

THE STOIC



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MARCH 1994



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No. 192

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 Staff Editors: EST, AGE. Advisory Editors: AGM, JSK, GStJS.

COVER: Robert Gooch, Head Boy, and Olivia Coy, Head Girl, with the Headmaster and his wife in the Gothic Library (Photo: John Credland)

BACK COVER: The Rotunda (Photo: Digby Oldridge)

INSIDE COVER: The Temple of British Worthies (Photo: Digby Oldridge)



Digby Oldridge

STOICA



AROUND & ABOUT

THE STOIC, originally published three times a year and more recently published just twice a year, has in this issue become an annual. We hope that its new format and enlarged contents will meet with our readers' approval. Inevitably, as the last *Stoic* was published in May, there may be some overlapping and there may be more emphasis on more recent events, something which future annual magazines should be able to rectify. The advantages of the magazine providing a clear year's record seem compelling and the events of 1994, therefore, will be contained in the issue of March 1995.

LYTTELTON House was reopened in September 1993 as a House for girls, under the leadership of Mrs Taylor, who moved with Simon and new canine Chloe from Stanhope House, the "temporary" House in the sanatorium block which was threatening to become permanent.

For the moment the "Stanhope" building will be used as a lung creating breathing space to assist in the creation of further new ventures, the most immediate of which will be the new Music Schools. It is an area which, in the long term, is ripe for redevelopment.

ALASDAIR MACDONALD, who taught at Stowe for thirty-seven years and wrote the School's history, died last November. A tribute is published on page 145.



STAFF CHANGES There are a number of new faces in the Boarding Houses. Michael and Hazel Waldman have retired from Bruce House after fourteen years, moving down the hill and over the water to Paper Mill. It was the Waldmans who oversaw the Bruce move from the Mansion to their new building in 1986, where Ken and Annie Melber have now taken over.



Michael and Hazel Waldman

Michael Smith has become Administrative Director and Michael and Louise Chitty have moved in to Grenville. Finally, on the departure of the Larcombes from Grafton, the House bade welcome to Charles and Vanessa Johnson.

There were other staff changes last summer, as marked in later pages of this section of the magazine. Amongst the leavers was Dr Anthony Ozturk, a legendary feature of *The Voice* but, more importantly, advisory editor to *The Stoic* during the past five years. A volume of his poems, *Between Endings*, was published by the Corinthian Press this summer and is available from the school bookshop. There are also four new Heads of Department: Stephen McCabe (Mathematics), Graeme Delaney (Modern Languages), David Barr (Theatre Studies) and Guy Scott, who resumes leadership of the Art department on his retirement from Lyttelton.

Matthew Mahoney



ANDY BIRT A freak rugby accident in the autumn term caused serious injury to Andrew Birt of Walpole House, who, as we went to press, was still in Stoke Mandeville Hospital.

The whole Stowe community is both thinking of him and hoping it will not be too long before his return to A-level studies.

Andrew's parents report that, although he becomes very frustrated at times, he is certainly displaying remarkable courage and making slow but very steady progress:

"Andrew always appears to be at his happiest when receiving visits from all his friends. We are

all so very grateful for the support that Andrew is receiving from everyone at Stowe. There can be no doubt that it continues to be of enormous value to both Andrew and all his family.

"Andrew is now in St George's Ward at Stoke Mandeville Hospital, Aylesbury, with open visiting. We know that he would really like to see anyone who has a few moments to spare but perhaps it is best to let Lionel Weston at Walpole House help to coordinate your plans."

ACADEMIC LEAGUE TABLES in the National Press continue to proliferate. As is mentioned more fully elsewhere in the magazine, Stowe continues to move upwards in all the tables. That there has been such a spectacular rise over the past four years in our performance at both GCSE and A-level is testimony not just to the teaching of our scholars but also the effectiveness of our provision for those with specific learning difficulties. In particular, our close working relationship with the Dyslexia Institute over the past few years has borne wonderful fruit.

The work of AAVR in pioneering and masterminding this aspect of our life, with advice from Harry Chasty and Chris Carter, should not go unmentioned.

PASF



Novelist Iris Murdoch and her husband Professor John Bayley, who visited Stowe at the invitation of the Literary Society (page 61)

THE VOICE



The school newspaper, *The Voice*, continues to go from strength to strength.

Very much a child of the computer age, *The Voice*, which usually comes out three times a term, now often runs to as many as sixteen very impressive pages and is very much pupil-produced. We have had some fine editorial boards. During 1992 Robert Bush and Tom Foss-Smith's team proved splendidly imaginative and industrious and in the autumn another talented and energetic group emerged, with the ubiquitous Ross Atherton as editor-in-chief, aided and abetted by Grant Elmes, Mark Meredith, Caroline Shasha, Simon Gardner, Matthew Newnham, Daniel Ocroft, Luke Smith, Francis Wallis, Mark Williams (type-setting), Digby Oldridge (photography), Jenny Ridge and Hugh Stewart-Richardson.

The equally ubiquitous JSK remains as the power behind the editorial throne.



John Credland

Miranda Raison exercising her Voice. Yes, the newspaper's readership knows no bounds...

One of *The Voice's* greatest strengths is that it does not just look inwards at Stowe but also challengingly at the world outside. It is, for example, as interested in the latest Budget as in new, unsightly Fire Escape signs in Chapel! It has, in particular, used its own interviews as effective feature material, recent subjects including disc-jockey Dave Lee Travis, Derek Beackon (Tower Hamlets councillor for the controversial British National Party), Edwina Currie (another controversial party) and Laddie Lucas (OS), one of Britain's most highly decorated fighter pilots.

The 1991-92 *Voice*, under the inspirational leadership of Carter Murray and Justin Shasha, was runner-up in the Daily Telegraph's school newspaper competition. Ross Atherton and his enthusiastic team are hoping to go one better ...

GUEST OF HONOUR at Speech Day was the distinguished Old Stoic Lord Sainsbury. Full details of Speech day on page 34.



John Credland

WORKSHOPS The latest development has been the upgrading of facilities for drawing and graphics on computers. There has recently been installed a network of 486DX 50MHz machines, working from a dedicated file server running Novel Netware 3.12.

This is a very powerful system to have for general school use and is already much in demand. An admirable programme, called "Design View", is being used by Stoics for their design drawings, the programme having been given to us through a sponsorship scheme involving the CBI.

BRIAN HECHT, who spent a year with us after graduating from Harvard, is now beginning a career in journalism in his native New York.

Whilst here he taught American Politics and greatly enthused over Bill Clinton's presidential election victory. His successor as Paradina fellow, Matthew Kane, is in Temple House.



JIM WHITE (former pupil of PASF) of *The Independent*, invited by the Literary Society, spoke superbly to an absorbed audience, on 21st January, about journalism.

GRANVILLE CARR The family of Granville Carr (OS) has presented in his memory two young cedars of Lebanon, which have been planted in front of his old House, Chatham.



Ted Dexter and the Headmaster congratulate the winner of this year's Stowe Putter, Alexander Morgan of Wallop School.



STOWE SWIMMERS in 1992/93 won an ASA/KIA-ORA award for having the most pupils to pass swimming awards in the country for our particular category, an independent school with 500-plus pupils. Two Stoics, Tim Saad and Nick Turner, received an Amateur Swimming Association Award last November from Olympic swimming stars Adrian Moorhouse and Kerry Shacklock during an ASA/KIA-ORA Gala Dinner in Birmingham.

These successes very much reflect the emphasis on swimming in our physical education programme and the renewal and upgrading of the pool shortly after the arrival of IM, the new Director of PE.

ARTISTS continue to excel, not just in exams (76% Grade As at A-level) but in practical things. The success of the Art School's mural for the Great Ormond St Children's Hospital has encouraged a further order to be placed.

In Design Kate Finch-Knightley came top of the A-level results nationally.

Meanwhile there were two Stowe exhibitions in London, Michael Heseltine exhibiting his paintings of the landscape and garden buildings at the Mall Gallery, whilst Ken Melber shared a three-man exhibition in the late autumn.

OXFORD & CAMBRIDGE

Congratulations to the following, who have been offered places at Oxford and Cambridge:

Andrew Hyslop, Chemistry (Somerville College, Oxford),

George Pendle, English (St Peter's College, Oxford),

William Wynne, Biological Science (Magdalen College, Oxford),

Graham Pike, Physics (Trinity College, Oxford),

Rachel Beer, Theology (Newnham College, Cambridge)

Olivia Coy, Natural Science (Emmanuel College, Cambridge),

Tom Foss-Smith, Maths (St Catharine's College, Cambridge),

Felix Polonius, Economics (St John's College, Cambridge).



THE PAVILION Wonderful renovation to the pavilion on the North Front has been completed thanks to the great generosity of the Old Stoic Society. It was officially reopened last Speech Day by the Chairman of the Old Stoics, Christopher Honeyman Brown. Because of much internal reorganisation it is now possible for all visiting teams to change in the pavilion rather than to divert to various House changing-rooms. The exterior is now repointed and as smart as when it was first opened by Stanley Jackson, a former England Test cricket captain, in the 1930's.

Mentioning the pavilion on Speech Day, the Headmaster commented on this "marvellously generous gesture" from the Old Stoic Society. "We do not inherit the world from our ancestors", he reminded the School, "we borrow it for a space from our children."

WINNERS A Stowe team reached the finals of the Young Consumer of the Year competition and another was a regional winner of a national General Knowledge Quiz. Leon Ridley won the Bowater Group graphics prize, Virginia Holmes was the best High Gun in Clay Pigeon shooting in the British Under-19 category and Tayo Erogbogbo won national recognition in the triple-jump. Five Stoics received offers of Medical School places, two became Associates of the London College of Music, whilst Stephen Jones distinguished himself by achieving a 24-hour organ playing marathon, thereby raising £1,000 for charity.

EUROPEAN STUDIES progress apace. Robert Dillow, Head of European Studies, and Graeme Delaney, Head of Modern languages, have commenced an ambitious programme involving foreign exchanges, contacts and visits.

GOVERNORS We thank several governors who have recently retired for all that they have generously given the School during their time in office: General Sir Frank Kitson, The Revd. John Eddison, Charles Malden, Antony Shillington, Paul Whitfield and Peter Wright.

New additions to the board include: Nicholas Berry, Jonathan Fletcher, Christopher Honeyman Brown and Helen Williams.

NEW LADIES Last September Stowe welcomed Mrs Marilyn Rydstrom as the School's first-ever Marketing Director. Other new ladies on the Campus include Mrs Chris Shaw, who has taken over from Mrs Shirley Cross as Commercial Manager, and House Matrons (whose arrival in the autumn term of 1992 went unchronicled), Tally Kettler (Chatham) and Rosemary Leighton (Bruce).

CHESS CHAMPIONS In a Speedchess Congress at Aylesbury on 6th February (70 competitors) Moritz Polonius came first equal with 5½/6 winning £35, a cup and the honour of playing Nigel Short, world championship finalist, in a simultaneous exhibition at Simpson's in the Strand. Armand David won a t-shirt as high ranking junior.

DOG NEWS 1993 seems to have been the Year of the Puppy. New canine arrivals on the campus include Trooper, Hobbes, Bramble and Chloe.

GAMES HONOURS Edward Rogers and Alexander Robertson have played U19 County Rugby this year, whilst Angus McCarey and Thomas Bell have gained representative honours at U16 level.

Tara Hay was selected for the Regional Midlands Lacrosse team and Terri Bell, Juliet Jarvis and Frances Newberry have played County netball.

AN OPEN DAY was held in October for pupils registered for entry in next September.

A sunny autumn day encouraged over two hundred visitors to attend, with well over a hundred boys and girls acting as hosts. It was considered a valuable innovation, something to be repeated in future years.



Digby Oldridge

Lord Coggan, the former Archbishop of Canterbury, preached in Chapel last November (see page 41)

AN ANTHOLOGY of Stoic Poems written between 1989 and 1992, has been published. Entitled *New Vistas*, it can be obtained from the Stowe Bookshop (at £3.50 plus post and packing). There are also a very few copies of the *Stowe Leavers' Book*, 1993, the second year of issue of a publication containing photographs of all those who left at the end of the Middle Sixth year. (Available at the Stowe Bookshop £12 plus postage).

FAREWELLS Austin Waterworth, the school's assistant bursar for the past 5 years, left last December to join a consultative and advisory firm.

In December we also said goodbye to John Mullen, our Head Groundsman and our Australian "gap" student Stephen Klineberg.

All will be much missed.

STOWE WEDDING The mathematics and classics departments came a step nearer last summer with the wedding at Stowe of Colin McCrea and Belinda Evison (OS).



THE LIBRARY Brian Stephan writes: "During 1993 the Library acquired 170 books, 68 of them through the generosity of leavers and their parents. We are most grateful also to the following: to Andrew Kennon, (OS), son of the late chairman of the Governing Body, for funding the purchase of several valuable Modern Language books from his father's estate; and to the Hellenic Foundation which with its usual beneficence has given us a magnificent work on the Mount Athos monastery.

Though space remains a problem, some re-arrangement of the wooden and wire panels on the North and South sides has proved some welcome extra room for display in the lending section.

During Opera week in the Summer Holidays the Library, as a dining room, acted as host to a number of visitors; it is to be hoped that its elegance and splendor were duly appreciated by those previously unaware of its existence.

A note of thanks is due to Jan-Felix Polonius for his helpfulness and efficiency."



DRAMA Our coeducational sixth-form has resulted in many fine performances in school plays by young actresses since the 1970's. This year's Senior Congreve production, Bernard Shaw's *The Millionairess*, contained some high-quality acting, not least from Lyttelton's Miranda Raison (above). Halima Fraval, two years her senior, has followed her fine performance in *West Side Story* by gaining a place at the

Guildford School of Acting. A new dimension was given to Stowe drama in the autumn term when the Modern Language Department staged a successful evening of French drama, and an A-level English set, under the guidance of SGAH, achieved three fine performances of one of their Shakespearean texts, *Measure for Measure*.

OVERALL 1993 was a very full and exciting year, perhaps as full and exciting as any in the School's history, centred on, but extending outwards from, its academic purposefulness. Socially, in our heightened sense of communal responsibility it has been the best of years. Perhaps this is most obviously exemplified in the depth of commitment the present Middle Sixth gives to the community and in the care and concern devoted to the process of trying to ensure that the newest Stoics feel quickly welcome. The School's weekly Christian discussion group, Crossfire, has never been better subscribed and Bible Study groups proliferate. On the very first page of the very first *Stoic*, in 1923, the editor wrote:

"Stowe exists because it is needed, because there are more boys of Public School quality in the country than the Public Schools can hold. That is a simple but sufficient reason. Stowe proposes to continue in existence for the additional reason that it believes itself to have a character of its own, and hopes in the fullness of time to make a contribution of its own to English education."

Stowe has! Stowe does! Stowe will!



The Editors: Robert Temple, Digby Oldridge, Juliette Kristensen, Robert Bush, Susanna Benn, Richard Parry, George Pendle. Absent: Ross Atherton.

Valete...

DGL

STOWE Common Room is rightly known for the warmth of its fellowship, the spontaneity of its support for all the members of the Stowe community and its liberality. It rejects humbug and distortion and is neither cliquish nor self-conscious, passive nor excessively vehement. These qualities do not just happen. They are nurtured, sustained and passed on to succeeding generations by their guardians, men of the calibre of David Lennard.

DGL was president of the Common Room for two years in the late eighties and, with an eye for detail and pervasive concern for fellow beings, achieved new and high levels of harmony, method and order in day to day matters of organisation, but his influence as a member of the Common Room reached over considerably more than these two of his twenty eight years at Stowe. Few can match his record of attendance at Common Room meetings! He kept his counsel until he had something really worthwhile to say but his contribution invariably added clarity and humour to the discussion. His sense of justice, his insistence on returning to clearly articulated first principles, and his innate mistrust of expedience made him a formidable adversary in debate, but, at the same time, a powerful force for reason and rectitude.

Although a Stowe master of many parts, DGL will be remembered particularly for the high quality of his Maths teaching. Fortunate indeed were those Stoics who received his measured instruction. His interest in their academic welfare and the time he devoted in helping those, for whom Maths was an interminable mystery, to achieve basic competence extended well beyond scheduled classroom periods. His appointment as Head of Department in 1981 brought a new sense of direction to those in his charge and the well-charted tradition of A-level Maths excellence at Stowe owes much to his twelve years of careful and diligent stewardship.

As all those who know of the life of the school understand and acknowledge, Stowe teachers are busy people. DGL was no exception. He played a full part in a wide range of extra-curricular pursuits, touching almost all facets of the community at one time or another, contributing to many activities and becoming fully committed and energetically

involved in a large number. His bachelor Under-Housemaster role in Grenville came to a timely close when he married Yvonne on World Cup final day in May 1966 (an interesting choice of date for someone so devoted to sporting contests that he plans the year ahead around Wembley, Wimbledon and Wentworth!). He was tutor to Side X from 1968 onwards, master i/c timetable from 1971-77 and administrative assistant to RQD throughout the seventies. He coached and managed cricket teams at Second XI, Junior Colts and U14 levels – leg cutters a speciality! – and somehow found time to



captain Buckingham CC for three years in the early seventies. At various times he looked after 'Monday Extra' tennis players, table-tennis players and young farmers and, when golf became a passion, he assisted with the organisation of school team matches, a role which he has generously continued to engage during his post-Stowe career. DGL served on numerous school committees and working parties variously as chair-

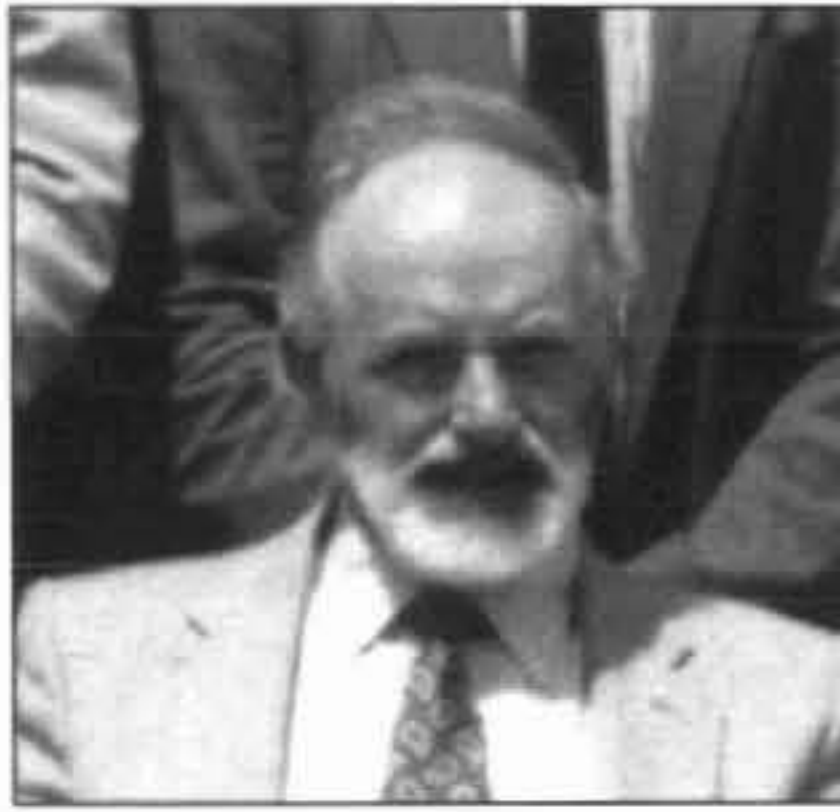
man, secretary, minute-writer, convener and dogsbody. His membership of the Curriculum Committee, from 1976-86, became a main interest but a hallmark throughout was his meticulous commitment in whatever task, small or large, undertaken. He wore many hats!

DGL's life revolved around Stowe to the extent that much of his own time was spent in serving the interests of the school. His sterling work on the Stowe Golf Club Committee and his contribution as a Queen's Temple singer bear testimony to his success in combining pleasure with business. As well as swinging a golf club and singing, David still finds time to cherish his 1974 Triumph Stag. May all three love affairs be much in evidence at Stowe for years to come!

DGL claims that he came to teach at Stowe as a result of mistaken identity! Apparently, his letter calling him for interview was sent to the other major contender for the post of Assistant Mathematician and authenticity was only established when the appointment was a 'fait accompli'! Apocryphal perhaps, but the story serves well to illustrate DGL's sense of humour, finely tuned, mischievous and often directed against himself. If the story holds only a grain of truth, it also shows just how close generations of Stoics came to missing an outstanding schoolmaster, and Common Room colleagues a generous, judicious and compassionate friend.

DRF

ARS



TONY Selby came to Stowe in 1967 and managed somehow to fit in what now would be described as two or three full-time jobs. He was not only asked to teach a full Physics timetable but also to set up project work throughout the school and run the Roxburgh Hall (inclusive of the stage, lights and workshop etc.). On top of all this he ran C.C.F. Signals section and the school Basketball. His achievements for the project work were outstanding and included the design and building of a large hovercraft and several astronomical telescopes made by grinding the lenses by hand; I doubt if this challenge would even be considered by any student today! But this went hand in hand with much work during the night building many memorable stage sets such as that for *Caesar and Cleopatra*. In 1970 he became Head of Physics which almost coincided with the move to the new Science Laboratories. This involved countless hours of work in setting up the new store room and moving over the vast amount of equipment. It is also a good example of Tony's expert and wise direction; I am sure that very few people could have achieved the order and organisation so quickly and calmly. Later on Tony set up the Audio-Visual and Reprographic centres. It is all too easy to take such centres for granted; we owe Tony a very great deal for all the years of low cost efficient service with a smile. Tony will be missed at Stowe for these reasons and more: his pupils' excellent examination results over many years across all ability ranges; his legendary skill as an announcer for various activities; and his equally legendary passion for singing is known by all – he even sang his leaving speech! And who can forget his voice and performances in *La Bohème* and *Tosca* a few years ago? Although officially retired, Tony is continuing to teach on a part-time basis at Akeley Wood, which will allow him more time for music and house renovation, so Tony will probably be just as busy but with a change of emphasis.

OLR

PCD

FEW, if any, masters will have left Stowe with such a legacy of artistic works which will always remain associated with this school. Paul Drayton came to Stowe in 1972 after six years as Director of Music at New



College, Oxford. A man of enormous musical talent, powerful intellect and natural wit, he was equally at home playing jazz as Mozart, all of which he did with consummate mastery and unflinching modesty. Many Stoics have been strongly influenced by him both as a composer as well as a pianist and some have gone on to be professional musicians. Few of those who were fortunate to be present will forget his recitals as a pianist and his concerto performances, in particular the Tchaikovsky and Schumann concertos and the Mozart Piano concerto K. 414. As an accompanist PCD was without equal; a brilliant sight reader, he could sensitively support an instrumentalist or singer and turn even the most mundane performance into a work of art.

Because of his unassuming manner few Stoics and even colleagues knew how well-known his works were and how much in demand he was as a composer. It was not unusual for him to receive letters from America or Japan requesting more information on his compositions. His compositions demonstrate the breadth of his musical genius, and his popular arrangements for such groups as the King's Singers were written alongside his more serious and more personal works. In the main, the works that will be associated with Stowe are choral. He arranged for the School numerous carols and folk songs but he will be especially remembered for the cantata *Nero* and most especially for *Templa Quam Dilecta* and his most ambitious choral work, *Litany*, which was performed the term before he left.

PCD was also a great supporter of music in the area and will be greatly missed outside Stowe. He was well known as an adjudicator, was a vice-president of the Buckingham Music Festival and president of the Buckingham and District Music Society.

PCD was universally esteemed for his sympathetic imagination and wide-ranging knowledge. He has, for example, a profound interest in theology and European literature. *Litany* was partly struc-

tured on works drawn from liturgy and religious canons. Conversation with PCD displayed his serious and humane concerns – tinged with his wry humour. He is moved by both the comic and tragic in life. For such an immensely talented man he was remarkably self-effacing.

In all that he did PCD was lovingly supported by his wife Ann. Ann's warm and gentle nature is already missed by us all at concerts. PCD leaves Stowe in order that he may have more time for composing. We can only feel privileged that this great man spent so many years here and look forward to what we hope will be for him a fruitful time of composition in Cornwall.

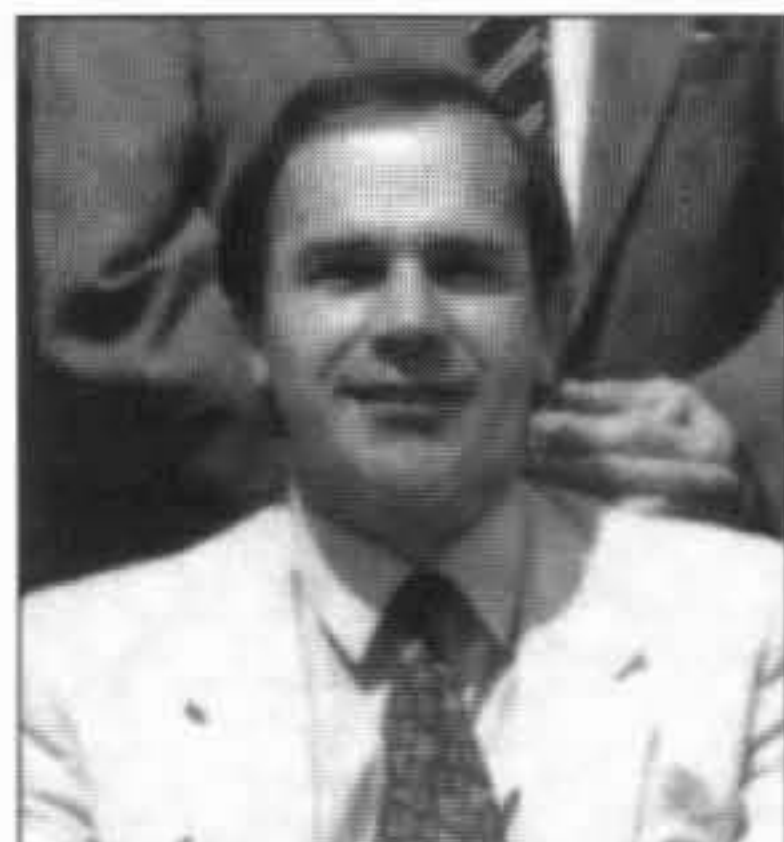
JCG

JML

“**R**OGER, a quick word in your ear,” demanded Bob Drayson on the touchline at the Oxford Hockey Festival in 1972.

“Of course, Headmaster,” I replied, “but my name is Christopher.”

“There's someone I want you to meet,” said Bob, ignoring my correction – “a good young man, hockey Blue, all-round sportsman and most important, of course, a charming, capable and very attractive wife – a potential Housemaster I'd say.”



James Larcombe joined Stowe the following September as a member of both the Divinity and Biology departments and from the start exhibited the qualities identified by Bob on that spring day in Oxford five months previously. He was a

natural communicator in the classroom and a notoriously audible one on the sports field where the intensity of his commitment was transmitted to the many successful hockey, cricket and rugby teams he coached over the years. As master i/c hockey for twelve years (Who said Housemasters don't have the capacity to direct a major sport?), he produced some exceptional teams and, overall, maintained the strength of Stowe's reputation in this, the supreme game of the all-round sportsman. (No correspondence please!)

It was, however, as Housemaster of Grafton that JML became most widely known. His reputation, rapidly built and strongly maintained throughout his

reign, attracted Stoics from all over the country. All were encouraged to develop their individual talents which not surprisingly resulted in Grafton producing an above-average number of achievers and an enviable record in House matches and events.

Furthermore, in character with his flamboyant approach to life, James brought refreshing life and enthusiasm to his duties as lay Chaplain and director of Crossfire; to the Queen's Temple Singers; to his introduction of the PSHE programme, and, of course, to his leading role performances in almost every staff drama production over the past two decades.

JML was a true and memorable schoolmaster without whose enormous contribution to the life of the community, Stowe would have been a poorer place. But, as Bob Drayson anticipated at the start, a successful schoolmaster is invariably supported by a strong, capable and charming wife – nothing could so aptly describe the part played by Anna Larcombe in the Grafton success story.

Our thanks and best wishes to them both.

CJGA

DJE

“**A**verray parfit gentil knyght” – Chaucer's description might have been tailor-made for David Ellis, so moderate, unassuming, unfailingly helpful and generous with his time was he in his ten years amongst us. An excellent linguist in every



respect with an endearing penchant for his “petit vin de Cahors” and his pipe, David created a relationship with his pupils and his tutees which was among the most sensitive and affectionate that one could expect to encounter. His was an approach of persuasive encouragement and concern, tinged with an often Gallic sense of humour and a constant readiness to give the benefit of the doubt. Beneath this deceptively easy-going exterior, however, there lies a tenacity and clear-sightedness which emerged strongly when he took over the leadership of the Modern Languages Department in 1991. This was a post for which he was splendidly equipped after a wealth of administrative experience gained in a wide range of Stowe's activities. They included, at various times, the organisation and supervision of

Monday Extras, of driving lessons, the internal examination timetable, a lengthy period as the Headmaster's Administrative Assistant (until the advent of a School Marshal), a five-year stint as Secretary and Treasurer of the Common Room and four taxing years as School Timetabler. In addition David found time to coach both hockey and rugby and ultimately saw his efforts with the latter sport rewarded in his last year by a victorious Stowe team.

David is an outstanding Bridge player and Stowe's Bridge Club benefited hugely from his knowledge, experience and enthusiasm. For some time he was an Assistant Housemaster in Grafton and, before the changeover, was attached briefly to Lyttelton. He survived at least one known attempt to nobble – or hobble – him when a Fourth-former mulched his knee with an imperfectly aimed cricket ball while names were being checked. On another occasion he mystified pupils (and colleagues, too) by electing to teach in dark glasses; the prosaic explanation for this uncharacteristic cultivation of personal charisma (mere conjunctivitis) was something of a disappointment at a time when a welcome touch of eccentricity was fast disappearing from the Stowe scene.

And so after ten highly-valued, very distinguished years of service to our community David and his family have finally, and perhaps inevitably, succumbed once again to the lure of the exotic. While you are reading this, he is probably standing, whistle at the ready, to start the inter-House camel races at the Cairo International School. The colonial spirit lives on; the moustache, though, was shaved off a touch prematurely.

JAB

TAO

WHEN we interviewed TAO for his job in the English Department in 1986, the then headmaster, Christopher Turner, and I had two anxieties. First, Dr Ozturk's only teaching experience, at schools, had been at Dartington, and we were afraid that someone choosing such a school for his teaching practice term would turn out to be a trendy lefty of the worst kind. We need not have been worried on that score! Secondly, we were anxious that this rather scholarly figure, dwelling in the remoteness of Ezra Pound, and with three degrees from the Universities of Exeter, Reading and Oxford, might not cope with the routine tedium of classroom discipline. Again, this did

not turn out to be one of our combined better judgements. In the first week of the September term, when Tony arrived, a Lower Sixth Form boy arrived at one of my lessons without a copy of the text. He explained that he



had lent his copy to a friend. When I expressed simmering incredulity, the boy explained, wide-eyed and hushed in tone, that his friend was, in the same period, being taught by Dr Ozturk. Nor was I to be left with a monopoly of sarcastic wit in the department. As we know, "Ozquotes" appeared in *The Voice* and never "Farquotes" and Dr Dakta was a match for any Farquengi.

More seriously, Tony's high scholarship, reflected as it is in his unyielding belief in the most rigorous standards of academic excellence, has given an enormous boost to the credit of the English Department. The able Stoics – the Oxbridge scholars – revelled in his company and will never forget his teaching and proclaimed themselves to have benefited from his strong and purposeful instruction. Tony's production of the marvellous *New Vistas* (a publication about which any school, let alone Department, can be proud), his indefatigable help in taking on a host of departmental chores with uncomplaining efficiency, his marvellous contribution to the department library, his clear insight and judgement at department meetings, his memorable contributions to the Reading Circle, will, collectively, leave a gaping void in the English Department.

Tony was an energetic co-editor of *The Stoic* from its inception in changed format in 1987. His acute aesthetic judgement was applied to visual and written material, and he took special responsibility for verse contributions. Sixth form editors felt in Tony a sympathetic collaborator, and pupil contributors, too, felt his warm encouragement. There was common cause in eliciting and recording the imaginative achievement and inventiveness of Stoics and Tony was at the heart of the team's creative endeavour.

