research station, a potter's hut and a blow-gun demonstration were included in our trip, as well as fishing for piranhas — we didn't catch any, though the Indian guide did — and hunting for caymans (South American alligators) by night on Lake Limoncocha.

The most spine-chilling wild life was to be found in the Indian huts that we slept in, however, with the surrounding jungle ringing nightly with the shrieks and yells of so-called Biologists discovering the cockroaches, spiders (big) and centipedes that lurked in candle-lit corners. We slept mainly on the floor, except when afflicted with the inevitable Montezuma's revenge, when it was more sensible to keep moving, and so scrunching cockroaches before bed was a necessity. Amidst all the biology, I kept up the linguistic research by noting down some rudimentary Quechua (the Language of the Incas) from the Indian children in one of the villages where we stayed. Culture was never wholly abandoned, and an 18th birthday celebration round a bonfire in the rain-forest was an opportunity for us all to learn the lambada and the salsa — and the real meaning of the Spanish word *aguardiente*: firewater!

In the course of this jungle expedition, R.E.M., to universal delight, fell in the river, and D.W.J. tried his Tarzan imitation on a liana that wasn't quite up to it; but the real drama touched us early in the trip when Helen Cox was bitten by a monkey, and needed two stitches in her leg. We found a doctor to do this — not as easy as it sounds in the rain-forest — but the real worry was rabies. Eventually, on our return to civilisation, and after many phone calls, we located some rabies vaccine of the kind that wouldn't entail Helen's hospitalisation for the rest of the trip, and had it flown into Quito from the coastal town of Guayaquil. Thereafter, Helen endured with great patience a

series of injections as we continued our travels round Ecuador, and D.W.J. had the unenviable job of keeping vaccine at -8° in a tropical climate.

Immediately on our return to Quito from the rain-forest we flew out to Baltra on the Galapagos Islands some 600 miles off the coast of Ecuador, and spent the next week cruising round the islands. There we were able to recover a little from the rigours of our safari, as our two boats sailed the Pacific, stopping off at a different island each day so that we could see the wild life. I had expected this to be a dauntingly biological part of the trip, but even to one who barely scraped O level in the subject, the islands were a revelation. They are a national park, run by Ecuador, with supposedly limited tourism and guides to ensure that visitors keep to restricted paths, taking only photographs and leaving only footprints. In reality, of course, even one boatload of visitors is probably too many if "Darwin's Islands" are to retain their endemic species and unique habitat.

The charm of these volcanic islands does not lie in the scenery — largely monochrome, bare, scrubby and unexciting apart from some beautiful coral beaches — but in the birds and animals, many of them found only in the Galapagos and all of them to all intents and purposes tame. We saw marine and land iguanas, red-footed and blue-footed boobies, sealions, pelicans, dolphins, mocking birds, sally lightfoot crabs, the most northerly penguins in the world, frigate birds, albatrosses, a Galapagos hawk, endless finches and of course the giant tortoises which give the islands their name.

I confess to being largely bored by birds, but when you can walk right past a booby on its nest or a pelican lands beside you on the boat, then you cannot but be intrigued. For the most part unafraid of man, these animals are like creatures of Narnia, and the peaceful co-existence of visitors and wild life gives the islands a unique atmosphere which all those who have visited them must want to preserve for future generations. This is the purpose of the Charles Darwin Research Station on Santa Cruz island, which is amongst other things attempting to re-populate the islands with the giant tortoises that are threatened in many areas. As a great-great grand-daughter of Charles Darwin, Philippa Luard blushingly signed the visitors book here, while D.W.J. enrolled Stowe as a member of the "Friends of Galapagos," the fund-raising arm of the Research Station.

In addition to sunbathing, swimming and snorkelling were popular, if chilly, activities here — at least until the first shark was sighted. But not everything was wild life of a biological

kind. Stowe and Rugby, having by now gone through thick and thin together and being old hands at braving the first fifteen minutes of the average house dance, took on the challenge of the deserted Iguana discotheque on San Cristobal Island. Before you could say Puerto Baquerizo Moreno (and even the inhabitants of the town found that difficult) the floor was crowded with locals who came to join in the fun.

Reluctantly we left the peace of the Galapagos and flew back to Quito to rejoin Julio, our ever-smiling bus driver who was all set to whisk us off north of the capital to stay for a couple of nights in the Andes in a colonial-style *hosteria*. We walked in the mountains and visited Ottavalo where the large Indian market proved a magnet to those of us with money left. We spent a night camping in the Andes, which was not quite as cold as we had feared, and then for some there followed a long walk around Lake Cuicocha which, at a height of 3,500 metres, proved a real test of stamina. Before returning to Quito for our last night on Ecuadorean soil we went to a *pena* — an evening of Indian folk music, saw our first llamas and picnicked at 3,800 metres at the foot of the volcano Cotopaxi.

Back in civilization it was time for the last scramble to buy presents and for a farewell dinner before we left for the airport at 5.30 the following morning. Time too to reflect a little on what we were leaving. I have never felt so obviously a tourist as I did in Ecuador, even though I spoke the language. This was partly because I felt so tall in comparison to the majority of the Indian population, and partly because of my relative wealth. In a country where you can buy Coca Cola for 8p and a three course meal in a top restaurant for £4, all Europeans are rich. It was strange too to see that, away from the capital, there were hardly any advertisements: the walls everywhere were covered in graffiti, but always of a political kind, even though this is one of the most stable countries in South America.

Biologically speaking, I had seen at first hand the wealth and the fragility of the rain-forest, the species that inspired Darwin and a baby turtle being eaten by a frigate bird; I had had my first-ever geology lessons when climbing a volcanic crater on Bartolome Island and clambering down a lava tube on Santa Cruz; I had crossed the equator, held a boa constrictor (well a small one) and discovered what altitude sickness can feel like. Now, as we heard for the last time the traditional South American round of applause as the plane landed safely, we were back in what suddenly seemed a very small country. Would they mind a machete in the luggage? Was a blow-pipe a lethal weapon? A

browner, thinner and undoubtedly dirtier group of people straggled through Heathrow customs one early morning in August, bearing balsa wood parrots, rolls of film and indelible memories. Stowe and Rugby, staff and pupils, had formed friendships firmly based on the shared agonies and joys of an amazing trip. We are all indebted to D.W.J. for the inspiration and the perspiration involved in organising the whole venture. The only problem with South American is that you want to go back — anyone for Peru?

R.E.M.

The Stowe Party comprised: David James, Rosemary Masters, Chloe Walker, Philippa Luard, Tim Arlon, Christian Marr, Helen Cox, Robert Wachman, Emily Trustram-Eve, Jessica Blakemore, Pippa Thompson, Araminta Milward and Georgiana Hopkinson-Woolley.



McELWEE PRESENTATIONS

On Saturday, October 5th, 1990 the Paul Dobinson Memorial Theatre was the scene of a most successful pair of lectures which appropriately for 1990 both dealt with Russia and its past.

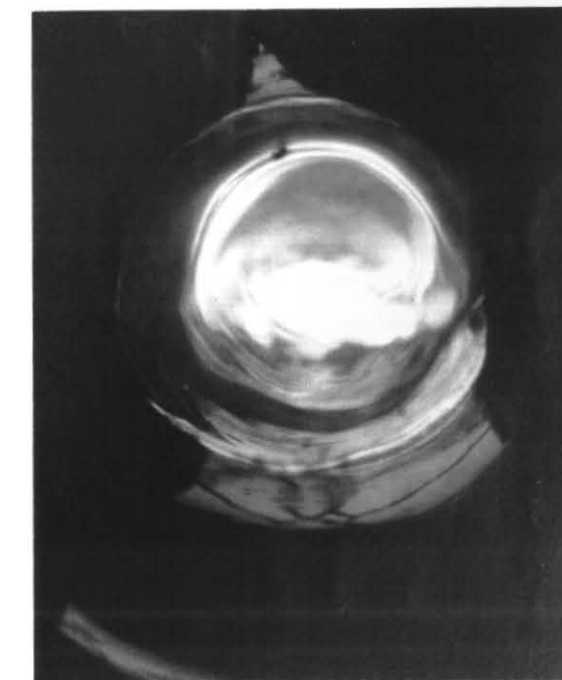
Nicolas Mynett, the 'runner-up' started with an off-beat account of his journey by train in the steps of Lenin on his voyage in the sealed train from Zürich to the Finland Station, Leningrad in April 1917. Owing to an accident with his camera his talk had to rely for its effect on his dry humour, thoughtful prose and a few snaps in the Epidiascope. He did, in fact, produce some amusing episodes and a real feel for the cities of Leipzig, Berlin and Stockholm, through which he passed. He also explained the circumstances of Lenin's journeys, including his violent distaste for the smoking habits of his 30 companions. It says much for his skill as a communicator that he held the rapt attention of his audience for nearly half an hour. He had clearly enjoyed the varied experiences of his

journey and shewed the speed with which Eastern Europe is changing, for such a venture would have been unthinkable even one year ago.

Camilla Squirrell and Geraldine Mitchell-Smith, the prize winners, then gave an equally polished account including slides, snaps and a sophisticated antiphonal delivery of their visit to "Moscow and Leningrad to study their cultural and historical differences." They were able to illustrate many facets of Russia's development from its Slav and Byzantine inspired origins, as seen in the Kremlin, to the violent lurch by Peter the Great towards the West as seen in the colourful and Italianised Baroque palaces and public buildings of Leningrad gleaming as the summer sun sparkled on its golden domes. Their visit to the depressing grey blocks of Murmansk and the suburbs of Moscow were one of a number of grim reminders of the direction the Soviet Union took after 1917. They managed to give a vivid picture of life in Russia in 1990 and of some of the worst horrors of the Stalin years with their lively anecdotes and answers to questions at the end.

In all, the three speakers gave a scholarly dimension to their talks, which as David Part, Chairman of the McElwee Trustees, indicated was one of the major objectives of the Travel Award. The talks though sharing a common theme in journeys to Russia, were complementary in their subjects and in their styles of lecture. I hope that talks, of such a high calibre will attract some equally strong candidates this year, when the two prizes available could be worth nearly £1,000 each.

A.A.V.R.



Photograph by P. D. de M. Oyens (MVI)



Photograph by E. A. G. Shillington



Photograph by S. J. Cunard (MVI)

BEFORE THE CONCERT

I was talking to Syd, who neither drank nor smoked nor ever ate anything other than salad. His head was shaven, he wore purple T-shirts and always carried his guitar with him wherever he went. We were sitting on an enormous loud-speaker in front of the stage, technicians bustling busily about us, hanging multicoloured lights. The chief technician was called Martin. He lit his next cigarette and asked me, "So Paris, mate, anything interesting happen to you recently?"

"Yes," I replied, "I went to see Charlie."

"Who?"

"This maniac," I explained, "who killed an acquaintance of mine, Oliver, in order to fulfil some prophecy or something."

"Come again, John?" said Martin.

"It was like this," I said. "A still oppressive night, last Tuesday. I'd been near the port, visiting a friend and on the way home, in the harsh white neon glare of the streetlamps, I saw the most shocking thing: a man hanging quite lifelessly by his neck, from the crossbar of a streetlamp, his eyes like straining champagne corks about to pop, his face black and bloated, his tongue, like a blood pudding, protruding horribly from his mouth."

"No!" exclaimed Martin, "Really?"

"Sort of thing happens every day," said Syd, as if I had described a dog fouling the pavement.

"It's true," I went on. "A shadowy clump of men were loitering there and one lay motionless in the road. I tried to make a run for it but they caught me and dragged me back, made me identify the corpse as Oliver and beat me with coshes until I was unconscious."

"When I woke up I was in the dark, conscious of the fact that I was in a space no bigger than this speaker"—I tapped it—"and that there was someone else in there with me. Luckily for us some dock-workers hauled us out almost immediately, having noticed the missing oil-drum, which is what they had put us in before carefully rolling us into the sea. We would have died in what — Fifteen? — Twenty minutes at the most."

"You expect us to believe that?" said Martin with a smile, lighting his next cigarette.

"I don't care if you don't," I answered, "but let me continue: the next day I went to see this guy, Charlie, who had put us down there and" — I was interrupted:

"How did you know it was him?" said Syd.

"With his magical powers," said Martin,

with somewhat watery venom.

"No. The fellow in the drum told me: he was some relative of Oliver's and he said that this Charlie had tried to kill both of them and that he was mad and that he was also a genius and a concert pianist with a history degree, or something. Anyway, I knew, so I went to his flat, on the fifteenth floor of a very expensive block, here in London. I was admitted by a servant and felt very uncomfortable in my shabby clothes. They seemed to be expecting me and I was shown into the living room.

"It was possibly the strangest room I had ever seen. Three of its four walls bore ornate doors, each guarded by two suits of medieval armour, holding weapons. The fourth wall was made entirely of glass and behind it, among weeds and rocks and the rotten remains of a little boat, moved all manner of brightly coloured sea-creatures. It was a fantastic spectacle: a bright bubbling shard of ocean on the fifteenth floor."

"I believe you," said Martin, lighting his next cigarette.

"Go on," said Syd.

"In the middle of the room, on a scaffold, stood a guillotine, illuminated by spotlights in whose shadow was a white grand piano. A man — who looked like a neat grey-haired blue-eyed waxwork in a dark suit — was playing it with sparkling ability: I took this to be my host. As he showed no flicker of interest in my arrival, I waited for him to finish and eventually he turned to me and, still playing said, 'Hello Paris.'

"I was startled that he knew my name but quickly responded, 'Hullo Charlie.' He was not startled. I told him where I had spent the preceding night, told him that Rupert (the fellow in the drum) had told me all about him and that I knew what he had done. He denied everything.