He enjoyed assisting in the supervision of the Junior Colts 'B' cricket team and, in his last year, of the 3rd XI. Rumour has it that he was, on occasion, to be sighted playing for the staff in rugby, to the tune of ironic cheers from observers on the touchline. (Who could have have taught them their irony?).

Tony is a notable poet, having had poems published in a number of distinguished journals. Recently, his volume, *Between Endings*, was published by the Corinthian Press.

Although Tony was a shy man, those who knew him liked and respected him as a very good friend and we were further privileged to come to know his wife, Diana, with her quiet charm, intelligent gentleness and magical painting.

We thank them both for all they did for us here at Stowe, and they go with our very best wishes to Lisbon where Tony will be the Head of the English Department at St Julian's College.

PASF

SHCR



IN the five years that Simon Reid has been an English master at Stowe, he became the valuable, personal friend of many people and someone in whom they could place the greatest trust. The

English Department feels deeply sad at Simon's departure. Simon was a marvellous teacher across the whole range of age and ability and he was a most valuable recruiting officer for the Department. His dedication, his organisation, his unstinting energy, and, above all these, his brilliantly intuitive and compassionate understanding, will create a gap of incalculable dimension in the English Department. All those extra lessons, those clever and invaluable 3rd Form tests, the Information Technology link (how ironic that we were just getting the technology at the moment of Simon's departure), and his magnificent and tactful organisation of the Special Needs work in the department would be testimony alone to Simon's achievement at Stowe.

His contribution to school drama was notable, and particularly memorable was his fine production of *Romeo and Juliet*. He was a faithful weekly Under-Housemaster in Chandos. He was responsible for the brilliantly and seriously successful organisation of a Debating Society which must set an intellectual and moral tone which would be the envy of any other school; attendances at the Debating Society regularly exceeded 140 on Sunday evenings.

Simon was responsible for tennis at the School during his entire time here. He was a highly organised and motivated coach, who instilled a will to win in his teams and these were very successful by and large. No mean player himself, Simon was able to demonstrate just exactly how the shots should be played!

Simon's slightly prickly side and firm and independent sense of what was right were very much offset by his keen sense of humour. Sometimes, he seemed to enjoy being teased and the ruder one was to him the more he liked it; he had that slightly touching South African belief that this was English humour at its best.

From being a doubter of the merits of a Junior Tutor system, Simon became its foremost advocate. He took ideas aboard and then developed the system which we have today, sowing the seeds, before he left, of its further development. Thus, he was instrumental in carving a Tutor's Period out of a crowded timetable and in filling it, once carved, with a full programme of study skills, self-assessment, Public Service and Health Education, and careers work.

And, of course, all the time, beside Simon, is the happy, smiling, gracious and intelligent kindness of Michèle whom, together with Simon and their little daughter Isabelle, we shall greatly miss.

We very much hope that Simon will have as fulfilling a time as second in the English Department at Christ's Hospital as he did here at Stowe, and we thank him for all his kindness and help to us over the past five years.

PASF

MCR



VIVACIOUS, radiantly sunny, but in her own way an implacable 'dame de fer' – when a Stoic failed to deliver – Michèle constantly put one in mind of the eponymous Beatles' song. She joined the staff of the Modern Languages Department in January 1989 upon the retirement of JMT, by any standards a formidably hard act to follow. Michèle

brought with her an engaging warmth and enthusiasm which at once charmed both her colleagues and pupils. Her verve and sparkle were infectious and brightened the duller linguistic chore. Her contribution to the corporate life of the school extended far beyond the classroom until the birth of Isabelle understandably and inevitably restricted her ability to continue to play as full a role as she would have wished outside the classroom. In Stanhope she was Under-Housemistress to Fiona Lockton and subsequently gave valuable assistance to ELCT. A tennis enthusiast like her husband, she devoted unstinting energy to the girls' tennis and in the winter coached the Yearlings and Junior Colts hockey clubs. In addition Michèle found time to be variously a Duke of Edinburgh Award Bronze Leader, tutor in Chandos to pupils in the fourths and fifths and co-ordinator of the make-up team for a considerable number of dramatic productions. With Simon's appointment to a senior post at Christ's Hospital one might have expected Michèle, temporarily at least, to have settled comfortably into the role of mother and housewife. Not a bit of it. She now teaches at Collyer's School for David Arnold, former Head of the History Department at Stowe, who was characteristically quick to recognise her splendid professional skills. The loss of both Michèle and Simon is all too apparent and hard to sustain.

JAB

HBS



AFTER 18 years in the RAF, HBS arrived at Stowe to teach Maths in September 1989. He immediately involved himself fully in the life of the school: taking over the running of the CCF, helping with the coaching of Rugby and Athletics and

assisting with house duties in Grafton. During his second full year of teaching he also took over the running of Athletics and, if anything, improved the standards already being set in this successful sport. His own experience as a top class 400m hurdler gave him an invaluable appreciation of the technical aspects of the sport and a realistic approach to coaching youngsters so as to make the most of their talent without 'burning them out'. He also took on the teaching of Surveying to GCSE level in the 6th

Form, giving some pupils the chance to continue their Mathematical studies in a practical context. He was, though, primarily employed as a maths teacher and will be well remembered by students and colleagues alike for his organised, thoughtful and concerned approach to a job which he clearly cares about. We wish him and his family well as he continues his teaching career in Newport Pagnell.

SMcC

BE

IN just three years Barbara Evans made a memorable impact on Stowe and village life in Chackmore; tremors still gently reverberate. Her dynamism, high spirits and an appealing self-deprecatory forthrightness blew away cobwebs in unexpected corners and kept her pupils (and colleagues too) on the "qui-vive". Few of the latter however have invented their own particular brand of blood sports. For Barbara it was an early morning canter through the park, flushing skulking Stoics out of their lairs and pursuing them up to the main building, and then attacking a solid breakfast in the Common Room Mess!



There are other claims to fame, too. Within the space of a term, as mistress-in-charge of Sculling, she managed to preside over the destruction of virtually the whole of the equipment as well as the boathouse itself. For all this her contribution was magnificently positive, whether as a tutor, the confidante of anguished colleagues or, above all, as an exceptionally able and very demanding linguist. One always knew where Barbara had passed.

And what memories has she taken with her? They include, in her own words, "balmy afternoons at the lakeside, the silence eloquently punctuated by the sound of systematic chain-sawing, wafted over by the gentle zephyrs from the sewage plant". Life in the Common Room helped her to extend her vocabulary considerably (notably in Italian) and to identify problems, she claims. Elsewhere as a Fifth Form tutor she gained special insights in the Temple colonnades. All these acquisitions will stand her in excellent stead as the Head of Department at Berkhamsted. We revelled in her all-too-short presence among us.

JAB

... and *Salvete*

TMDB

Photographs Digby Oldridge



Troy Blacklaws studied English, History and Classical Civilisation at Rhodes University, Grahamstown, South Africa. He taught English in East London on South Africa's Indian Ocean coastline. He is a keen marathon runner (he ran in the 1993 London Marathon) and enjoys photography and South African Literature.

KFD



Karen Dore read Mathematics and Philosophy at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford and followed her MSc with a Certificate of Education and teaching practice in local schools. She has been involved in Christian youth work and in spare time enjoys sports, outdoor pursuits and logical puzzles. She is finding her own boarding experience useful in residence in Lyttelton.

GGJD



Graeme Delaney studied French and German at Manchester, Leipzig and Bristol Universities. He worked in Germany in schools and for an East German translating company. He has taught at Bromsgrove and King's College, Taunton. An active Europhile, he enjoys drama (his experience including work in a London theatre and the Edinburgh Festival), the major games and the Corps.

SJBA



Stuart Ayers was educated at Eastbourne College and the University of East Anglia, where he read French Language, European Literature and subsidiary German. A year at Epinal in the Vosges as an English language assistant preceded a year of educational training at Westminster College, Oxford. He has taught French for five years at Lord William's School, Thame. His interests include sport, drama and music.

The Stoic Interview: THE HEADMASTER

What are your views on the House system?

I believe that in a boarding environment there needs to be a smaller unit than the whole school for pupils to identify with and adhere to and, therefore, I believe very strongly in the traditional merits of the House system. I think it encourages a corporate identity, an *esprit de corps*, a feeling of belonging and living in a community which more closely approximates to a family unit than the whole school community. It provides a wonderful opportunity for learning to live with other people, to recognise their strengths and their weaknesses and to accommodate and learn social and human values. I also believe very strongly in the pastoral influence and direction which can be given by the interface of staff and adults in the community with the learning, growing mind and spirit. The concept of pupil responsibility and governance as a developer of leadership qualities is an important and integral part of what is on offer at Stowe and gives an advantage of binding together the social fabric of the School across the agès, which is very valuable.

What have you enjoyed most in your first five years at Stowe?

First, seeing the good things remain and, then, witnessing the many new initiatives and systems at work. I have enjoyed seeing more modern and effective structures within the management of the School, the success of the introduction of the tutorial system in the lower and middle part of the School. Specifically, I have much enjoyed seeing the increased sense of academic urgency and awareness, the greater spiritual emphasis and importance, watching *The Voice* grow and the music, and, in particular, the choir increase in proficiency. I have been delighted with the standard of art and drama. I have also, of course, been delighted by the progress that the National Trust have made in the landscaped gardens and with the repair and refurbishment programme of the garden buildings.

What are your opinions on League Tables?

Well, League Tables are clearly here to stay and the public at large do attach an importance to them. But, as I have said in various places and at various times before, the danger with League Tables is that they over-value what is easily measurable and, indeed, the criteria can often be spurious and misleading; witness the D.F.E. age-banding for GCSE, where some of our good results for those slightly

older are generally disregarded and Stoics who are fifteen, but are in the 4th Form and not taking GCSE, are included as having gained no GCSEs! What we must try to do is to find a way of measuring what is valuable. League Tables do leave much out. There are other things in education of equal value with the development of academic skills and the ability to perform well in exam conditions under constraints of time. We are in the business of preparing individuals to become citizens and family people; to prepare them for life in general, both in terms of career and private life; hobbies and interests; we must be interested in the complete person. So, whilst League Tables are a very useful tool, they must never become our masters!

Are you pleased with the National Trust developments at Stowe?

Yes; they have done, and are doing, marvels for the general ambience of Stowe. They are building on the good work done by the School in the last seventy years, under the broad umbrella of the Landscape Gardens Trust, in stopping the place and the buildings crumbling; it is wonderful to see the work that they have already achieved both in terms of research and the planned programme of restoration. We have already seen the wonderful strides made with Ancient Virtue, Friendship, The Seasons' Fountain and, now, the continuing work on the ha-ha, on the Oxford Entrance, on Venus and, shortly, they will be starting on Concord and Victory. Their expertise and their resources are vital in ensuring that Stowe endures for another 250 years. As in any marriage and symbiotic relationship there may be occasional frictions and areas of concern, but these are in the nature of such a partnership and, with goodwill on both sides, will always be superable. I look forward to a time when, not only the garden buildings and the landscape are back in pristine, prime condition, but also the main mansion (which after all is the most important garden building). The work which we have done on the West Pavilion is a wonderful encouragement and inspiration.

What are your hopes for the next five years?

To be acknowledged as the premier boarding school in the land. I hope that Stowe School will continue both to produce distinguished public figures and turn out good citizens and positive, productive and well-adjusted people. I see developing an emphasis on Europe and the international world

Digby Oldridge



beyond, both in our own awareness and in our curriculum, integral to our life. And, playing on one of the great strengths of Stowe and Stoics through the decades - namely, communication skills - I look to see developed the importance of Information Technology; again, both in our general lives and in the curriculum, so that everybody is computer-literate.

What marks Stowe out from other schools?

Well, it would be easy to say “place” and the magnificence of the environment in which we live, but one has to ask what that exactly means. I would hope that everyone who lives and passes through Stowe is enlightened and uplifted by the splendours of the buildings and the estate, but a school is most importantly about people. Stowe is pre-eminently a people-place and one of its strengths is that we acknowledge the crucial value of the individual, whilst ensuring that the individual understands the need to see his or her place in society. Stowe, being about people, gives to Stoics a confidence; indeed, many confidences: on the academic side, in terms of techniques and skills and the broadening of minds and the opening of intellectual and educational theatres and arenas; on the social side, in recognising the strengths and weaknesses of other people, in stimulating the former and acknowledging and encompassing the latter. The other important confidence that we try to build is self-confidence, in physical, intellectual and spiritual terms. All these are gained not only in the class-

room and academic arena but in the general life and thrust of the School. I often find myself saying to prospective parents that, were there a supermarket which sold 18-year old school leavers, there would be shelves with very many products so obvious and uniform that one would not need to look at the labels! But the Stoic leaver does not come ready packed under one brand label. I am pleased that most Stoics who leave here are their own people, who have been given the opportunity and the awareness to think clearly and to think for themselves.

There is another way of judging schools which, in my experience, relates to the two elements of tone and balance. It is very difficult to define the tone of a school, but it has something to do with whether people look happy, whether there are smiles or snarls around the place, how people interact both amongst their own peer groups and in the broader community. The other tranche of judgement is in balance. I am delighted with the balance at Stowe, for it seems to me that putting on a good play or producing some splendid piece in the workshops or playing good music or good games or, indeed, winning an Oxford place in Classics are all considered as important and valuable as success in any other area of the School. That seems to me to be a healthy and positive characteristic.

Who do you see as our competitors?

Every school - and none!

What values does a typical Stoic embody?

I should like to think courage and tenacity, truth and honesty, an awareness of a spiritual dimension in life, talent and confidence, a firm set of values, a love of life and for life, an inventiveness and an ability to communicate with others and to get on well with people.

What are your intentions for the following five years?

To augment the structures, atmosphere and goals in terms of preparing Stoics for later life. To do the best by every Stoic in order to enable him or her to be his or her own best. To have the possibility of housing more of the staff and community on site; to develop some of the sporting facilities; to develop a broader, yet rigorous, curriculum which could be more encompassing of everyone’s talents. And, perhaps most importantly, to see the success of a Giving Appeal to allow the School to have an endowment programme, both for its buildings and for its scholarships. Ask me in another five years!

Growing Together

Michael Bevington reflects on the National Trust's involvement at Stowe



J.C. Nattes' imagined view of the Mansion from the south-west (early 19th Century)

The marriage between a sexagenarian and a nonagenarian could pass all but unnoticed; but when the contracting parties are as well-known as Stowe School and the National Trust, it is bound to attract comment. Although the union has not yet reached its fifth anniversary, it has become sufficiently well established for a brief report on the state of the current relationship. Has it been, as Robert Louis Stevenson said of marriage, a field of battle and not a bed of roses, or did the first summer bloom of romance foreshadow an early harvest of blissful harmony? In Stowe's case it was both a marriage of convenience and the flowering of a long acquaintance established for twenty-two years.

The seeds of the current union were sown over two centuries ago and its inevitability became clearer in the changed economic circumstances following the Second World War. From the early eighteenth century the owners of Stowe intended that the house and garden should be as magnificent as possible. With their vast resources of wealth they created a palace in an arcadian landscape to match their rising political and social standing and ambition. To this end, as early as 1717, Lord Cobham

constructed a large visitor centre at the New Inn. Within a few years tourists were flocking to the Lake Pavilions and the later Bell Gate, clutching their copies of the guidebook, the earliest and fullest series published for any house and garden. A gardener, suitably tipped, would give them admittance and, when the family was absent, they were also allowed to tour the house. The result was that Stowe quickly ceased to be a secluded family retreat and soon became one of the most popular stops on the circuit of formative landscape gardens – an art-form which Stowe can claim was almost invented in its exquisite Elysian Fields.

Such a large garden – eventually extending to 250 acres – and so many garden buildings or temples – over three dozen by 1750 excluding small statues – required vast funds for maintenance. The family's money ran short from about 1805 and since then every owner of Stowe has been faced by an ever-growing problem of maintenance and repair. As early as the 1820s the first Duke would have sold the estate had a buyer been found, but none was. After several more abortive attempts to sell the place privately, it was eventually knocked down at

auction in 1921 for some £50,000 to Mr Harry Shaw, who would have given it to the nation had there been a viable means of doing so at that time. Instead it was saved from demolition by being bought for the new public school which opened in 1923. Under its first headmaster, J.F. Roxburgh, Stowe School soon proved sufficiently successful to fund repairs to the house and several of the garden buildings during the 1930s. After the war, through the efforts of Old Stoics like Laurence Whistler and Michael and Benjamin Gibbon, and masters like Michael Mounsey and George Clarke, a new effort was made to restore the garden to the height of its glory in about 1805. They also researched its history, using in particular the numerous family papers now in California, thus providing an excellent basis on which the National Trust's own researches and restoration plans have been built. Stowe School thus recognised its responsibility as owner of perhaps the country's most influential landscape garden by becoming one of the first to undertake a large restoration project. This second phase of restoration began in the mid 1950s and included clearing almost all the Oxford Water and the Octagon Lake towards the Palladian Bridge. As early as 1954 Stowe School was one of the first two bodies to receive money from the government for repairs to garden buildings.

The School's association with the National Trust goes back much further than July 1989. In 1967, to ensure the preservation of the main garden, 221 acres were covenanted to the Trust and Mr John Workman, the National Trust's Forestry Adviser, drew up a restoration plan. During the 1960s and 1970s over half the garden buildings were repaired, most of the eight lakes dredged and eight avenues planted, one gaining an Heritage Year Award in 1975. In addition, many an old vista was restored and the undergrowth cleared, much of it done by the boys at the School under the leadership of Mr Clarke. All this marked the third phase of the School's programme of restoration.

In 1985 the National Trust for the first time bought land, in the form of

the Oxford Avenue, to enhance an estate which it did not own. The following year the School's governors established the Stowe Garden Buildings Trust. This, helped financially by the sale of a painting from the house, began the next cycle of endless repairs by funding the restoration of the dome of the Temple of Ancient Virtue. The publicity generated by this fourth campaign led to the most generous gift of some £2 million by an anonymous benefactor. This, together with even larger sums from the National Heritage Memorial Fund and English Heritage, enabled the governors of the School in July 1989 to give most of the garden and much of the park to the National Trust, so that the Trust could preserve them for the future; the main house and all School buildings together with their adjacent land still remain the property of the School.

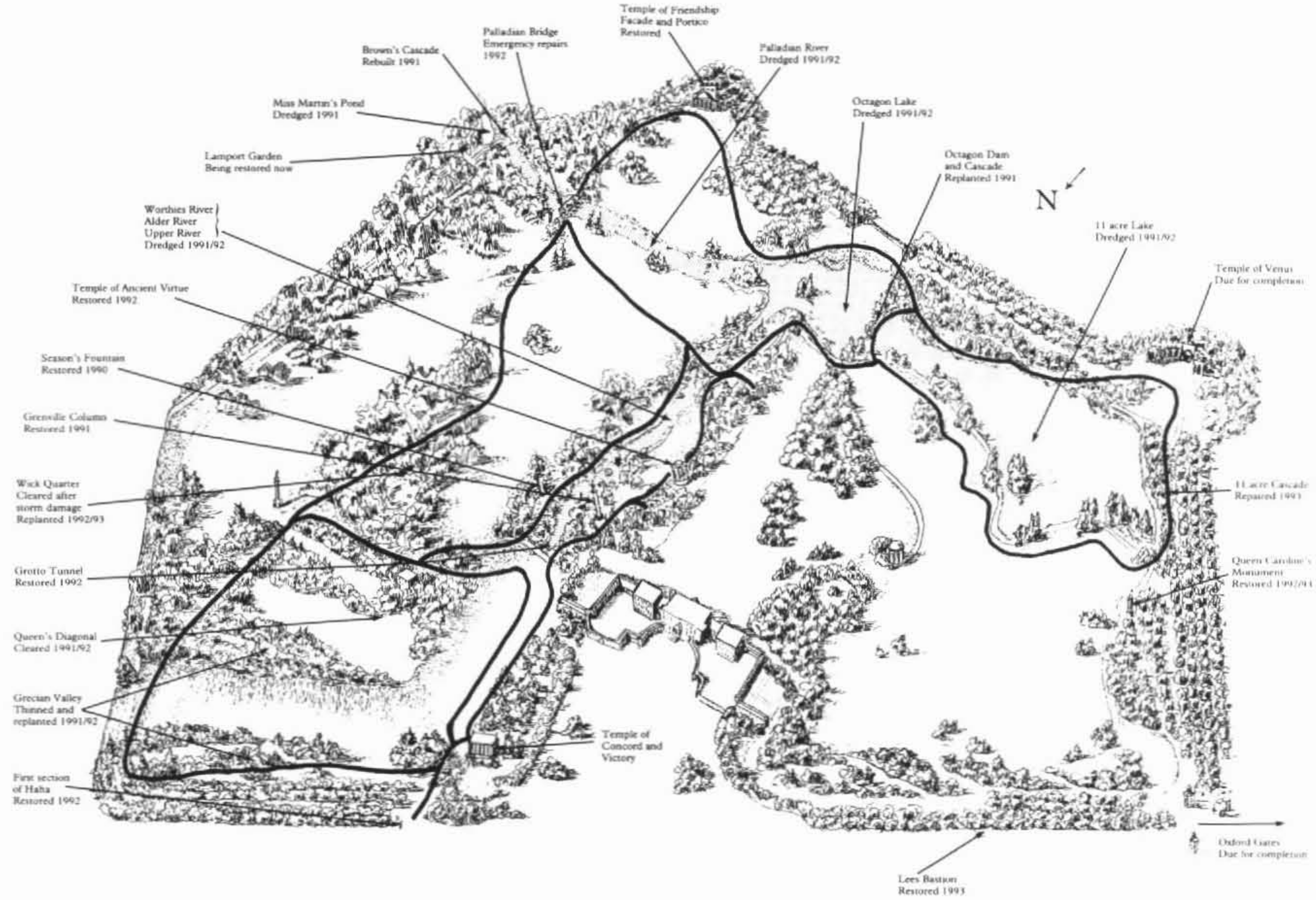


Queen Caroline's monument



STOWE AND THE NATIONAL TRUST

THE STOIC MARCH 1994



Work completed by the National Trust at Stowe Landscape Gardens since July 1989.

In many ways the transfer of the garden's ownership in 1989 has meant very few changes for the School. The main principles in the School's negotiations were that there should be no physical division between the house and the garden and that life for the School should continue as before. This, of course, includes full and unrestricted use at the traditional times of all the grounds for pupils, staff, their families, Old Stoics, members of the Estates and Sports Clubs and others alike. Thus the playing fields, athletic track, hard surface, outdoor ranges, cross-country course and tennis courts remain (although the last may be relocated by mutual agreement), and pupils can be found shooting (clays and target), fishing, sculling, sailing, canoeing, riding, exercising beagles, sketching, painting, undertaking biological studies, flying radio-controlled aircraft and surveying (amid many other activities), just as before; likewise, holiday activities which use the School continue with the freedom to operate as before. All this is supported by a complex legal agreement. For its part the National Trust has agreed to restore the garden and its buildings by the year 2000 and manage its visitors so as not to impede the life of the School and its residents. In fact, this was not a great change since the School had long opened the garden to the public during the holidays and the governors had commissioned a report in 1986 on how to develop this process. The School has also maintained friendly relations with the Landmark Trust; this Trust undertook the restoration and letting of the Gothic Temple in 1970 and is about to do the same for the Corinthian Arch.

In most respects the first few years of this marriage between two charitable institutions have been a success. Once the residents of Stowe became accustomed to the temporary carpark and the portakabins around Concord, they soon found the greater number of visitors presented few problems, even during the three, and now four, days a week in

the Summer term and the first half of the Autumn term when visitors are allowed access. Clear plans in the guidebooks have helped to ensure that visitors do not stray into private areas. Less appealing were the enlargement of paths and the erection of various signs and fences, features apparently essential to the increased number of visitors. Some more

emotional issues have arisen during the first phases of the Trust's restoration, ranging from nature conservation to cattle grids, but most have been resolved amicably and quickly.

Without doubt the School has benefited immensely through seeing the restoration of the garden and its temples completed much more swiftly and comprehensively than it could ever have hoped to achieve on its own. Indeed the gift of the garden in 1989 has removed a vast burden from the governors of what has always been essentially an educational and not a cultural charity; it has also generated a great deal of goodwill from many outside who can now realise how nobly the School struggled to main-

tain such an important part of the national heritage. Meanwhile, with the state rooms now opened by the School to the public during the holidays, Stowe has once again taken its rightful place as an exquisite attraction for the tourist alert to the beauties of an Arcadian landscape and its classical buildings. The relationship, while unlikely to be always a bed of roses, has a very sound future to judge from the growing number of joint School and Trust projects, ranging from the superb restoration of the Temple of Ancient Virtue and the establishment of a joint garden resources centre with local business support, to excellent cultural events like the conference on Stowe's history or the acclaimed operatic, musical and artistic joint ventures. It is fundamental to the interests of both the National Trust and the School that both aim for mutual understanding and co-operation. There will be great benefit for the whole of Stowe, as this balanced partnership continues to grow and flourish.



The Seasons' Fountain

PROGRESS IN THE GROUNDS

The latest activities of the National Trust at Stowe

AFTER four years the National Trust has now finished most of the large-scale work to the lakes and woods. The last conifer and poplar plantations have been felled, such as those around the Oxford Water and near Copper Bottom Lake and replanting has begun. The Higher Oxford Water, mainly dredged by the School in 1986, has now been fully cleared, following the advice of the newly established Nature Conservation Committee, and the remains of the last C.C.F. assault course removed. The result is a beautiful vista of serpentine water stretching away to the left as one enters over the Oxford Bridge. Other work in the park has included replanting the southern end of Castle Riding towards Akeley Wood in 57 acres of fields recently purchased by the National Trust. It will take many decades for the oaks to reach an impressive height, but this initiative is an excellent example of the Trust's far-reaching and long-term plans for the eventual restoration of the wider landscape.

The first restoration of a large building has been completed too. The Temple of Ancient Virtue is the best of William Kent's garden structures and now looks superb as it dominates the grassy slopes of the Elysian Fields. In May 1993 Mr Paul Whitfield, an Old Stoic and former School Governor, declared it open, an appropriate gesture given that the School's Garden Building Trust repaired the dome. This occasion also happily marked the successful completion of the National Trust's appeal for £1 million, to which the School's Trust had made a substantial donation. Since then the excellent copies of Scheemaker's four statues have taken up residence in their appropriate niches, adding the final touch to this shrine of Greek worthies with its political diatribe against modern corruption.

To the west of the garden the newly cleaned

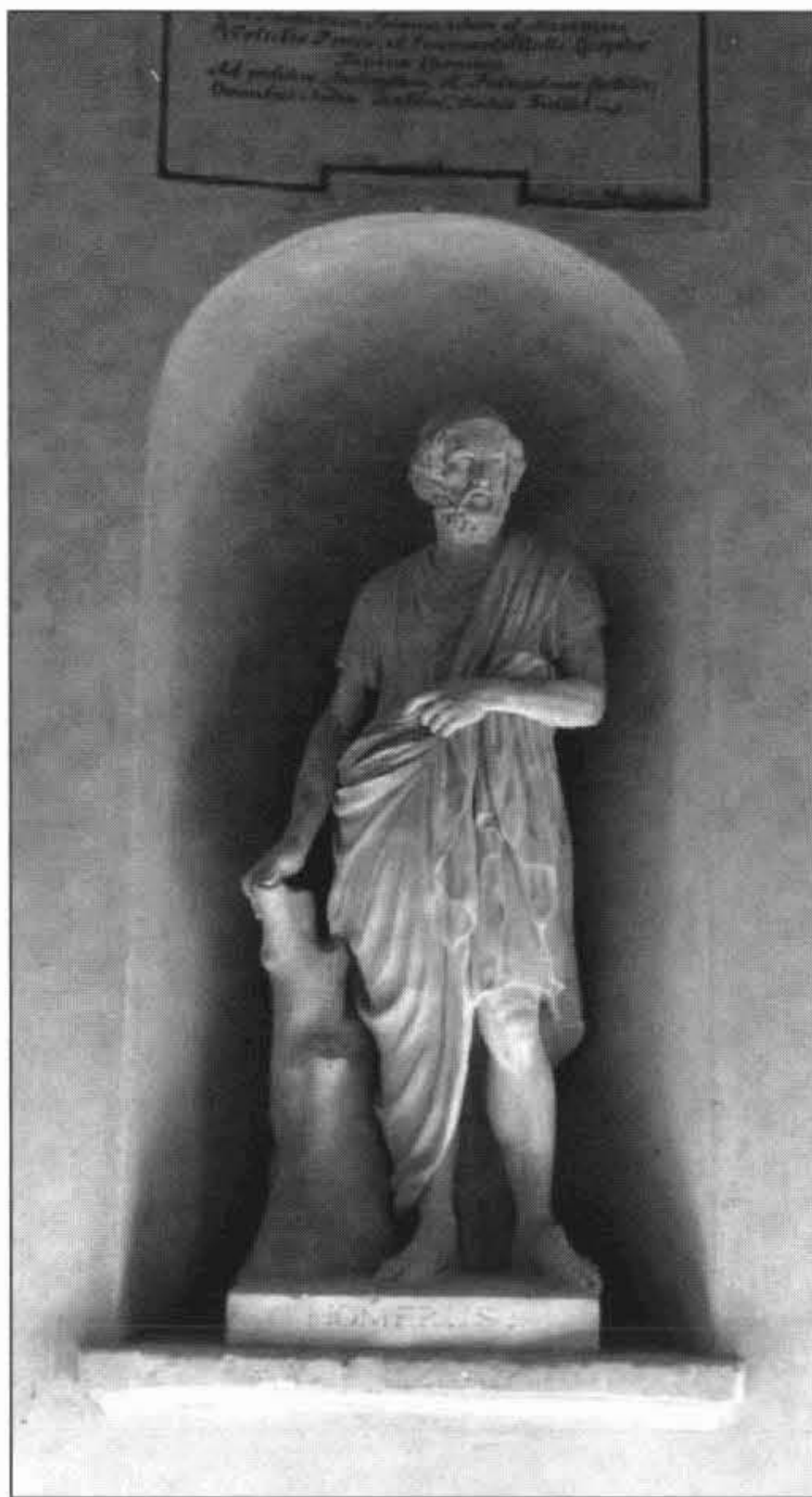
statue of Queen Caroline now surveys the other side of the golf course. The four columns supporting her pedestal have also been restored but without losing their weathered appearance. Nearby, work continues on the large cascade overlooking Copper Bottom Lake. More reconstruction than anticipated is needed to stabilise the facade and water channels. On the adjoining bastion Kent's Temple of Venus is still being restored. The poor condition of the existing stonework and the shortage of sufficiently flawless Douling stone for the repairs have slowed

progress and pushed up the costs to not far short of £½ million. Once completed it will be interesting to judge the effect of the bold recreation of Kent's supposed domes, doorways and coved ceiling. The vast subterranean chamber for the former water-wheel and ice-house is unlikely to be opened to visitors at this stage.

The restoration of yet another Kentian building is also nearing completion. The long-awaited removal of the scaffolding and plastic sheeting shrouding the Oxford Entrance piers has revealed anew the superb detailing of both the vermiculation and the six finely conserved coats of arms and insignia. The two pavilions have both received smart new lead roofs and the Oxford Lodge has a new large window. Mr David Renwick, an Old Stoic, has made a new pair of central gates, working from a photograph of the originals taken by the first Headmaster, J.F. Roxburgh.

Each leaf weighs three-quarters of a ton. They are made of wrought iron with metal taken from an anchor and propeller shaft of a German battleship sunk in Scapa Flow. Nevertheless they turn very easily on their cast iron bearings.

The original "very handsome pair of iron gates", as Milles described them in 1735, were designed by Kent in about 1730 to keep deer from straying out



The new copy of Scheemaker's statue of Homer in the Temple of Ancient Virtue

of the enlarged park. They must have been altered, perhaps three times. As can be observed of Kent's side gate made of hammered iron, which survives intact on the southern side of the West Pavilion, his original central gates must have been exceedingly elegant with their continuous vertical bars, but lacking in sufficient strength for repeated use. It is therefore possible that someone like Leoni added the central band of scroll-work in an attempt to stiffen them. This scroll pattern then had to be stretched in a slightly botched manner to allow for the lengthening of each leaf by one foot, presumably to admit wider carriages. The second alteration was possibly of 1754 and done by Borra, four years before his reconstruction of the then neighbouring Boycott Pavilions. Finally, six years later in 1760 when the whole Gateway was moved from the Boycott Hill to its present position, the piers were constructed two feet closer together, positioning the iron stile frames directly next to the stonework and thus eliminating the short screen on each side. It is the 1760 re-arrangement which has been copied for the new gates, with a few minor variations.