'I don't know you,' he said, 'and I don't know what rubbish you're talking about.' I gazed at him with an expressionless face.

"In the water a fish was killed: torn unceremoniously apart by a bigger one with sharper teeth. The remains drifted down to the sand and lured out the little crabs who picked silently at them, relinquishing the safety of the shadow for a meal.

"Charlie had stopped playing and was leaning against the warm glass wall. I told him everything, about the hanging, the oil-drum, everything. It was marvellous to watch the man squirm, I enjoyed it tremendously."

"Then what happened?" asked Syd.

Martin lit his next cigarette.

"Well," I continued, "I clambered up onto

the guillotine and ran my finger carefully along the blade: it was terribly sharp.

'A fake?' I asked, tapping it.

'No,' he said uneasily, 'of course not. It was built in 1793. The rope's the only part that isn't original.'

'Anyway,' I resumed with glee, 'Where was I Oh — Yes I've often wondered why you didn't hang us as well. Run out of rope or something?'

'There was no reply. He was standing with his back to me, facing the fish tank. I went on:

'It wasn't very thorough of you to leave us alive, was it Charlie? Not like you at all, but I suppose you thought we were as good as dead. Gave you quite a turn when I walked in here, evidently in very good health, did it? What's more, Rupert's probably naming names even as we speak. Disquieting thought, isn't it?'

'The basket's not original either,' he said dreamily.

'Slightly confused by the incoherence of this remark, I glanced curiously down at the basket on the far side of the blade. It contained nothing but a cleanly severed head. Rupert's head.

'A flashbulb burst behind my eyes. Speechless. I actually forgot all the words I had ever known, they became shapeless blobs. Speak? I couldn't even think, and when I did it was merely in disbelief. I couldn't take my eyes off the head, which didn't seem real somehow. I heard Charlie walk over to the piano and start playing the 'Funeral March.'

'You see,' his voice said, 'Rupert won't be naming any names and neither my dear Paris, will you.'

'He burst out laughing and said, 'The look on your face . . .' I felt a vague sense of fear, dully in the pit of my stomach.

'Why?' I asked in a naive monotone, 'Why did you kill him?'

'Why, my dear chap? Why?' he asked, apparently amazed. 'You said yourself that it was sloppy to leave him alive. I was just tidying up a loose end. Besides, he came here with the intention of killing me, one of us had to go and it was to be him. But don't worry Paris, your turn is coming.'

'You must be off your bloody onion,' I cried, bravely, for I was inwardly vomiting, defecating with terror. 'I'm leaving and I'm leaving now.'

'I turned to go but he called after me, 'The doors are locked and if you don't kill me first I most certainly intend to kill you, here and now.'

'Indeed, the doors were locked so I said, 'Just open the door and let me out you bloody madman.'

'Mad?' He said, quite surprised, 'Me? I'm not mad, Paris: I'm astonishingly rational. Tell me, are you afraid of quick, painless death?'

'Yes,' I replied, 'I am. Any sort of death. Let me out.'

'Why? Why are you so afraid to leave this harsh world behind you? All it is is work, jealousy and disappointment. For each moment of joy you feel, you have been racked by hours of despair, for every second of exhilaration, days and days of tedium. I put our friend out of his misery.' He motioned towards the basket. 'I did him a kindness. He felt no pain, I assure you. It comes to all of us, Paris, to you and to me, if not today then tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow. Our lives are empty, they are rough and hot and close — and death — endless, peaceful, idyllic death — is so smooth. Being the prophet, it is my task to show ignorant people, such as him, and you, the way.'

'Stupefied by his earnestness I cried, 'Life isn't empty. Life is everything. Everything. I don't want to die.'

'How irrational,' he said, in a voice fraught with concern and, standing up, he walked over to the nearest suit of armour, prising the sword carefully from its metal hands.

'Seize a weapon,' he commanded, waving it aggressively in my direction.

'Just let me out!' I shrieked, terror filling my chest like iced water. 'Let me out of here!'

'Seize a weapon and fight like a man.'

'No!' I cried, retreating. 'I won't!'

'Then,' he informed me, 'I shall strike you down defenceless.' He began to move towards me, recklessly brandishing the sword above his head. I backed away and snatched a mace from an indifferent suit of armour. It was much heavier than I had expected and I swung it feebly towards him.

This caused him great mirth. He laughed until the tears welled in his eyes and bellowed, 'A man indeed. You're as helpless as a new born bloody rat!'

'I threw down the mace and the resulting clang startled him into silence.

'You,' I breathed, 'are scum of the most despicable kind. Look at me!' — For his eyes had fallen to the floor like those of a scolded child, but now he looked up at me and I saw that he was afraid. The sword hung limply by his side, his whole face was amazed and frightened.

'I had a curious feeling of absolute power over him and felt a disturbingly desperate urge to destroy him utterly.

'Are you afraid of death?' I asked. He didn't reply, but was evidently terrified of something.

The urge grew stronger and stronger until I could fight it no more and suddenly willed him gone. Instantly he vanished with a shrill cry and in a searing burst of light and scorching heat, rather like an expensive firework, but leaving not even a cloud of smoke to mark where he had once stood. The sword alone remained, lying quietly on the floor.

'I calmly replaced the weapons in their iron owners' hands, closed the piano and left.'

I paused for effect.

'What a load of crap,' said Martin, lighting his next cigarette.

Syd smiled wryly and looked about to say something when a junior technician called Stu approached us and said everything was ready for the forthcoming concert.

D. I. G. Szalay (VI)

NEPAL '90

From the outset, this year's expedition was hampered by misfortune: the coach that was to take us to Heathrow died under us before leaving the North Front and we arrived at the airport, in a replacement, only to discover that our flight was several hours delayed. From then on we fell prey to a host of setbacks and tribulations: a serious case of amoebic dysentery and a severely sprained ankle, a smattering of sun-stroke cases; sweaty, puncture-prone Nepali buses; and not least, a team leader who, epitomising his own incompetence, nearly drowned himself: he leapt, with a pair of heavy hiking boots on his feet, no life jacket and a puerile abandon, into a treacherous rock-strewn stretch of rapids. His death was averted only by the valour of one of the expedition members. Thus cursed with inept leadership, the stalwart team found itself in Kathmandu during the anti-government riots and had to make its way warily from the bus terminus to its guest house through the deepening gloom, crowds of angrily chanting demonstrators, heaps of burning tyres and some very noisy firecrackers.

But Kathmandu was not always so inhospitable towards us: arriving in the city for the first time, somewhat blotchy from our travels, we were draped with garlands of yellow flowers and served tea on the roof of the Mandla Guest House. We shopped. Clothes, knives, figurines, butterfly-teacup-house-lotus-peacock contraptions were all thrust upon us by street sellers, as was other merchandise, neither so readily nor cheaply available in England. The art of haggling was honed by all, many photos were taken of temples and curious peasants and dahlbat was sampled, with not a little trepidation.

Unfortunately, the trek itself turned out to be rather abortive. Continually waylaid by mishaps, we only managed to struggle one fifth of

the distance we had originally intended to walk and spent an extraordinary amount of time paralysed by medical problems. Mercifully, all the practicalities of sleeping under canvas were handled by our retinue, a grinning band of jokers led by Krishna, whose spirit seemed uncrushable, irksomely so when it rained: 'Sanche cha, smoking time, sanche.' Each morning we were woken at six with the apparently traditional Nepali salutation of 'cuppertee' and a cup of tea, invariably glutinous with sugar. The food, our expectations previously lowered by dismal stories, was at first a pleasant surprise, but seemed to become steadily less edible as the days passed and the narrowness of the chef's repertoire began to tell until stale Dairy Milks and pineapple creams became our staple diet.

It was therefore a somewhat bedraggled team that made its weary way to the Trisuli River, there to conquer the famous rapids. This successfully accomplished, but for our leader's unintentional suicide attempt, we wandered sleepily to the site of our next task: to photograph the great but fearfully reclusive Chitwanian Rhino. Civilisation greeted us in the jungle: buildings, beds, tables, chairs and hot showers: after Annapurna the flea-ridden squalor seemed paradise. We went on a bird-walk extremely early in the morning and saw a fascinating kingfisher, a village walk and saw natives engaged in such traditional pursuits as smoking Marlboro and wearing Iron Maiden T-shirts and a remarkably uneventful jungle walk. The highlight was an elephant ride, during the course of which we successfully completed our task and captured some irate rhinoceroses, albeit only on film.

Ultimately, we were very lucky. The day after we left Kathmandu to return home the airport was closed owing to the growing seriousness of the pro-democracy riots and, indeed, several European tourists were, in isolated instances, caught up in the violence. On the way back we spent an impatient but air-conditioned night in Karachi, as if being slowly eased back into real life; and the next morning, in a barely half-full plane, began the long journey back to London, stopping en route, the pilgrims of a consumer society, to witness the Duty Free miracle at Dubai.

The trip, for all its troubles and discomforts and moments when everyone wished they had never come, was a success. The team failed to reach Muktinah, the professed goal of the expedition, but no-one, I think was very put out by this. Almost no-one. Muktinah or no Muktinah, the journey will always remain in my mind as a fantastic, dream-like experience, far removed from anything I had ever done before.

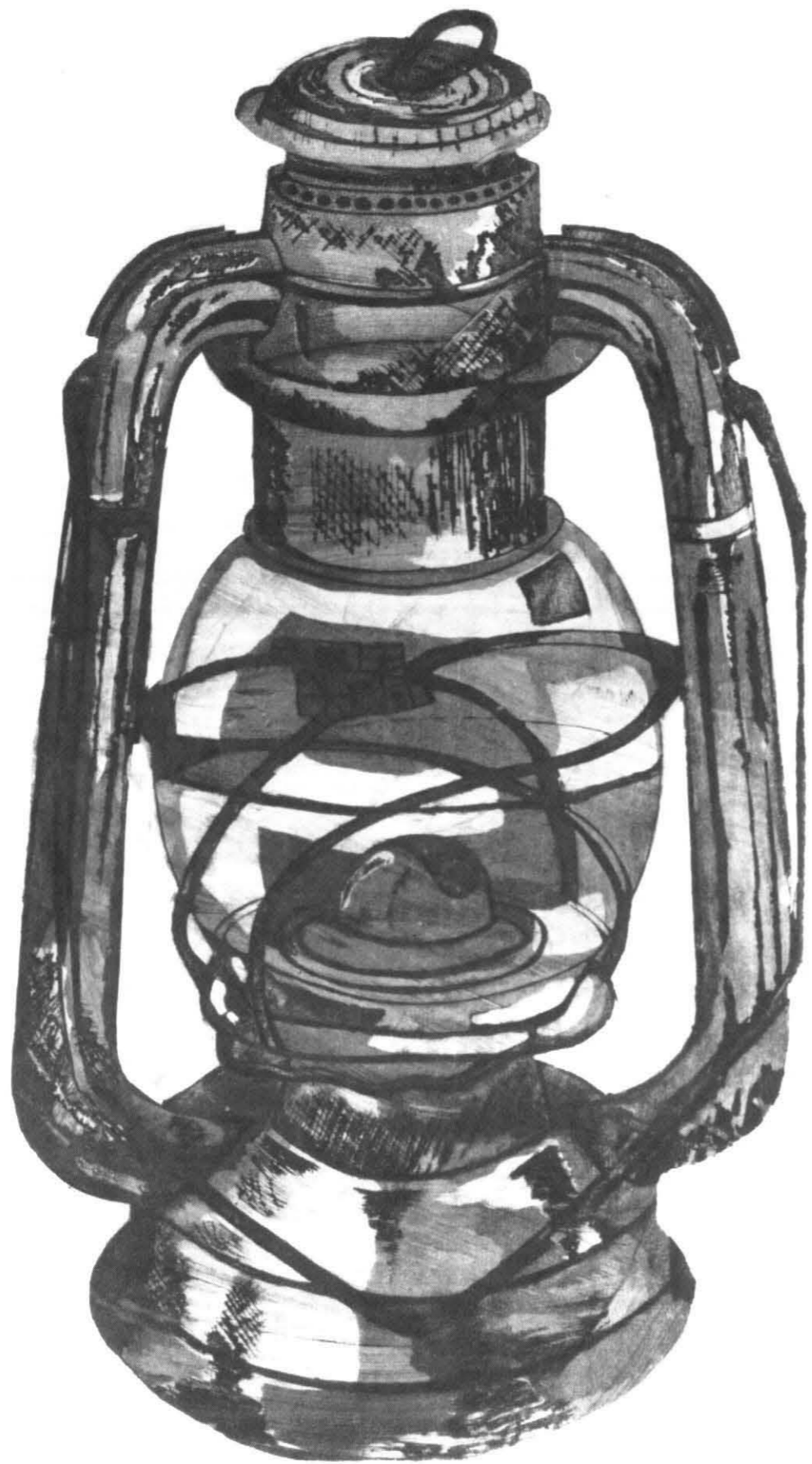
D. I. G. Szalay (VI)



Photograph by J. A. Cazalet (MVI)



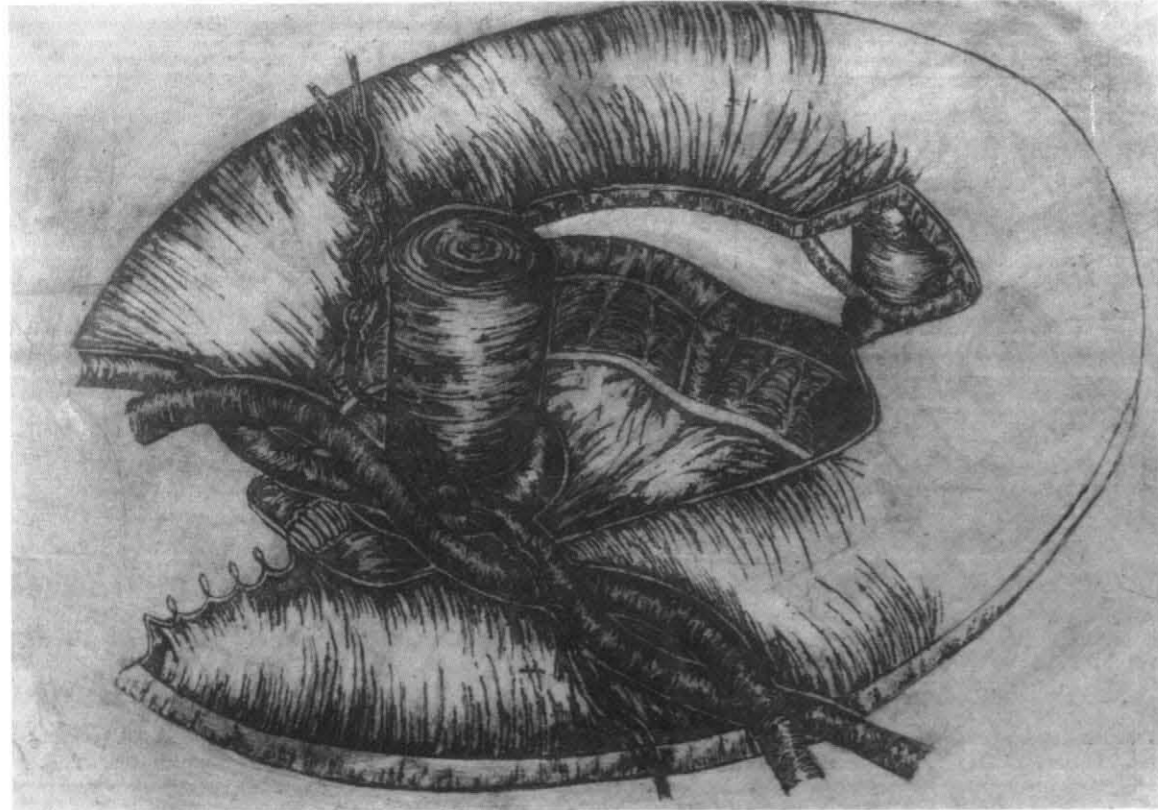
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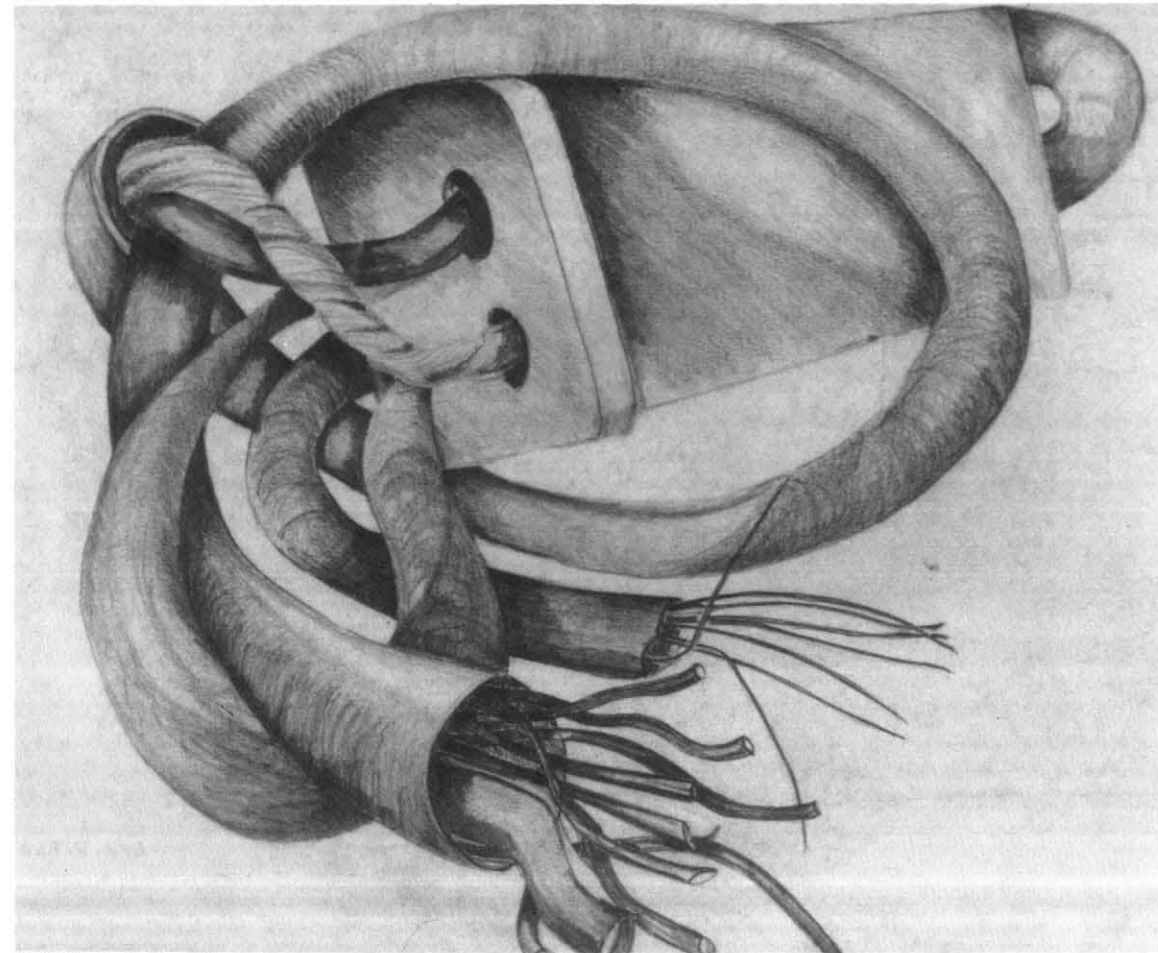
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By Elizabeth A. Larcombe



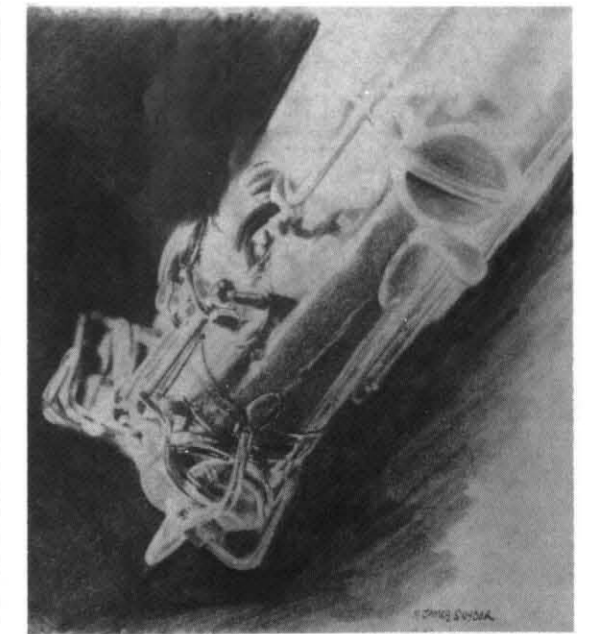
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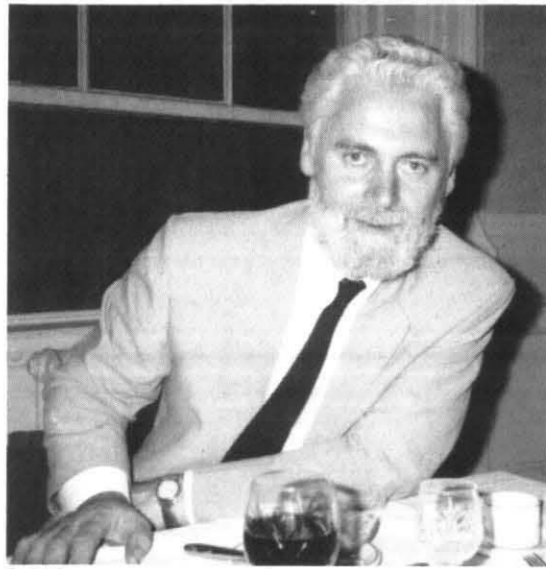
By Sally A. J. Kennett
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By A. I. Scorer (VC)



By M. J. Snyder (MVI)



D.F.G.



A.R.P.

Photographs by P.A.S.F.



Crossfire: James Larcombe and Douglas Marcuse. We refer readers to Mr. Marcuse's splendid sermon in the last *Stoic*

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SOCIETY

CHAPEL

There are always two highlights in the Summer Term. The first is the confirmation service. This year there were 30 of our own candidates and 11 from Thornton College, and for the first time in my seven years here the weather was glorious, matching the service itself. The second highlight, which comes all too quickly, is the Leavers' Service. This happened to fall on John the Baptist's day and so enabled us to put the service together around that theme, with ample help from a group of leavers, despite the Leavers' Ball the previous night.

In May the Chapel sponsored a performance of *The Map*, a semi-allegorical play written for and performed by Theatre Roundabout. This was a thought-provoking performance that took many themes from the Old and New Testaments and wove them into a pilgrimage theme.

This term we have decided to make a determined effort to resurrect the chapel choir, and to reverse the rather strange anti-singing custom. I am glad to say that Mr. James Henderson is making progress on this front. I am looking forward to some good anthems, and a firm lead in the congregational singing, which has got off to a very good start. (Some would say it is because I have been choosing more popular hymns!)

My thanks to Dave Walsh, the chapel cleaner, who has done magnificently over the past six months or so in restoring a shine to some rather neglected woodwork, and to the three chapel staff, Jimmy Hill, Henry Worth and Adrian Haviland: life would have been very tricky without their dedicated service. Although others will have written at length elsewhere, I want to offer my personal thanks to David Gatehouse for all the effort that he has put into the Chapel Worship over the years, and for the support he has given to me in introducing new hymns, even when they were not altogether to his taste. I wish him and Sylvia all the very best in the future.

M.C.S.S.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY

The meetings took place in the State Music Room, with the talk or presentation followed by discussion and coffee. They were attended by all 'A' level candidates in English and other interested listeners. The average attendance was in excess of 60.

I am particularly grateful to Christian Marr for his work as Secretary. His flawless efficiency and sustained seriousness of interest

was a major contribution to the quality of tone achieved in the Society this year.

Each meeting was preceded by drinks and supper in the Blue Room. Some appropriately selected Stoics were able to meet the visiting speaker in more informal surroundings.

On 20th September, 1989, Dr. Bernard Richards, Tutor in English at Brasenose College, Oxford, presented an illustrated talk on representations of rural life in Nineteenth Century paintings and literature. This well illustrated the complementary nature of the two art forms.

On All Saints' Day, 1989, Dr. Helen Barr kindly came across from Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, despite her recent injury in a road accident, and gave a compelling talk on 'The Knight's Tale,' explaining how Chaucer had altered myth to suit his own purposes. The surrealist comparison with Roald Dahl's 'Red Riding Hood' arrested immediate attention.

The new decade opened with our usual Sixth Form literary Armageddon Manqué as authenticated by Dr. David Fleeman, Tutor in English at Pembroke College, Oxford, and some-time President of the Samuel Johnson Society. He contrasted Henry Fielding and Emily Bronte as novelists and invested his bias for the former with his customary rhetorical command. The house divided against itself in fury with the Picaresque supporters lambasting the Romantics. Dr. Fleeman sat back to watch the rumpus with the feigned mild surprise one might associate with one of Fielding's Eighteenth-Century squires.

At a small reception before that meeting, we celebrated a landmark in the history of Stowe literature. A letter written by Samuel Johnson to Elizabeth Way had recently been discovered in a cardboard box in the School Library. Dr. Fleeman verified its authenticity and gave an enlightening talk about its importance. He provided a valuation and the Chairman of the Governors declared later that the School could keep this treasure, with the Bursar arranging for its display in a secure but prominent position in the main building. We look forward to seeing it on permanent display.

Things had calmed down appropriately for the visit on 9th March, 1990, of Mr. Andrew Mayne, the Head of the English Department at the Manchester Grammar School. He presented a very scholarly and closely argued textual analysis of 'Macbeth,' with particular reference to the central character's shifting sense of morality.

A lively contribution to 'A' level revision work comprised the first meeting after Easter. E2A put on two scenes from 'Hamlet,' directed by P.A.S.F., and one from 'Macbeth,' directed

by S.G.A.H. Each of these three scenes was acted in two completely different ways, proving the point that no single, fixed interpretation can be imposed upon a Shakespeare play. Excellent acting performances were provided by Miles Nottage, Luke Wates, Aidan Whitehall and Jessamy Huntley.

In the final meeting of the academic year, P.A.S.F. spoke about the tragedy of dilemma in 'Hamlet.'

We anticipate a similarly varied programme at our meetings in the coming academic year. David Szalay will serve as Secretary.

P.A.S.F.

POLITICAL SOCIETY

Last year the Political Society had seven speakers at its meetings. The list included Mr. David McDonough — an Old Stoic who founded the Society and returned to speak on its twentieth anniversary — Dr. S. A. Masey and Dr. R. W. E. Harrington, the School doctor, who both gave their views on the N.H.S. White Paper and how it affected them as doctors. The following speaker was the Green Party Candidate for Aylesbury, but his party support was not strengthened as a result of the meeting.