Once a new bell is hung to match the one depicted in Nattes' drawing of 1805 and the gates are given a dark green coat of paint, the Oxford Entrance should again look as magnificent as it did when built by Earl Temple as part of his breathtaking vista over the sharp hump of the Oxford Bridge and up to the Boycott Pavilions.

In the Japanese Garden, meanwhile, the new woven-wire fence is being erected in stages. This is a copy of the barrier which cut across Brown's Cascade and the attractive Water and Rock Garden. It had been built for the short-lived exotic birds by the second Duke in his spendthrift and tasteless way, only four years before his creditors forced him to abandon Stowe in 1847. The fascinating Chinese House will be installed in the large pond here as soon as it has been restored. It used to stand in a formal pond just south of the Outdoor Range, but only for about a dozen years from 1738. It spent the remainder of its life at Wotton and in Ireland. Elsewhere, new warning signs and nets have enabled visitors to reach the Rotondo in relative safety across the golf course. The division between two areas of differently managed grass evident between the Rotondo and the Eleven Acre Lake is the result of a new policy suggested by the Nature Conservation Committee.



The new Oxford Gates being lowered into position

In the park, the 1¼ miles of ha-ha wall continue to be rebuilt, partly by a team of volunteers. 150 yards at the south-western end of the old Sequoia Avenue has now been completed and nearly half the stretch beside Nelson's Walk. Opposite the Indoor Shooting Range an old gateway has been found, with its early eighteenth-century fixings for the hinges still in place. This probably provided a convenient short-cut to the North Front along a path aligned with the two Leoni Arches. It is first shown on the bird's-eye view of 1725 and later it served as a useful extra entrance into the western garden. Much of the new stone for the wall originated as off-cuts generously donated by Bath & Portland Stone Ltd, the company supplying stone for the Temple of Venus. Some of the coping stones have been cast locally to save costs; this is a well-established process at Stowe and surprisingly effective.

The next major project in the ten-year restoration programme of the grounds is the largest and most exciting of all. The Temple of Concord and Victory will be given a new peristyle instead of its present brick walls and the roof will be capped with six statues. With appropriate heating and lighting it could also return to being a most attractive venue for a wide variety of events. It is due to be completed in time to celebrate the National Trust's centenary in 1995 and will then once again take its rightful place as the most distinguished of Stowe's many garden temples.

Text and photographs by MJB

TEMPLA QUAM DILECTA
by Michael Bevington

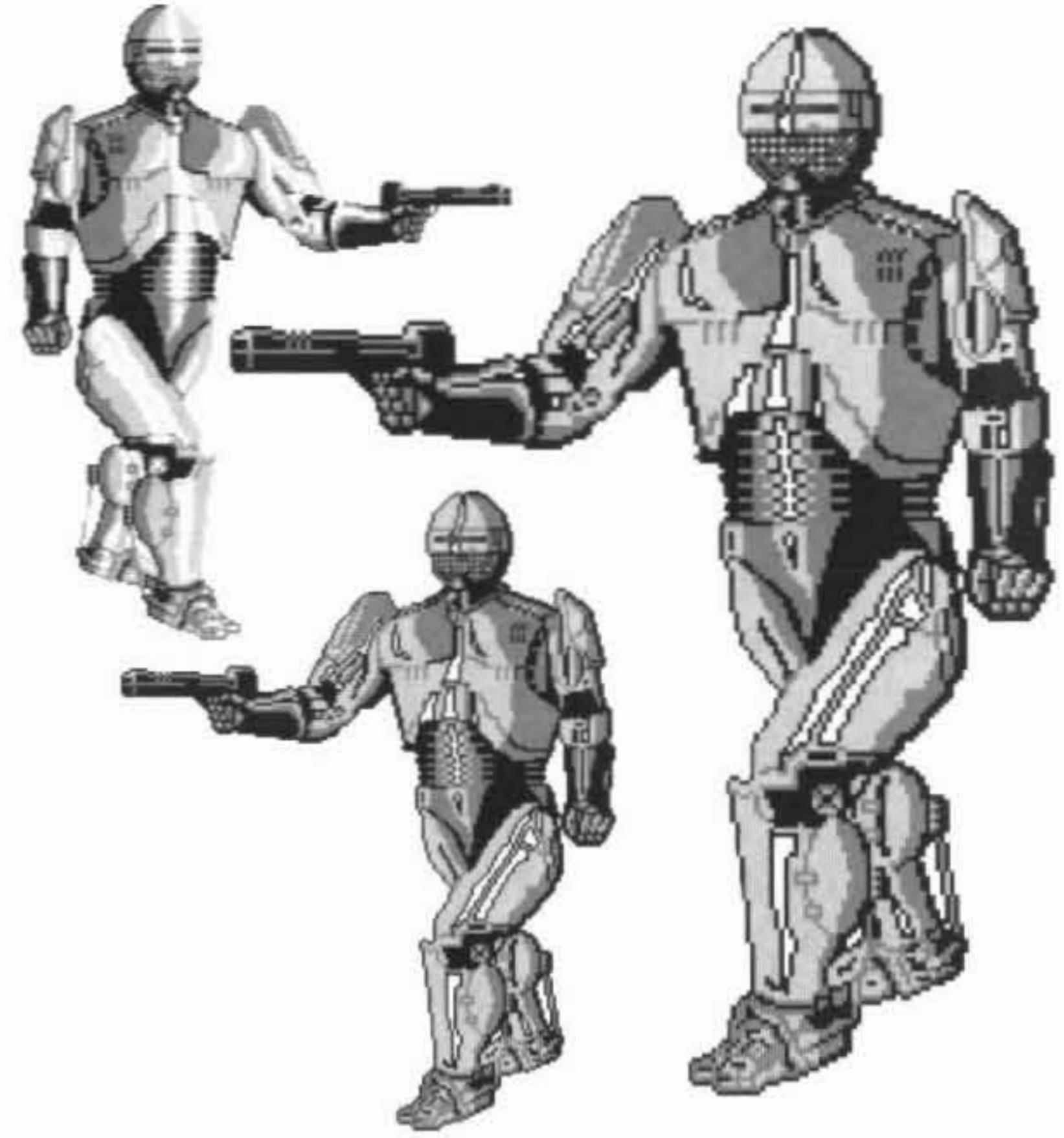
A beautifully illustrated history of Stowe's buildings
Issues I to XI and binders
are available from the Stowe Bookshop.

INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY

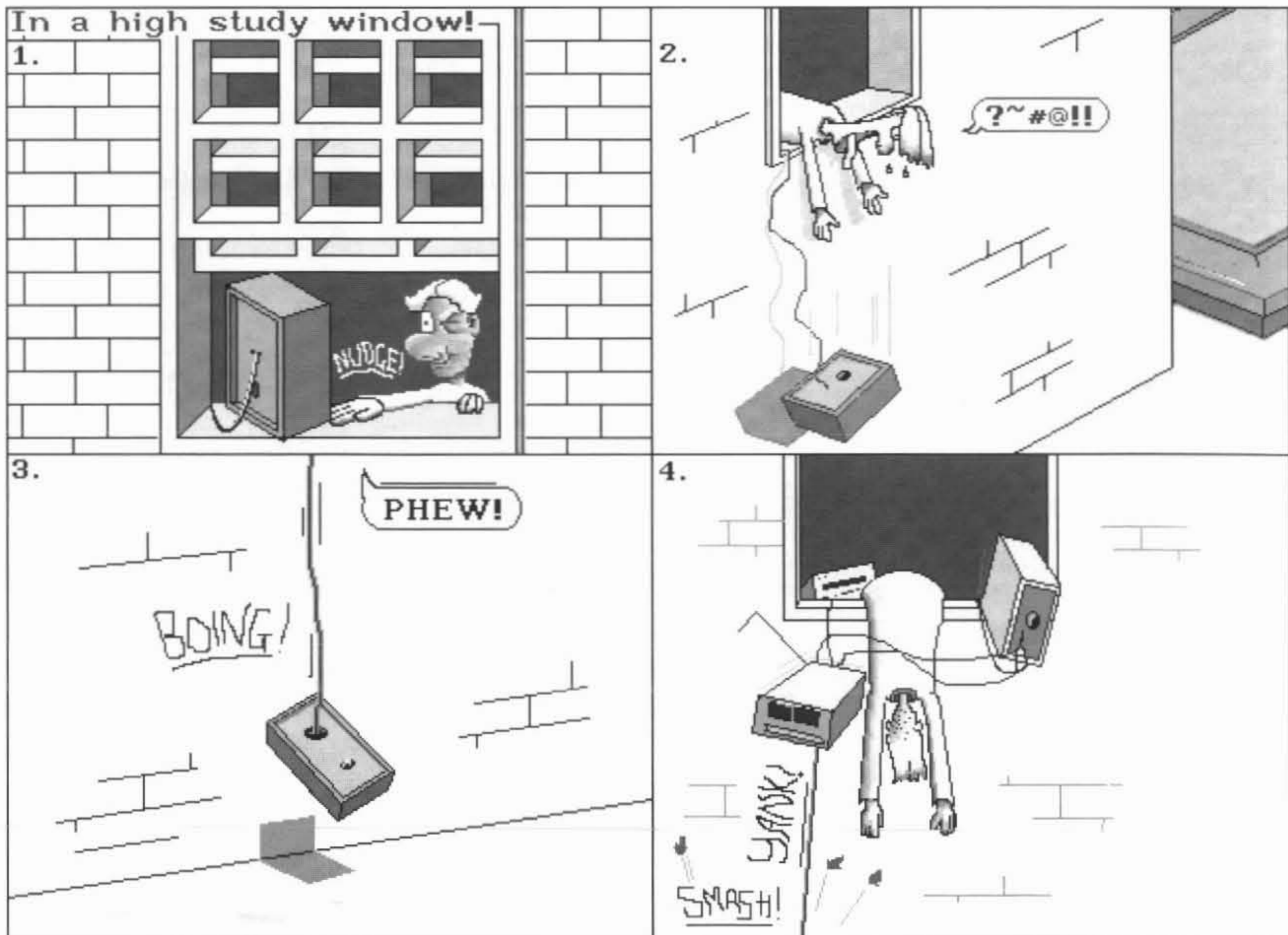
Michael Edwards reviews the steady spread of Stowe's IT

Stowe's PC population is still growing. The main network now consists of a 486 server and a 386 CD server supporting fourteen 386s and 286s – two in the Careers department, one in the Desktop Publishing studio and eleven in the Computer Room with the older network of nine XTs. Every boarding house has its own PC and every main teaching area has at least one PC, with the Design Department having a network of six new, powerful 486s.

Our school standard package, Microsoft Works, has been enhanced by the purchase of Works for Windows which gives access to the high quality printing and varied fonts available through Windows. Students can create a document, spreadsheet or chart in Works on their house computer and bring it to a Windows machine for enhancement and printing, as can the rapidly increasing number of pupils who have their own PCs at school.



Robots by Andrew MacLeod



Cartoon produced in 'Deluxe Paint', by Tom Moreton

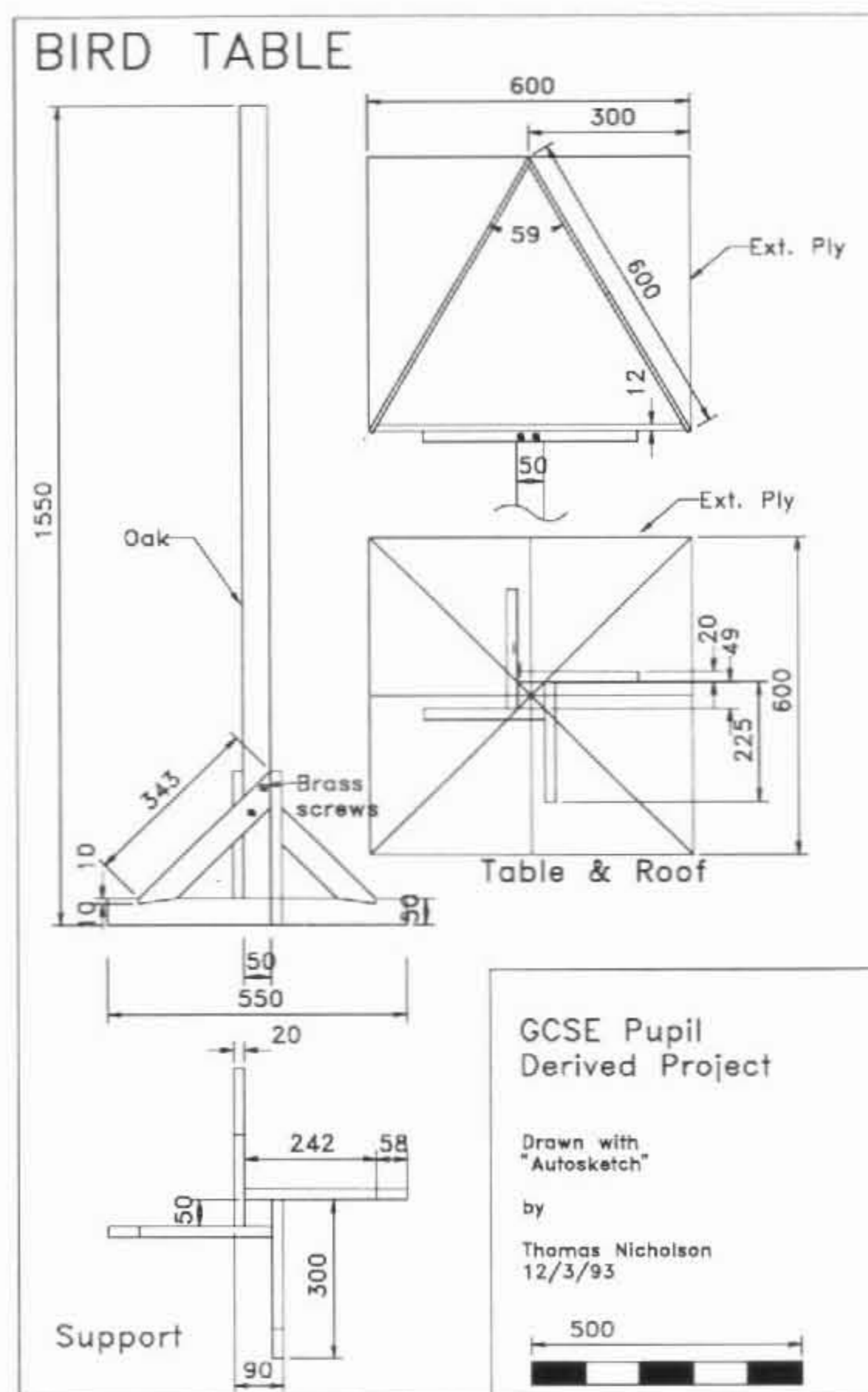
ELECTRONIC LIBRARY

The computer room is now a reference library as well as a typing pool, art room, flight simulator, golf range and alien planet! *The Guardian* and *The Economist*, encyclopedias, English and French dictionaries, atlases and guided tours of the Solar System and the human body are available. Still more exciting is our multimedia capability – combining text, pictures, animation and sound. You can analyse Beethoven’s Ninth or Stravinsky’s Firebird, hear and see recordings of animals and politicians, tour the National Gallery... there has been an explosion of publishing on CD-ROM in the past year.

From the careers library and the computer room it is possible to search ECCTIS, a database of 68,000 higher education courses, for the eight you need for your UCAS form. KUDOS and DISCOVER are packages designed to guide you towards a fulfilling career.

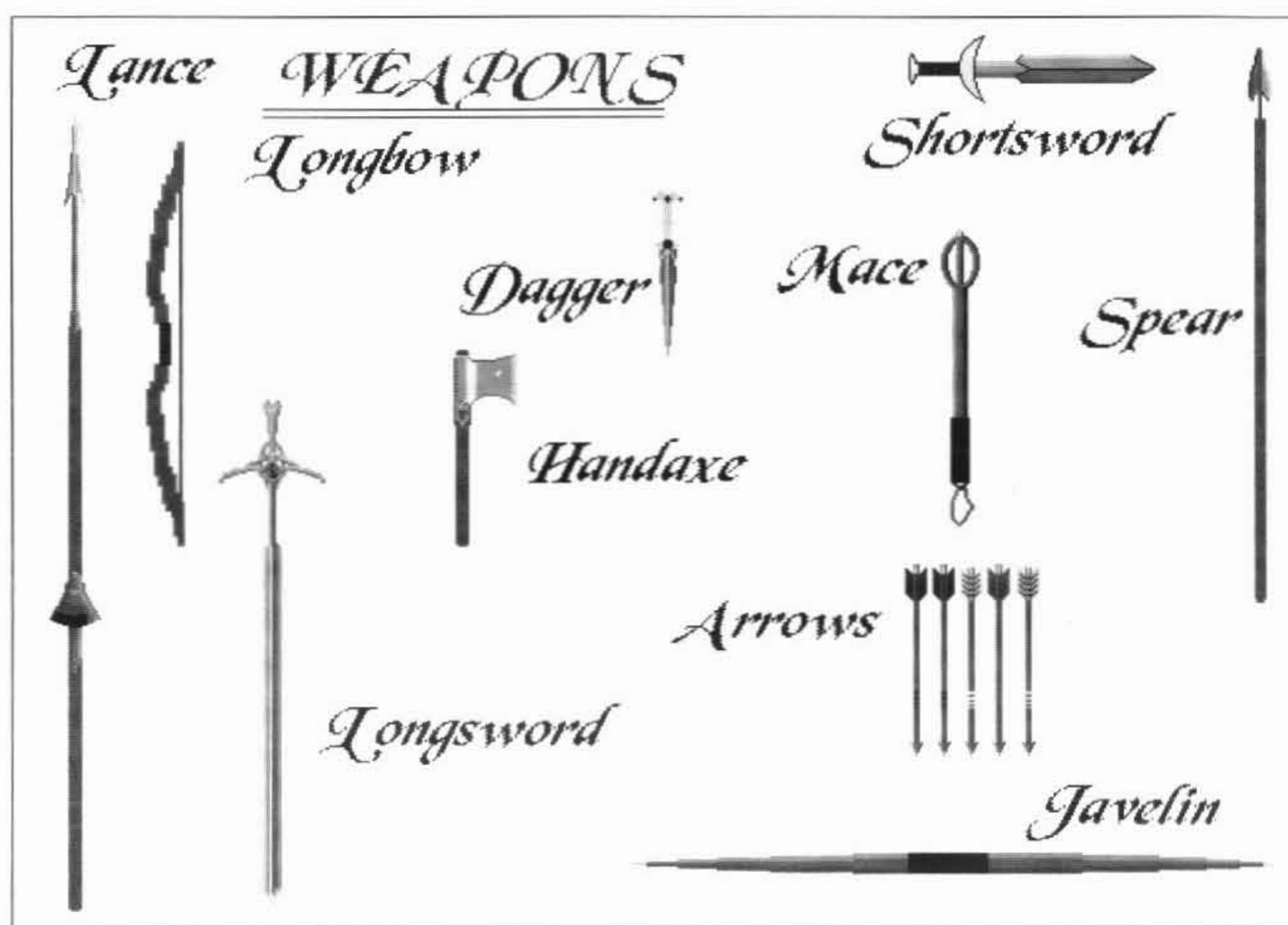
THE FUTURE

We shall continue to add more powerful machines to the network as space and funds permit. In addition, we are planning a European Studies Centre which will provide electronic mail links to European schools and give access to a database of information about Europe. This development may also be an opportunity to provide a secondary computer room where Stoics can work when the main room is in use. With the National Gallery CD now available in the Art School we have acquired better colour printing facilities to take advantage of the scope for including prints of great paintings in project work. The Stowe Gardens Resource Centre provides material about Stowe for students of all ages throughout the area, and we hope to create our own multimedia guide to the grounds as part of its facilities.



Design for GCSE project by Tom Nicholson, produced in 'Autosketch'

Weapons by David Edwards



STOWE OPERA

Robert Secret, the musical director, explains the intricacies of Stowe's Summer season of professional opera. This year, the third season, saw performances of The Magic Flute and La Bohème

Casting operas is a time-consuming project. We had over one hundred and fifty applications from professional opera singers this year. It would be too expensive to hear everyone who applied, so a certain amount of sifting is needed to try to sort out whom we would like to audition. The auditions have two parts, a vocal audition which has to be passed before a movement audition can take place. No longer can one mount operas with singers who cannot act, or with a cast which looks ridiculous. Before the auditions can take place I have to find Stage Managers (or producers as they are often confusingly referred to in the world of opera) and designers. A Production Manager has then to be found – a position which involves getting the sets built and transported, appointing the stage crew and all the other stage arrangements and costings.

As Artistic Director I have to make certain that there is a cohesion of interpretation amongst myself, the producer and the designer. I had felt in the case of *La Bohème* that a modern setting would make sense. It is a story that revolves around four young men (an artist, a musician, a writer and a philosopher all roughing it in a rather dismal flat in



Rodolfo and Mimi in the garret in Paris

Below: Two of the chorus from The Magic Flute take a break

Paris), and of the love affair of one of them (Rodolfo) with a seamstress (Mimi). I wanted the parts to be taken by singers of roughly the right age for their characters, and to choose people with whom the audience could easily identify. Fortunately, the producer, Judith Sharp, and her designer had similar views! The set had a ramp which went diagonally from stage right of the rear of the Roxburgh Hall stage out into the stage left side of the auditorium. Ingeniously this simple idea was able to be transformed from the garret where the young men lived, to the Café Momus, to the outside of the city gates and back again! The addition of neon lights to the outdoor scenes was a little reminiscent of the film *Blade Runner*, but it all seemed to work very well.

The Magic Flute is an opera of many facets: a pantomime, the fight between good and evil, a quest and publicity for the Masons (of whom Mozart was a member). I felt the opera was in many ways the musical equivalent of *The Tempest* which Michael Walling (the pro-





The chorus from La Bohème

Below: Musetta taunts her lover, the painter, by dining with another man.

ducer) is to direct in America next year – we both agreed the term ‘fantasy’ but I do not think that in my wildest fantasies I was quite prepared for what Michael came up with. He had the idea that the opera occurred in the imagination of a young boy who had gone into a disused theatre and that the ‘Pandora’s Box’ he opened up was the journey from childhood to adulthood. The theatre became populated with ghosts from the theatre’s past. Tamino’s struggle with a serpent at the opening (often an embarrassing moment) was a struggle with a real python. This hit on one of my phobias straight away, although as with everybody in the production I became quite attached to Cedric (as we named the snake) and on one night, just as I was about to take my bow, I was standing beside his box in the wings when he gave the most enormous yawn and went to sleep – I decided he was worn out, not bored! The powers of evil are portrayed by The Three Ladies, Monostatos and The Queen of the Night. Their costumes were every fetishist’s wildest dreams and, when I took the singers home during one interval, I was left having to explain to CPM that we were not performing *The Rocky Horror Show* and that the group of people who had walked past his house were indeed part of *The Magic Flute*. Sarastro, who represents the power of good, rules over a contented people (the chorus). Michael decided to bring farm animals into the Arcadian scene which led to an amusing incident in a technical rehearsal when it turned out that the donkeys had a hatred of the sheep. Mayhem ensued, but justice was seen to be done – the

donkeys were cut! The end of the opera, when the boy has to say farewell to his imaginary friends, was a very moving moment – especially so for me as his part was taken by my son Timothy.

We were very fortunate with our casts, some of them already distinguished operas singers (although we do have a policy for finding and encouraging new talent). The chorus is made up from local people (as in Amersham, Oxford and even Buckingham) and is unpaid, although nonetheless professional for that – they coped with the taxing second act of *Bohème* remarkably well. The orchestra consists of professional freelance musicians.

Stowe Opera is one of the most exciting projects in which I have ever participated and we were all delighted to read Julian Budden’s review in October’s Opera magazine. I hope he will not mind my pulling one comment out of his piece: “Stowe Opera has in its third year managed a presentation of two repertory pieces that even the most blasé of opera buffs would not have sniffed at”.





Stowe Opera

1994

“Così Fan Tutte” - Mozart

Performances on 18, 20, 24 and 26 August at 6.00pm

“Rigoletto” - Verdi

Performances on 19, 21, 25, and 27 August at 6.00pm

Ticket Prices: £25.00 and £30.00 on all nights

From:

*Stowe Opera Box Office,
Stowe Landscape Gardens,
Buckingham,
MK18 5EH
Tel: 0280 823334*

THE YEAR



The Prefects, June 1993.

Back row: Jonathan Crawford, Paul Little, Tayo Erogbogbo, Nicola Dewar-Durie, Carter Murray, Duarte De Campos, Graham Pike, Oliver Schneider, Duncan Atherton.

Middle row: James Nash, Alex Michael, Alex Herrington, Guy Weller-Poley, Kerry Ives (Head Girl).

Front row: Justin Shasha (Head of School), Alex Mustard, Mark Chamberlain (Second Prefect), Richard Plumridge, Sam Edenborough.

The Senior Tutor writes ...

This time last year we had the good news of five candidates being taken by Oxford, four of them through the medium of the English papers. David Szalay became the second O.S. in his year at Oxford to be awarded a Scholarship and Helena Bailey, also O.S., started post-graduate work at Cambridge. 70% of last year's MVI achieved the A-level grades for at least one of their chosen courses at University in the UK, and a further 10% will follow them on re-applying. Five pupils are off to College in the States, two of them to Duke. We do value the transatlantic connection.

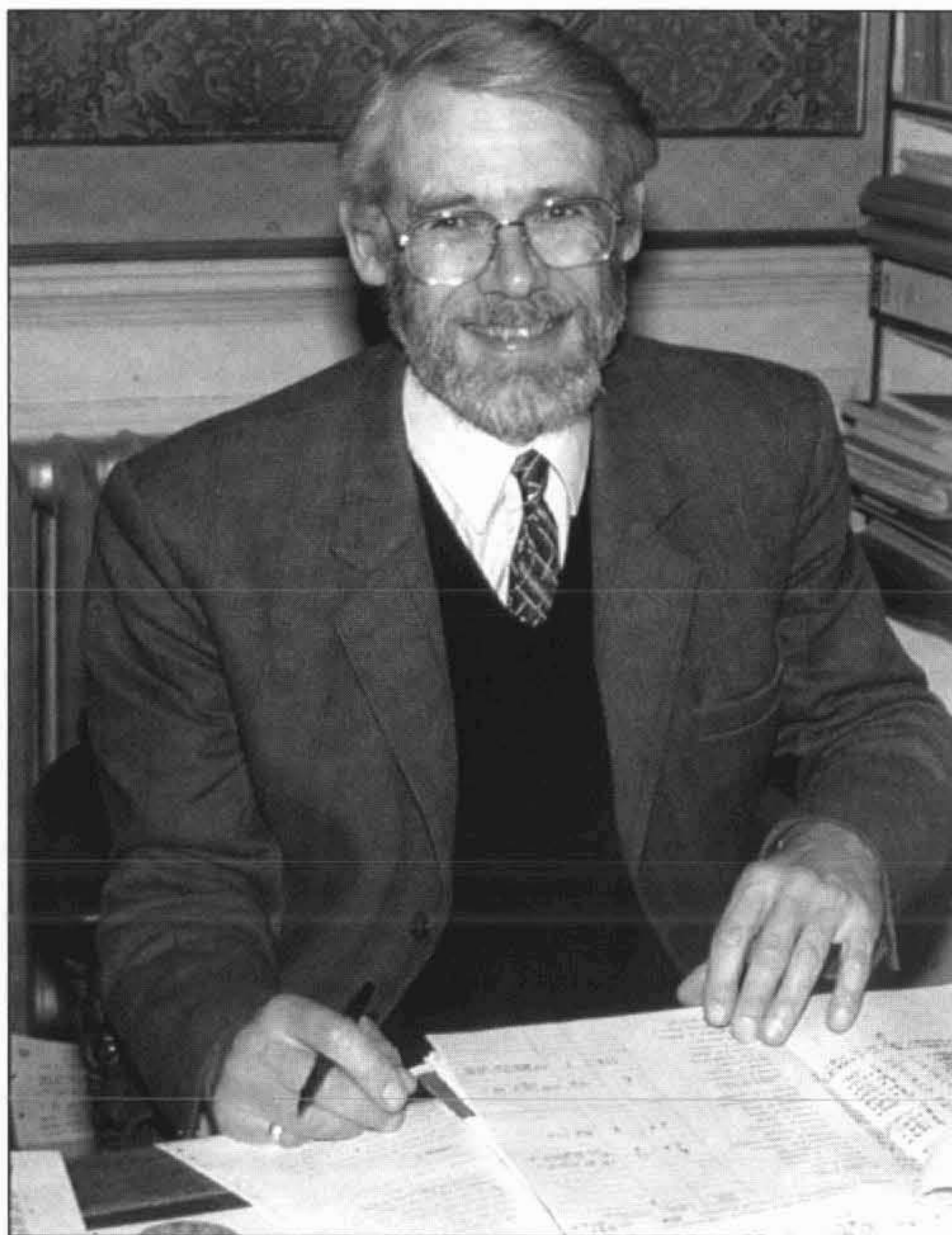
One of the best things about my job this year has been to spread the continuing good news on the Exam results front. At A-level the MVI, as a whole, did better than any comparable year group for over 20 years. They achieved this by improvement at both ends of the ability spectrum. The Art results were outstanding with 75% of A grades; Kate Finch-Knightley was particularly commended by the exam board for her work. The Fifth form did very well in terms of GCSEs passed at grade C or better, although the proportion of A grades was slightly disappointing. The graphs, reproduced from the O.S. Bulletin, show the improvements dramatically.

This year, with 85 other HMC schools, we joined the Value Added Scheme run by the University of Newcastle. Using a database of 80,000 subject entries they worked out expected grades for each A-level taken by each candidate on the basis of that candidate's GCSE record. I am delighted to report that Stoics scored an average of 1.5 UCAS points more than expected in each subject. This corresponds to about two A-level grades per candidate! League Tables, which have to be mentioned, do not reflect this kind of achievement at all. Indeed only the ISIS Tables, published in early

September, correctly record the achievements of all our pupils in the MVI and Fifths. The DFE Tables, which focus on age groups rather than year groups, are persistently misleading.

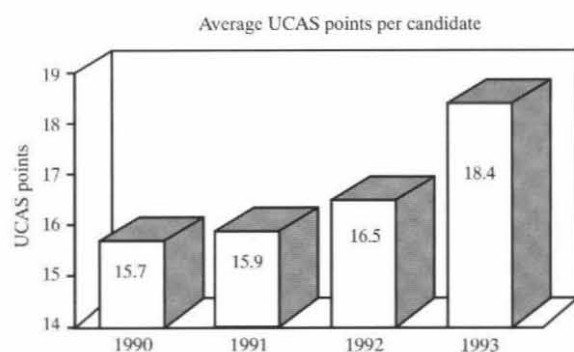
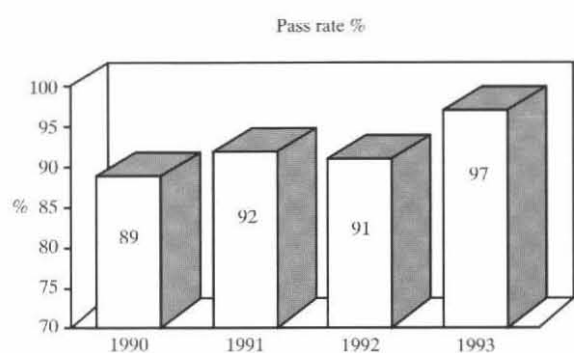
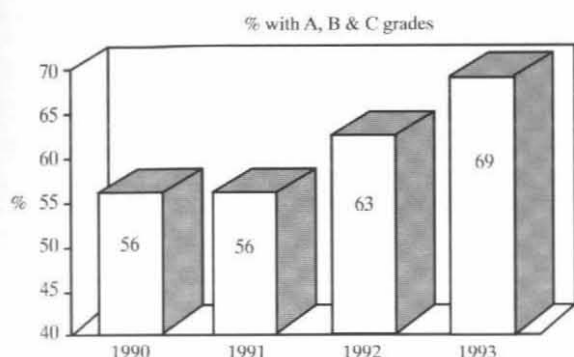
Many factors will have combined to help us achieve such good results, but I put two at the top of my list. First, over the last few years we have put a greater emphasis on the Tutorial system with the introduction of a Tutors' Period on the timetable each week and smaller tutor groups allowing closer support to be given to each member of the Side. Also we have moved to a pre-GCSE Tutor system which is House based and which gives continuity of tutorial guidance throughout a boy's first three years.

Secondly we introduced a residential Revision Course for the MVI and Fifths last Easter holidays. The benefits of a week's intensive work which focused on the exam syllabuses and revision skills were obvious. Less obvious but even more valuable was the spin-off in the form of an improved work ethic throughout the two year groups taking

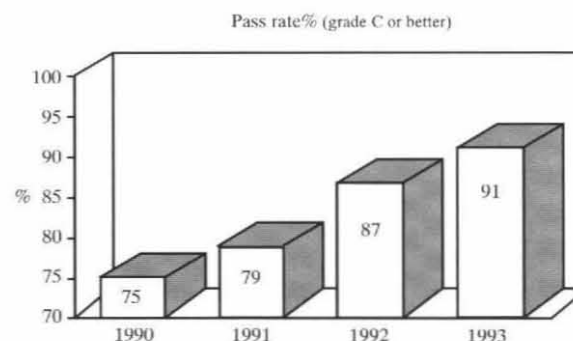
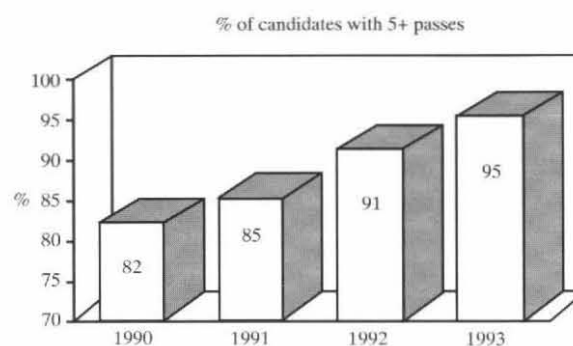
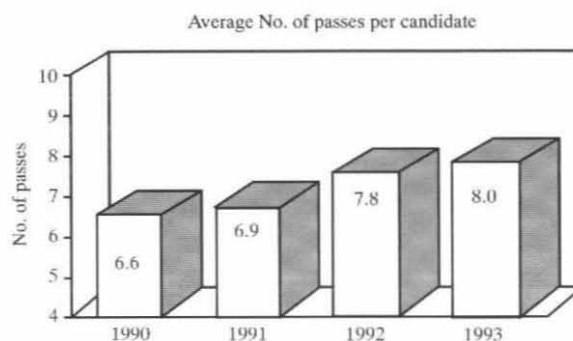


Digby Oldridge

A-Level



GCSE



public exams, which has spilled over nicely into the years below.

On the Curriculum scene we have introduced History of Art and Theatre Studies at A-level this year. Both are already enjoying healthy recruitment. At GCSE we watch the ebb and flow of Key Stage 4 with considerable sympathy for our colleagues in the maintained sector who have to follow each tidal movement of SCAA and the DFE. We are luckily able to take the KS4 GCSEs in each subject aboard as they come on stream without having to commit the School to the whole package, which would

restrict our ability to offer three languages or three separate sciences as part of the GCSE programme. Next year we hope to offer a European Studies AS-level in the subsidiary Sixth form curriculum as part of our evolving commitment to Europe. A more immediate thrust is our LVI and Fourths Technology and Culture trip to France in the Easter.

Meanwhile the academic wheel has turned full circle. We wait for news of the Oxbridge candidates, the MVI are hearing from their Universities and we are busy planning the 1994 Easter revision course.

GMH

SPEECH DAY

Saturday, 29th May, 1993

We all have our own individual expectations of Speech Day. For some it will be a day centred around a cricket match, for others the highlight will be the picnic lunch in some sequestered grove penetrable by the parental Range Rover. For some it will be chiefly remembered for an exhibit, something in the design workshops, perhaps, feverishly completed by the burning of much midday oil and now resplendent and admired.

Speech Day for others may mean a copy of *The Voice*, hot off the press, more pages than ever. But for all of us, whatever and wherever our particular focus, the day needs good weather to be really memorable. This year we were not to be disappointed. The hiring of an expensive, giant marquee, after all, is as good as a guarantee that the wind and rain will keep away!

The traditional pre-lunch concert in the Roxburgh Hall was as cheerful and impressive as the weather. It was a very mixed programme. Brahms' Serenade in D proved a well-chosen and well-played climax. There was some delightful woodwind playing from Robert Mills, Graham Pike, Sam Edenborough and Nick Smith in Paul Harris' new Concerto, whilst Sophie Lechner was another talented soloist in the Vivaldi Violin Concerto. By way of contrast, inter-

CONCERT PROGRAMME

<i>An Outdoor Overture</i>	Copland
<i>Symphony No. 8 in F (1st movement)</i>	Beethoven
<i>Violin Concerto in A minor</i>	Vivaldi
Chapel Choir:	
<i>Pasadena</i>	arr. Drayton
<i>Sahara</i>	arr. Drayton
<i>Hymn to the Trinity</i>	Tchaikovsky
<i>Concerto for 2 oboes & 2 clarinets</i>	P. Harris
<i>Serenade No 1 in D</i>	Brahms
Jazz Band:	
<i>Georgia on my mind</i>	Carmichael
<i>September morn</i>	Diamond
<i>That old black magic</i>	Arlen
<i>Sea Songs - Quick March</i>	Vaughan Williams

STOWE SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

(conducted by John Cooper Green and Paul Harris)

persed in this programme by the school orchestra were some sprightly offerings from the Chapel Choir and the ubiquitous School Jazz Band.





Guest of honour at the Speeches was Lord Sainsbury, himself a Stoic in the War years. He began with some interesting reminiscences of those challenging times before embarking on his serious theme: the problems of world strife and, in particular, racism. “The world badly needs many Mandelas”, Lord Sainsbury declared, “and your generation must give such men the support they deserve.”

He stressed the need for the younger generation to face up to the big world issues bequeathed them. He also touched on the civilising influence the Stowe environment offered:



“To spend five years in such surroundings is, I believe, a truly great privilege and a life-enhancing experience that can leave an indelible mark on the senses.” For him it had meant a lifelong appreciation of the joys of the countryside, architecture and the visual arts. Finally Lord Sainsbury urged the School to develop an appetite to learn more, do more and give more. He exhorted Stoics to be fired with an ambition to succeed in a vocation in which reward and satisfaction would come from giving, as well as taking, from society.

“Stowe can give us that invaluable prize of being better able to get more from life than we could have if we had never been here. That has been my experience – I hope it may be yours.”

*BSS (above) and
JGLN (right) in Chapel
Court*

*Photos: Henry Irving
Left: Picnic lunch on the
South Front lawn*

The Headmaster, after thanking the Chairman of the Governors, Sir Edward Tomkins, and welcoming Lord Sainsbury, parents, visitors and Old Stoics, outlined some of the many personal achievements of the School during the past year. After acknowledging the crucial need for academic results and qualifications and expressing pleasure at Stowe's rising academic performances, he declared that there were, nonetheless, many fundamental qualities which were simply not examinable: curiosity; shrewdness; initiative; an awareness of beauty; a sense of humour; a sense of responsibility; a gift for friendship.

"These and other basic qualities need to be developed in any institution which regards itself as educational. It is our belief that these qualities are more likely to be developed in a school such as this which is a *total* community: because the development of these qualities requires time and commitment."



Quoting the Reverend Jesse Jackson's comment to Dukakis in the 1988 US Presidential election: "Don't boast about everything in the kitchen being clean and cool: if everything is clean and cool, ain't nothing cooking!", the Headmaster declared there were many new initiatives at Stowe now being explored: Curriculum development, staff RPD (Review and Professional Development) and Inset training, a greater involvement of the whole common room in the House system, a thrust towards Europe and a development in language skills and information technology.

Finally the Head of School, Justin Shasha, thanked Lord Sainsbury. He knew, he said, that Lord Sainsbury would have a good deal in store and produce the goods!

Justin went on to make some challenging comparisons between Stowe of the past and present, before concluding with a quotation from *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, which, he contended, was as relevant today as in 1857:

"In no place in the world has individual character more weight than at a Public School. Remember this, I beseech you, all you boys who are getting into the upper forms. Now is the time in all your lives probably when you may have more wide influence for good or evil on the society you live in than you ever can have again. Therefore, quit yourselves like men; speak up and strike out if necessary for whatsoever is true and manly and lovely and of good report; never try to be popular, but only to do your duty and help others to do theirs and you may leave the tone of feeling in the school higher than you found it ..."

Tea in the Houses followed and further wandering round the many exhibitions. There were many to choose from: Art, Classical Studies, Design, English, History, Information Technology, Science and Theatre Studies. There was also a Stowe Books display in the bookshop, a Community Service display of its recent expedition to Romania and an Exhibition in the Marble Hall of the last Himalayan expedition.

As the first parental cars began to head down the Straight Course carrying the Stoics off to Exeat, the sun began to hide behind a few clouds. As the last vehicles made their departure, some drops of rain were falling. It had been a very good day.

Duncan Hyslop



HARTWELL HOUSE

AYLESBURY



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.

For further details and table reservations
please telephone Aylesbury (0296) 747444.

1991 & 1992 & 1993 MICHELIN STAR
1993 EGON RONAY 86%
GOOD FOOD GUIDE 1990 -
"BUCKINGHAMSHIRE'S RESTAURANT OF THE YEAR"
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Telephone (0296) 747444 Fax: (0296) 747450

PINEAPPLE FAIR

Following the success of Pineapple week, in the Spring Term, the Pineapple Fair took place on the South Front, on Sunday 19th September.

Photographs by Digby Oldridge

This was the third event of its kind, the others having been held in 1990 and 1991, and it was again blessed with glorious weather.

Clearly the most important part of the day was to raise funds for Stowe Boys' Club (known as The Pineapple, after the pub which formerly occupied the site in Harrow Road). But the fair offered more than just that challenge; it also provided an opportunity for each House to present a stall or side show that demonstrated individual flair and imagination. The resulting scene was spectacular, as each stall was proudly advertised with colourful artwork and bold advertisements.



... and Tom Foss-Smith actually PAID for this exotic make-up

All the fun of the fair with "Uncle Lionel"'s fun and games...





Not the usual view from the South Front steps on a Sunday afternoon.

To avoid the inevitable complications of handling cash on the day, books of £5 & £10 tickets had been sold in advance of the fair, most of the events requiring one 50p ticket. The CCF caravan, decorated in bunting and rather glamorously signposted as BANK, sold tickets to the many members of the public who arrived to take part in the festivities.

There was no shortage of entertainment. The bouncy castle, quad racing and pole pillow fight were the biggest crowd pullers, while apple dunking, archery and giant skittles infuriated many attempts to win cuddly toys, books, walkmans and other exotic prizes. The face painting stall ensured that many Stoics had an especially festive expression on their faces, and the helium balloons added to the pitch of excited voices. A Lucky Dip and Christmas Present Stall catered for the youngest members of families.

Many of the stalls involved traditional handmade 'attractions' which were loaned by Maids Moreton School. These games from yesteryear were spectacular to look at, being in original condition and adding a special atmosphere to the occasion. The Grand National, Rabbit Hoopla, Bowling Castle and Snow White Spinning Game were very popular and were proof that we do not always need electricity or batteries to enjoy playing with toys!

The food stalls were particularly successful.

Burgers, hot dogs, pancakes, ice cream and refreshing drinks were on sale all afternoon, and the queue for these stalls was never short. The candy floss, always a favourite, lent a fairground flavour.

The amusing commentary by JSK kept the crowd informed of the latest raffle winners, the highest dice scores on the 'Win a Rover Metro' competition (though nobody did) and the events in 'Uncle Lionel's Fun and Games'. The plentiful Labrador puppies at Stowe were put through arduous tests of strategic ability – though it was their owners that provided the entertainment!

Revenge was taken by various Stoics when they were invited to 'Soak the Staff'. The long suffering and good natured Head of School, Robert Gooch, gained the affection of all participators as he was both soaked and dunked. Needless to say, the water hose and spare custard came into their own at the end of the day.

At 5.30pm, when the final auction items had been sold (including a Laptop computer) and the food supplies had been exhausted, nearly £4,500 had been raised for the Club. Our grateful thanks to the many parents who donated generous prizes and gave their help on the day, to the Bursary staff for managing the bank all afternoon, and to JECH and his helpers for organising the event.

Simon Gardner & Max Konig

1993 has been a long and tiring year! It has not been a particularly easy year either! Yet, strangely, it has been in the midst of difficulty and uncertainties that God has been made manifest. Not as a bolt hole for the weak or a crutch for the confused, but as a source of true strength, peace and security.

Stowe is not a school where religion is a question of noisy words and no action. Nor is it a place of empty 'do-goodery'. Rather, it is a place where God, a response to God, obedience to God, the ways of God are regarded as increasingly foundational. God is taken seriously. At a recent meeting of the Bloxham Project, the public school chaplaincy group, that took place at Stowe, headmasters, chaplains and pupils gathered to discuss the place of religion in schools. It became apparent that the position of Stowe was almost unique with regard to the pupil attitude to God. There is a respect for God and those who honour God, that is rare. A religious tolerance. A spiritual thirst and hunger. A godly zeal. Yet no superficial religiosity. Stowe is an extraordinary place to serve.

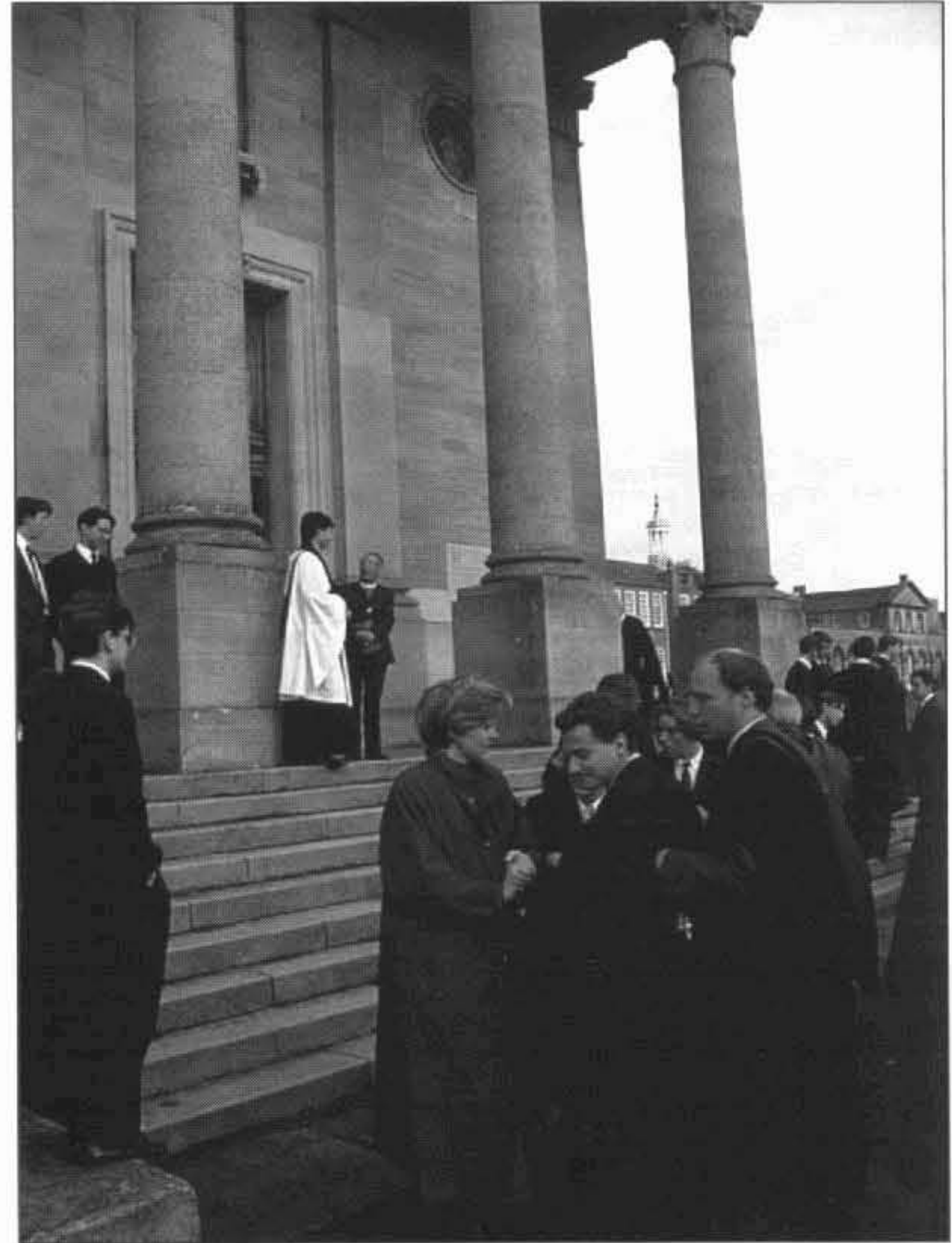
The report speaks of boys and girls who have served eagerly in the Chapel. Of over 50 pupils who undertook and completed the Confirmation course. Of a distinguished host of preachers, unequalled in any school in the country, that came to Stowe. Of extraordinary events where the focus was God and yet where hundreds of Stoics were to be found of their own free will. Above all it speaks of the mercy of God.

As one looks back over the last twelve months, confirmation inevitably stands out as a high point: the wonderful retreat, back in March led by the Revd. Iain Broomfield, and the service itself in May conducted by the Bishop of Buckingham, the Right Revd. Simon Burrows. A glorious event when, once again, even the weather was incredibly kind to us.

The Lenten Address, led by the Revd. Dr Paul Moore, presented some wonderful sermons, among which those by Lord Coggan and Canon Paul Bates stand out with particular clarity. There are the regular mid-week services where a large number of members of the Common Room are willing to share their hopes and beliefs with the whole school. Mid-week services led by Grafton Sixth Former, Alex Lindsay, stand out as particularly memorable.

The recent Carol Service, where, once again,

CHAPEL



John Credland

the Chapel was packed to sing carols by candlelight, showed the School at its dignified, unified best.

It is hard to say thank you enough, but to all of our speakers, cleaners, flower arrangers, to the choir and JCG and JECH, I can only say that without you Chapel could not really function. I am enormously grateful to you for your dedicated hard work.

Most particularly my thanks go to RBJ, Vicar of Stowe and assistant Chaplain, whose encouragement and support have been incalculable.

Finally I must mention one event this term which must not only be a first for Stowe but probably a first at any school in the country. Lord Blanch, former Archbishop of York, came and spoke to 18 Stoics about the challenge of ordained ministry. A careers talk with a difference. Lord Blanch left amazed, delighted and encouraged by the younger generation! I continue to share his delight and amazement in Stoics!

TMHS

NOTES OF A SERMON

*Preached by the Most Revd. and Right Hon. Lord Coggan
of Canterbury and Sissinghurst, former Archbishop of Canterbury,
in Stowe School Chapel on Sunday 21st November 1993*

Mark 12 1–12

Travelling on a train recently, I fell into conversation with a friendly middle-aged man, who, when we arrived at our destination took his leave of me with the words “Take care”. A few minutes later I saw him again, on the platform, where again he raised his arm and called “Take care”. I thought for a moment and then shouted back “Take risks!”

You see “Take care” is such a weak remark. I don’t want to take care, I want to take risks. Not risks that are stupid like smoking, over-drinking or experimenting with drugs. Those are the risks of a fool. No! I mean risks worth taking. For God is a God of risks. He is the great risk taker and he invites us to share in his great venture. Look at the risks he took. Look at his prophets: Elijah, Isaiah, Amos and Jeremiah, men called to take huge risks for God. Men whose calling in itself was a risk for God.

Look at his greater risks. His greater venture. The sending of his son to earth. That was a risk! Moreover Jesus took risks. The calling of the twelve was a terrible gamble. Those four fishermen: Peter, the impetuous one; Andrew, the quiet one; James and John, nicknamed ‘the thunder boys’, because of their noisy behaviour; Matthew, the conformist civil servant and Simon, the political extremist. And even the traitor Judas. And look at the women. One, from Herod’s court, Joanna, another from the gutter, the prostitute Mary Magdalene.

And down the centuries God has continued to take risks, calling people like us to follow in his venture. To be his church. To heal his world. This is exciting work. It is also very demanding.

It is as if I can hear him say this morning to those of you sitting in this Chapel, “I want you”. Tapping each of you on the shoulder. Making his challenge to each of you. “I want you to ... set up a Christian home ... to shine as a light, a challenge, an example.” “I want you to serve as a doctor, a nurse, a parent, a teacher.” “I want you to be ordained, to be a Christian Minister of the Gospel.”

“I want you to use your hands, your brains, your love, for me.”
“I want you to use these here, at home, in Stowe, with your family.”
“I want you to use them abroad.”

I hear him saying these things, different things to each of you. To all of you. Don’t settle for an easy life. A cushy job.

Join the venture. Take risks! Take the greatest risk of all in joining Him who calls us.

Lord help me to remember that nothing is going to happen to me that you and I can’t handle!

Crossfire

Crossfire has gone from strength to strength this year, led almost entirely by Stoics under the watchful eye of TMHS. Between 40 and 90 Stoics gather each Friday to hear a talk about some aspect of the Christian faith, to sing and to pray. Furthermore, in the region of 80 Stoics meet at different times during the week to study the Bible in smaller groups, either in house or year based groups, led by REM, KFD, ELCT and TMH-S.

There have been several outstanding speakers this year who have inevitably attracted special audiences: Ex-convict Ron Sims attracted 250 Stoics; Chaplain to the England Cricket team, Andrew Wingfield-Digby, drew 150; Old Stoics, James Smith, Bill Cahusac and Tom Eatock-Taylor also drew a similar number. The enthusiasm and willingness of our speakers to come to Stowe is largely appreciated.

One thing that certainly helped strengthen and equip the Crossfire committee was the fact that over 30 Stoics went on the Scripture Union holiday at Werneminster, where Bible teaching was combined with hugely enjoyable activities ranging from skiing to climbing.

One particular event of note this term was the Crossfire Sixth Form dinner when over 75 Sixth formers packed the Music Room to dine and to hear Oxford ordinand and rugby player, Rico Tice, present 'The Challenge of the Christian faith'.

The committee and the weekly supper-time committee meetings remain the core of Crossfire. It is they who do all the hard work ranging from leading the meetings and writing Thank You letters to making the coffee, tidying up and inviting friends. They are a noble and impressive group!

Crossfire Committee until Summer '93

Barney de Berry; Tayo Erogbogbo; Alex Lindsay;
Rob Mills; Simon Murray; Alex Mustard;
Richard Plumridge.

until Summer 94

Rachel Beer; Andrew Bates; Charlie Clare; Rupert
Elwes; Tom Foss-Smith; Rob Gooch; Clare Goring;
Tom Harper; Richard Parry; James Paravacini;
Ed Rogers; Giles Smith Walker; Rob Temple.

until Summer '95

Tom Chambré; Simon Gardner; Richard Hopkins;
James Mahon; Andy Nicoll; Jamie Pelly;
Stephen Spencer.

Committee

Chapel Prefects:

Tayo Erogbogbo (92-93), Tom Harper (93-94),
Charles Clare (93-94).

Chapel Monitors:

Barney de Berry (92-93), Simon Murray (92-93),
Rachel Beer (93-94), Rupert Elwes (93-94).

Sacristans:

Alex Lindsay (92-93), Edward Hunt (93-94), Edward
Rogers (93-94), Giles Smith Walker (93-94).

Chapel Committee:

Richard Plumridge (sec), James Whitehead, Robert
Gooch, Giles Leadbetter, Matthew Mahoney, James
Edmiston, Nicola Dewar-Durie, Nykola Jones (92-93).

Andrew Bates (sec), Andrew Nicoll, Richard Hoskins,
Tom Foss-Smith, Richard Parry, Hugh Stewart-
Richardson, Tom Chambre, Stephen Spencer, Clare
Goring, Emma Clark (93-94).

The Chapel Committee continues to be the backbone of all that happens in the Chapel. They are the ones who advise, criticise, encourage and generally organise the Chaplain. Their responsibilities range from lighting candles at the Carol Service to collecting money from their Houses for Chapel Collections. Their support is invaluable and I cannot thank them enough for their hard work.

The Chapel Prefects and Monitors in particular carry a very heavy burden, constantly responding to the whims and "good ideas" of the Chaplain with grace and, indeed, enthusiasm. Nevertheless, as noted in years gone by, the Prefects and Monitors seem to spend an inordinate amount of time plotting the Chaplain's overthrow and planning the day when they will run the Chapel. The simple truth is that they *could* run things themselves and I look forward to the day when they do! I thank them all with unbounded enthusiasm and admiration.

The work of the Chapel Committee Secretary remains hard, since it is he who must encourage the House representatives together in House collections. They are very effective. Over the past year Stoics gave £7,000 in Chapel collections to organisations as varied as Help The Aged, Save The Children, Great Ormond Street Hospital, Tear Fund, Crisis At Christmas, Carr-Gomm Society, Cot Death Research and the British Heart Foundation.

The Chapel team always shows Stoics working at their best. Helpful, friendly, flexible and sublimely independent in the united service of God and the wider Stowe community.

TMH-S

Congreve Wanderers

Last Easter, TMH-S came up with the idea of 'The Congreve Wanderers', a group of twelve (apostolic?) enthusiastic, mad-cap performers, who were willing to try and bring a little joy and mirth into the lives of local old people by way of live entertainment.

The idea was to perform a series of songs and sketches in a relaxed and lively manner so as to create "a bit of a laugh" and liven up some of Buckingham's numerous old people's homes.

The rehearsals began in February. The sketches were honed to perfection, so that in April we felt ready to take on the audiences of North End Court and The Red House.

Sketches included world famous items such as Busy Bee, The Ugliest Man in the World and The History of Slapstick. The latter item was, unexpectedly, one of the favourites with our audience. It was also the favourite of Tom Harper who, due to a nervous twitch with his custard pie arm, had a tendency to leave young Paddy Chambré in a bit of a mess, regardless of the intended outcome! This always caused huge hilarity to the audience who didn't seem to mind that many of the items involved someone either getting wet (usually Jimmy 'the midget') or covered in shaving foam.

On our first tour we did 'gigs' at most of the retirement homes in Buckingham, ranging from massive Maids Moreton Hall to homely Hamilton House. Sometimes there were problems. When we turned up to find no piano, for example. This did make life difficult for our pianist, Jason Cheng, who had to hum very loudly. It made life even harder for the performers, making some of the songs slightly "hazardous". However the show went down well and we later discovered that some of the residents were deaf, while others had been asleep!

Our most recent outing was to the Community Service Christmas party where we were asked to "get the party going with a song".

Our current project "Mirror Mirror on the wall, Who's the coolest one of all?" is a pantomime which will go on the road next term. We very much hope that our audience enjoy it as much as we enjoy performing it.

Tom Chambré & Jimmy Lane



Nic Tissot

Confirmation

The following were confirmed by the Bishop of Buckingham, the Right Revd. Simon Burrows, on 23rd May, 1993 in the Chapel:

Ashley Jones, Hannah Marsh, Marcus Milne-Home, William Morrison, Lucy Peel, Edward Rogers, Giles Smith Walker, Georgina Spicer
(prepared by ELCT);

Jonathan Anderson, Stuart Nicholson, Piers Thynne, Jonathan Titley, Willem Quarles van Ufford
(prepared by PASF);

Edward Edmiston, Charles Inglefield, Nicholas Janson, Max Konig, Hugh Luttrell, Hamish Mackay, Andrew Nicoll, Digby Oldridge, Toby Stevenson (prepared by TMH-S);

Robert Aubrey-Fletcher, Oliver Bray, Andrew Gubbins, Nicholas Harrison, Charles Stevenson (prepared by JML);

William Berry, Angus Campbell, Charles Conssett, Emma Cottrell, Katherine Wheeler
(prepared by RBJ);

Nicholas Barrington-Wells, James Dewar-Durie, Jeremy Thomas, Miles Walsworth-Bell, Christopher Wethered (prepared by AAVR);

Andrew Macdonald Lockhart, Jeremy Pemberton, Benjamin Corbishley, Harry Sykes, Sholto Vaughan, Richard Smith
(prepared by TMH-S);

Charles Blake, Giles Barker, Alasdair Johnston, Jonathan Morrison, Ivan Pearson, (prepared by MJB);

James Cara-Southey, Christopher Dobbin, Edward Dobbin, Peter Mackay-Lewis, Christopher Vanc-Tempest, James Wilsey
(prepared by REM).

The following were confirmed by the Bishop of Northampton, the Right Revd. Leo McCardie, on 22nd June 1993 in the Chapel:

Robert Curtis, Pierre Fel, James Fortescue, Robert D'Orleans, Benedict Hennessy, Emanuele Pesenti, Guy Portman, Adam Rainey, Luke Rainey, Tristan Ralston, Elizabeth Wilcock.

D
R
A
M
A



Left to right: Emma Clark, Jimmy Lane, Miranda Raison and Dan Scott

It has been another busy year. In addition to the House Drama Festival (reviewed in the May issue of *The Stoic*) there have been the Senior and Junior Congreves and an English Department production in the Paul Dobinson Theatre. This year too has seen the inclusion of Theatre Studies amongst Stowe's A-level courses, the subject having already been successfully introduced at GCSE level. DSB

THE MILLIONAIRESS

by G.B. Shaw

Senior Congreve Production

Photographs by Nic Tissot

This year's Senior Congreve production of George Bernard Shaw's *The Millionairess* could not have presented a more striking contrast with last year's *West Side Story* if the directors, DSB and ELCT, had planned it that way: a cast of nine, no singing, no dancing, and conventional sets with not a piece of scaffolding in sight. This was hardly, however, a conventional play. Rather it was a curiosity; a mixture of styles, manners and ideas. At times it was surprisingly frank for 1936, the year of its first production; at others it was alternately hilarious and ponderous; a curate's egg of a play, it must be said, and with a protagonist of tremendous impact yet little substance.

This play could have had no other title, since Epifania Ognisanti di Parerga, as the millionairess herself is somewhat improbably called, dominates the entire play. Miranda Raison made an astonishingly accomplished debut on the Roxburgh stage in this part; flighty and indomitable, charming and heartless, she carried the audience with her on an ego trip which was quite overwhelming. Her carefully modulated tones were exactly right for this part, the occasional echo of Penelope Keith mingling with early Home Service to produce a voice which could no doubt be put to excellent use selling Mercury phones. As it was, she was selling herself, and finding it difficult to get anyone to take up the challenge.