The next meeting of the Political Society had Ann Carlton as the speaker, an adviser to various Labour leaders in the 1970's, who worked at the Labour Party's Headquarters. The two speakers following Ann Carlton both spoke on European Community Policy: Mr. Andrew Durand from Buckingham University spoke on the Impact of E.E.C. law on Britain, and Mr. James Elles, a Member of the European Parliament, spoke at the next meeting on the subject of the history and effect of the European Parliament. The last speaker of the year was Mr. Ken Forder, a diplomat based at the U.S. Embassy in London, and his topic was the President and the formation of U.S. foreign policy.

The Society last year was chaired by Jessica Blakemore, but this year the Secretary is I. P. B. Darányi, and the first meeting was on October 9th. The guest was The Rt. Revd. Richard Harris, Bishop of Oxford, who stressed the importance of the rôle of Christianity in politics.

I. P. B. Darányi (Secretary)

THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Since the last report, the Society has had four meetings on subjects spanning many centuries, from the Dark Ages to the Weimar Republic. The meetings are productive not only in furthering knowledge of the period studied for 'A

level, but also in providing Stoic historians with a wider grasp of the subject as a whole.

The 157th meeting was held on the 4th May, 1990, and the talk was given by Mr. R. Besell, of the Open University. He discussed the Collapse of Weimar Germany and how this brought about Hitler's success.

The 158th meeting was entitled, The Bridge-water Inheritance, given on the 18th May by Dr. Michael Turner, of Hull University. His arresting sub-title, "Land acquisition as a substitute for sex," captured the interest of his audience.

There have been two meetings since the beginning of the academic year. The first, entitled "The Later Stuart Political Scene," was given by Dr. John Morrill, Selwyn, Cambridge, on 21st September, 1990. The strength of attendance was matched by that of the talk itself.

The 160th meeting was held on 12th October. The illustrated talk entitled "The Collapse of the Roman World and Advent of the Dark Ages" — was given by Dr. B. R. Ward Perkins, Trinity, Oxford. He compared the decline in Britain and Italy after the Roman collapse, and the long road to re-establishing their former standards of civilization. Questioning from the floor was extensive.

Both of the meetings this term have seen high standards set by both speaker and audience, which we look forward to continuing throughout the year under Mr. Rudolf's able guidance.

Camilla J. Squirrell (Secretary)

SCIENCE SOCIETY

Science Society activities resumed this term, after a break, with a fascinating introduction to the new and exciting branch of mathematics, embodied in 'Chaos Theory,' by one of our own Physics staff, Mr. Collins. Running the whole gamut of visual aids, from projected demonstrations to closed-circuit T.V. and computer simulations, he enthused the large audience crammed in Lab. 51 with dramatic illustrations of chaotic yet mathematically described everyday phenomena from a swinging pendulum (in a magnetic field) to a dripping tap, and the stunning, never-ending visual patterns produced by fractal geometry.

The next lecture, after half term, will be home-grown too, with Dr. Orger providing some 'Light Entertainment' with a team of 'Excited Molecules' from the Chemistry Labs. The end of term sees us welcome back Cmdr. Brett Knowles to present his action-packed demonstration lecture 'Radar' for the Junior Science Society.

In response to an invitation from St. Edward's to attend their annual Science Society Gauntlett Memorial Lecture, a carload of LVI volunteers made the journey to hear Dr. Graham Richards of Oxford University lecture on the use of massive modern computing power and remarkable molecular graphics, together with chemical synthesis, to design modern drugs. It was heartening to find that despite all the sophisticated software, 'bench' chemists were still badly needed to bring the designs to fruition — Glaxo for one were paying City level salaries to new graduate recruits to that end!

**B.H.O.
S.O.C.**

CROSSFIRE

What is it that brings a buzzing crowd together once a week in the ambience of the Temple Room on a Friday evening? Perhaps, surprisingly, it is an interest in what the good Book has to say to anyone who is prepared to listen. 'If a man's Bible is coming apart, it is an indication that he himself is fairly well put together.' This society has continued to meet to welcome a cross-section of the community at Stowe in the context of a Christian forum. Over the past few terms the subjects under discussion have ranged from Paul's letters to the Ephesians and Philippians to Christian answers about doctrine and the character of God. This autumn the topics are very down to earth: authority, ambition, addiction and agape to name but a few. An increased interest of late has seen eighty in attendance; happy to share coffee, song, prayer and exposition by a visiting speaker. Realism, conviction and humour abound. There has been an openness, friendliness and seriousness in good balance. In the Summer of 1989, the committee was led by Anthony Bewes, Christopher Carpenter and James Legg. Later, that Autumn, there were Rupert Fisher, Jojo Steel, Neil Jackson and Henry Worthy holding the reins. This academic year sees Elizabeth Larcombe and Christopher Goodwin-Hudson taking on new responsibility with other willing committee members. In any one term it is hoped that there will be a touch of music, drama and stimulating ideas that will keep this a thriving meeting.

J.M.L.

BRIDGE

The House teams competition was won by Walpole, and the Pairs Cup by the Wrefords from Bruce. Stowe joined the Eton heat of the *Daily Mail* Cup; the team (D. Wreford (Capt.), N. Jackson (Secretary), S. Whitehead and M. Wreford) came fourth. Unfortunately only two teams qualified for the semi-final.

Stowe was not so successful in matches against other schools, being narrowly defeated by both Bedford and Radley. With the welcome influx of new bridge players from the lower end of the school, we hope to get our revenge this year. Bidding technique is getting close attention from the team.

The club has a relaxed and informal atmosphere, and all Stoics are welcome to try it. It is fun, and not as hard as people think. Captain for 1990/91 season is S. J. Whitehead.

Emma C. Hornby (Secretary)

ANACREON

We held two or three meetings a term as usual last year, visiting the Hornbys, Larcombes, Miss Pratt and the Nichols. We are very grateful to these hosts, who let us loose in their kitchens, particularly to those who were unable to share the results of our labours because of inescapable engagements. Particularly memorable were Chris Balmer's starter of smoked salmon and the American meal created by Sam Hoare and Oliver Goldstein; most of us had not tried Molson, a Canadian lager, before.

In July Emily Trustram Eve handed over the Secretaryship to Hannah Baker, who has organised two meetings so far, both well up to standard in terms of culinary skill displayed. Alex Saary and Fletcher Morgan kept it simple with Boeuf Stroganoff and Banana Split, both very successful. Alex has obviously cooked a bit. A nugent triumvirate (Isabel Kerger, Angela Klat and Lorna Struthers) claimed that they had not cooked before but, again keeping it simple, made an excellent job of Roast Chicken and Apple Pie. Their starter of Avocado and Prawns was both delicious and extravagant!

G.M.H.

CLASSICAL WORLD

This term has seen the launch of Classical World, a brand new society meeting before supper on Tuesdays. A small committee of select specialists has been hard at work organising a varied programme of serious and fun events.

The first was a lively introductory talk on Greek tragedy by Messrs. Meredith and Kreeger, complete with video versions and perversions of famous plays. This was in part a prelude to the moving production in the Paul Dobinson Memorial Theatre of *Hippolytus*. It was a double first: it was the first time this new Theatre was used for a full length play and it was the premiere of Shoestring Theatre Company's adaptation which is now on tour

around the country. Other classicists ventured down to Wycombe Abbey to see another of Euripides' powerful plays, the *Bacchae*, with its chorus of ardent females. Plans for subsequent activities include rhetorical and gastronomic experiences and possibly a visit to Greece next year.

M.J.B.

COMMUNITY SERVICE

Annual Report for 1989-1990

The year was a busy one for Community Service, with an average of 72 Stoics visiting Buckingham and the surrounding villages in each of three terms. Most weekly calls are just social visits, to relieve loneliness, and to bring a new dimension to the lives of the elderly in Buckingham. However, Stoics also give help around the house, including gardening and decorating, and in one case giving piano lessons to a lady of 90!

Paul Boswell, Tim Eastock-Taylor, Nick Dobbs and Michael Robinson have been visiting houses for the mentally handicapped in Buckingham and Winslow. Camilla Benyon and Antoinette Hadida helped with the Bridge Club, which is a society set up for people recovering from mental illness. A group of mentally handicapped adults have been given swimming lessons by Stoics on Tuesday afternoons.

The Community Service Committee was formed last year, in an attempt to involve Stoics more closely with the running and growth of Community Service. It comprised R.E.M. as Chairperson, D.S.B., and half a dozen Stoics. Community Service continues this year with an almost new batch of Stoics, as well as R.E.M. and D.S.B. as the new Chairperson. The committee has become increasingly involved in the weekly running of Community Service, ensuring that visits are properly conducted, and helping with general administration.

The busiest time of year for Community Service was the end of the Christmas Term, in which the customary logs and hampers were delivered to the elderly. The annual Christmas party was particularly successful, with around 150 guests, who each received presents from Father Christmas, alias J.B.D. They were exceedingly well-fed by a group of volunteers, headed by Mrs. Dobinson.

A bus and minibus service was set up to transport otherwise immobile people from Buckingham to Congreve, Staff and Lower Sixth plays. A large number of Stoics, previously unconnected with Community Service volunteered to help with seating, and in getting coffee during the interval.

At the end of the year, a Community Service tie was introduced. Its bold red and green stripes make it perhaps the most aesthetically pleasing tie in the school. It has been awarded to members of the Committee, and will, in the near future, be awarded to other long-serving and hard-working members of Community Service. The tie represents the growing importance of Community Service as a school function, as it is now considered to be large enough to have its own tie.

The three field day activities took groups of pupils to a sports centre for the disabled in the West Midlands in October, to a paper recycling plant in Maidenhead in February, and to Lord Mayor Treloar's College, Hampshire in May.

A very popular move by Community Service has been the expansion of its work into the area of caring for the environment. The recently introduced aluminium can recycling project has evoked tremendous response from Stoics. In most houses, the scheme is fully underway, and collecting many cans. The cans are crushed and sold to a recycling factory. The money raised is donated to an environmentally-connected charity. Attempts to find a company which will recycle waste paper have so far failed, but we are still trying.

Several members of Staff have helped Community Service by forming a group of Affiliated Drivers. They provide transport at times when the Community Service minibus is not available.

This has been an excellent year for Community Service, which can only improve as it increases in numbers and scope.

Angus Watson (VI)

FORESTRY (NTV) REPORT

During the Summer Term we finally completed work on the Gothic Cross area, with the exception of planting the new Yew trees to renew the old covered evergreen walkway. As it turned out, it was just as well that we did not plant up the area, since the dry summer would have cost us most of the trees.

Our attention then turned to two other long running projects. We began the work on the central spine of trees on the golf course, thinning according to a plan agreed over two years previously. Some rather difficult decisions had to be made about which trees to leave and which to keep in order to allow for full development. The first stage of the work looks to have been quite successful, but there remain some very difficult decisions to be made where there are two or three desirable trees very close together. It is never easy making an irreversible choice. I suspect that the conservation area restrictions that have been imposed on us will

make the choice even more difficult. At least we were able to get the first part of the job done without the interference of the bureaucrats; I cannot imagine that the National Trust will find it easy either. It seems to be totally insane to impose such conservation measures on an internationally famous body that is dedicated to conservation: bureaucracy gone mad!

The National Trust is engaged on a year long survey project in the grounds which will plot accurately the positions of all the trees of 100 years or more in age. Alongside this our own tree survey, which has been running for about four years will provide accurate information about the types of trees present in the grounds, their numbers, location and size. During the Summer Term we managed to complete some more areas. This has been our exclusive activity in the first half of the Autumn Term. We expect to have completed all but the Japs by Christmas, so that we can supply information to the company that is doing the main survey for the Trust. We expect to complete the Japs in the Summer Term and to publish our own detailed report then. In the meantime, there remains much clearing up still to be done from the January storms, and the inevitable preparation of firewood for the Stowe Community Service and for other members of staff.

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

CHEMISTRY FIELD TRIP

Field trip? Chemistry? This was actually a visit to the Chemistry Department at Reading University for a day of hands-on experience with instruments which we can only read about at Stowe. The course was organised as a joint venture by Reading and Stowe, and we are very grateful to Dr. Andrew Gilbert for co-ordinating everything there.

Fifteen Middle Sixth chemists took part. Our programme was divided into four movements with some time for rest, relaxation and coffee in between. We used Gas Chromatography, Infrared Spectroscopy, Mass Spectrometry and Nuclear Magnetic Resonance to look at some esters — flavour components — that we had made the previous week. We were wanting to establish which esters they were and how pure we had managed to make our samples. Each technique answered the questions in a slightly different way. Infra-red was the least informative, but probably the most fun to do once Mike Robinson had mastered the instrument's guardian computer; Charles Trietline won the prize for making the best Nujol Mull. The Mass Spec was the most informative in terms of rapid problem solving, and the NMR the most impressive for its enormous cost (£500,000) and powerful magnet. This is kept at liquid helium

temperatures and should not be approached by those bearing pacemakers or credit cards, because it ruins both. We had neither, but stayed outside the magic circle anyway just in case.

It was a long day for those not used to doing chemistry all the time, but fascinating and illuminating. We particularly appreciated the hospitality of the University in the Refectory at lunch time, the dustbin full of ice and Cokes which was available the rest of the time in the Department, and the N.M.S. technician's Iron Maiden T-shirt.

G.M.H.
B.H.O.

SPORT CRICKET THE FIRST XI

In a summer that will again be remembered for its glorious and predictable weather, the 1990 First XI won five, lost six and drew six of the seventeen matches that were played. This represents a very fair return for a side whose cheerfulness and determination amply compensated for middle-order batting of variable consistency, bowling which could be over-generous, and fielding which could become pedestrian under pressure. It is even more praiseworthy when one takes into account the quality of the opposition and the competitive spirit in which the games are played: few schools today bat on until the draw is certain; most are looking for a win from the first ball.

Readers of this space over the past few seasons will, by now, be well-acquainted with recurring themes such as, "Bowlers win matches, batsmen save them," and will therefore not be surprised to learn that of the six teams that were bowled out, five were beaten. Buckingham Town and the Old Stoics did not have strong batting line-ups, perhaps, but sides of the quality of Radley and Bedford do not roll over without a fight; and were impressive scalps to be taken. Matches with Oundle recently have produced much excitement and copious numbers of runs: this time the excitement was doubled, but the totals halved. Oundle recovered from 37 for 5 and eventually reached 141 all out. Stowe's fifth wicket fell at 73, but the last wicket pair had to survive thirteen overs and the total was still short of three figures. A similar, but shorter, exercise in survival against Bradfield showed that the batting did not lack perseverance. Even so it is hard to explain defeat at the hands of M.C.C., Free Foresters and Wellington other than in

terms of batting collapse, while St. Edward's benefited from over-generous no-balling, and the wide margin of victory enjoyed by Merchant Taylors' gives no indication of how hard they were forced to struggle until the last ten overs. Matches in the end of term festival are now played on a 55-over basis and it illustrates the vagaries of the overs game that the same total brought defeat on the first day and victory on the second.

But bowlers win matches and in 1990 Stowe had, perhaps, the best-balanced bowling attack it has enjoyed for some years. With the new ball de la Pena could be explosive and gave the batsman little time to play. Burrough, his partner, could be relied on for steady and accurate support and bowled that left-arter's line that batsmen find so difficult to get away. Jefferson, in his fourth full season, and Raynor, in his second, had sufficient experience with their left-arm and off-spin respectively to tie up most school batsmen against whom they played and, apart from these four, no other bowler was used on more than a couple of occasions. In the event, they conspired to dismiss the opposition on six occasions during the season and a glance at the statistics will show that on only one occasion did any of them take more than four wickets in an innings. This might postulate a theory of "might-have-beens" or even suggest a lack of "killer instinct" in some quarters. What cannot be denied is that de la Pena bowled too short too often, not willing to risk being driven, and that Jefferson and Raynor both pursued variety at the expense of accuracy in their quest for wickets. However, what should be dwelt on are not their shortcomings when judged by the highest standards, but their achievements in producing the wins that they did, their perseverance and dedication in both matches and practice, and their ability to work together as a team, which brought each one of them a satisfactory haul of wickets.

Pedestrian was the word used earlier to describe the fielding. By the standards set at the highest level of the schoolboy game, this is an accurate assessment. With reference to the efforts made by the individuals concerned to make the most of their ability, it is, almost certainly, unfair. Much time, energy and enthusiasm were expended by all in the pursuit of competence and cohesion in this important area and it was not on many occasions that the heat of battle saw nerves and concentration fail. The example, as is fitting, was set by the Captain, Atkinson. Industrious and effervescent behind the stumps, he consistently cajoled and drove his troops and generally showed a good degree of tactical awareness and field placing. It was not his fault that some of the vital catches went to those least likely to take them; more to his

credit that, in the face of adversity, he continued to encourage and enthuse. Not that, taken overall, the catching was poor: close to the wicket Pumfrey, Raynor and Scott-Gall held some good ones, and, further away, Pumfrey, again, and Jefferson could be relied on.

Batting success in First XI cricket is the result of a subtle, and often changing, blend of confidence, application and opportunity. There is also, of course, the small matter of technique and ability, but few reach this level of the game without a goodly measure of these attributes, and this Stowe team was no exception. It was on the broad shoulders of Pumfrey that lay the greatest responsibility for runs being scored quickly and in profusion and it was clear from the reaction of the opposition that he was the man they most wanted to dismiss. Awesome in the power with which he struck the ball, he achieved a creditable aggregate for the season with a number of forties and fifties but the big scores which he, and we, craved did not materialise. And it was a source of collective disappointment that, when on the brink of achievement, he would fall to the momentary lapse in concentration or the choice of the wrong option. As an opening batsman, Green showed determination, and the ability to score more quickly at times than his more powerful partners. Where he tended to go astray was in his choice of the ball to hit, and several promising efforts foundered on the rocks. His opening partner, Hyman, always keen to strike the ball, began the season with a sparkling fifty but thereafter found that the pressures of 'A' level project work were too often with him at the wicket and was unable to play consistently. In his final season, Jefferson surfaced from the nether regions of ten and eleven to play some belligerent and dashing innings at five. Unorthodox in technique but relentless in his aggressive intent, he brightened several gloomy occasions, and his fifties against Bradfield and Bedford were invaluable. Of the remainder of the middle and lower order batsmen, all had the opportunities to shine but none managed to do so consistently. Russell made a useful fifty at St. Edward's and Morris started quite well at Bloxham, but neither was able to achieve the confidence and concentration to make runs against the better attacks. Atkinson, Burrough and Raynor all had their moments with the bat and only Bazeley, a Colt, failed to make any impression at this level. His day will come. Clearly what was lacking from the line-up described was a "sheet anchor," a player of experience and patience to hold up one end and give balance to the innings, and it was from an entirely unexpected source that he emerged. Scott-Gall began the season as Captain of the Colts and only played at Bloxham because his

own team didn't have a match. The poise with which he made fifty on his school debut belied his years, and his careful placing of the ball amply compensated for his initial lack of power in the stroke. His confidence grew and his technique became honed by this early exposure to a higher class of cricket and his final aggregate and top place in the averages was begrudged by none. Perhaps his best innings of term is not recorded in the summary of results above: 20 not out against Oundle in 40 overs of what Coach Mike Harris described as the hardest fought game of school cricket he has witnessed. Much will be expected of this cheerful and unassuming young man in the next two years.

As usual, there are a host of "thank-you" messages to be recorded to all the unsung heroes without whom the show would not stay on the road: our umpires, Clive Cross, Keith Timpson and Peter Gladwin, who control the matches with quiet wisdom and efficiency; the scorers, Matthew Rogers, Tom Foss-Smith and others, who have recorded all the details; the groundstaff, who defied the lack of rain to produce good wickets; the caterers, whose efforts ensure the high standard of our hospitality — all have made their contribution to a successful season. So too have the teaching colleagues who have devoted great time and effort to guiding the teams at other levels. Many of their charges are the First XI players of the future and it is encouraging not only to congratulate the Yearlings on their success in the Buckinghamshire section of the Lord's Taverners Trophy, but also to note the spirit, enthusiasm and technique at both Colts and Junior Colts levels. It is now six seasons since the current Cricket Professional, Mike Harris joined the staff at Stowe and there is not a cricketer at any level in the school who either escapes his discerning, yet genial, eye or has not benefited from his experience and advice. Much of the success achieved this season is owing to his patience and guidance and to the splendid spirit in which Stoics approach the game. As he prepares for next season in sole charge of the First XI, I suspect that there is little he would wish to change in the latter, but much that he would hope for at all levels in batsmen selling their wickets more dearly and bowlers relying more on line and length and less on constant, and expensive, variation. Thereby lies the route to greater success, for cricket must not be allowed to become an ego trip for the individual. "It matters not who won or lost, but how they played the game" is, perhaps, a facile dictum, and certainly a naive one in this highly competitive day and age. However, it has always been this scribe's firm belief that it is not necessarily the unbeaten teams and seasons that can be best described as successful. There must,

inevitably, be a balance and it is in the striking of that balance that true success lies.

G.A.C.

Results:

21st April	Berkhamsted 195 for 7 dec. (Raynor 4 for 63) Stowe 147 for 4 (Hyman 50) Drawn
29th April	Stowe 77 all out Free Foresters 81 for 2 Lost by 8 wickets
1st May	Buckingham Town 108 all out (de la Pena 6 for 40) Stowe 110 for 1 (Pumfrey 61 not out) Won by 9 wickets
5th May	Bloxham 212 all out (Raynor 4 for 22) Stowe 215 for 6 (Green 74, Scott-Gall 56) Won by 4 wickets
12th May	Bradfield 233 for 5 declared Stowe 159 for 9 (Jefferson 56, Pumfrey 55) Drawn
19th May	Stowe 198 all out (Russell 57) St. Edward's 201 for 7 (de la Pena 4 for 63) Lost by 3 wickets
20th May	M.C.C. 222 for 3 declared Stowe 128 all out Lost by 94 runs
26th May	Old Stoics 124 all out (Jefferson 4 for 40) Stowe 125 for 4 Won by 6 wickets
2nd June	Stowe 206 for 8 declared (Pumfrey 56) Radley 106 all out (Jefferson 3 for 25) Won by 100 runs
9th June	Wellington 212 for 5 declared (de la Pena 4 for 62) Stowe 102 all out Lost by 110 runs
16th June	Oundle 141 all out (Burrough 4 for 29, de la Pena 4 for 50) Stowe 96 for 9 Drawn
23rd June	Rugby 199 for 4 declared Stowe 150 for 4 (Scott-Gall 56 not out) Drawn
26th June	Stowe 177 all out (Scott-Gall 53) Merchant Taylors' 178 for 1 Lost by 9 wickets
28th June	P. Alfred Col. 230 for 3 declared Stowe 119 for 6 Drawn
30th June	Stowe 176 all out (Pumfrey 81) Winchester 108 for 7 (Burrough 3 for 37) Drawn
Festival at Bradford:	
2nd July	Stowe 157 all out Wellington 159 for 5 Lost by 5 wickets
3rd July	Stowe 157 all out (Jefferson 52) Bedford 141 all out (Scott-Gall 3 for 36) Won by 16 runs

Bowling Averages:

	Overs	Mds.	Runs	Wkts.	Ave.
Jefferson	192	44	551	26	21.2
de la Pena	213.3	25	725	33	21.9
Raynor	159.5	33	508	21	24.19
Burrough	180	40	625	21	29.76

Batting Averages:

	Inns.	N.O.	Runs	H.S.	Ave.
Scott-Gall	16	5	409	56	37.18
Pumfrey	17	1	460	81	28.75
Jefferson	15	3	298	56	24.83
Green	17	0	384	74	22.59
Hyman	12	0	178	50	14.83
Russell	13	1	134	57	11.16

Team: M. C. G. Atkinson (Capt.)*, M. J. T. Jefferson*, J. G. Raynor*, M. W. Pumfrey*, J. C. J. Burrough, ma.*, D. E. Hyman*, R. L. Q. Green*, A. J. Scott-Gall*, J. M. de la Pena*, T. H. P. Russell, W. L. C. Morris.

* Denotes Colours.

Also Played: D. S. Beveridge, S. Forro, A. R. B. Bellew, D. M. Amdor, M. P. Bazeley.

G.A.C.

THE SECOND XI

At the start of the season the team looked quite strong in batting but very weak in bowling. In practice, the batting was often too casual and the bowlers achieved more than expected in bowling out four sides, and would probably have done better still if Asnani's leg spin had been brought on earlier and used more. Beveridge, Blackwood and Forro batted well at times and Morris was a useful addition to the side with bat and ball late in the season.

Colours were awarded to: M. M. Asnani, A. R. Bellew, D. S. Beveridge, N. P. Blackwood, J. A. Cazalet, S. C. Cormack, S. Forro, T. D. McEwen, C. L. Marr, W. R. Nicholl, B. M. Teckoe and C. P. Thomas.

Results:

Berkhamsted 79 all out Stowe 80 for 4	WON
Bloxham 183 for 7 declared (Marr 4 for 58)	DRAWN
Stowe 111 all out Bradfield 112 for 5	LOST
Bedford 160 for 8 declared (Marr 6 for 42) Stowe 93 all out	LOST
St. Edward's 146 all out Stowe 144 all out (Blackwood 51)	LOST
Old Stoics 146 for 9 declared Stowe 147 for 4 (Blackwood 45)	WON
Radley 276 for 0 declared Stowe 187 for 9 (Beveridge 41)	DRAWN
Stowe 77 all out Oundle 78 for 2	LOST
Rugby 71 all out (Morris 7 for 27) Stowe 72 for 4 (Forro 40 not out)	WON
Winchester 230 for 5 declared (Asnani 5 for 102) Stowe 146 all out (Perei 68)	LOST
	M.E.

YEARLINGS 'A' XI

Although not appearing to be a particularly strong side at first glance, the team was very successful, losing only 1 game, drawing 6, and winning 5, including becoming county winners of the Lords Taverners' Competition. Highlights of the season were Smith Walker's bowling v. Radley (4 for 20), Gerard's 79* v.

Bedford, Carling's 45* v. Oundle, Smith Walker's 46* v. Wellington and Rogers' 47 v. Winchester.

When at full strength the side batted a long way down with the main contributions coming from Gerard, the captain, Denning, Smith Walker, Carling and Rogers who all scored over 100 runs, with good assistance from Scott and Milling. The bowling was dependent on Smith Walker and Milling but useful wickets were taken by Denning, Carling, Gerard, Lee-Steere, Rogers and Selway. Clare improved markedly as a wicket keeper during the season and in the field good catches were held in particular by Akers Douglas. The side was helped considerably by Burrough in The Lords Taverners' Cup with quick runs and aggressive bowling.

D.C.M.

YEARLINGS 'B' XI

A plucky side was often well served by McSweeney, Thynne, Ludwig, Temple and Harrison with the bat, and Temple, Paravicini and Elwes with the ball. Highlights were wins against Oundle, Winchester and the Royal Latin School.

D.C.M.