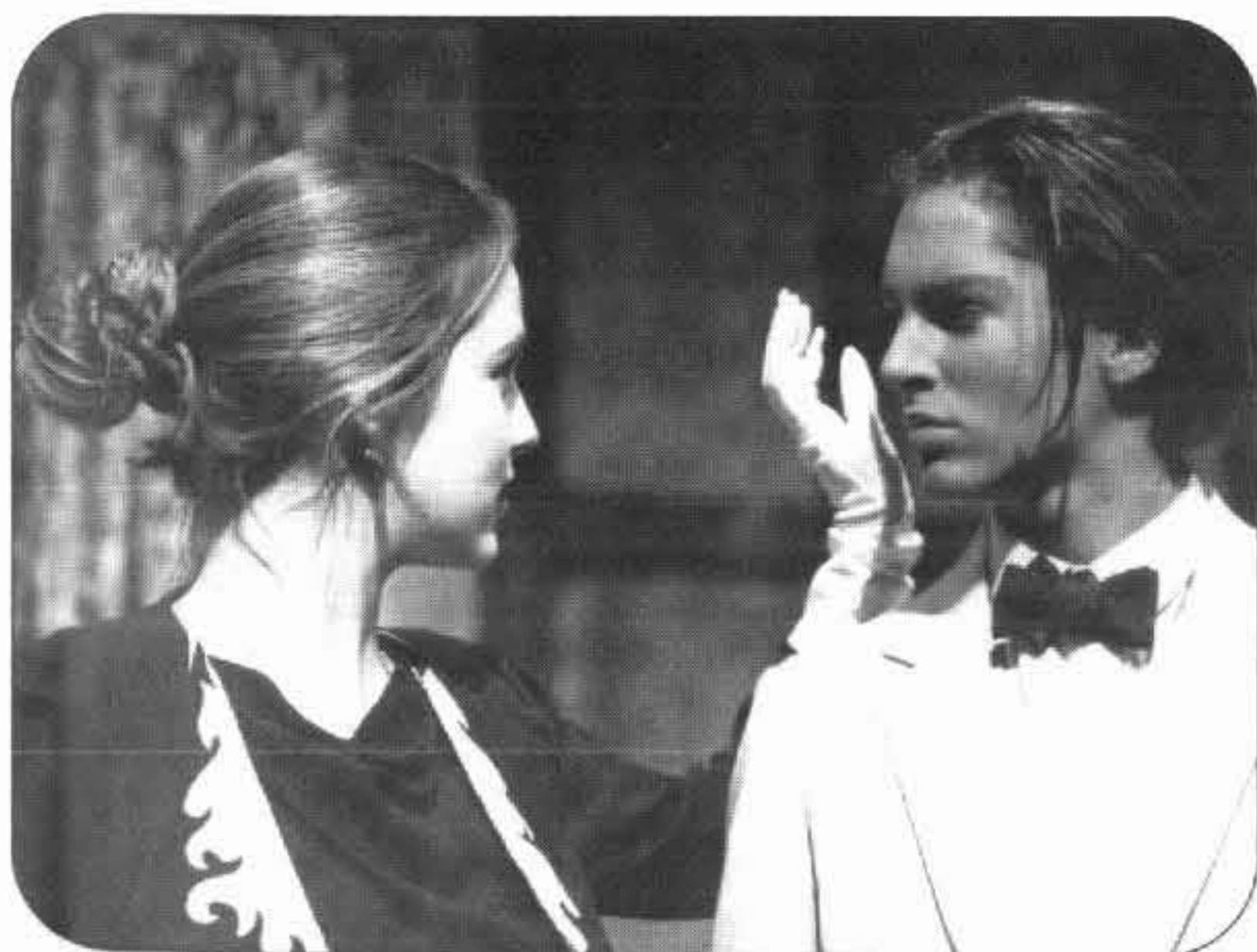
Jimmy Lane (Alastair Fitzfassenden)

Alastair Fitzfassenden, her not very bright, wayward husband, (played endearingly by Jimmy Lane) was clearly no match for her and had backed rapidly out of his marriage into the capable arms of Pamela Smith (Emma Clark), known affectionately, though somewhat oddly, as "Polly Seedystockings". If *Epifania* was poetry, then Pamela Smith was prose, but in Emma Clark's hands she became secure and mature too, and provided a strong and worthy contrast to the millionairess herself.

Adrian Blenderbland, *Epifania*'s ardent and mercenary admirer, didn't stand a chance against this formidable woman either, especially when he dared to call her late father a bore. The resulting fracas as she threw him in spectacular Diana Rigg fashion off-stage, led to his reappearance on crutches in Act 4. This "suit of clothes on two sticks", as *Epifania* scathingly called him, was splendidly played by Dan Scott, who managed to make a strong part out of a wimp, to wonderfully comic effect.

A dapper and persuasive Robert Gooch clearly enjoyed himself as Julius Sagamore, a solicitor with an eye for the main chance, who refereed much of the play and took a professional delight in the almost endless procession of potential lawsuits from *Epifania*'s behaviour ("How can I afford to lose a client with such an income and such a temper?").

Enter the enigmatic Egyptian doctor, who captures *Epifania*'s imagination and her heart by the age-old strategy of seeming impervious to either! As a character he is left totally unexplored by Shaw, and Tom Harper played him with complete calm and passivity in effective contrast to the tornado that is the millionairess herself. As his challenge to *Epifania* is taken up and she sets off to make her way in the world with only thirty-five shillings to her name, the poor bemused man can only look up to heaven and in impeccably oriental accents ask plaintively of Allah: "Oh! most Great and Glorious, is this another of thy Terrible Jokes?"



*Miranda Raison (Epifania)
and Tom Harper (the Egyptian Doctor)*



Dan Scott (Adrian Blenderbland)

Perhaps it is, because at this point Shaw takes the play into the realm of politics and economics as *Epifania* turns up at a sweatshop, in search of work. Here an oppressed Jamie Pelly, looking for all the world like Steptoe père, and his anxious wife, Catherine Sheppard fretting characteristically at her shawl, lay bare the economic exigencies of their miserable lives to an unsuspecting audience and a wholly disbelieving millionairess. The comedy remains, but it is a little bitter and sits oddly with the rest of the play.

Only one more character remains to be introduced, the slippery smooth Hotel Manager, played by Simon Ridley who had the unenviable task of bridging the six month gulf between Acts 3 and 4. This he did with great panache and humour as one by one the entire cast discovered that they were all miraculously staying at the same hotel. Here we were back on familiar drawing-room comedy ground in a final scene which was delightfully acted, but which infuriated this reviewer with the capitulation of the delicious Doctor to the maddening *Epifania*: "You are a terrible woman, but I love your pulse."

The direction throughout this production was deft and light with some delightful touches and the actors seemed entirely natural and easy. It is a tribute to DSB and ELCT to say that their hard work was largely imperceptible. Congratulations too once again to IJM and his stage crew who had, like the actors, put in hours of hard work which really showed. I confess to being intrigued by the current reluctance to use the curtain, especially in a play as conventional in its setting as this. Perhaps our attention span is truly as short as it is said to be nowadays, but I suspect a Stowe audience could brave the theatrical equivalent of a blank screen on occasions, especially when the performance is of the quality of this production.

REM

THE POT OF GOLD

by Titus Maccius Plautus

PLAUTUS, observing the manners of his contemporary Rome with irreverent fun, has left us with a play concerning itself with how a poverty stricken old miser, Euclio, deals with a windfall of a pot of gold. He deals with it, of course, very badly indeed and is convinced everyone is plotting to steal it from him, descending to pathetic subterfuge and paranoid accusations against all and sundry. His daughter, meanwhile and unbeknown to her father, is having a baby in the upstairs room; this is the handiwork of the nephew of his next-door-neighbour and plans are afoot by his mother for the girl to marry his uncle ...

The audience at this domestic farce has the pleasure of knowing why Euclio is acting so strangely and the purpose of the machinations going on around him, a pleasure greatly added to in this production by the inclusion of hilarious adaptations of well known tunes, courtesy of our very own JSK.

The enthusiastic and well disciplined cast belted out with great gusto a version of the Lionel Bart number 'Fings ain't wot they used t'be', telling the audience about the effect of the influx of wealth and consequent greed on Roman society. Rome, they complain, is becoming increasingly dangerous and polluted: swimming in the Tiber is now a matter of "going through the motions"!



Left to right: Ashley Cahill, Chesney Clark, Rupert Jupp and Richard Mari (slaves)



Miles Walsworth-Bell (Euclio)

Junior Congreve Production

Photographs by Matt Mahoney

The variety hall atmosphere was added to by mature, lively performances from all the cast. Who would have thought that that miserable, stiff old housekeeper, complaining about her treatment at the hands of her bad tempered master was really young Tom Gamble? Miles Walsworth-Bell wrung his hands over his beloved "pot of goooooold" with a convincing mixture of pleasure and anxiety and I'm beginning to think that Sam Emery is rapidly becoming type-cast as the eager, impatient young man, following his appearance here as Lyconides, the lover of Euclio's daughter, and his appearance last year as a similar character in *Tartuffe*. William Bloomfield gave real character to the part of Megadorus.

It never ceases to amaze me how good young men are at being real tarts – they seem to relish the chance to play the stereotyped fun characters that Plautus has on offer. Eunomia, the scheming man-eater, played by William Barratt, was acted with spirit; and assorted clever slaves, loutish oafs in the guise of cooks and citizens of Rome, were also played with obvious enjoyment, in spite of the occasional self-conscious realisations that, yes, they were on stage and people were looking at them. But don't let's end on a negative note, since the acting and the music (jointly and ably provided on the night by JSK and JECH), combined with the support of boys and girls backstage, had all the makings of an undoubted success.

BLM

MEASURE FOR MEASURE

by William Shakespeare

To take up one's Shakespearean text and act it out would seem to be a splendidly worthwhile idea. To act it out to audiences over three nights is even more ambitious. But this is what Stephen Hirst decided to do with his Middle Sixth English set, despite the fact (or, perhaps, because) this is one of Shakespeare's more "difficult" plays.

The staging was simple, along one side of the hall, with minimal set (though there was an impressive lamp post at one stage) and costume in recent Stratford style, suggestive of both ancient and modern. The action flowed, scene into scene, the text at all times to the fore.

Alex Cole involved us skilfully in all the stages of Angelo's fall from grace, his expression often telling us more than words. Emma Brown presented Isabella most sympathetically, engaging us in both her pleas and outrage. Oliver Selway provided a very open Duke, taking us into his confidence as he sought desperate remedies to salvage his city from



disaster, at one time even joining us in the audience as he observed the goings-on.

There is a great deal of Prospero in the Duke? Comedy was provided by Adam Carling, a Lucio straight off the Arsenal North Bank, and there was more from Robin Devereux's Buster Keaton of an Elbow. Some of the very best verse-speaking came from Philippa Gordon-Duff.

The thing that struck one most was that simple staging does work, indeed it helps the bard! There was probably some very skilful cutting too. At all events I found myself very involved in all the issues, coming away with a clearer idea of the measures meted out to the offenders:

pardon for Angelo, because, however dastardly, he had goodness in him, but no pardon for Lucio, presumably because he was irredeemable, simply corrupt through and through? The measures too, taken by the Duke, so clearly came across: the need to defeat duplicity by using duplicity.

To perform one's set text so meaningfully and dramatically seems a superb achievement, a token perhaps of the enthusiasm and intellectual vigour around the school at the moment. Congratulations to everyone concerned, especially the director, Stephen Hirst. But a precedent has now surely been set!

AGM



English Department Production

Photographs by Digby Oldridge

Above: Emma Brown

Left: Robin Devereux

Below left: Oliver Selway & Alex Cole

Below right: Oliver Selway & Adam Carling



STOWE THEATRES

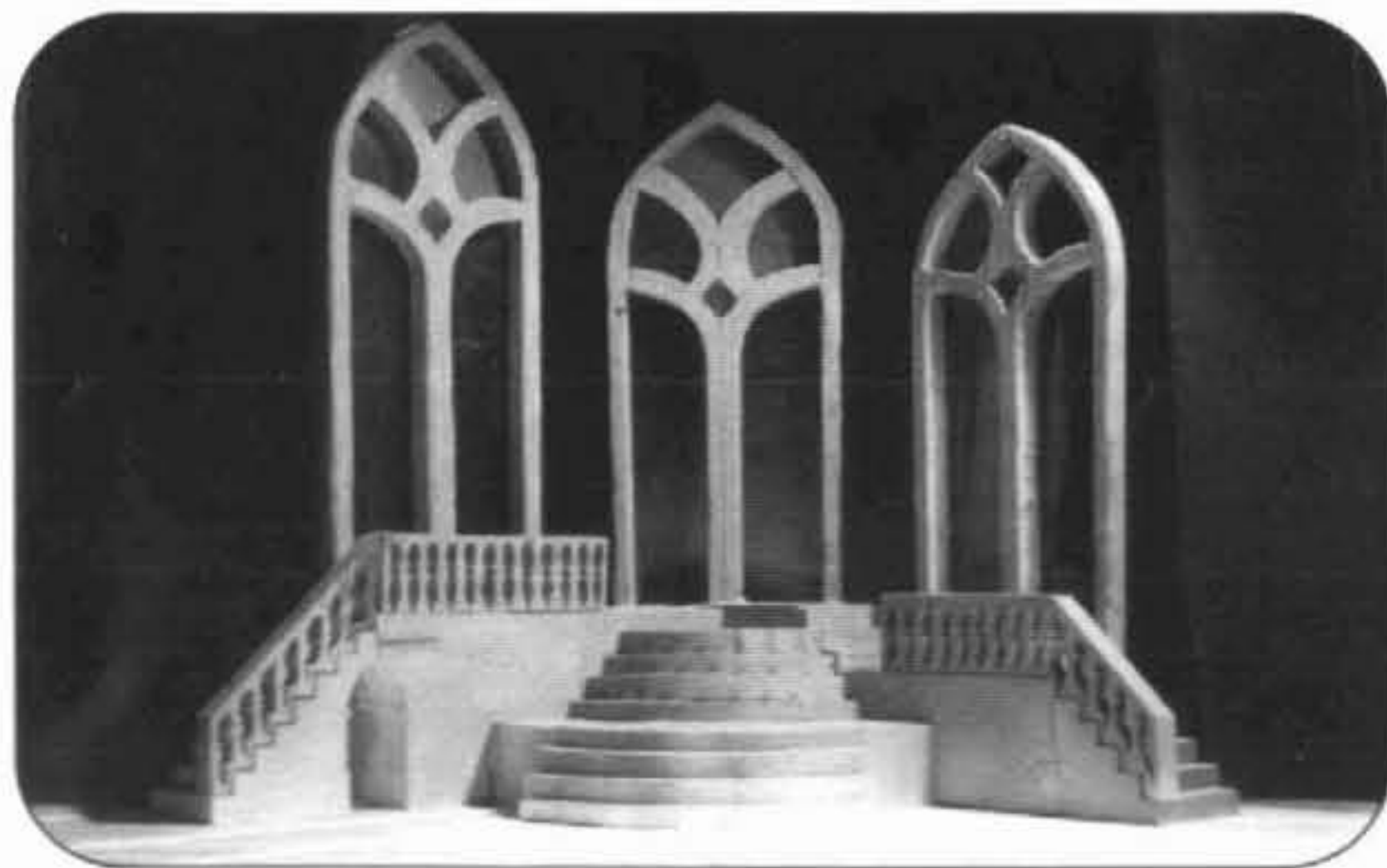
Both the Roxburgh Hall and the Paul Dobinson Theatre have been busy during the last twelve months, as indeed have the Stoics who work backstage in both venues constantly. The founding of our "Stowe Theatre Company" three years ago means that both venues have a trained crew in residence who are always willing and able to support any production in progress whether amateur or professional.

The equipment recently installed in both venues gives Stoics the opportunity to work on up-to-date computerised systems for both lighting and sound. During the year a number of the crew also get the opportunity to work in professional theatres, mainly in the West End of London. Knowing modern systems allows them to be usefully employed in the venues at which they work.

Although most Houses did their plays in the Spring term, Lyttelton produced a thriller in the summer, called *The Trap*, in the Paul Dobinson Theatre. The setting proved perfect and the atmosphere created in the theatre was such as had not been experienced before in the confines of our drama studio. It proved without doubt that this 100-seat venue is perfect for intimate presentations of this nature.

In the autumn term Shakespeare was seen for the first time in the Dobinson theatre. *Measure for Measure* was staged in a very interesting manner combining the two techniques of round and thrust theatre setting.

GCSE PROJECT WORK: SCALED SET DESIGNS



IJM writes:

"The theme was *Macbeth* and all the students produced innovative work and a variety of different settings for the production.



Next year's A-level design students have chosen very varied plays, ranging from the awesome spectacle of Sondheim's *Sweeney Todd* to the more humorous ambience of *Toad of Toad Hall*."

THE THEATRE BEYOND STOWE

This year I was fortunate to get some work experience after the GCSEs at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, working backstage at *The Phantom of the Opera*. I was there for a week, totalling eight performances, and on each night I performed a different task, sometimes working in the follow-spot area, sometimes following someone round the stage when the performance was on. I arrived at the theatre about 6.30 – for the “pre-set” – and left at about 10.30. By the end of the week I had found out what hard work it is in the professional theatre, but it was very good fun.

Phantom of the Opera has been running for about seven years and some backstage staff have been there the whole time. It's a wonderful theatre, nearly a hundred years old, and some of the original technical facilities (like the “thunder-box”) are still in place from the days of Beerbohm Tree, the theatre's founder.

The work experience was organised for me by IJM

*Chris Simpson,
a stalwart member of the
Stowe technical team,
recounts some theatrical
experiences outside school.*

to whom I am very grateful. Thanks too to all at Her Majesty's, especially Pip Haines and Lawrie.

After the *Phantom* I went on to the National Youth Theatre (after two years of trying to get a place there!) Each year the NYT uses about two hundred young people, only fifteen of whom are involved in the technical side, so I was pleased to be chosen out of the hundred technical interviewees.

During the first two weeks we were taught the basics of electrical wiring and visited various theatres, including the Bloomsbury, and saw *Starlight Express* and – would you believe! – *The Phantom of the Opera*. After this we got down to some prop making. We were split up between five theatres. I was sent to the Greenwich Theatre. The “fit-up” for the show took three weeks and then we went into production for a week. Unfortunately return to school intervened, but I look forward to joining the NYT again next year ... !

STOWE & THE GUILDFORD SCHOOL OF ACTING

Links have been established between the GSA and Stowe by Ian McKillop who has in the past been involved with various productions under the Direction of the Principal, Michael Gaunt. The GSA, now known as the foremost ‘school’ of acting in the country, is using Stowe as a regular venue for its touring company which consists of students in their last year.

Already they have performed an ‘Evening of Improvisation’ and a production of *Teechers* and *Then he kissed me* by John Boulting. Each time they visit, the question and answer session at the end runs over time and it is clear that the Stoics welcome this input from those involved in the acting profession outside the school.

Halima Fravel, who played Maria in *West Side Story* here last year, successfully auditioned for the GSA, is enjoying it immensely and is, at the moment, in her first year undergoing “surgery by Stanislavsky!”. We look forward to hearing about her success in the future.

HOUSE DRAMA FESTIVAL March 1994

Bruce:
Out of Order

Temple:
The Coarse Acting Show

Grenville:
The Real Inspector Hound

Chandos:
Lonestar

Cobham:
Joseph & the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat

Chatham:
A Midsummer Night's Dream

Grafton:
Oh, What a Lovely War!

Walpole:
The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole

Lyttelton:
Daisy Pulls It Off

Nugent:
Bazaar & Rummage

Music

The valedictory concert last summer witnessed the farewell to a very highly talented and motivated group of Stoics. Sparkling performances were heard from Sam Edenborough, Nicholas Smith, Graham Pike, Robert Mills, Kate Mullineux and Halima Fraval. We shall miss them all greatly. We were delighted to hear that during the summer holiday Sam Edenborough had won a place in the second round of the 'Young Musician of the Year' competition organised by the BBC. Two days after the Leavers' concert we sadly heard PCD give his final recital as a member of the full-time music staff at Stowe, an occasion that those of us who were privileged to attend will remember for a long time. PCD's playing showed all the skill, sensitivity and musicianship that Stoics and staff have admired for so many years and found so awe-inspiring.

The new academic year is a time which most Directors of Music dread because many senior musicians have left the previous term and there is always some uncertainty about the new intake. I need have had no fears as our new Third Formers and Lower Sixth have proved themselves to be a talented and committed group of young men and women who have already made an impact on the musical life of the School. Our visiting music staff has also been much enhanced by the arrival of four new teachers whose skills, talent and exuberance are stimulating excellent results. We welcomed Denise Patton and Benjamin Davey to teach piano, Fiona Byrnes the Bassoon and Christopher Westcott the Double Bass.

JCG

Music-making of every description has flourished this year.

*'The man that hath no music in himself,
nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ...'*

MUSIC IN JUNE

Just a small sample of the year's concerts

STOWE JAZZ BAND

Tuesday 22nd June – State Music Room

<i>The Preacher</i>	Horace Silver
<i>Satin Doll</i>	Duke Ellington
<i>Georgia on my mind</i>	Hoagy Carmichael
<i>September morn</i>	Neil Diamond
<i>Misty</i>	Erroll Garner
<i>Blue moon</i>	Rodgers & Hart
<i>Take the 'A' train</i>	Billy Strayhorn
<i>A time for love</i>	Johnny Mandel
<i>I love you Porgy</i>	George Gershwin
<i>Hello Dolly</i>	Jerry Herman
<i>Hello again</i>	Neil Diamond
<i>A foggy day</i>	George Gershwin
<i>Can't help fallin' in love</i>	George Weiss
<i>That old black magic</i>	Harold Arlen

MUSIC OF THE BAROQUE PERIOD

Saturday 26th June – Stowe Parish Church

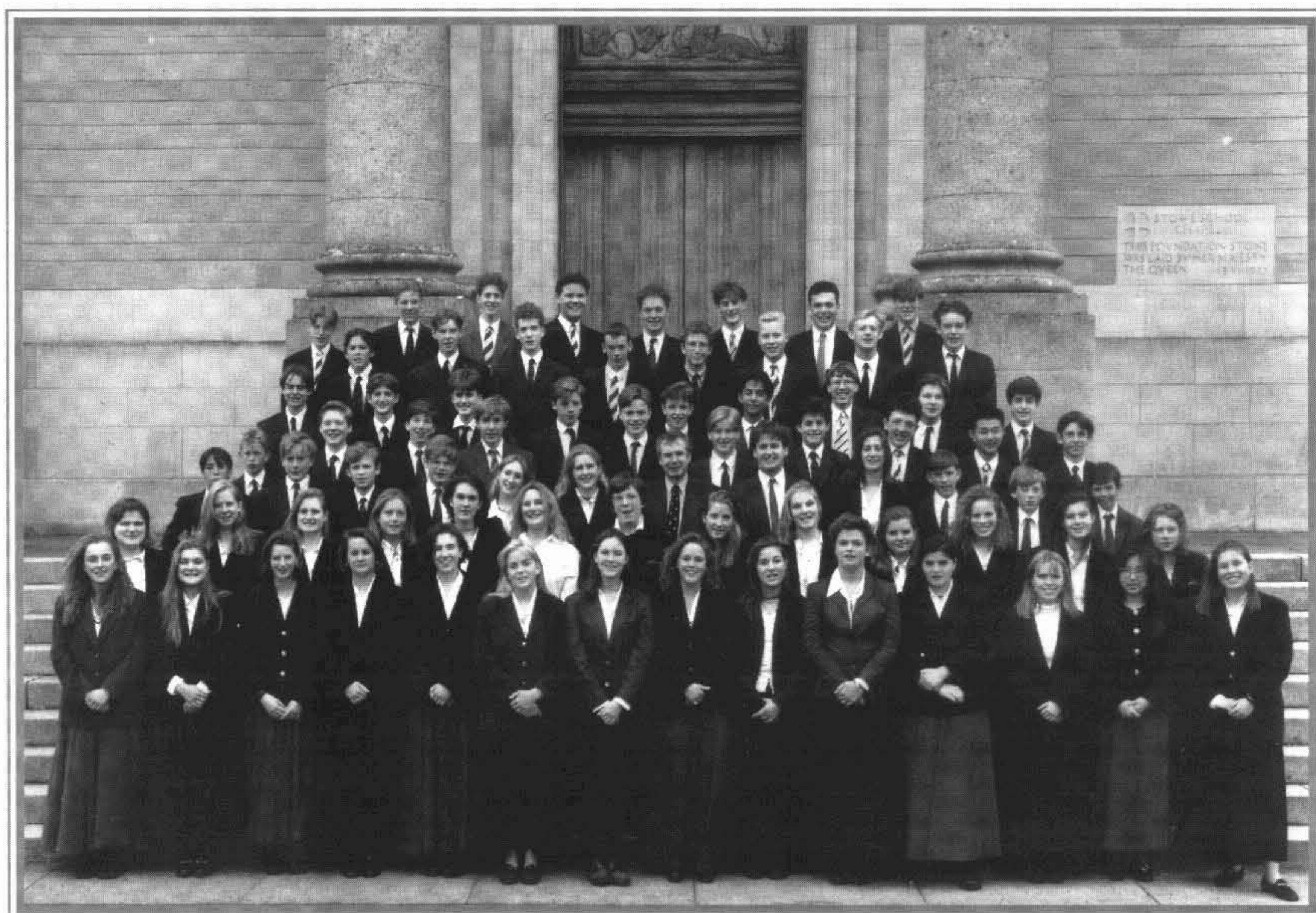
<i>Arrival of the Queen of Sheba</i>	G.F. Handel
<i>Cantata: Jesu mein freude</i>	Deitrich Buxtehude
solo soprano Emma Brown	
<i>Oboe concerto in F</i>	J.S. Bach
soloist Graham Pike	
<i>Motet: Lobet den herrn, alle heiden</i>	J.S. Bach
<i>Concerto in C minor for Oboe & Violin</i>	J.S. Bach
soloists Elisabeth MacCarthy & Robert Mills	
<i>Motet: Jesu mein freude</i>	J.S. Bach

LEAVERS' CONCERT

Sunday 27th June – State Music Room

<i>Clarinet Quartet:</i>	
<i>Overture to the Magic Flute</i>	W.A. Mozart
<i>Divertimento (2nd Movement)</i>	Uhl
<i>Allegro</i>	Pierre max Dubois
<i>Sonata No. 2 (2nd Movement)</i>	Phil Woods
<i>Sam Edenborough – Alto Saxophone</i>	
<i>Concerto in F (1st Movement)</i>	J.S. Bach
<i>Graham Pike – Oboe</i>	
<i>Oboe Trio IV (1st Movement)</i>	Henk Badings
<i>Concerto in A (1st Movement)</i>	W.A. Mozart
<i>Kate Mullineux – Clarinet</i>	
<i>Concerto No. 1</i>	Spohr
<i>Nicholas Smith – Clarinet</i>	
<i>Showpiece</i>	Madeleine Dring
<i>Robert Mills – Oboe</i>	
<i>Dance Preludes</i>	Lutoslawski
<i>Sam Edenborough – Clarinet</i>	

THE CHAPEL CHOIR



© R & H Chapman

The court outside the Chapel has for some time been a social gathering point after Sunday morning services; Stoics, their parents and friends meet the visiting preacher in a relaxed atmosphere to the sound of the final pages of the organ voluntary. Over the last year the conversation has increasingly been focused on the quality of the singing in the Chapel and of the choir's performance of yet another new anthem.

The concert on Tuesday 25th May presented an opportunity for the choir to sing to an audience who could readily show their appreciation and enjoyment with applause – something a Chapel Choir will not often hear. The occasion also acted as a farewell to the members of the Middle Sixth who played such an important role in the establishment of choral singing in the Chapel.

The programme was chosen by the leavers, and it

was therefore not surprising that Haydn's 'Insanae et vanae curae', Wesley's 'Blessed be the God and Father' and Elgar's 'Give unto the Lord' were among the ten anthems performed that evening. And what valedictory concert would be complete without a tear-jerking performance of Balfour Gardiner's 'Evening Hymn'?

The performance of Haydn's 'Missa Sancti Nicolai' on Tuesday 16th November provided encouraging evidence of the choir's continuing strength. Particularly impressive on that evening was the performance of the solo quartet (Emma Brown, Alice Wood, Fred Hall and William Hornby), which revealed enormous vocal talent.

Our grateful thanks to the present Head Choristers, Emma Brown and Robert Temple, for their hard work and organisational skills.



*Stephen Jones pulling out all the stops for charity.
Photograph courtesy of The Buckingham Advertiser*

HARPSICHORD & ORGAN NEWS

The arrival at Stowe of the newly restored John Feldberg harpsichord in September has excited many young musicians, from those writing GCSE compositions for chamber ensembles to those who have regularly had to perform concertos with “unauthentic” keyboard continuo.

The new instrument was formally opened on Sunday 3rd October by John Coulson, who presented a varied programme ranging from music by Byrd and Gibbons to contemporary lighter music. A highlight of the evening for me was the performance of Handel’s Suite no 5 ‘The Harmonious Blacksmith’, though ‘Bach goes to town’ by Alec Templeton aroused great audience delight! John Coulson’s assured playing was well received and demonstrated the splendid array of tonal resources available from the new instrument. We look forward to many Stoic performances in the future; one of the Tuesday evening recitals has already made use of the instrument.

The fantastic 24 hour organ marathon played by

Stephen Jones in March eventually hit the sponsorship target of £1000, making up a large part of the sum raised for the Pineapple Club in the Spring term. Starting at 10.00 pm on Friday 6th March, Stephen played the organ right through the night and all the following day until 10.09 pm on Saturday. The nine minute overtime made up for two 4 minute breaks.

Mark Holt’s organ recital on Tuesday 9th November was an encouraging display of young talent. Including Bach’s Fugue in G minor BWV 542 (one of the most technically demanding fugues in the Baroque organ repertory), Widor’s Finale from Symphony VI and Boëllman’s Toccata, the programme was well chosen and clearly appreciated by the large group of assembled Stoics. Like the equally famous Toccata by Widor, Boëllman’s piece is an “organ firework” which has an annoyingly frivolous melody; the cheerful whistling of the Boëllman tune as the Chapel emptied was a sure indication that everyone had enjoyed the occasion.

JECH

MUSIC ON TUESDAYS

The regular concerts and recitals on Tuesdays continue to give Stoics the opportunity to perform without the strain and stress associated with the larger and more formal occasions during weekends. The concerts are open to the public – and there are many from the local community who enjoy the wide range of music on offer – but the audience in the Music Room at 5.45 pm every Tuesday evening is essentially encouraging, supportive and appreciative. Each term at least two of these occasions are specifically labelled “Informal Concerts” and take place in the Queen’s Temple; these are run on the lines of a junior academy for those who have had no concert experience before coming to Stowe, or those who are genuine beginners.

The last year has seen a great variety of concerts, from large instrumental recitals involving many different performers to impressive solo recitals displaying great professionalism and stamina. There are clearly far too many concerts to mention in detail, though I mention a few that I consider to be of particular interest.

Emma Brown’s recital on 11th May presented an opportunity to hear Purcell’s ‘Music for a while’, Mozart’s ‘Das Veilchen’ and Gilbert & Sullivan from a singer whom we are more used to hearing as a cho-

rist-like soloist in the Chapel. The versatility of Emma’s voice, undaunted by frequent semiquaver runs demanding great vocal agility, was further exemplified by a lively performance of the Stowe “Dinner’n Jazz” favourite, ‘Orange coloured sky’, which acted as an encore. Equally exciting was Jeremy Dale’s clarinet recital on Tuesday 19th October, in which four major pieces were performed without an interval. A highlight from this exceptional occasion was Malcolm Arnold’s Sonatina for Clarinet and Piano, which brought Jeremy’s lively musicianship to the fore. The programme also included Lefevre’s Sonata no 1 in B flat, Brahms’ Sonata in E flat and an arrangement of Caprice XXIV by Paganini, and was an outstanding performance from a young musician who has only recently completed his GCSEs.

Tuesday 22nd June heralded the first “Stowe Jazz Band in Concert”. Though several opportunities to hear these numbers had arisen during the course of the Summer term, the audience were clearly whisked into nostalgia by the enthusiastic renditions of ‘Satin Doll’ and ‘Hello Dolly’, among others. Not for long, however, for the Jazz Band particularly enjoy playing loudly!

JECH



Clarinet Quartet playing at the Lansdowne Club: Sam Edenborough, Nicholas Smith, Katy Burke and Jeremy Dale

HOUSE SINGING FESTIVAL

The House Singing Festival is an event the School obviously enjoys and a lively audience heard some very entertaining contributions. Many of the Houses took a great deal of trouble over the presentation of their items and this is an important part of musical performance. If sometimes the performance was a little over the top, this is at least a good fault, although care has to be taken not to rely too much on this aspect – I recall hearing a pop singer admitting that while his song was not much good, the video would probably sell it. Certainly a case of putting the cart before the horse!