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ATHLETICS

Stowe maintained its reputation in 1990 of being one of the top athletics schools in this area of the country. I said on Sports Day that I am amazed each year at how many talented athletes leave at the end of the sixth year, and yet the following year we seem more than capable of replacing them and producing another successful team. The G.C.S.E. examinations make fixture organisation extremely difficult, and each year there seems to be less time available to organise inter-school matches. However, despite these problems and rain cancelling our first match, we managed six inter-school matches and the County Schools and A.A.A. Championships, plus the usual collection of inter-house competitions.

The Senior Team beat eight schools and only lost to Radley by the narrowest margin of two points. The Junior team displayed great potential and produced the best season for that group in six years. They also beat eight schools, losing only to Dr. Challoner's Grammar School. The Intermediate team were disappointing, only beating four of their nine opponents. The team comprised some very talented athletes but many displayed an immature temperamental attitude and they never worked as a team.

This team generated a marvellous spirit, which I hope was noted by the younger athletes. They were all prepared to compete in their non-specialist events to gain extra points for the team. G. B. K. Ridley set an excellent example as captain and dominated the 100m and 200m events. He was ably supported by T. C. Doughty, who in his first athletic season lowered his 200m time from 25.0 secs to 23.4 secs. G. J. F. Miller won most of his 400m races and M. V. Cronan and S. A. Brittain scored valuable points in the middle distance races. It is only a matter of time before Cronan dips below the 2 minute barrier in the 800 metres. K. S. Reed, next season's captain, won all his hurdle races and jumped consistently around 1.80m in the high jump. T. Chester-Jones L. H. Ferrand, A. D. Fairbairn and O. Nathan-Marsh all made steady progress in the long and triple jumps. The throwing events have become one of the strengths in this age group. E. P. Kavindele, G. C. E. Underwood and H. Munt all putt the shot over 11 metres, J. J. Sander and Kavindele both threw the discus over 35 metres and Sander was consistently over 43 metres in the javelin event. All team members demonstrated an excellent attitude in training, and it was very rewarding to see their hard work reaping rewards as the season progressed. L. H. Ferrand especially worked hard to master the 110m hurdles and lowered his time by 2.5 secs. All were fine examples to the younger athletes.

We were sadly lacking in strength and depth in all the track events in this age group. F. T. Erogbogbo and H. D. Baird were the two exceptions, the latter equalling the school 100m hurdles record, but never really producing consistent performances. In the field events, however, we provided stronger competition with Erogbogbo picking up maximum points in the long and triple jump competitions and breaking the school U.16 triple jump record with a leap of 13.05m. Baird was only beaten twice in the high jump and also broke the school U.16 record with a height of 1.82m. J. G. McAllister worked hard on his shot technique throughout the winter and was only beaten once, and improved his best throw to 12.60m. We hope that last year's Juniors will move up into this age group next season, and provide it with the enthusiasm and spirit it lacked this year.

I was impressed by the competitive nature and spirit of all the boys in the third year, and their efforts were rewarded with greatly improved performances. E. J. Rogers used his size and speed to great advantage in the 100m, although I see a great future for him in the shot and discus throws. He won all his shot competitions and broke the school record which has stood since 1964. J. W. Nicholson was undefeated in the 400m throughout the season, including both County matches. O. J. Selway broke the school U.15 1500m record and won all but one of his matches. Other boys demonstrating excellent ability included R. C. Oldham, S. K. Okudzeto, E. J. T. Hunt, G. R. E. Cahusac, A. J. Birt and N. B. Tissot.



O. J. Selway

Photograph by M.P.D.

Senior (U.20) Team:

26th April:	1st Stowe 92 pts.	2nd Dr. Challoner's 40 pts.	
28th April:	1st Radley 114 pts.	2nd Stowe 112 pts.	3rd Marlborough 57 pts.
3rd May:	1st Stowe 120 pts.	2nd St. Edward's 92 pts.	3rd Malvern 75 pts.
5th May:	1st Stowe 75 pts.	2nd Oakham 59 pts.	
15th May:	1st Stowe 112 pts.	2nd Bedford 85 pts.	3rd Oundle 83 pts.
24th May:	1st Stowe 87 pts.	2nd Royal Latin 51 pts.	

Intermediate (U.17) Team:

26th April:	1st Dr. Challoner's 80 pts.	2nd Stowe 60 pts.	
28th April:	...ST Marlborough 108 pts.	2nd Stowe 88 pts.	3rd Radley 87 pts.
3rd May:	1st St. Edward's 107 pts.	2nd Stowe 95 pts.	3rd Malvern 77 pts.
5th May:	1st Ratcliffe 110 pts.	2nd Oakham 77 pts.	3rd Stowe 76 pts.
15th May:	1st Oundle 125 pts.	2nd Stowe 76 pts.	3rd Bedford 57 pts.
24th May:	1st Stowe 82 pts.	2nd Royal Latin 56 pts.	

Junior (U.15) Team:

26th April:	1st Dr. Challoner's 67 pts.	2nd Stowe 65 pts.	
28th April:	1st Stowe 91 pts.	2nd Marlborough 50 pts.	
3rd May:	1st Stowe 109 pts.	2nd St. Edward's 97 pts.	3rd Malvern 65 pts.
5th May:	1st Stowe 116 pts.	2nd Ratcliffe 93 pts.	3rd Oakham 65 pts.
15th May:	1st Stowe 103 pts.	2nd Bedford 91 pts.	3rd Oundle 86 pts.
24th May:	1st Stowe 96 pts.	2nd Royal Latin 43 pts.	

Buckinghamshire**A.A.A. County Championships:**

We took a team of 19 boys to the new track in Milton Keynes on a cool and windy day in May. Despite a strong headwind, there were some excellent performances, and we returned to Stowe with 15 first places, 7 seconds and 4 third places.

Our winners were:

Senior Boys:

G. C. E. Underwood—Shot Putt—10.27m.
O. Nathan-Marsh—Triple Jump—12.17m.
G. B. K. Ridley—100m—12.0secs., 200m—24.1secs.
K. S. Reed—110m Hurdles—17.7secs.
J. J. Sander—Discus—34.46m, Javelin—44.60m.
G. J. F. Miller—400m Hurdles—64.7secs.

Intermediate Boys:

F. T. Erogbogbo—Long Jump—5.92m, Triple Jump—13.02m.
H. D. Baird—High Jump—1.74m, 100m Hurdles—16.5secs.
J. G. McAllister—Shot Putt—12.01m.

Junior Boys:

J. W. Nicholson—400m—58.3secs.
O. J. Selway—1500m—4mins. 41.8secs.

Buckinghamshire Schools**County Championship:**

We returned to the Milton Keynes track a month later, and in more favourable conditions, with better competition. We gained 13 first places, 5 seconds and 3 thirds. Numerous personal bests were set in the qualifying rounds. Our champions are:

Senior Boys:

G. B. K. Ridley—100m—11.5secs.
G. B. K. Ridley—200m—22.8secs.
M. V. Cronan—800m—2mins. 04.1secs.
K. S. Reed—110m Hurdles—16.2secs.
T. Chester-Jones—Triple Jump—12.44m.
E. P. Kavindele—Shot Putt—10.66m.
J. J. Sander—Discus 35.32m, Javelin—40.62m.

Intermediate Boys:

J. G. McAllister—Shot Putt—11.91m.
J. W. Nicholson—400m—57.7secs.

Junior Boys:

O. J. Selway—1500m—4mins. 34.5secs.
E. J. Rogers—Shot Putt—11.62m

Senior Boys—4 × 100m Relay—45.1secs.

The following School records were established this season:

Under 15:

1500m—O. J. Selway—4mins. 33.5secs.
Shot Putt—E. J. Rogers—12.39m.
4 × 100m—E. G. Hart, E. J. Rogers, S. K. Okudzeto, J. W. Nicholson—50.3secs.

Under 16:

High Jump—H. D. Baird—1.82m
100m Hurdles—H. D. Baird—15.2secs.
Triple Jump—F. T. Erogbogbo—13.05m.

House Competitions:

The congested Term did not allow us to hold the Relays competition, but the Standards trophy was won by Walpole. Sports Day was held on the final Sunday in June and once again benefited from some superb weather. The competition was of its usual high standard, and was eventually won by Chandos. The Headmaster presented the prizes and my thanks must go to him, to all the members of Staff who gave up their time to officiate, and to Miss Rowena Pratt for organising the strawberry teas, which have become as much an attraction as the athletics over the past four years.

Athletics Colours:

Full Colours were re-awarded to: G. B. K. Ridley and J. J. Sander.

Awarded to: G. J. F. Miller, O. Nathan-Marsh, G. C. E. Underwood, E. P. Kavindele, K. S. Reed and L. H. Ferrand.

Half Colours were awarded to: M. V. Cronan, S. Q. Brittain, T. Chester-Jones, T. C. Doughty.

Next Season's Officials are: K. S. Reed (Captain), M. V. Cronan (Vice-Captain).

Finally I would like to thank Messrs. Platt, Taylor, McCabe, Smith, Murray and Miss Lockton for their time and efforts in coaching the boys to such a high standard.

M.P.D.



Photograph by M.P.D.



Photograph by P. D. de M. Oyens (MVI)

GOLF**April — October 1990**

For the second summer in succession the School won all its matches apart from a halved match against a club side to whom we were conceding shots on handicap — a total of thirteen wins and one half. Again there was strength in depth so that we seldom had our strongest side out because of examinations, except in the really important Hill Samuel Foursomes Area Final which was won 2½—½ against Bedford at Dunstable Downs.

The School Foursome Finals were played at Knole Park Golf Club, Sevenoaks, in early July between the eight regional winners, and sadly one of our stalwarts of the early rounds, Christian Momm, was not available. On the first morning we had the third best aggregate of Stableford points and thus qualified for the top section in the Round Robin tournament proper. (Hale and Dury 41 points, Holme and Saary 39, Hewett and Marshall-Andrew 37; Total 117. Leeds G. S. and Brentwood did only slightly better with 119 each). On the Monday afternoon we played the holders, Brentwood, and won 2—1. On the second morning a desperately close match with Leeds G.S. was lost 2—1, but only after our second pair, Michael Holme and Alex Saary, had suffered cruel luck to lose their match 2 and 1. In the afternoon we lost another close match against Bristol G.S. 2—1. A good fight in the third match came to a somewhat anti-climatic

end when Holme and Marshall-Andrew, 2 down with 3 to play, were on the green at the short 16th with their opponents bunkered. Their opponents' next shot still left them a long way from the hole but our pair contrived to four-putt and lose a hole they should have won! Bristol G.S. were the clear winners of the tournament with 7 points from 3 matches, but we were tied second with Brentwood with 4 points each. As we had beaten them in our individual match this gave us the Runner-Up spot — second out of some eighty schools originally entered for the tournament. Peter Hale, Oliver Dury and Alex Saary, with two wins each out of three, had the best record.

In the Autumn term our team of three produced a very good total of 232 in the Golf Foundation Schools Team Championship Qualifying Round at Stratford-on-Avon (Dury 78, Saary 76, Samuel 78) but unfortunately Woodlands Comprehensive School, Coventry, achieved the quite outstanding score of 224 (75-72-77), so a score which would have won in most other regions left us runners-up.

The first round of the Hill Samuel Foursomes was played against Bedford at Buckingham Golf Club and won decisively 3-0 (6 and 4, 5 and 4, 5 and 4, by our respective pairs of Dury and Marshall-Andrew, Saary and Hewett and Samuel and Dawson). We also defeated Rugby 3-1 at Rugby, and Stowe Golf Club 4-2, but suffered heavy defeats against Ellesborough G.C. 4-0 (most of our players giving the opposition shots) and against Radley 5-1 and Cheltenham 4½-1½ in a triangular match at Radley with a very weakened side.

Once again the top six or seven look like being a strong combination but we may lack the same strength in depth as we have had in the last two years.

Colours: P. J. Hale, O. G. M. Dury, J. C. H. Momm, M. E. Holme, A.M. Saary, S. F. Hewett.

Awarded in Autumn Term to: R. C. Samuel, J. N. Marshall-Andrew.

Results (Summer):

v. Bedford	Won	2½—½
v. Buckingham G.C.	Halved	3—3
v. Rugby	Won	3—1
v. Uppingham	Won	2½—1½
v. Bedford	Won	4—1
v. St. Edward'	Won	4—0
v. Old Stoics and Parents	Won	4—2
v. Monmouth	Won	4—2
v. Bromsgrove	Won	5½—½
v. Chiltern Medical	Won	5—0
v. Malvern	Won	4½—1½
v. Stowe Golf Club	Won	5½—½
v. Eton	Won	5—1
v. U.S.A. Touring Team	Won	4—3

M.D.D.

CROQUET

This year the long, hot and dry summer reduced the 'lawn' on the North Front to a dust bowl, making any accurate play very difficult. With the kit now accessible (to keyholders) from a box beneath the garden bench positioned next to the lawn, Dominic Wreford and Alex Mustard spent many hours honing their skills to the best the uneven surface would allow. Joined by Charlie Gartside, the Stowe team entered the annual National Schools' Competition once again, more in hope than in expectation of any great success.

After victories over Beachborough in a friendly and Bedford Modern and Icknield High School in the Eastern Region Final at Wrest Park, we found ourselves lined up against manchester Grammar at Edgbaston on the first Monday of the summer holiday, providing alternative entertainment to the international cricket a few blocks away! Alex impressed the handicapper too much at the start and suffered for it, while Dominic steadily got the measure of the very fast lawn and came out on top. With the score at one all and one to play, Charlie clinched his match with a storming finish, to put us into the Finals in Manchester two days later!