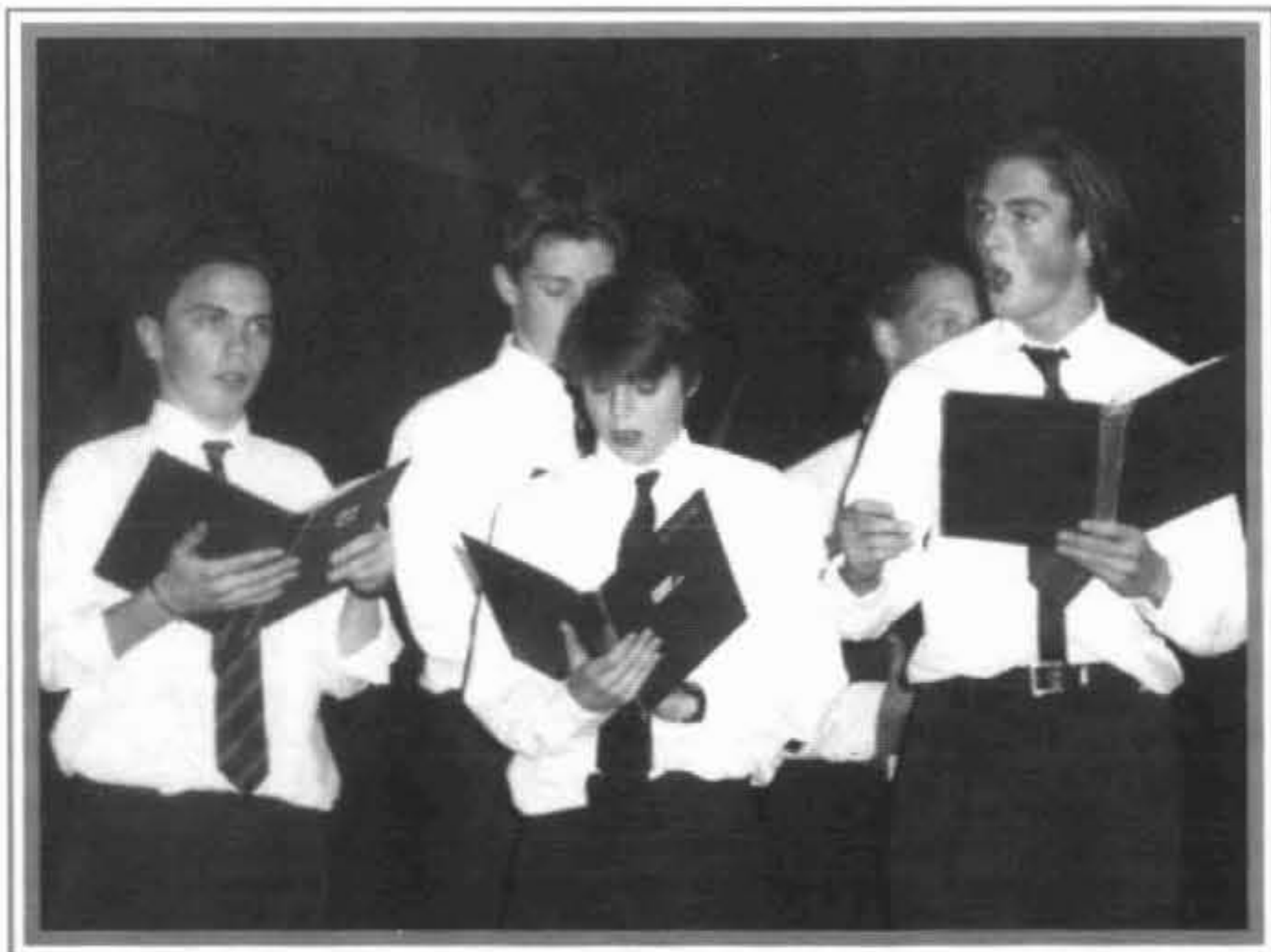


Above: Lyttelton House unison song

Left: Cobham House part song

Below: Lyttelton House part song

photographs by Digby Oldridge



The adjudicators were Alan Drake, Director of Music at Winchester House, Peter Nutsford, Director of Music at Abberley Hall, and Ivan Sharpe, who is a professional singer. The award of the Tustian Cup to Temple for their performance of 'Steal Away' in the part song section was just reward for an excellent performance which obviously had a great deal of time and trouble lavished upon it. Chatham won the Strathspey Cup for their unison song, the Gershwin's haunting 'Love is here to stay', and the Fanshawe Cup for the House gaining the highest aggregate mark, both Chatham performances again showing quality that can only be achieved by much hard work.

Chatham and Temple showed how important choosing the right sort of song is in achieving a credible performance. It was good that few houses opted to try to perform contemporary pop or rock

numbers, not because of a judgement on my part on the artistic merit of such items, but because of the difficulty in pulling such performances off. It might be that in the short term a choice of such music might be very popular, but in many cases the recording techniques and technical expertise can be what makes such pieces successful. I was intrigued by Grenville's choice of 'Rawhide' for their unison song, and would be tempted to give it my own award on the grounds of nostalgia!

The competition was very well organised and ran smoothly. It also reflects the large number of Stoics who now take part in the Chapel Choir and Choral Society as well as in other musical activities.

RJSS

Kenny Ball & his Jazz Men

The Kenny Ball concert opened the Autumn season of celebrity concerts in the most electrifying and certainly the loudest possible way. Members of the audience were thrilled as Kenny Ball and his jazz men appeared on stage and took up their instruments. The set list for the evening was a mixture of their own music, which was mainly appreciated by veteran followers of the band, and the more contemporary popular tunes which kept the whole audience swinging along.

The concert was obviously enjoyed by audience and band alike. The music was breathtaking and all the musicians showed their skills in singing as well as on their own instruments. The bass player, John Benson, slapped and strummed both the double bass and the electric bass guitar. The incredible speed at which he played was matched by the pianist, Hugh Legido, who managed to bring the jazz feel to classical music just as much as to the more traditional jazz tunes. The star of the show was obviously Kenny Ball together with the other two front-line men, John Bennett on trombone and Andy Cooper on clarinet. The highlight of the

EMMA BROWN

reports on two of the many

CELEBRITY CONCERTS

at Stowe

photograph by Digby Oldridge

evening for many was a performance of 'I Wanna Be Like You' from *The Jungle Book*, which was sung by Andy Cooper. The concert was a great success and all who came left in high spirits after the final audience participation number.

The Demon Barbers

The Demon Barbers provided a completely different style but nevertheless still an extremely musical one. The first thing to be noted was that there was no programme. When I asked why, I was simply told by the Director of Music; "I don't think even they know what they're going to do yet!"

This was not, however, the impression that The Demon Barbers created. Their up-beat modern and traditional barbershop arrangements brought laughter to the audience as well as unexpected audience participation in some cases.

The set list included 'I Wanna Be A Bass Man Too' and 'Yesterday'. A great favourite was a medley of 'Summer Songs'. The singing was interspersed with other amusing acts such as playing the kettle, comb and paper and performing various tunes by slapping the face and forehead and some inventive gargling. The evening was once again a success and enjoyed by all.



Cheng - du

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SOCIETIES



COLLOQUIUM

Colloquium is a society which, in past years, has not received extensive coverage in *The Stoic*. This is mainly because, as the name suggests, it is very much a discussion society with no emphasis on note-taking and less structure and formality than many 'subject-linked' societies.

Meetings are by invitation only and take the form of a short and controversial talk followed by a fiery debate – giving members an ideal opportunity to voice their personal views and beliefs and disagree with the arguments of others.

In line with the tradition of short notice substitute, TCFS was our first speaker and chose a very emotive subject which was sure to produce a varied response. To the considerable annoyance of some present he sought to present the dangers of nationalism.

Although it was the first meeting, shyness was thrown to the wind as one Stoic after another expressed his or her views (some of which might have had Hitler breaking into a sweat or been rejected by Lenin as too liberal).

One of the beauties of Colloquium is its emphasis on simply speaking when one wants to. Some may argue that this leads to the reserved members being unable to compete with their more ebullient colleagues, but it does wonders for the pace and spontaneity of the discussions during which there are few quiet moments. (In any case EST and TCFS umpire in such a way that everyone who has a point can air it.) As we were told at the outset, "You should feel intellectually drained at the end of the evening."

Our second meeting had the deliberately pretentious title, 'Art: the reality of meaninglessness'. We didn't worry too much about trying to work out

quite what that meant – that had scope for discussion in itself – but got straight down to listening to KM's fascinating talk.

Playing devil's advocate, his argument was that those who are generally regarded as great artists, such as Leonardo da Vinci, were simply producing what are now worthless portraits or landscapes that could be captured equally well following the invention of photography. That is to say, "What is special about painting a scene that you might as well photograph?" KM, it seemed, was in favour of a painting by Jackson Pollock. At first glance one might think that Pollock had accidentally knocked over a pot of paint on his return from the pub and had for convenience's sake called the resulting mess a work of art.

However, it turned out that Pollock wasn't joking when he rocked the art world with his 'action painting'. It was, as KM said, "a result of the subconscious, a momentary glimpse of the inner feelings of a man – impossible to copy and a highly original concept".

My own view was that, in order to be labelled 'art', a creation must fulfil two criteria: that it must be original and that the creation cannot be imitated by a non-artist. In other words, the creator must be illustrating an appreciable degree of ability which is not inherent in the public who will see his art. Pollock's paintings cannot be copied (i.e. reproduced exactly without mechanical means) but they can be imitated by a non-artist. Indeed I flatter myself to be able to sneeze into an ink pot and produce a similar result.

Robert Bush

CHESSE

Chess is thriving amongst the younger pupils, who show a good deal of spirit and enthusiasm. Our excellent senior player, Moritz Polonius, is on hand to give a stern test to any older player who wishes to pick up the royal game again. A group of Stoics will be attending a national speed chess tournament in Aylesbury. See Around & About.

EST

COMMUNITY SERVICE

photographs by Digby Oldridge

The start of a new academic year has also brought about a new Community Service Committee. The new members are Guy Edwards, Richard Wethered, Rolla Carpenter-Couchman and Cressida Chester-Read.

Each year in Community Service our aim is to help the elderly and mentally handicapped in Buckingham and the surrounding villages. Our work includes helping staff in the nursing homes by, for example, playing games with the elderly. We visit the Community Care Centre, where we sometimes take the members swimming or help them in their garden.

Stowe again this year had a Summer party in the grounds for the elderly. We managed to use the Speech Day marquee for the tea party. The timing was perfect as the weather was warm and sunny. Some Community Service members took a group of



The Community Service Christmas Party was held in the Marble Hall

nursing home members in wheelchairs down to the lakes, and on their return it could be seen that they were completely exhausted – the Stoics, that is!

On November 4th the mentally handicapped homes in Buckingham brought some of their members up to visit. To begin with they watched the fireworks and then went on for burgers and hot dogs in the Marble Hall. Sparklers were in abundance and we hope they all had a wonderful time.

In the not too distant future we have the Christmas party with many home-grown entertainments which we hope again give the elderly from Buckingham a day to remember.

Recently we have been given anonymous sponsorship by the mother of an Old Stoic. This will be put to use to refurbish the Dadford Village hall. This we hope could be used for Age Concern meetings and other groups who need a place to hold their meetings.

The Community Service committee has also been commissioned to revise the Leonard Cheshire Homes brochure and poster to provide a better insight into the homes and the man behind them.

We hope that we will be able to help as many people locally as possible but any suggestions about what else we could do would be welcome as we cannot unfortunately think of everything!

Guy Edwards



A magic moment with Richard Parry, alias Marvellous Merlin

DEBATING

photographs by Digby Oldridge



President:

PASF

This autumn PASF has continued the good work of SHCR after taking over the organisation of this, one of Stowe's most popular and well-attended societies. With the solid work of Barnaby Williams, as Chairman, and Ross Atherton, the quality of debating has been excellent with many innovative and interesting speeches delivered.

The first debate of the academic year promised scandal and intrigue with the declaration "Prostitution should be legalised". Well-argued and amusing cases came from MW and REM, as these two very confident debaters squared up, not forgetting the ardent reasoning of Barnaby Williams himself, Juliette Kristensen, Hugo Reoch and Dilka Emmanuel. However, victory eluded the opposition and fell to the grateful proposition, and the motion was carried.

The second debate was to be seasonal: the motion that "Father Christmas exists" was happily carried by the proposition, consisting of Richard Parry, Henrietta Hensher and the ever-gesticulating Milo Corbett. The voting here was surprisingly decisive as the opposition, consisting of Edward Morgan, Caroline Ricketts and George Pendle, had very strong arguments. Victory was won most likely as a result of the nostalgia vote: the proposition convinced the audience that Father Christmas exists because children believe he exists.

The audiences have been, in the main, very helpful and have taken these debates fairly seriously. Will Kemble-Clarkson has impressed himself upon us all with his regular and persistent questioning! The debates have attracted large audiences this year and I hope they will continue to do so.

Ross Atherton



Secretary: Juliette Kristensen



Chairman: Barnaby Williams



Speaker: Dilka Emmanuel

FLY-FISHING

For the first time in many a year the Oxford Water was unavailable for fly-fishing in 1993, owing to dredging and landscaping by the National Trust.

Immediately below the dam, Paper Mill Lake, also newly reclaimed by the Trust, proved to be an excellent substitute and provided first-class fishing. The lake was stocked with a suitable combination of high quality rainbows and browns, supplied, as ever, by Michael Stevenson of the Berkshire Trout Farm at Hungerford. We were delighted to find that the trout fed well on the rich pickings of the new lake (water-snails being a favourite food item), putting on weight rapidly, a characteristic not observed in previous years on the Oxford Water.

In 1994, if funds allow, perhaps we may be able to stock both lakes and carry out some comparative studies on trout feeding-habits.

During the summer term our fishermen, ranging from those new to the School to positively geriatric Middle Sixth, had a most successful season, many catching fish on their own tyings of flies, a characteristic and most encouraging feature of Stowe fly-fishing.

All angling clubs require supervision, and I am most grateful to Ben Waldman and Merton Croisdale-Appleby for their help in carrying out the difficult role of bailiff. Both have been awarded a Representative Tie in recognition of their sterling efforts. It is also fitting at this time to acknowledge the debt owed by past and present members of the Club to the late Anthony Pedder, who did so much to encourage and foster both fly-fishing and fly-tying at Stowe in earlier days.

MW

FILM

After lying dormant for some years, the Stowe Film Society has been revived. Aimed at those with a serious interest in quality cinema in these grim days of Arnold, Jean-Claude and violent, brainless pap, the Society met three times during the Autumn Term.

There could be no better film to relaunch the Society than Hitchcock's 1954 masterpiece, *Rear Window*, in which the Master of suspense pulls off the daring gamble of setting virtually an entire film in one room. The whole piece is still as fresh as ever, thanks not only to the great Hitch but also to James Stewart, Grace Kelly and John Michael Hayes' witty script. Small wonder that audiences queued round the block when the film, unseen for many years, was revived in 1983.

Equally fresh and dazzling is Powell and Pressburger's iconoclastic *A Matter of Life and Death*, undoubtedly David Niven's greatest film and a work as romantic as it is outrageous.

To end the term, the Society screened a gleaming new print of *Singin' in the Rain*, which understandably still tops most people's "Best Musical Ever" lists. It has great songs, the best jokes (a fine script by Comden and Green), incredible dancing (Donald O'Connor in "Make 'Em Laugh", Cyd Charisse's legs...), Jean Hagen's wickedly monstrous silent film actress complete with ghastly voice, and of course Gene Kelly's imperishable rendition of the title number. All this, and the energetic direction of Kelly and Wunderkind Stanley Donen, ensure that the film never loses pace for an instant.

All the films seem to have been greatly enjoyed, and my thanks go to Badri El-Meouchi for his enthusiasm in making the whole venture take off so effectively. The only problem with the 1994 season is the pleasurable one of deciding which masterpieces to show next!

JSK

HISTORICAL

Since the last report, the Historical Society has heard lectures on a variety of topics as diverse as Sir Robert Peel and Edward VI.

At the 177th meeting, Dr H. Strachan spoke on Peel. It was suggested that Peel has been portrayed by history in an entirely one sided fashion, which Dr Strachan sought to correct. This view presents Peel as the founder of the Conservative Party, with a paternalistic 'one nation' manner which continued as the party ideology up to the deposition of Heath in 1975. Dr Strachan, however, saw Peel as interested in short-term political expediency. He regarded the Tamworth Manifesto of 1834, which has been seen as setting up the paternalistic view of the Conservative Party, as "...the most grossly overrated document of the nineteenth century". Peel was, ideologically, in his view, more a founder of the Liberal Party than the Conservatives. It was a stimulating session when an ancient hero was cut down to size.

On 18th May, Dr Loach spoke on Edward VI. She sought to overturn the orthodox view of Somerset as a better Regent than Northumberland. Somerset was painted as immodest, greedy, wasteful of crown resources (for example, building Somerset House at a cost of £100,000 whilst English troops were short of food in France), and as refusing to listen to the advice of the Council at all. He also continued the French War, when it was clearly going to be lost, and carried out inflationary debasement to finance this.

Northumberland was seen to have learnt from these mistakes, ending the War and debasement, and considering what the Council said. However, he was regarded in a bad light due to the expedient, but nevertheless unpopular ending of the French War. Dr Loach concluded that both Somerset and Northumberland had everything and ended up with nothing because of fatal character flaws.

On 12th October, W.O. Simpson Esq. spoke on 'Bismarck to Hitler: continuity in German history?' He suggested that the regimes of Bismarck, Wilhelm II and Hitler had a common distaste for democracy and an undercurrent (or policy in the case of Hitler) of anti-semitism. However, Mr Simpson warned that care should be taken not to assume that similarity means continuity: each regime could have looked back at the last and copied some policies and ideas.

The 180th meeting was a balloon debate with Emma Clark (Elizabeth I), Joe Nicholson (Julius Caesar), Frances Newbery (Sir Robert Peel), Rupert Elwes (Adolf Hitler) and James Lee-Steere (Andrei Rykov). The evening was both enjoyable and informative. Eventually Hitler won the sole place in the balloon by a margin of 23 votes.

Next term two meetings will be held at which Dr Nicola Smith of Buckingham University and Prof. C.S. Frayling will speak. In the summer, Dr Archer of Keble College, Oxford and Dr R. Evans of Brasenose will be the society's guests.

Rachel Beer

LITERARY

This was a very active year. The officers of the society generally met visiting speakers, together with the English department, for supper in the Blue Room before the meeting.

On 25th September 1992 Dr Helen Barr (Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford) returned to Stowe and fascinated us with yet another refreshingly original slant on *The Franklin's Tale*.

On 16th October 1992, Mr Brian Stephan spoke on *Antony and Cleopatra* and on 13 November 1992 Mr Jim Burns (having moved from Stowe to Merton College, Oxford and a further degree) presented some interesting background material on the contemporary treatment of Jews in England at the time when Shakespeare was creating Shylock.

On 12th February, Dr Valerie Saunders paid us another visit from Buckingham University and spoke helpfully on *Pride and Prejudice*.

The highlight of the year was on 30th April 1993, when Dame Iris Murdoch and her husband, Professor John Bayley, visited us on a memorable evening. After a walking tour around Stowe Park, when the lakes provided a not unpredictable source of interest, Dame Iris and Professor Bayley conducted a seminar on the present condition and the future direction of the English novel before an invited audience in the Blue Room. Then we all met them more informally over dinner. The couple were extremely generous in what they shared with us and courageous in their gracious informality. It was a

perfect Stowe evening and they seemed to be as enchanted as we were by the occasion. Dame Iris was particularly kind in her willingness to take biographical questions and to tell us the actual procedures she followed when writing her novels. She and her husband were also (as other speakers have been) extremely warm in their praise for the quality of serious response from the Stoics whom they so obviously enjoyed meeting.

We had another special evening on 14th May, when Dominic Gray and the Flipside Theatre Company presented a magnificent workshop on *Antony and Cleopatra*, and returned on 11th February to present *Measure for Measure*. A variety of different interpretations of individual scenes was put on; excellent discussion was engaged and A level was kept firmly in mind. Robert Clare came on his own on 26th May and did a similar thing for *The Merchant of Venice*.

Finally, Harry Kemp (OS) came through from Devon on 21st May and read some of his own poems to us, engaging the audience in a valuable and elevated discussion on the nature of poetry and the contributions of his contemporaries.

I would like to thank our secretary (Sam Edenborough) and his team of doughty supporters (Mark Chamberlain, Arvind David and Nicholas Smith) for a year of remarkable enthusiasm, energy and efficiency. All four were awarded Oxford places!

PASF

Iris Murdoch and her husband John Bayley (Merton Professor, Oxford University) with a group from the Literary Society before dinner in the Blue Room. Back row: Justin Shasha, Sam Edenborough, Jonathan Crawford, Arvind David, Dame Iris, Professor John Bayley, Dan Scott, James Goss (OS), George Pendle, Nicholas Smith. Front: Mark Chamberlain, Duncan Atherton.



NEIGHBOURHOOD ENGINEERS

Edward Wainwright-Lee, Thomas Honeyman Brown and Thomas Mulroy engineering under the guidance of consultant engineer Nick Morgan. Photograph courtesy of The Buckingham Advertiser



Once again the Neighbourhood Engineers group has been very active and supportive throughout the year. They have supplied speakers for the popular and successful 'Opening Windows on Engineering' presentations to the Third Forms in the Summer term. This year we were educated and entertained by speakers on Civil Engineering projects, including rotating river bridges, motorway planning, development and surfacing, as well as another on the currently very important topic of Biochemical Engineering. The speakers encourage awareness of the importance of science, technology and engineering to wealth creation in the country, and the value of entrepreneurial activities.

They have been involved in the planning and development of the Stowe & National Trust Educational Resource Centre, with particular reference to the Water Management and Control Systems. Resources have also been created for use by Sixth Form tutors with their tutees, to encourage

effective time management, leadership, communications and decision prioritising. We are immensely grateful for all this help.

Again the highlight of the year was the Challenge Conference '93 for Third Forms, when all are involved in a busy day's exercise, working in small teams at competitive problem solving under the careful watch of a friendly neighbourhood engineer. The day emphasises many aspects of the 'real world of work', of technical, economic and management aspects of solving problems in a team situation. The photograph shows Nick Morgan, Consultant Engineer, judging Edward Wainwright-Lee's, Thomas Honeyman Brown's and Thomas Mulroy's attempts to construct a component in card to an accurate specification sent by the other members of their team. Some of the models were produced to a higher standard than the prototypes! – great credit to the young Stoics and to the success of the day.

SOC

PHOTOGRAPHIC

The Photographic society has enjoyed a good year. The GCSEs taken this summer in the subject proved successful once again, with a high percentage of 'A' grades.

The Autumn term has seen a sudden influx of interest, so much so that the society has outgrown its dark room. But I am pleased to say that the standard of photographic work has risen. Emerging fresh new talent includes Kate Melber, Caroline Shasha, Sophie Calvert, Alex Swainston, Toby Milbank, Charles McMaster and James Furse-Roberts, to name just a few. The exhibition this coming Speech Day should prove to be one of the best in recent years.

Looking to the future, there is talk of the society being given some money to expand and improve the present dark room facilities thereby enabling the standard of printing to rise further. I look forward to a productive year.

Digby Oldridge



Digby Oldridge

SCIENCE

These societies have got off to another active start this year. The Science Society enjoyed an accessible 'Introduction to Einstein's Theory of Relativity' by George Rutter, Physics master at Eton College. He introduced Bondi's k-calculus method and radar ranging displayed on the space-time diagram. By the end of the presentation he had managed to achieve coverage of time dilation, length contraction and the formulation for addition of relative velocities as they approach the universal speed limit – that of light itself! He had also managed to discuss the 'twin paradox' and the longevity of very fast muons in cosmic ray showers. He also gave some insights into Einstein's life. In many ways he was not an ideal student, rarely attending lectures, borrowing his friend's notes belatedly to prepare for examinations – hardly an exemplar to our charges – so enough said! The questions and intelligent interest shown by the audience gave encouragement to the speaker.

The JUNIOR SCIENCE SOCIETY this year meets on some Sunday afternoons and has had the opportunity to learn about Planetary Astronomy and Astrophysics and the Universe from slide poster and video lectures presented by SOC.

The NUCLEUS SOCIETY commenced this year's programme with the customary presidential address by SOC. This year was a follow-up to last year's lecture and the topic of 'Quantum Weirdness' was developed.

In 1935 Einstein/Podolsky and Rosen published a provoking *gedanken*, or thought experiment, that was meant to hit a death blow to the fashionable Copenhagen or probabalistic interpretation of the then new theory of Quantum Mechanics proposed by Bohr et al.. Remembering that Einstein believed that the 'Old One' did not play dice, their rebuttal suggested that either 'hidden variables' were present and yet to be discovered, or what they felt to be totally preposterous 'spooky action at a distance' occurred connecting quantum particles by superluminal signals.

In fact in 1982 Alain Aspect began a series of elegant and surprising experiments using quantum connected polarised photon pairs that proved 'spooky action at a distance' does in fact occur. So Einstein was eventually hoist by his own photard – excuse the pun, but he did coin the term photon. Tardiness is hardly appropriate. The measurement of a photon's polarisation determines its direction and is transmitted instantaneously (certainly faster than light), to another distant but quantum connected

photon that is required to have equal polarisation. This is all very puzzling to us on our scale, where such quantum connectedness is totally strange and alien – but is it? Many strange coincidences are recorded of parents awakening at the moment of some important family event with premonition of some kind. Will these occurrences eventually be explicable in terms of the fundamental laws of Physics? The members of the Nucleus Society await the answer to such fascinating questions!

SOC

SIXTH FORM ESSAY

This term has been a very busy one for the Society with five meetings.

A wide variety of topics has been covered. Rachel Beer was the first speaker on the subject of crime and punishment. The group decided that the retributive aim of punishment should be retained and that the small risk of error attendant on the reintroduction of the death penalty was a worthwhile one.

Tom Foss-Smith gave an informative speech in favour of the ordination of women on the grounds that the only barrier to this within the Church of England is tradition and not biblical. The group concluded that women should be allowed to be ordained.

'Leonard Cohen: more culturally important than Shakespeare?' was Milo Corbett's bold suggestion. Several extracts from Cohen's work were played but it was decided that Shakespeare's long-term appeal made him the more important.

Marriage was the next topic for discussion, led by Catherine Sheppard, and heated debate was provoked by a controversial talk which suggested marriage should be a convenient formal arrangement tolerating adultery. The group disagreed, but Catherine defended her views strongly.

The final subject of the term was education. Robert Bush suggested that the aims of education should revert to the Greek ideas of putting more emphasis on processes of reasoning rather than on accumulating vast quantities of knowledge. Sitting exams should not be the goal of an education.

On behalf of the Sixth Forms, I should like to thank the Headmaster and Dr Hornby for giving us this forum for discussing ideas and I look forward to more thought-provoking discussions in the next two terms.

Rachel Beer



Justin Shasha

*The Debating Society
Dinner on the South Front Portico*

SUB-AQUA

The professional Association of Diving Instructors is the world's largest and most popular diver training organisation. Successful PADI students gain an internationally recognised credential allowing them to rent or buy scuba equipment, dive from charter boats and at dive resorts, and participate in diving without an instructor present. Stowe offers the PADI Open Water Diver course with a PADI instructor who is HSE registered.

The course is divided into three parts:

Classroom: Video integrated with PADI open water manual, written tests with each session overseen and reviewed by the instructor.

Confined water: Indoor pool sessions learning to use scuba equipment and learning safety rules.

Open water sessions: Four sessions.

Congratulations to those who received their PADI certifications last year.

John Glendinning
(Instructor)

THEOLOGICAL

The society has been fortunate to have had such distinguished speakers over the last year, which has been reflected in the large audiences.

At the beginning of the Summer term, Mr Callan, a journalist of the *Daily Express*, came to talk on the burning topic of press freedom. Against a background of royal exclusives dominating many front pages, Mr Callan explained why the suppression of press freedom was the thin end of a wedge threatening greater curbs. The talk was wide-ranging and well received, and what it lacked in theological content was made up by journalistic good humour. Later on in the term there was a theological expedition to go and visit the *Daily Express* headquarters and a good time was had by all.

The final meeting of the Summer term was addressed by the Viscount Brentford, a full time lawyer and chairman of the 'Keep Sunday Special' campaign. He claimed that every Christian should be the salt and light of society, helping people on a day to day basis. He referred to the House of Lords changing the 1988 Education Bill, to ensure that religious studies remained primarily Christian.

Dr David Cook, Dean of Green College, Oxford, who had been asked to return after his great success last year, this time spoke about *The Moral Maze*, the title of his book, which all A-level ethicists

know so well! He went through all the ethical dilemmas that medicine is faced with, illustrated by current facts and figures, meanwhile claiming that all clergymen are boring to speak to, and keeping us amused at the same time – a great feat.

Lastly, Sir Michael Colman, first Church Estates Commissioner and chairman of Reckitt and Colman, spoke informatively on the title 'God and Mammon: The Christian in the Business World', mainly looking at the question, "Do God and money mix?". This seems to have been answered by the great loss of church wealth in recent years. We hope Sir Michael will be able to change this. His conclusion, thankfully for many Stoics and their parents, is that God and money do mix. He explained that money is a lubricant for big business and not a means to an end. He went on to justify that God is the end. However, he gave the stern warning that you cannot serve both God and money. Either you will hate one and love the other or you will be devoted to one and despise the other. He ended with the obvious answer that God and money do mix so long as the emphasis is on loving God.

Sadly, Bruce Kent could not come and speak on Sunday 17th October because of a power failure on the electric railway.

James Lee-Steere



David Alton, MP., and James Lee-Steere at the Theological Society

MIDDLE SIXTH ENTERPRISE CHALLENGE

EVERY year the Middle Sixth abandons lessons a day before the Autumn Exeat. Small groups gather in rooms dotted around the school and can be seen in earnest discussion amid piles of loose paper, felt-tip pens and projector transparencies. A number of visitors from the world of business merge with these 'covens' encouraging them in their deliberations.

What is it all about? Why, suddenly, does one member break away with a sheet of paper and hare off into the main building to find the 'guru' at his 'receipt of custom'? Why should the whole assembly gather in the State Dining Room to cut out cardboard shapes, cover them with silver foil and exchange them for 'monopoly money' amid apparent uproar and chaos?

Once again the Middle Sixth Industrial Conference is under way. Stoics are being challenged to sample some of the skills and pressures of life in the business world. Most rise; sadly a few sink without trace!

This year the event was renamed to reflect the major change of being run by the North Buckinghamshire Education Business Partnership for Sixth Formers from the Royal Latin School, Buckingham and Furzedown Schools as well as for Stowe. Numbers were so large that its location had to be split between Stowe and Buckingham with half our Sixth Form at the latter. It was therefore a mammoth administrative challenge to which at Stowe Mr Edwards rose unflappably, ably backed by the Partnership sub-committee chaired by Mr David Battersby of Smith's Concrete.

Perhaps one of the greatest benefits to Stoics was in working alongside Sixth Formers from the maintained sector of education and in learning, in many cases for the first time, something of the weight of competition that lies in store for them beyond the 'ivory towers' of Stowe. Working productively in small groups, identifying and valuing each others' skills and contributions were other lessons available to all, as was sustaining effort over a relatively long period and meeting deadlines along the way. There is certainly something for everyone who will join in



Stoics enterprising... bargaining... and buying... at the Enterprise Challenge

Photographs by Digby Oldridge



these action-packed two days. We are, as ever, enormously grateful to the organisations which support us so generously by lending us team leaders. This is an educational experience unique to Stowe since we have specifically designed it for ourselves. It is rewarding that so many Stoics gain so much of value from the event and actually enjoy it at the same time.

AJEL

CCF

STAFF

The regular officers in the CCF are youthful and enthusiastic. They have all worked hard this year to produce a wide and varied programme for their cadets and their commitment has more than compensated for their lack in numbers. New officers this year are 2nd Lt. Jane Hamblett (Army Section) and ASL. Robert Jackson (Royal Navy Section). The under officer was Simon Murray, who began his year in the uniform of the Royal Navy but half way through the year started to sport that of the Irish Guards, who had offered to sponsor him through the Regular Commissioning Board. We thank him for his hard work and offer him our best wishes in his future career.

ARMY

This year's fourth formers have again undergone general military training, but have had the added excitement of being led by 2/Lt Jane Hamblett, herself a novice! The fact that they have had such a successful term speaks volumes for her and the leadership of her NCOs. Meanwhile the fifth formers have all undertaken Advanced Infantry training under the watchful eye of Captain Chitty, ably supported by Under Officer Willem Quarles van Ufford and his team of outstanding NCOs. Whether caked in mud, soaked to the skin, or exhausted after two almost sleepless nights out in the woods under a poncho, they have been wonderfully enthusiastic, as the Field Day report that follows so admirably testifies.

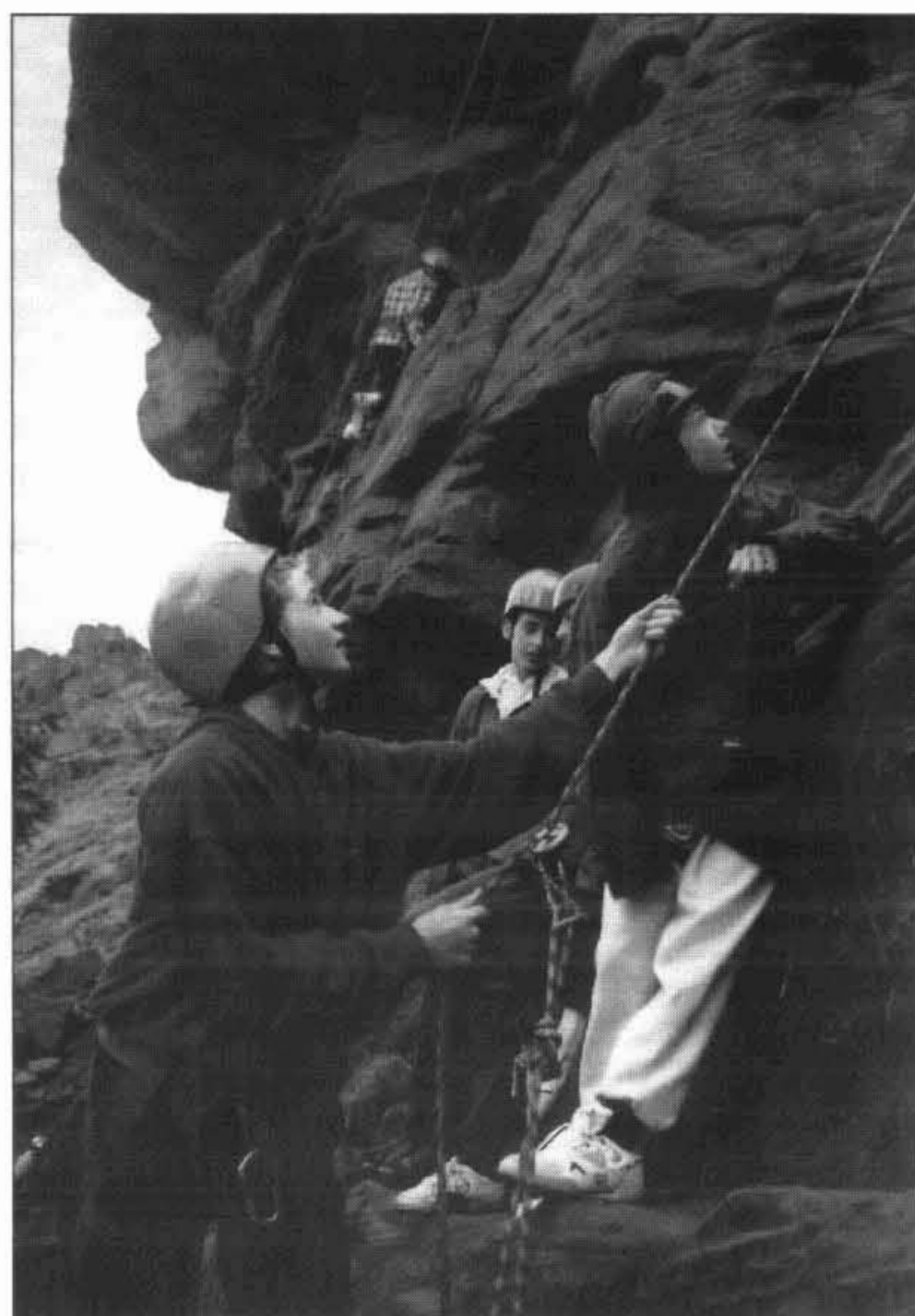
The highlight of the year was the annual summer camp at Leek in Staffordshire. So popular is the camp that even three middle sixth leavers begged to come with us, which they did! The cadets covered a multitude of military and adventurous training skills



ROYAL NAVY

The section has settled down this year under the leadership of Lt. Will Vernon. During the winter months the boys work towards their proficiency exams and in the summer they sail toppers with the view to taking RYA tests, ultimately to level 5. The summer term field day was spent on board Morning Star of Adventure, a 60 ft ketch in the Thames Estuary; an experience enjoyed by all who went. During the summer vacation ten boys went on courses run by the Navy, gaining hands-on experience in a variety of areas ranging from submarines to helicopters.

in the week that we were there. Military skills covered included section attacks, close quarter battle pairs fire and manoeuvre, radios, grenade throwing, shooting, anti-tank missile shooting simulation, a 5.5 mile march and shoot competition and an assault course competition. In the adventurous training package they covered rock climbing,





abseiling, canoeing, orienteering and a day's hill walking in the Peak District. Wherever possible we awarded marks that went towards an inter-section competition, that also included basketball and volleyball competitions run by 2/Lt Hamblett, and room inspections! This was hard-fought, but won convincingly by Andrew Bates' section – a testament to his skills of leadership. The pace was frantic, but it was not all hard work; we did manage to squeeze in an end of camp barbecue which was well and truly earned by every cadet. Some very tired cadets got into the train at the end of the camp having had a thoroughly good time and in desperate need of the holidays to recover.



Text and photographs by MOMC

ROYAL AIR FORCE

The section has struggled somewhat this term. With the retirement of Sqn. Ldr. Austin Waterworth at the end of the summer term 1992, the Contingent Commander, Sqn. Ldr. Harry Smith, had to run both the contingent and the RAF section. Consequently much of the actual work fell to the senior boys to organise, which they did with enthusiasm and alacrity. The section is now under the command of Ft. Lt. Graeme Delaney.

GERMANY

Last summer, Sqn. Ldr. Harry Smith and SSI Eddie Brannen led a party of cadets on camp in Germany as guests of 5 Regiment Royal Artillery. This was a fantastic camp, well attended, well staffed and brilliantly organised by the gunners. Their Colonel was in turn impressed by the enthusiasm of the Stoics, as were his training teams. A special relationship was forged with one of the batteries, a relationship which we hope will bear fruit in the future.

THE COLDSTREAM CUP

This annual event, sponsored and judged by the Coldstream Guards, was once again a great success. The combination of a drill competition, an arduous obstacle course and a skill at arms test, provides the Houses with a most challenging competition. This year, the runaway winners were Temple House who dominated from start to finish. The day ended with a formal dinner in the Music Room.

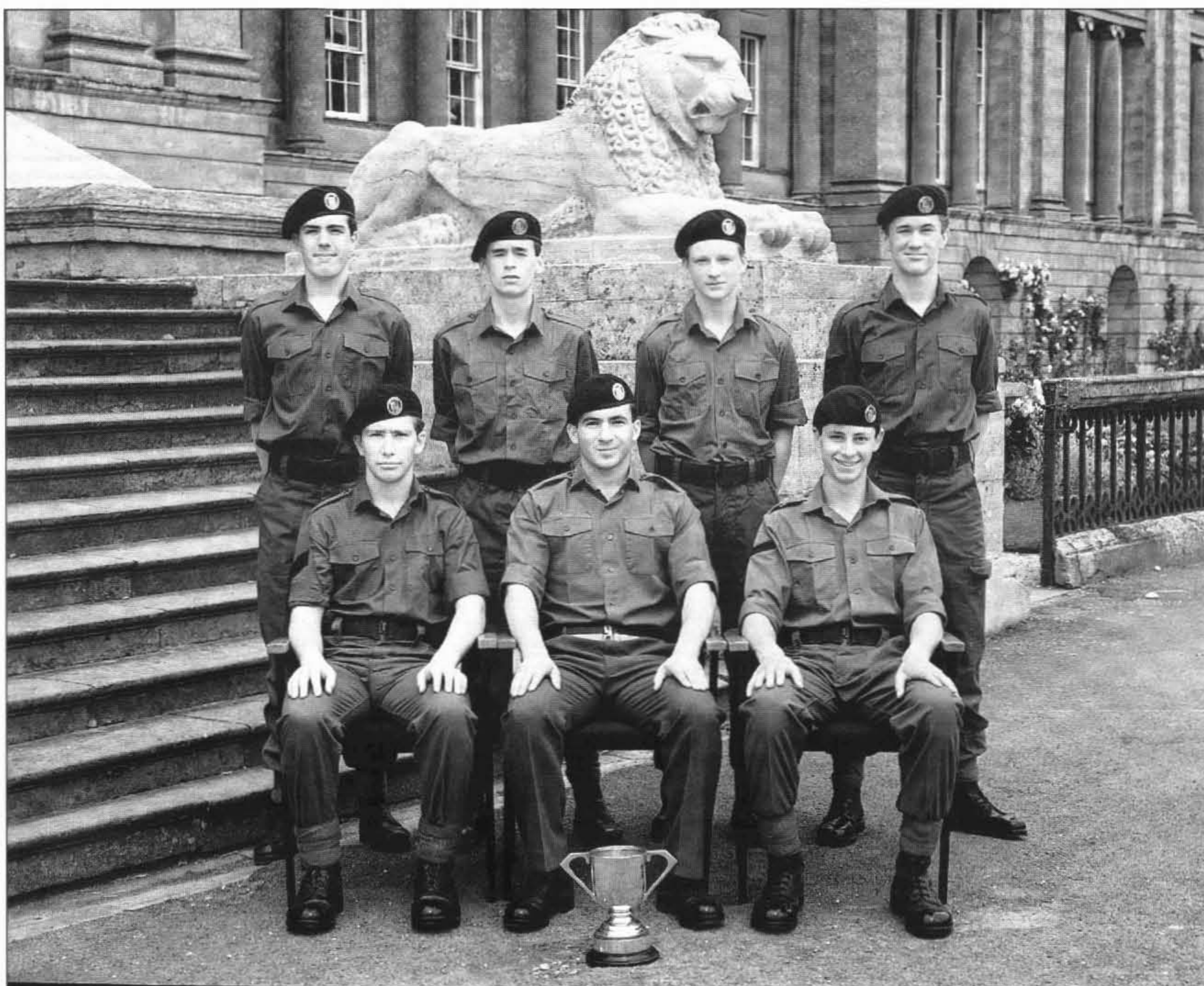
THE BIENNIAL INSPECTION

Conducted this year by the RAF, this was a thoroughly successful day which the weather tried, but failed, to spoil. The Inspecting Officer was impressed and delivered an encouraging address to the Corps on the South Front steps. This was reinforced by a glowing written report which sang the contingent's praises – well done to all involved.

THE FUTURE

The end of the school year witnessed the most fundamental of changes to the CCF. Sqn. Ldr. Harry Smith, after four years as CO, left the school for new pastures. Simultaneously, SSI Eddie Brannen, after many years of faithful service, left to take up the new post of Fire and Safety Officer for the School. This means that there is not only a new CO but also a new SSI (or SSM as the new occupant of the post is to be known). ASL Robert Jackson is the new CO and WO I Ray Dawson is the new SSM. Also joining the contingent are F/Lt Graeme Delaney, a new member of staff with much CCF experience and P/O Karen Dore, who will be taking up her commission and joining F/Lt Delaney in the running of the RAF section. The Under Officer for the year is Willem Quarles van Ufford who was also selected as one of Her Majesty's Lord Lieutenant's Cadets for the county of Buckingham.

RBJ



Temple House, winners of the Coldstream Cup, 1993

Back: Daniel Wills, Angus Havers, Andrew Black, Simon Gardner.

Front: Robert Temple, Panos Karpidas, Charles Frampton

FIELD DAY

October saw the first of the Advanced Infantry 48 hour exercises for Field Day. We were kitted out early with most of the things we would need: green plastic ponchos, mess tins, eating irons and sleeping bags, all topped off with a large rucksack. It was left to us to fill them with any extras we might need, like spare clothes, washing kit, food to supplement the ration packs and drink. Once all this was in the pack it was very heavy and I could hear the straps tearing from the pack. Finally, just to keep us from being able to desert, we were weighed down by a SA-80 rifle and wet clothing, not to mention Willem Quarles van Ufford riding around on the 'quad'.

The first night was not as bad as it could have been apart from sentry duty at 3.00 a.m.

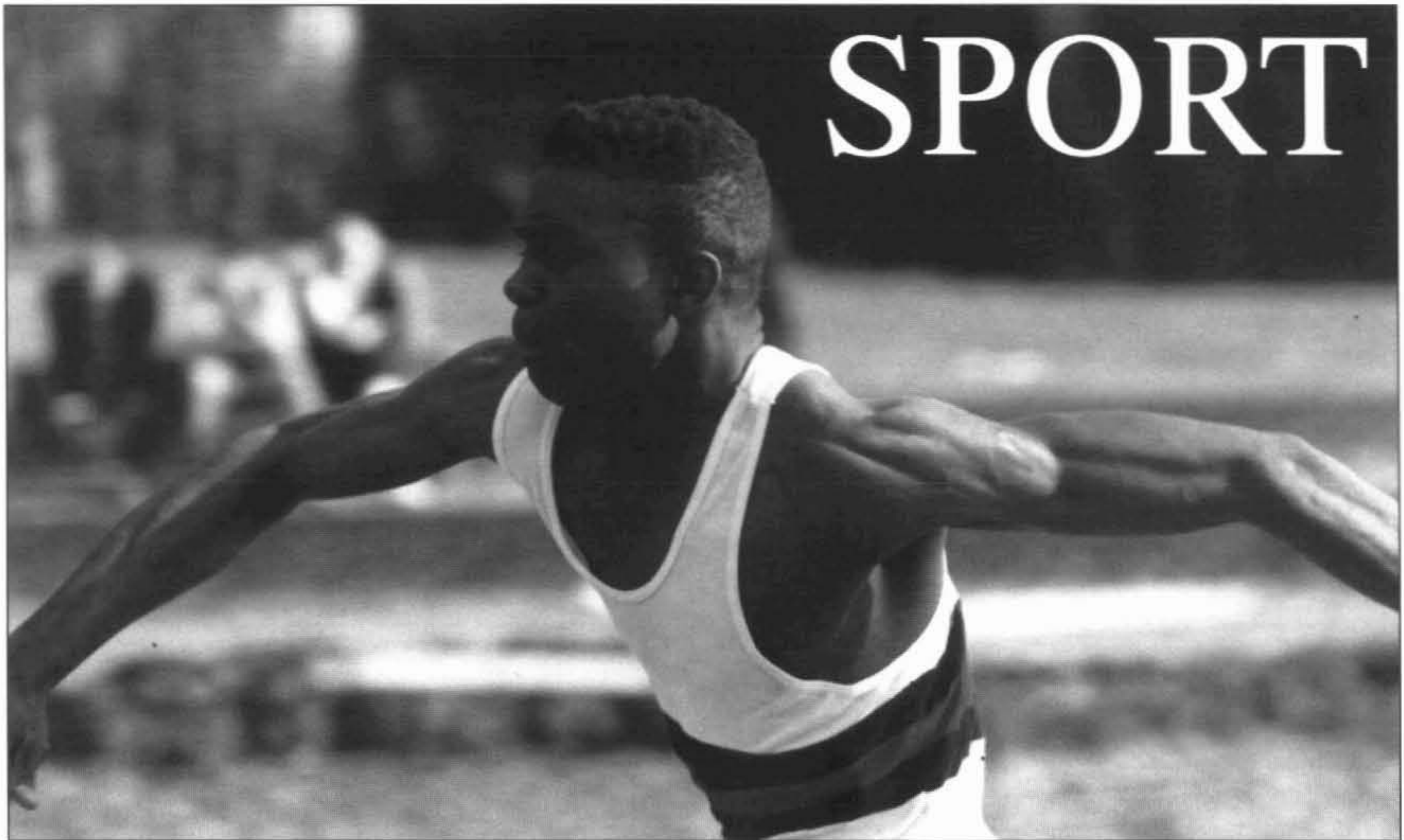
On Sunday we were woken by blanks being fired by Captain Chitty. We put on our shrunk, wet boots, packed up our kit, grabbed our rifles (which we had to keep with us at all times) and, under orders from the Captain, we shifted camp (some of us only half dressed) to about half a mile away.

On the second night (after a day's hard exercise and shooting) we were made to set up an ambush and, not surprisingly, the enemy walked straight into our trap. I was, in fact, asleep when the firing started and quickly had to fire off all my shots. I went on a secret reconnaissance mission into the enemy camp to gather information that same night, with Serrol Osman, Jamie Biddulph, Crispin Marsland-Roberts, Mark Wates and one or two others led by Nick Newall. At one point the enemy passed not more than 10 metres away and failed to see us.

At 5 o'clock the next morning we made a successful raid on the enemy and suffered no casualties. What annoyed me was that while we were told to stay quiet and below the skyline, Captain Chitty remained standing upright, ceaselessly ripping the velcro on his plastic camouflage jacket!

This was the best Field Day I have ever been on and much credit must go to Willem Quarles van Ufford and the CCF staff who organised the whole event. More please!

Sam Emery



JML

Tayo Erogbogbo

ATHLETICS

With the Barcelona Olympics fresh in their memories, Stoics entered the 1993 season spurred on by the performances of athletes such as Linford Christie and Sally Gunnell. As usual, the club continued to have great team spirit and our first thanks must go to Bob, the groundsman, whose hard work is one of the reasons why Stowe has been so dominant at this sport.

The senior team was successful both on the track and in the field events, and only on two occasions did not come away with a win (a result of either A-level commitments or injury). In the track events the sprints were dominated by Joe Nicholson who came second once and won the rest of his races. Races ranged from 1100 to 400 metres. Nic Tissot, fresh from the school Nepal expedition, ran some fine races during the season. However, the outstanding athlete of '93 was Tayo Erogbogbo. During the season he set two school records, the first was in the long jump: when he stood on the approach the record stood at a mere 7.11 metres, but by the time he had landed it was a mighty 7.34 metres! Tayo's other record was in the triple jump, in which he gained a national UK ranking of 3rd in his age group and was selected to jump for Great Britain v Germany in the summer.

But the team had strength in depth: other great performances came from Alex Mustard, Paul Denning, John Anderson, Ed Hunt, Sam Murray, Ed Rogers, Richard Stultiens and Tom Harper.

The intermediate team, like the senior team, was very strong on paper, but never really reached its full potential, owing to the external pressures of GCSEs. The outstanding

performance of this age group was that of Charles Frampton who showed great courage over 400 metres. His best is yet to come.

In the field events the most notable athlete was Crispin Marsland-Roberts in the high jump. Other fine performers were Yousuf Zahid, Haytham Zahid, Simon Gardner, Dan Wills, Richard Smith and Ross Atherton.

The Junior team is always at a disadvantage owing to the fact that it only comprises one year group. There is, however, a great deal of talent in this squad with athletes such as Sunny Moore, Edmund James, Alex Clempson and Robin Creek. The outstanding competitor in the field events was Buddy Wheatley, who hurled the discus mightily (and represented the County).

The highlight of the season came at the end in the last two days at the Independent Schools Championships, in which Tayo Erogbogbo demolished the field in the triple jump and Joe Nicholson ran away with the 100 metres title. On the second day, Joe added the 400 metre title. This was a nice way for HBS to retire from supervising School athletics. He will be sorely missed.

Finally congratulations must go to Walpole House for being overall winners of Sports Day, and thanks to HBS and his merry band of helpers who turned out in all weathers to organise training and events. It is mainly thanks to them that the Stowe athletics team is not only one of Stowe's best teams but is now feared by all its rivals!

Joe Nicholson

BADMINTON

Senior VI

PLAYED 9, WON 5, LOST 4

The team had a boost at the start of the new academic year with the arrival of three potential team players. All the squad have worked extremely hard and have "gelled" well as a team. They have all improved and with most of the current team available next season we ought to have an even more successful season than this one.

SQUAD:

N. Dadlani (Captain), W. Carpendale, U. Bahl,
P. Uthoff, V. Gupta, T. Winter, J. Collins, D. Laffan.

Full Colours have been awarded to N. Dadlani and
W. Carpendale.

Colts VI

PLAYED 7, WON 7, LOST 0

The Colts have had an outstanding season with all the team squad members playing their part in making the team so successful. There is a lot of competition for places which helps towards motivating players towards skill improvement. They are all making very good progress and with a good crop of Junior Colts coming through, we should be quite strong again next season.

SQUAD:

A. Datwani, J. Webster, R. Dadlani, K. Tepalagul,
A. Hobbs, A. Clayton, A. Ratut, A. Au,
W. Berry, G. Ng.

Senior Girls VI

'A' PLAYED 4, WON 1, LOST 3 'B' PLAYED 2, WON 1, LOST 1

This is the first season for several years that the girls have had badminton matches. They have done extremely well against schools whose badminton is well and truly established. Most of the 'A' and 'B' players are in the Lower Sixth and will therefore help to continue raising standards in this extremely popular sport.

SQUAD:

C. Chester-Read (Captain), H. Parsons, J. Childs,
G. Choo, S. Kuffer, J. Ives, A. Muller, D. Rosemeyer,
D. Emmanuel, C. Clark, C. Lee, M. Boxell, H. Marsh,
L. Snow, L. Caller, A. Reed

Overall we have a wide range of ages and abilities playing and enjoying badminton at Stowe. Those who do not make the school team in the Autumn Term will have an opportunity the following term to compete in the Inter-House doubles and school singles competitions.

We have a dedicated group of staff who help with fixtures and practices and make badminton enjoyable and successful, so thank you to RAC, BHO, JLH, DCB and BT.

IM



© R & H Chapman

1st VI

Standing: Cressida Chester-Read, Harriet Parsons

Sitting: Marusya Boxell, Genevieve Choo, Chelser Clark, Chaerin Lee

CRICKET

1st XI

In a summer when the weather was very good, only one weekend being lost through rain, the 1st XI ended the season having played 14 games. Three were won, six were lost and five matches were drawn. This was an improvement on last year and reflected enthusiasm and improving application and attitude. However, they will need to be more consistent to achieve the results that their ability suggests.

In only three games did we bowl well enough to keep our opponents under pressure. In the match against Northants U19, Howie with 5-42 was well supported by Denning and Rogers. Against Winchester, who were 69 for 7 with 19 overs left, Rogers (3 for 40) was backed up by Howie and Michael. Unfortunately we could not finish them off. Against the MCC we bowled so well that by the half way stage of 48 overs we had restricted them to 152 for 5, again thanks to some good bowling from Howie, Denning, Michael and Selway. The pick of the bowling overall was Howie with his swing, together with his good line and length. He took 25 wickets at 18.2 and was well supported by Rogers and Denning. But both the latter bowled too many bad balls. Remember, the ball will not always swing back from leg stump!

Our spin bowling department did not perform well enough to bowl long spells. Michael lost confidence and Milligan had trouble getting his arm high. After half term Gerard, a one-time medium-pace bowler switched to bowling off-spinners with considerable turn. His line and length were not too consistent at first but, as the season progressed, this improved. Against a very strong Oundle side, he had the remarkable figures of 13-8-8-7. I look forward to even more success from Simon next year.

The bowlers were well supported by ground fielding that was generally of a very high standard. It was backed up by the enthusiasm of wicket-keeper Hankey. Sadly, the close catching did not reach the same high standards, although it is here that matches are won.

The fine weather provided an abundance of good wickets. There was not the same consistency, however, with the bat. We had only 7 scores of 50 or more. There were three by Denning, two by Nash and one each from Passmore, Smith Walker and Rogers. No one scored a ton. Six batsmen scored between 194 and 293 runs: Gerard, Smith Walker, Nash, Passmore, Denning and Rogers. We need two batsmen scoring between 500 and 1000 runs each year. A gentleman now playing for Hampshire achieved this in his last two years playing for the School. The hard work that the team put into their cricket throughout this season was not reflected in the results, although they approached their matches in a very positive manner and were very well skippered by Alex Michael. It was a pleasure to work with them.

The annual pre-season coaching course goes from strength to strength with the courses fully booked. Boys of all ages have benefited from the coaching of Harold Rhodes of Derbyshire and England, Keith Meddlicott of Surrey and England, Harry Latchman of Middlesex and Nottinghamshire and Alan Jones of Somerset and Middlesex.

My grateful thanks must go to those who help us: Clive Cross, Keith Timpson, Peter Gladwin and Chris Jones, who umpire our matches with great efficiency; to Tom Foss-Smith who records the match details; to the caterers and office staff; and to teaching colleagues who give so much of their time and effort in coaching and guiding the young cricketers.

We wish John Mullen, our grounds superintendent, good luck on his return to his native Scotland and express our gratitude for his enormous contribution to the improvement of cricket facilities at Stowe.

MJH

RESULTS, 1993:

Beat Northants U 19 by 25 runs
Stowe 131 Northants 106 (Howie 5-42, Rogers 3-23)

Drew with Winchester
Stowe 182-8 dec. (Denning 70*) Winchester 102-7
(Rogers 3-40)

Drew with Free Foresters
Free Foresters 201-5 dec. (Howie 4-62) Stowe 186-5
(Passmore 76*)

Drew with Bloxham
Bloxham 215-7 (Denning 3-60) Stowe 112-6

Lost to Bradfield by 122 runs
Bradfield 202-3 dec. Stowe 80

Lost to St Edward's by 8 wks.
Stowe 123 (Nash 51) St Edward's 127-2

Beat MCC by 4 wks.
MCC 152-5 dec. Stowe 155-6 (Nash 59)

Beat Old Stoics by 1 run
Stowe 217 Old Stoics 216 (Denning 3-31, Rogers 3-46)

Lost to Radley by 89 runs
Radley 194-7 dec. Stowe 105

Drew with Oundle
Stowe 212 (Smith Walker 57) Oundle 79-9 (Gerard 7-8)

Drew with Rugby
Stowe 208-8 dec. (Denning 68) Rugby 176-7

Team: A.H.L. Michael* (capt.), C.J. Howie*,
A.J.C. Milligan*, R.D.A. Hankey*, J.L. Nash*,
G.H. Passmore*, S.N.R. Gerard *, G.I. Smith Walker *,
E.J. Rogers*, P.R. Denning *, P.A. McSweeney,
A.J.C. James, M.J.M. Konig, A.W.A. Swainston,
M.McN.G. Smith, O.J. Selway.

(* denotes Colours)



Cricket on the South Front

*Senior House Match Final on the North Front
Rupert Elwes (Chatham) bowling to Nick Roberts (Cobham) whose innings proved match-winning*



Henry Irving

2nd XI

This was a season which proved fairly unsuccessful in terms of results but which saw promising performances and improvement in a number of players.

The notable improvers included the bowlers Selway and Bhandare, who performed consistently well throughout, and Sam Milling who overcame early problems in his spin bowling to achieve excellence in flight and turn towards the end of the season.

The batting proved fragile against accurate swing bowling all season, but success through sound technique was achieved by Mark Chamberlain, James Lee-Steere, Rupert Elwes and Nikhil Bhandare. Unfortunately the team never quite managed totals which were possible to defend through frequent indiscipline in this aspect of the game.

Overall it was an enjoyable season, albeit lacking in great success. Team spirit remained good in frequent adversity and we look forward to building on this spirit next year.

RSD

3rd XI

The Third XI played five matches, winning two and losing three. The side was technically limited, but nearly everyone played to best form on some occasions, and many played above themselves at least once. It was a pleasure to supervise the team. There were spirited – even inspired – personal performances with bat, ball or in the field. Everyone pulled together and James Lee-Steere was a sensible and amiable captain, as was his substitute for one match, Robert Temple. Inevitably the team were out-gunned in some matches, but played out every game in determined and self-respecting style. Their gentlemanly conduct was noted by opposition staff umpires.

SQUAD:

R.L. Bush, R.C. Carpenter Couchman, R.B.S. Gooch, J.C.I. Lee-Steere, R.G. Lloyd, A.J. Paravicini, A.P. Pearce, H.G. Preston, G.J. Pendle, J.H. Stewart, P.J.C. Thynne, R.A. Temple, W.R. Wynne.

All the above were awarded colours. V.J. Daryanani played once.

EST

Colts XI

Despite our conspicuous lack of match success this season there were a multitude of highlights. There was the unforgettable cliffhanger on the North Front against Winchester. Stowe having scored just 95 (Matthew Smith 36), a confident Winchester went in to bat. Max König's splendid 7 for 31 sobered them up and they found themselves in the last over of the day requiring 2 runs and having their last men in. Few spectators, indeed few of the players, had witnessed such an exciting match.

There was the most civilised of games against a

Bradfield side who were as determined as us to enjoy their cricket. After a shaky start a captain's innings by Alex Swainston (65 not out), well supported by Nick Roberts' hard hitting 34, steadied the game. Alex's sporting declaration at 150 for 7 ensured a high scoring chase by Bradfield. The rain threatened and eventually forced a retreat to the pavilion when Bradfield had almost won. Declining the offer to abandon the game, Stowe honourably took the field in the rain to allow Bradfield to win the match.

There was a tedious game against a very strong Radley side that was determined to bat on until one of their team made his hundred, which he did despite some excellent bowling by Simon Branch. The declaration, when it eventually came, was unattractive, requiring us to get 195 in just 55 minutes and 20 overs. A win was out of the question, so the aim became to ensure that we did not lose and that Radley learned its lesson. Responsible innings, in particular from Jimmy Lane and Simon Branch, ensured we achieved both. In the euphoria that followed, the team left their most loyal supporter behind at Radley – were they trying to tell me something?

Finally, there was the satisfaction of watching a supremely confident Oundle team reduced to near panic by tea after we had taken nine of their wickets. We later learned that we were the only team to have made them bat below No. 5 that season – a confirmation of our proficiency as a bowling and fielding side – though not, sadly, batting, as we collapsed to 92 all out in response to their 217!

In addition to those mentioned above the following also represented the team this season:

Tim Hope-Johnstone, Charles Inglefield, Nick Mason
Toby Milbank, Toby Stevenson, Tom Winter.

The Colts learned a lot about the game and, indeed, life this season. They learned that fielding practices can be fun; that it is a team game and that you can't rely upon one or two individuals to win your matches; that the team and its morale are therefore paramount; that chasing individual glory can destroy a game for the 23 other players and umpires on the pitch; that you should play to your strengths – bowling first if you are a bowling and fielding side when there is only one new ball; but above all that you can lose and still enjoy the game. In many cases these were hard lessons to learn, but if they are remembered then their cricket will be the richer.

MOMC

Junior Colts XI

Given the obvious talent of this age group, it was disappointing for them to have such a poor season. On the positive side were the overall improvements of Macdonald-Lockhart as an all-rounder and Bodikian and Riley as batsmen.

Highlight in adversity during the season was Bodikian's marathon innings v Radley and his support from Webster, McCarey and Wainright-Lee at 9, 10 and

11. A half decent performance by the bowlers would have then retrieved a draw. In the field, Milling's catch in the Lord's Taverners Cup was a rare outstanding effort.

Riley has developed into a secure batsman who will score runs because of his attitude to developing his technique; Wainright-Lee was a useful wicket-keeper in the year ahead of his age group and is a sound defensive bat. Macdonald-Lockhart, Bodikian and McCarey all worked hard at improving their game and were often left holding the side together.

DCM

Yearlings XI

All Yearlings with an interest in cricket were exposed to winter cricket nets where much work was applied to technique with the Cricket Professional. It also meant that we had enough boys to enable us to run 3 teams. This proved to be most popular with the less gifted players and the C team had a very successful season winning nearly all their matches. A few of the players improved enough to suggest that in time they could well end up playing 1st XI cricket.

The A team squad had a nice balance of quick, medium and slow bowlers and with a left arm quickie and spinner our attack had good variety. In fact we matched

or bettered all our opponents in bowling and fielding. Having an extremely competent wicket-keeper in McDonagh helped set high standards for the other fielders to follow.

Although we had about six players who surpassed 50 runs in an innings we lacked consistency with the bat. With batting all the way down the team, it was disappointing to see players, once they had done the hard work, playing themselves in then getting out in the 20s and 30s. McDonagh was the only batsman who really produced the goods regularly, with several opposition-masters commenting that he was the best batsman they had played against.

The team spirit was excellent and practices were a pleasure to take, with players working hard at their technique and demonstrating a very good attitude towards the game. This team is a good team and they have the potential to develop into a great team.

Four of the team have played county cricket:
McDonagh, Harris, Stables and Elliot.

SQUAD:

J. McDonagh, R. Harris, T. Stables, S. Elliott,
T. Honeyman Brown, S. Part, A. Barne, B. Wheatley,
A. Hobbs, S. Gywn, A. Heath, T. Smith Walker.