After much to-ing and fro-ing, the team was gathered up from opposite ends of the country to brave the M6, en route to the superb lawns of the Bowden Club. Fame at last we thought as a Granada TV unit arrived, but alas only to film a 12-year-old Irish Junior International from Wakefield showing off his skills. Stowe set to with a will, revelling in the billiard table-like playing surfaces, and soundly beat Ardingly in the first match of the morning. The Final against Wrekin proved a much harder test, with our lack of experience on a good, true playing surface allowing the more consistently accurate Wrekin trio to outplay us. Still, with silver medals all round, and bronzes from the regional final, all credit must go to Stowe's three malleeters. Next season, with an improved playing surface promised by the new Superintendent of Grounds, we should be able to give an even better account of ourselves!

With this season's riding star, Alex Mustard, at the helm, Grafton beat off challenges from Chandos and Bruce to win the House Competition and carry off the sought-after hand-made trophy.

B.H.O.

BADMINTON

1989-1990 was not a particularly successful season for the senior and junior Badminton teams. Nevertheless, all the players were enthusiastic and courageous in their efforts to defeat opponents from other schools who were sometimes technically superior. The senior team won 5 matches and lost 11. The first pair of Anim and Momm was strong and set a good standard for the other players to follow. The second pair of Asnani and Bhardwaj was very competent, but Bhardwaj's nervousness when under pressure sometimes allowed the opposition to get the upper hand. Scarff and Cazalet formed a sound third pair. The junior team won 3 matches and lost 6.

A.W.H.

SAILING

The summer was a season of familiarisation with the new 420 dinghies for most of the Club. Centre mainsheets and different handling properties from the old Graduates took many a while to master but few have any regrets. Indeed the main problem has been to stop eager crew from trapezing, although it must be admitted that some have experimented with novel and potentially painful methods of returning into the boat.

The team was a year or two younger on average than those of most other schools but still managed to win the first match. It was unlucky to lose two others, but found the conditions at Farmoor difficult, both in individual matches and in the new inter-schools team racing competition.

The match against the Old Stoics was again held on the morning of Speech Day. We are most grateful to Andrew Kennon for all he has done over many years in organising the O.S. team and welcome Max Walker who has taken over this rôle. He does not seem to have forgotten his winning techniques since leaving Stowe.

I am grateful to David James and Stephen Hirst for their continued help, and also to Peter Mulholland who has enabled many keen beginners to learn the rudiments on the lake at Stowe. This term has seen a good number of regular sailors improving their skills. The mild weather has been a help, especially for those inclined to capsizes.

Results:

v. Bloxham	Away	Won	2-1
v. Oundle	Home	Lost	2-1
v. St. Edward's	Home	Lost	2-0
v. Radley	Away	Lost	1-0
v. Rugby	Away	Lost	2-0
v. Old Stoics	Home	Lost	2-0

Team from: T. Mash (Commodore), N. Wright (Captain), E. Leach (Secretary), S. Whitehead, C. Mash, A. Curry, I. Thomas, J. Snyder, N. Ingram, A. a'Brook, J. Hunt.

Sailing Colours: E. Leach, N. Wright.

House Matches: Grafton.

Helmsman's Tankard: 1989 (correction): R. Wood (Walpole). 1990 N. Wright (Temple).

Pennant Competition (Juniors): N. Ingram (Grafton).

M.J.B.

STOWE BEAGLES

The Beagles have had a very successful and active summer beginning with their appearance at the Honda and Hound Charity. This event has raised over £140,000 for handicapped children in the last six years. The hounds were paraded at many country shows, including the Beagle Club centenary show which was held at Stowe and attended by visitors from all over the world. They were also shown at three major agricultural shows: Peterborough, Harrogate and Ardingley, where they won 19 first prizes, 4 champions, 3 reserve champions and brought back to Stowe a total of 20 cups. During the summer the boys put in a lot of hard work on the kennels with painting, replacing ceilings, concreting and mowing in readiness for the Puppy Show. This was held on the South Front at Stowe and attended by over 150 people, among whom were many old Beagles Masters, the Headmaster and Mr. Crighton-Miller the founder of the Stowe Beagles and Headmaster in the early 1960's.

The Old Masters of the Beagles had a dinner in the Blue Room before the Puppy Show and have started an Old Masters and Whips Club.

At the time of writing we have had six days hunting. Although the weather has been dry — even glorious — it does not provide good scenting conditions.

We have organised a trip to Northumberland at Exeat with four days' hunting around Hadrian's Wall, where scenting conditions are said to be for the better. The Beaglers are once again holding their New Year's Dance at Stowe on the 4th January.

Our Master and Huntsman this season is N. A. M. Dobbs; Whippers-in: J. Strangman, M. R. Robinson and A. M. Hales; supported by provisional whips: C. W. T. Gibbs, H. D. Buxton, R. M. Tyache and R. M. D. Croisdale-Appleby. The new Hon. Secretary is Mr. Mullineux, who has taken over from Mr. Pedder who retired last summer.

N. A. M. Dobbs

GIRLS' TENNIS 1990

The girls worked hard at their tennis this year and their efforts were amply rewarded by successful results. The first team won 8 out of 10 matches and the second team 4 out of 6.

The singles tournament was started rather late in the term, but ably won by Camilla White, who was awarded her School colours. Next year we hope to include a mixed doubles tournament as well.

TENNIS

First VI

The depth of our natural talent left at the end of the 1989 season, and so Tennis, as far as results are concerned, looks to be in for some testing years. The season has run extremely well, however, and whilst depth might be lacking the Jurgen Hütter, Martin Koebkes and Robert Langfords of this world have kept our chances buoyant. What is more William Stoppard found his feet in an exciting season partnership with Robert Langford.

The crest of the First VI wave was ridden with majesty against Uppingham and Brentwood. Uppingham, always a tight match, took us to four matches each and in a tie-breaker decider our second couple, in this match Robert Langford and Momm, snatched a five matches to four victory. Jurgen Hutter and Martin Koebke provided the base for this match winning all but their first set against Uppingham's second pair. Brentwood always promised trouble. They were unbeaten — and went on to the semi-final of the 418 Section of the National Midland Bank Competition — so our draw with them was a superb way to end the season. Some of the most exacting tennis I have seen at Stowe was played in the Jurgen Hutter, Christian Momm tie-breaker when to win meant the draw.

The third couple varied too much but Robert Houghton, Edward Shillington and Giles Dawson found form in many matches and the latter two will provide an experienced base for the 1991 season.

The School fared badly at the Youll Cup Tournament. Early commitments to holiday jobs in the Middle Sixth exposed our flanks and we went down in the first round of both the Youll Cup and Clarke Trophy competitions.

Second VI

The Second VI, much to their frustration, found consistency a vital necessity and it must be said, even if technically unsound, getting the ball back thoughtfully would have taken the Seconds a lot further. Mark Hogbin, Charles Sampson and Rupert Godman, ma. hit the ball

very hard and sometimes accurately; but they enjoyed the game and have both provided invaluable service to Stowe Tennis. Ben Tuttle proved an excellent captain of the team and his quiet enthusiasm will be missed.

Results: 1st VI—Won 4; Lost 4; Drawn 1.
2nd VI—Won 2; Lost 5.

Girls First and Second VI

The girls section of Stowe Tennis has been very strong. It is unfortunate that in the Aberdare Cup they walked straight into Wycombe Abbey, who went on to the semi-finals of this National competition. In the scheduled fixtures, however, only four out of sixteen First and Second VI matches were lost; the girls First VI lost only two out of their nine fixtures.

Camilla White and Claudia Lowe established a formidable technical superiority against many of our opponents and they were supported excellently by the consistency of Rosie Delahooke and resilience of Nataliina Airikkala. Jane Clark Hutchison's services as captain were always valuable but more than this, when she found form her gutsy shots were very difficult to return. She led an unusually forceful team and the victories against numerically larger schools like Headington and Wellingborough should be remembered with pride.

Other Team Members: Lorna Fossick, Philippa Luard, Victoria Gregson, Melissa Tembe.

Results: 1st VI—Won 7; Lost 2.
2nd VI—Won 6; Lost 2.

Colts

The overall picture was disappointing. Considering the supposed talent, it is clear that the team lacked the necessary grit when things went against them. Despite this their efforts in the Glanville Cup were heartwarming, if ultimately frustrating. Ben Lambourne, Mark Godman, Harry Pearl and Edmund Stoppard played magnificent matches. Both couples pulled back from one set to one set each, to be beaten, sadly, in the deciders. Ben Lambourne and Mark Godman were skilled and consistent throughout the season, managing to win all their sets on a couple of occasions and always contributing to Stowe's score. Robert Massie and Harry Pearl seemed talented but both proved impatient in longer rallies and temperamental generally. Edmund Stoppard improved throughout the season and the James Dare, Tristan Nesbitt combination played solid, if 'unsubtle,' tennis.

Results: Won 2; Lost 5.

Junior Colts

With a thoughtful and reasonably consistent first pair, the Junior Colts always looked set for a reasonable season. Jeremy Ward's consistency on the base line was particularly telling and when he learns the value of net-play and crafting attacks from there he will be a very useful player. Charles Noton and Edward Burrows who looked technically sound were, when pressure was on, temperamental: many of their shots tended to be inaccurate. This gutsy sort of attitude is good to work with, nevertheless, and I suspect time will change present thwacking! Thomas Wright, Christian Mahood and Alexander Barber played hard in all matches and Mahood's victory — the only one — in a tough singles/doubles match against Aylesbury Grammar School was a show of determination and point crafting that will linger in the memory for a long while.

Results: Won 4; Lost 3.

Yearlings

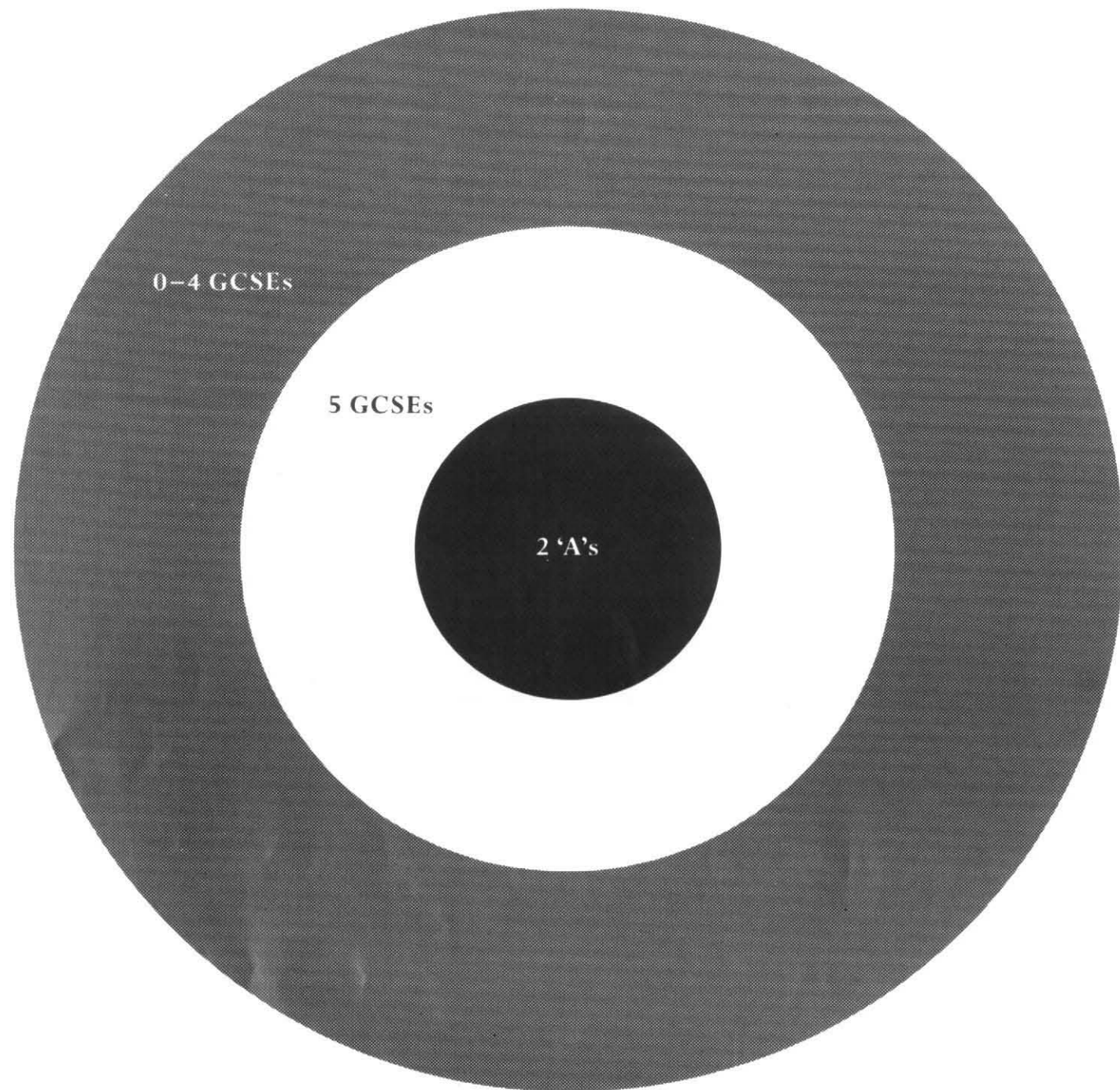
The Third Years played hard throughout the season and they enjoyed some success. They took their tennis seriously and seldom let their heads drop. Marcus Milne House and Joshua Hartzog played an important part in the most exciting match — St. Edward's School — when they won all of their sets and took the team to a narrow victory. Timothy Doxford must be given the improvement prize, who with Javier Ferreira, his partner, created a very respectable middle pair. Guy Wheeler and Stephen Barham also performed well and often won sets when times were hard.

Results: Won 3; Lost 4.

S.H.C.R./R.R.A./A.W.H./
D.R.F./G.St.J.S.



First VI Tennis Team:—(Top left to bottom right):—R. Langford, E. Shillington, G. Dawson, R. Houghton, W. Stoppard, J. Hütter (Captain), M. Koebke



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/SCEs 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.

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

Talk to your careers teacher. 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

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SWIMMING 1990

"In the full tide of successful experiment."

President Thomas Jefferson.

In some ways competitive swimming at Stowe remains something of a David. Although our facilities are comfortable, coaching is 'ad hoc' and we depend, like the early Americans, on improvisation and our true mettle. More than anything, we rely on the cheerful dedication of a very small band of enthusiasts.

Once again this year our efforts were crowned with success. This was especially true at the youngest and intermediate age groups where we swam against sixteen schools and beat thirteen. Overall, the combined swimming team beat: Rugby, Felsted, St. Edward's, Aldenham, Haileybury, Uppingham, Winchester, Cheltenham and The Leys.

A large slice of this season's success must be put down to the innovation of pre-season training at the beginning of the Summer Term. For this idea and for their inspirational, if at times demonic, leadership Simon Geh and Tom Burford-Taylor must be thanked.

Those who represented the School: S. Geh (Captain), T. Burford-Taylor (Secretary), T. Arlon, A. Searle, P. Gates, J. Smith, J. Sucksmith, M. Flower, L. Agostini, H. Whale (Captain U.16), J. Ferreira, N. Spencer, J. Butterfill, M. Collier, H. Stanton, G. Cahusac, A. Bates, M. Whale, Jessamy Huntley (Captain Girls), A. Soutar, E. Hornby, K. Stewart, A. Saunt, N. Morrison, C. Groeninix van Zoelen.

House Swimming Competition 1989:

Overall: Walpole; Senior: Walpole;
U.16: Grafton; U.14½: Chandos.

C.H.J.

CAVING AND CLIMBING

A gang of novices went to Mendip in November, visiting Rod's Pot and Goatchurch, both of which count as dry caves, 'Dry' means we end up covered in mud. We got down to the bottom of Rod's using a rope to get out of the final slippery pot; the cave packs a lot of variety into a small space. In the summer we revisited Swildon's Hole, a wet cave. Descending it is a bit like going down a mountain stream, in the stream bed.

We have used the Bloxham climbing wall several times on Sunday afternoons. It is good for sharpening up rope technique and for stretching the fingers. Being only half an hour away it is less of an expedition than going to grit. We have been to Birchen Edge a couple of times, being blessed with good weather for both trips. On Pineapple Day we did a sponsored climb, everyone managing ten of the short routes for 110 metres. As well as the usual, we

got up Nautical Crack, Yoho Crack, Kiss Me Hardy and Emma's Dilemma. The last of these proved to be rebarbative for all but David Roche, the crux involving a hard move for the short.

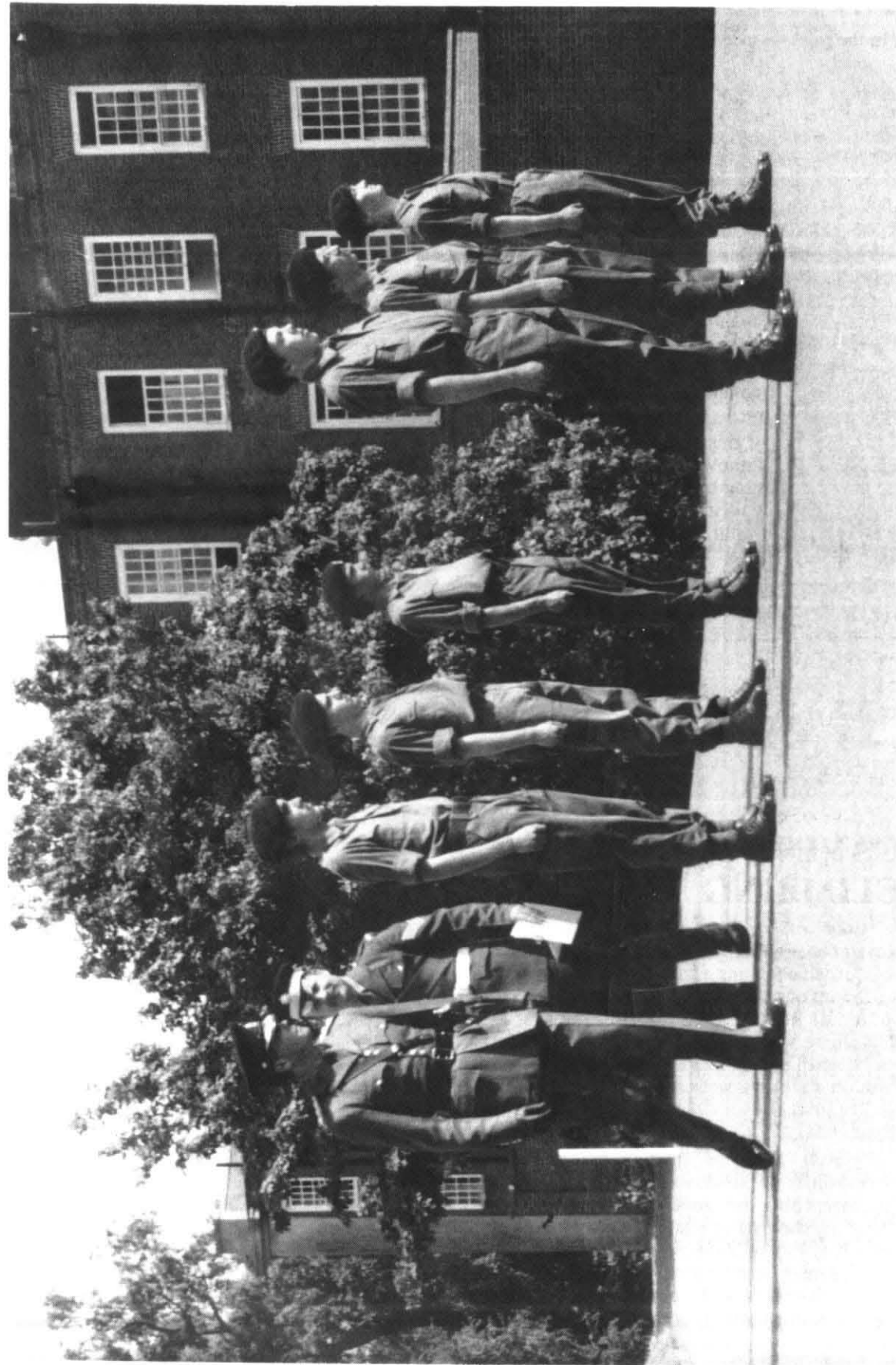
There is much enthusiastic support for both activities. It is a pity we have to drive so far, and that the Master i/c cannot get away more often.

G.M.H.



Birchen Edge: J. Butterfill and D. Roche

Photograph by G.M.A.



Photograph by M. J. Bevington

Temple House Team being inspected in the Coldstream Cup Drill Competition, 31st May, 1990. Temple emerged winners.

OLD STOIC NEWS

Lord Annan (Temple 1935) has published "Our Age, Portrait of a Generation" in October 1990.

I. G. Butler (Grafton 1943) has been awarded a C.B.E. in the Queen's Birthday Honours List 1990.

S. Channing-Williams (Chandos 1963) has produced TECX (13 one hour films) for Central Television; shown in 1990.

R. J. Charlton (Chatham 1967) took over from Jeremy Tree as "Master of Beckhampton" in 1990. He trained the winners of the French and English Derbies in 1990, the first time since 1950 that the same owner, trainer and jockey have won the two races in the same season.

C. D. Cholmeley-Harrison (Chatham 1927) has, after two decades of restoration, opened the magnificent palace of Emo Court (near Portlaoise, Co. Leix) to the public.

R. J. Cottier (Grenville 1973) gave a rapier display at the Tower of London to mark the launch of a video by the Royal Armouries.

H. S. L. Dundas (Walpole 1938) appeared on the Ken Bruce Show (Radio 2) on 11th September to talk about his autobiography, "A Flying Start," and his wartime experiences. Extracts from his book were read during the week to commemorate the Battle of Britain.

R. F. Grove (Chatham 1975) has been appointed Board Director of The Crown Suppliers to prepare for privatisation. November 1989.

J. D. N. Hartland-Swann (Bruce 1954) has been appointed H.M. Ambassador to Burma. May 1990.

R. J. Hopkinson-Woolley (Chandos 1987) was appointed Master and Huntsman of the Christ Church and Farley Hill Beagles in 1989.

B. M. Knox (Bruce 1934) has become a K.C.V.O. in the Queen's Birthday Honours List 1990.

N. P. Milne (Chandos 1967) has designed jewellery for the Princess of Wales.

M. A. Payne (Grafton 1956) has been appointed A.D.C. to the Lt.-Governor of Jersey. July 1990.

R. D. Shepherd (Chatham 1949) was featured in Nature Watch on I.T.V. in May 1990.

N. J. Walley (Grafton 1980) has been elected to the Order of the Coif at Stanford University. June 1990.

D. Wynne (Grenville 1943) has two sculptures, "Gaia" and "The Tresco Children," on display on the island of Tresco.



The Tresco Children by David Wynne

Photograph by Mrs. Stephan

MARRIAGES

V. E. Bell (Walpole 1975) to Mary Grady Koonce on 25th February, 1989.

Caroline Bennetts (Stanhope 1979) to Gerard Davies on 21st July, 1990 in Stowe Church.

Elizabeth M. Brown (Stanhope 1983) to James Michael Ross Saunders Watson on 7th July, 1990 in Stowe Chapel.

P. C. G. Coysh (Grafton 1973) to Charlotte Nicola Marthe Parry de Winton on 29th July, 1989.

E. Hartington (Walpole 1979) to Joyce on 19th May, 1990 in U.S.A.

M. Bronwen A. Jenkins (Stanhope 1981) to Stuart Wilson on 2nd June, 1990 in Stowe Church.

A. E. Lloyd (Bruce 1981) to Patricia Karen Grise on 30th June, 1990 in New York.

Kathryn A. Matthews (Stanhope 1977) to Rupert Charles Vernon Wills.

J. M. Mills (Chandos 1972) to Jane Crampton on 18th August, 1987.

R. J. C. S. Mitchell (Walpole 1976) to Carolyn Anne Shirley Travis on 5th August, 1988.

R. M. M. Morrison (Grenville 1968) to Lucy E. Rumack on 12th September, 1982 in U.S.A.

G. P. Simpson-Horn (formerly Horn) (Temple 1982) to Miss A. J. Simpson on 18th August, 1990.

Vivien B. Slyfield (Stanhope 1976) to Mark Johnston-Smith on 16th June, 1990.

R. G. G. Thynne (Cobham 1968) to Penelope Radmall on 19th July, 1990.

D. H. M. Williams-Ellis (Temple 1977) to Serena Stapleton on 11th August, 1990.

S. Gabriella A. Zoghbi (Stanhope 1981) to Michael George Kennedy on 29th June, 1990.

BIRTHS

M. L. W. Bell (Cobham 1979) a son, Alexander, on 13th April, 1990.

H. J. Carnegy-Arbuthnott (Bruce 1974) a son, Patrick Gosta, on 10th August, 1990.

A. J. Creedy Smith (Chatham 1972) a daughter, Helen, on 29th March, 1990.

J. N. Dixey (Bruce 1966) a son, Alexander Mark, on 22nd September, 1990.

R. A. Hamilton (Chatham 1976) a daughter, Laura Susannah, on 15th September, 1990.

A. J. Jessel (Grenville 1977) a son, Thomas, on 17th April, 1990.

M. A. Knight (Chatham 1975) a son, Charles Stewart, on 27th August, 1990.

S. A. Y. Lynch (Temple 1972) a son, Frederick Patrick Yerburgh, on 24th August, 1990.

Kate F. Measham (née Cunningham) (Stanhope 1981) a son, William, on 6th October, 1986, a daughter, Eleanor, on 10th December, 1988 and a son, Peter, on 22nd April, 1990.

R. J. C. S. Mitchell (Walpole 1976) a daughter, Katherine Shirley Anne, on 14th October, 1989.

R. M. M. Morrison (Grenville 1968) two daughters, Julia Sophie, on 12th October, 1985 and Charlotte Maisie, on 30th July, 1989.

J. D. A. Nicholl (Lyttelton 1972) a son, William David, on 5th July, 1990.

A. C. Peatfield (Temple 1970) a son in April 1990.

S. M. Springer (Chandos 1973) a daughter, Chloe, in 1989.

Kathryn A. Wills (née Matthews) (Stanhope 1977) a son, Harry James Vernon, on 16th August, 1990.

DEATHS

C. M. Barlow (Temple 1925) on 29th June, 1990.

A. d'A. Bellairs (Temple 1935) in October, 1990.

A. P. Clark (Grenville 1946) on 5th December, 1989.

D. B. Drysdale (Grafton 1934) on 22nd June, 1990.

A. A. Hawker (Cobham 1933) on 15th April, 1990.

C. J. C. Haycraft (Temple 1928) on 16th May, 1990.

A. W. A. Llewellyn Palmer (Chandos 1930) in April 1990.

W. E. McCready (Grafton 1940) has died.

G. B. Michler (Walpole 1939) in 1972.

A. R. W. Robinson (Bruce 1926) has died.

P. Sansome (Temple/Chandos 1925) in 1990.

The Hon. E. R. B. Stopford (Cobham 1930) on 10th June, 1990.

N. S. Vans Agnew (Temple 1975) on 17th June, 1990.

F. A. Whitlock (Cobham 1934) on 21st May, 1990.

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