IM

CROSS-COUNTRY

The report of our 1993 season is to be found in the May issue of *The Stoic*. It tells of another excellent season, with the 1st VIII beating twelve schools and losing only to one.

The Under 17s did similarly well, beating eleven schools and losing to two. The Under 15s beat three and lost to four.

SMcC

GOLF

Owing to rain and bad light matches could only be played in the first half of term. However, the reduced programme produced good results.

The first match of the season against Stowe Golf Club was easily won (4-2), The Bell Tower Trophy going to Stowe for the first time in some years.

The second match of the season was against Ellesborough Golf Club. A younger side than usual played with great spirit and beat Ellesborough convincingly 3¹/₂-1¹/₂. This fine start built up the team's confidence and everybody was well prepared for our third match against Northampton Grammar School, playing exceedingly well in this fixture and, if it had not been for our opponents' slightly dubious handicaps, we would have won easily. As it was, we had to make do with a 2-2 draw.

The final senior match of the season was a triangular match against Radley and Cheltenham. This had to be played off scratch and thus the whole team found their matches very difficult, especially as they were playing on

a course which they had never seen before. The players battled hard under windy conditions and managed to beat Cheltenham 4-2. Unfortunately, Radley were too strong an opposition, especially on their own course, and thus they were the only team to beat Stowe this term.

So the short season has proved to be successful in every department. It has given our new team manager, GStJS, a chance to test all of his players and prepare them for next term's full programme. He has been pleased with the whole team and especially our younger players. We now have a team of great depth. Coaching of the third form by GStJS and Robin Kouyouimdjian, the Spanish Assistant for this year, has already started. The whole team would like to thank GStJS and Robin for their support and we look forward to next season.

Team: A. Gebhard, M. Beck, T. Kappler, F. Wallis,
M. Newnham, H. Mackay, R. Barber, J. Paravicini,
S. Elliott, N. Footrakoon, M. Marston, P. Jarchow.

Reserves: C. Consett, C. Thyssen.

Matthew Newnham & Hamish Mackay.



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Cricket 1st XI. Standing: Tom Foss-Smith (scorer), Angus Milligan, Simon Gerard, Paul McSweeney, Edward Rogers, Giles Smith Walker, Adrian James. Sitting: Robert Hankey, James Nash, Alex Michael, Charles Howie, George Passmore.

Hockey 1st XI. Richard Plumridge, Simon Schnorr, Paul Denning, William Wynne, George Passmore, Giles Smith Walker, Robert Temple, RSD. Front row: Alex Barber, Tayo Erogbogbo, Hamish Baird, Alex James, Chris James.



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HOCKEY

The 1993 season (in which the 1st XI won three, drew three and lost three of its nine matches) was fully reported in the May edition of *The Stoic*. We have therefore confined ourselves in this issue to the exploits of the third-formers last autumn term.

RSD

Yearlings

The Yearlings were selected into clubs in a slightly different way this year, by the use of "skill stations" and the award of a grade to each player. This method proved to be fairly accurate, although it was a test of skill alone and hockey, of course, requires other attributes as well. However, a combination of training and practice later helped us place the boys in the most appropriate clubs.

Both coaches and boys have worked particularly well together and we have covered a great deal of technique and tactics. The term began with a goal-keeping "clinic" with John Albon of Milton Keynes Hockey Club. This helped greatly in assessing the potential goal-keepers. W.S.P. Austen, S.E. Moutran, J. Shears and C.E. Anderson all show great promise. William Austen in particular has shown great maturity in his game and has made some quite spectacular saves.

Yearlings. Standing: Charles Saunders, Simon Post, William Austen, Dominic Taylor, Roy Chambers. Sitting: Tom Sleater, Rupert Hayward, Henry Craik-White, Giles Hayward, Mark Denning.

Absent: Mark Bowman, Timothy Kitney



© R & H Chapman

1st XI

A successful season with wins against Loughborough GS, Northants U14 County, RGS High Wycombe and Mill Hill and only two losses.



© R & H Chapman

Colts. Standing: Nick Roberts, Richard Dobbin, Olivier van der Hagen, Nick Britten-Long, Tim Hope-Johnstone, Tristan Hoare, Robert Margossian. Sitting: Jamie Christopherson, Reinout Hudig, Max Konig, Tom Chambrè, Matthew Smith

2nd XI

Possibly our team of the season, with wins against Loughborough GS, RGS High Wycombe, Oundle and Mill Hill. They lost 3-4 to Oundle and 0-2 to Uppingham.

They were possibly not quite as skilful as the 1st XI yet showed such enthusiasm and determination that they thoroughly deserved all their successes.

SQUAD: Moutran, Gordon-Lennox (Hugo), Keeler, Byfield, Dudley, Granville, Legge, Bingham, Hazell, Chandor, Dumaresq, Willis, White and Morley S.

3rd XI

Water-logged pitches allowed only four matches: wins against Uppingham and Mill Hill and two losses. The team played well and included several boys who had played little hockey in the past.

SQUAD: Shears, Dent, Gwyn-Jones, Buxton, Harrison, Etherington-Smith, Vernon, Morely, W. Bloomfield, Pearson, Rykens and Arkwright.

4th XI

Two matches, without, alas, a victory.

SQUAD: Anderson, Skidmore, Burnell-Nugent, Viney, Campion, Wrightson, Kemble, Gordon-Lennox (Hamish), Bailey and Gentry.

A very exciting Inter-House 7s took place with closely-contested games leading to Cobham beating a tired and gallant Chandos team in the final. The season concluded with a Staff v 1st XI challenge, which produced a very close game with skilful play on both sides! The Staff finally won 3-2.....

We were grateful to the ground staff for keeping our grass pitches in such excellent order. (We look forward to the boys being able to play on a plastic pitch, when their skills should go from strength to strength). Thank you to GGJD, TB and BLM for their help. Thank you finally to Geoff Higgins and his staff for all the teas and lunches provided.

RSD/DCB/MOMC

Girls' Hockey

For the first time this year the girls undertook a full term's programme of Saturday matches and an enthusiastic and talented squad rose to the challenge with great commitment and increasing confidence to record a very satisfactory set of results.

The turning point after a slow start was a stirring 0-0 draw with Rugby which brought self-belief. The remaining games were played with great speed, skill and verve.

St Edward's were almost swamped by wave after wave of neat attacks, but brilliant goal-keeping restricted Stowe's tally of two goals against a late consolidation

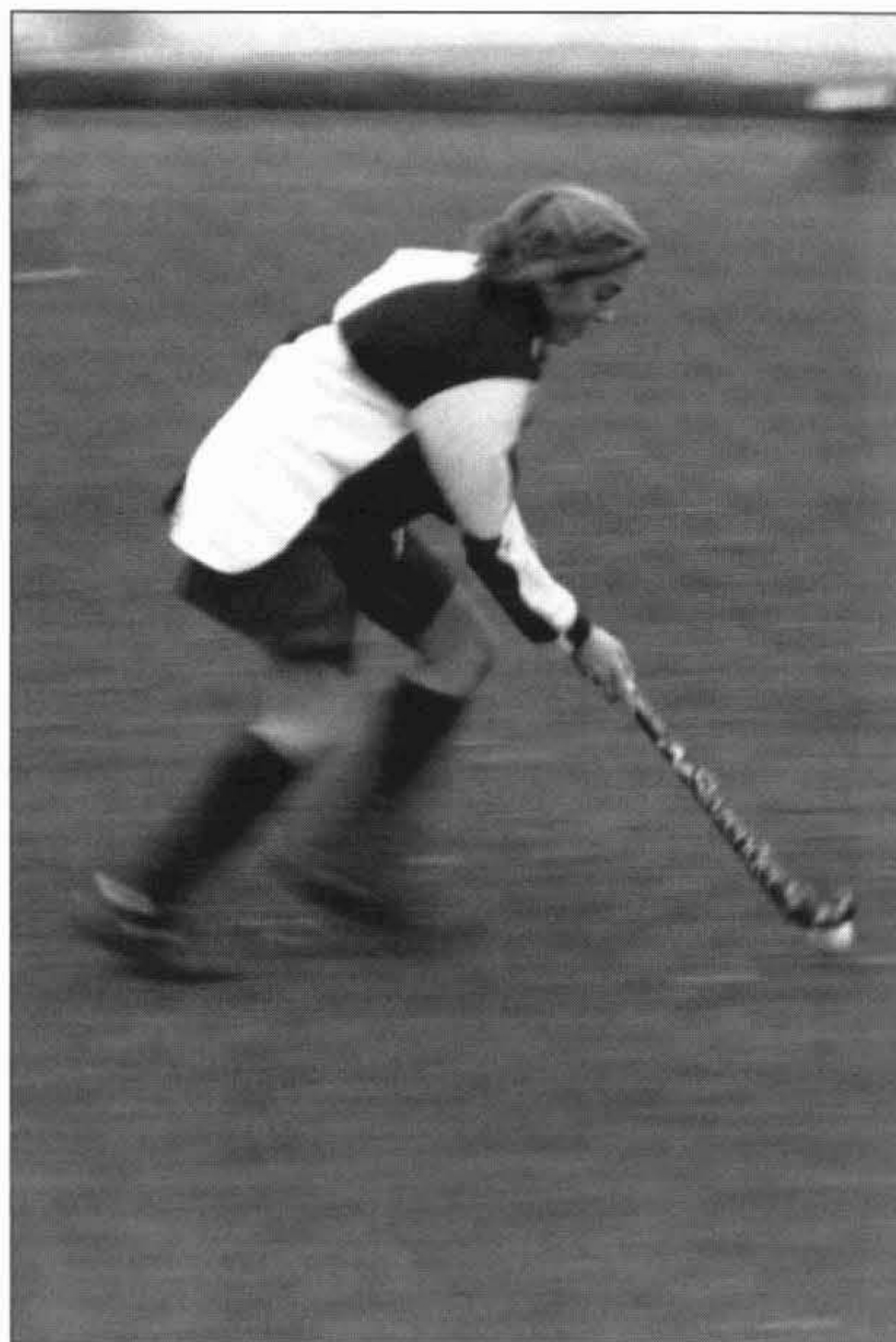
effort, whilst Bedford High sent a rather too inexperienced team and conceded two goals in each half. The finale against Haileybury saw thrills and spills at both ends and ended in the only way that was fair to the commitment and determination of all 22 players, a 2-2 draw.

Of the individuals in the team Susanna Benn and Jodie Ives both possessed the skill and attacking flair and Olivia Coy, Jodie Harris, Terri Bell and Camilla Benoy the kind of spirit and determination that was an example to all. Rachel Beer kept goal with great courage, Hannah Marsh, Sarah Bruce and Tori Reid formed the backbone of the defence and Cressida Chester-Read lent dash to the attack. All of them thoroughly deserved the award of their colours.

Jenny Ridge, Claudia Rooney, Amber Nuttall and Chelser Clark all played for the 'A' team on more than one occasion and next year it will be their turn to be in the limelight.

Coaching has been an entirely pleasant experience and made all the more so by the tremendous support given by the captain, Olivia Coy, who set the highest standards both on and off the field, and by the assistant coach, Miss Karen Dore. September '94 is awaited with anticipation!

GAC



Jodie Ives on the attack for the 1st XI

Digby Oldridge

LACROSSE

After an encouraging start in lovely weather, matches have been played on a regular basis and have enabled the team to gain valuable experience. Everyone is pleased that the pitch this year is on the South Front, which has encouraged more spectators to support matches.

We are pleased that the talented captain, Tara Hay, together with Alex Bingham and Gina Anton were

selected for the junior county squad and will play in the Midlands tournament at half term.

So far matches have been closely fought with a win over Tudor Hall, a close defeat against St Mary's, Wantage, a draw with Uppingham and losses against Banbury Ladies and Berkhamsted.

DKOG



Lacrosse team at the All-Schools Lacrosse Tournament, Woughton, Milton Keynes

Back row: Alexandra Herrington, Frances Newbery, Clemency Bennett, Kerry Ives, Anna Casdagli, Nicola Frost, Debbie Hebden. Front row: Emma Clark, Kate Finch-Knightley, Tara Hay, Clare Goring, Wendy Saunt.

DCB

NETBALL

At the start of the new season we were unfortunate enough not to have a new intake of experienced shooters into the squad and it was a race against time to find and train up potential goal scorers.

New girl Juliet Jarvis made a promising transition from defence to goal attack and hopes rose for a good season for the Firsts. These were soon dashed, however, when glandular fever removed her from the team for nearly a term. Her illness was soon followed by Terri Bell's, also a new key player, who was affected for most of the Spring Term.

The whole squad need to realise that "practice makes perfect" and only by more concentrated and dedicated skill learning will they achieve better results. They won 2 and lost 6 matches.

The Second and Third teams, however, had a much more rewarding season and there was good depth from the rest of the squad when the occasion demanded. Jane

Layfield in the Seconds, who usually played wing defence, made a late change to goal attack and the results say the rest! The Seconds won 5 and lost 2.

It was very pleasing to field a third team this season and their enthusiasm was good to see. Although they only played two matches, there was an excellent win over Bloxham 21-5 and an exciting finish to the match against Tudor Hall, which they won 15-11.

Three 1st Years – Terri Bell, Juliet Jarvis and Francis Newbery – have been successful in County trials and will represent Buckinghamshire next season.

Team colours were awarded to:

Nicola Dewar-Durie, Anna Casdagli, Elizabeth Emlyn-Williams, Alexa Oliver, Kate Finch-Knightley, Jane Layfield and Wendy Saunt

BT



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1st XV. Back row: Nick Britten-Long, Paul McSweeney, James Johnston. Middle row: AMcD, Simon Ridley, Alex Robertson, Joe Nicholson, Antony Pearce, Nick Roberts, Robert Temple, IM. Front row: Guy Wheeler, Adam Carling, Ed Rogers, Paul Denning, Dan Scott, Giles Smith Walker, Owen Muir.

Colts A XV. Back row: James Walker, William Milling. Middle row: Chris Dixey, Ben Corbishley, Oliver Gregson, Mark Wates, George Alcock, James Webster, Joe Stewart, Andrew Macdonald-Lockhart. Front row: Christian Burgess, Ralph Hyatt, Moritz Polonius, Tom Bell, Stuart Mun-Gavin, Crispin Marsland-Roberts, James Biddulph.



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RUGBY

1st XV

The First XV had a rather disappointing season this year. They began very positively with a good win in the pre-season 10s Tournament at Bearwood, lifting the trophy in its first year. But on the first Saturday of term they were overrun 27 points to 5 by a very fit St Edward's side. Adam Carling proved his worth, not for the first time, as he took over the captaincy at the Douai tournament with a disjointed and inexperienced squad. We only managed one win in our three group games but we did run the home side very close in appalling conditions, going down by a single try.

One of the best performances came the following week at Abingdon, out to avenge their loss of the previous season which prevented them recording an unbeaten season. Paul Denning had a magnificent game at fly half. His kicking back for position and to relieve the pressure was superb and kept us in an 8-7 lead until five minutes from the end. Having spent most of the afternoon battering away around the fringes against a solid back row defence with both Giles Smith Walker and Ed Rogers producing outstanding tackling, Abingdon finally resorted to guile and a well worked move in the centre saw them go over under the posts.

The match against King Edward's, Aston, was a testimony to pace, as we had the majority of the game but three times in the second half they got the ball to their left winger in space deep in his own half and three times he scored.

We then produced three good performances on the trot, beating Royal Latin 29-8 in a very physical contest, defeating Shiplake 13-0, and following this up with an 18-10 loss to Bedford, when, having gone down 13 points to nil in the opening fifteen minutes, we produced some fine rugby in the last fifty, testing a resilient defence.

The Oundle and Eton games either side of half-term set a cloud over the rest of the season, as injuries in the two games – four against Oundle and two against Eton – left us with six regular First XV players unable to play for the rest of the term. Mill Hill had a strong side this year, but with Adam Carling kicking superbly we held them for the first half before going down 34-0.

A welcome win against John Cleveland in a very scrappy game was followed by defeats by Bedford Modern, Pangbourne and Magdalen College School.

The last weekend of term brought a visiting Australian school, Churchies from Brisbane. The match was played in dreadful conditions and consequently was more noted for the players' outstanding commitment than for any open running rugby, the best play of the game coming from our backs.

In addition to those mentioned above Guy Wheeler at hooker, Felix Polonius and Owen Muir at prop, James Johnston anywhere he could get a game in the pack, Paul McSweeney in the second row, Joe Nicholson on the

wing and Nick Roberts anywhere in the backs, except the wing, were all constant performers and played regularly throughout the season in an ever-changing side.

Further, Andy Birt, Nick Britten-Long, Tim Doxford, Grant Elmes, Max Konig, James Moore, Tristan Ralston, Sandy Robertson, Bob Temple, Bill Boyd-Carpenter, Hatha Zahid, Benji Mount and Richard Dobbin all represented the side on a number of occasions.

Ed Rogers and Sandy Robertson played for the county side, Guy Wheeler was a bench reserve. Paul Denning was also selected but injured. My thanks finally to John Mullen, who leaves us at the end of the season. He has produced some of the best playing surfaces we have encountered in very difficult weather conditions this term.

AMcD

2nd XV

After a slow and ragged start to the season with a heavy defeat against St Edward's and a defeat by Abingdon, the Second XV rallied to draw 10-10 against King Edward's, Aston, with tries from skipper Elwes and Boyd-Carpenter. This ray of hope was reinforced by a hard fought win against the Royal Latin School, 13-7. Five fixtures then came and went, many of them evenly matched, but all lost. The Second XV seemed to be gaining a reputation as 'nearly' men, spending large periods of each match in the opposition 22 but not converting this pressure into points.

Some personnel changes and the confidence of a big win over John Cleveland enabled the squad to put together an almost unprecedented run of four straight victories towards the end of the season – victories in which Temple, Anderson and Zahid all shone.



Digby Oldridge

This hardworking side was most enjoyable to coach. Inglefield, Elmes, Pendle and Gemmell formed the backbone of the scrum for most of the season with the fiery, yet extremely polite, Pinkney punctuating the line-outs with unpredictable calls.

Mount, Smith, Thynne and Nairn all improved their skills and contributions throughout the season, with Mount ending as top scorer with 20 points. Towards the end the ball started to reach our wingers and Tissot, Morgan and, later, Taylor obliged with three tries between them.

A great, spirited season, ably and politely led by Rupert Elwes.

SQUAD: Inglefield, Bates, Elmes, Pendle, Gemmell, Bush, Elwes, Birt, Mount, Smith, Tissot, Boyd-Carpenter, Morgan, Pinkney, Taylor, Anderson, Nairn, Thynne, Temple, Ralston, Zahid Y

SJBA

3rd XV

To be the most successful rugby team in the School inevitably brings its own pressures! The charge of over confidence. The temptation to turn each game into a selfish try scoring exercise. To lose sight of the sporting ideal, that playing well is better than winning.

Fortunately the Third XV avoided most of these pitfalls. Under the inspirational captaincy of Tom Harper and Ashley Jones, the team moved almost effortlessly from triumph to triumph. Abingdon, St Edward's Ashton, Akeley Wood and Shiplake were brushed aside by the Third XV bulldozer.

A string of defeats at the hands of Bedford, Oundle and Eton, however, taught some salutary lessons. Not least of which was the importance of team work. There is no place for selfish individualism in rugby. The reason for playing rugby at Stowe is to teach team work, determination and rugged perseverance.

These lessons were well learned as the subsequent defeat of Mill Hill and Bedford Modern proved. The latter was particularly gratifying since it showed the Third XV at their best. Totally committed, utterly supportive of one another. To end the season with a defeat was almost inevitable. By this stage a third of our team had progressed to the Second XV, to whom they had taught their winning ways!

The team itself was enormous fun to work with. The captains were Haytham Zahid, Yousuf Zahid, Jon Anderson and Richard Dobbin, who all progressed to higher things, supported by Jimmy Lane, Nick Mason, Chris Hardwick, Carlo Selzer, Ross Atherton, Toby Booth, Tom Chambré, Patric Jarchow, Woody Edmiston, Andy Bates, James Paravacini and Danny Fontaine. Tom Winter, Richard Hoskins, Tim Doxford, Owen Muir, Andy Birt and Charles Frampton also put in great appearances. Many congratulations to all of them. A terrific season.

TMHS

Colts XV

The A XV had a very good season, although the results do not give a true indication of the ability and character of the team. Game after game the forwards won an equal (if not lion's share) of the ball only to find the score in deficit. So many mistakes were made through lack of concentration, mainly by certain individuals at crucial moments, that oppositions were able to score tries without having to work too hard. This is the main reason why early season defeats came about – giving your opponents a twelve or fourteen points start is a difficult enough disadvantage, but an even greater one when your own ability to score tries is somewhat limited. However, the side never gave up, many exciting matches were witnessed by a large troop of parental supporters (for that much thanks!) and some exceptionally brave performances by the team and individuals were a common feature throughout.

The first match against a very strong St Edward's side highlighted the groundwork (mainly defensive) that had to be drilled into a rather naive back division. Their positional sense and lines of running were immature and "ad hoc". However, from then on we developed far more organised and effective tactics and this discipline helped other areas of our play too. Webster at fly-half became our play-maker and matured as the season progressed with some elusive running, creating some exciting back play. His kicking was always sound and often superb.

Outside, Walker and Alcock played some stirring matches in the centre. They tackled bravely and grew in confidence in moving the ball. The wings were well contrasted. Wates – the "crash ball" down the middle – was always tackling well and improving game by game. Hyatt, faster and more elusive, also tackled heroically at times and ran well. His relative inexperience showed on occasions, especially when attempting to distribute the ball to team-mates. Mun-Gavin at the back and Dixey at scrum-half played with determination and look to be good players for the future.

As regards forwards, a newcomer to the school, Polonius, a total novice to the game, was an outstanding leaper in the line-out and provided valuable possession for us. His jumping partner at the front, Burgess, played bravely too; his timing and catching were always an asset to the side. The front row of Gregson, Biddulph and Polonius held their own in the scrummage and were very valuable foragers in the loose. McCarey at second row was outstanding. His attitude, fitness and all-round play were a revelation and he had a fine season, is a real prospect, and was selected for the county squad.

The back row – because of injury – was a combination of Bell, Corbishley, Marsland-Roberts and Stewart. All these players have considerable skills and natural defensive capabilities and any three (as they had to on occasions) could perform as a ball-winning combination. Bell, in particular, captained the side with maturity and assurance and led by example throughout. Corbishley never stopped running; only two severe concussions in

the last but one match of the term eventually caused him to take an enforced breather. Marsland-Roberts and Stewart – born wing-forwards – both have the desire to be on the ball when the going is tough and it was in this department that the character of the team was so apparent.

The squad was a fine group – always willing to listen and experiment – and I hope that the hard work done now will perhaps stand them in good stead for the future.

LEW

*Colts A XV on the South Front
(photograph by Digby Oldridge)*



Junior Colts XV

The attitude was excellent throughout and a positive approach was almost invariably evident in practices. The knowledge and ability of Mr Kouyoumdjian enabled me to spend most of my time profitably employed with the forwards knowing that the backs were in excellent hands.

Following St Edward's match a scrappy but gritty performance gave us a 5-5 draw v Abingdon. Northampton Grammar School were well beaten up front but sloppiness by the backs and no tackling from the back row led to a 10-8 defeat. The Royal Latin were beaten up front and then run off their feet and this performance left the coach in no doubt as to the style of play necessary for the rest of the season. Shiplake were beaten 10-0 by Stowe trying to run the ball; a tighter game might have led to a heavier win. Bedford had fast backs and we tried to pass the ball slowly along the line: end result being mass tackles, Bedford possession, Bedford tries: 56-0! Following some changes in the team we faced Oundle. They were out-scrummaged and out-mauled. The tackling was solid and we unluckily lost 22-7. A reshuffle brought Wainright-Lee to scrum half where he added drive and the ability to get across the gain line.

Against Eton the forwards started to keep it tight, the game changed totally and Eton were put under severe pressure, holding on to win 17-7. These last two performances convinced the pack that they had the ability to take on any opposition and Mill Hill paid the price. In awful conditions Stowe rolled mauls all the way up the pitch and followed huge up-and-unders with glee: result a 24-0 win. Roade

were given the same treatment and a 12-5 win was recorded. Bedford Modern could well have won but for their lack of discipline and a 5-5 draw was recorded. A strong Pangbourne side beat us 15-11 when the pack played poorly but in the final game a rousing second half pack effort into a very strong wind dominated the game to win 18-0.

Outstanding all season were de Butts, Barne and Lawal. Wheatley, Honeyman-Brown, Smith Walker, Elkington and Stables all started the season poorly but rapidly got to grips with the requirements up front. New recruits Rayner and Haesen both left their marks on many oppositions with a speciality being crunching tackles from the latter. Wainright-Lee and Dobbin took a long time to settle this season but when they did were major assets, while Clark, Forster and Moore made major strides and became much more competitive as the season progressed. Heath was always game but has defensive problems because of his lack of weight, while Oldridge was a real terrier at scrum half with his quick passes but needs to take the ball on himself a little more. McDonagh captained the side with growing realisation of his side's strengths and how to utilise them fully. His own play improved in line with his tactical ideas and he developed into a very useful fly half.

I have thoroughly enjoyed this season and have taken pleasure from the significant development of this team. Finally, special thanks to Simon Part who couldn't play through injury but ran touch for us in most games.

DCM

SAILING

For most sporting teams at school, the proximity of the season's first fixture to the start of term is uncomfortably close; in this respect the sailing team is no exception. To add to this, to rig the boats with sails and to check or replace gear can take up to a week – and so the first match is often a nervous occasion. Oundle, our first adversaries, were on good form and dashed our hopes of victory with their usual style.

After a pair of wet and windy afternoons (resulting in cancellations) at Farmoor Reservoir, in the BDRS regionals and against St Edward's, the season began to look healthier: winning against Magdalen College School and Bloxham improved team morale. An exam-ravaged, seconds team were unable to defeat Oundle on their home water – a narrow winding river that holds some nasty surprises for anyone who has not spent a season studying the silt formations on the riverbed. Spirits remained high, however, despite defeats against Rugby and Radley.

Also in line with sporting events at Stowe in general, the Club's internal competitions were most successful. At every level (house matches, junior and senior helmsman competitions) some skilful sailing was seen and congratulations go to Rupert Musker, who won the Helmsman's Tankard, to Peter Mackay-Lewis, who won the Junior Pennant, and to Walpole who won the House matches.

The eleven acre lake was continually a hive of activity throughout the season, where the newer members of the club train and find their bearings in toppers before graduating to the 420 racing dinghies at Calvert Lake. BLM and Mr Mulholland worked tirelessly at supervising this activity and thanks go to them for that.

Members of the Club deserving special mention:

Nicholas Ingram for his supportive and exemplary captaincy; Cameron Ross and Tom Foss-Smith for their reliability and skill as team members; Andrew Nicholl who stepped in at the last minute more than once and Andrew Macleod who did likewise.

Praise is due to a team who maintained a fighting spirit and, against the odds, found time to take part in the matches which can be lengthy. Finally special thanks to our illustrious coaches, WEHV, DWJ, and SOC, for their time, effort and encouragement.

Senior VI

N.D. Ingram* (Captain), S.G. Edenborough*,
R.A. Musker, C.M.G. Ross*, T.P. Foss-Smith*,
A.F.J.P. Hall.

(* denotes Colours)

Sam Edenborough



SOCCER

PLAYED 5, WON 3, DRAWN 1, LOST 1

The soccer season began, full of promise in the Autumn term with a strong squad of players and a great team spirit.

The team was anchored on a tight defence – goalkeepers Mark Beevor and Chris Mahood time and again pulling off vital saves. David Lewis (the captain), ably assisted by Giles Leadbetter, Adrian James and Charlie Howie formed a solid back four.

Midfield workhorses Giles Smith Walker and Olly Bengough maintained a healthy supply of the ball to the front line where Jeremy Ward and Patric Jarchow snapped up any chance offered.

Tactics were simple – clear our lines and get the ball into the opponents' danger zone (i.e. kick and run). Some opponents were more subtle, others more skilled but no-one we met matched our determination and commitment – now a hallmark of Stowe 1st XI Soccer.

Giles Smith Walker/Edward Rogers/AKM

*Thursday afternoon soccer on the Bourbon
(photographs by Digby Oldridge)*



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SWIMMING

The cruellest blow came first with the news from Switzerland that our captain and star performer, James Butterfill, had severely injured himself ski-boarding and would be incapacitated for the season. It was a chastened but resolute few who gathered for a few days of pre-season training at the beginning of the summer term.

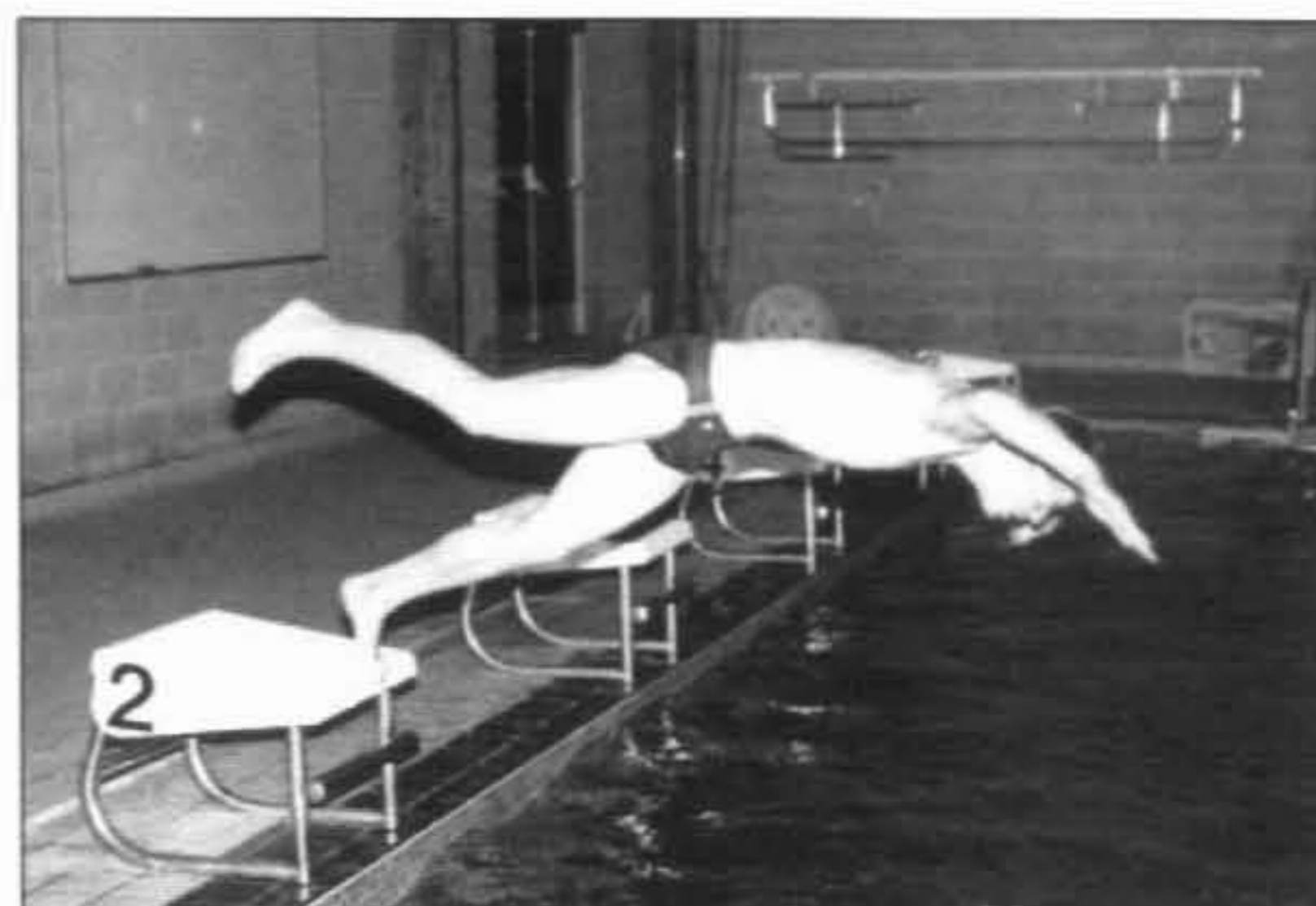
Throughout the season a hard core of dedicated swimmers trained to exhaustion and swam often above their potential. However, with the weakness in personnel at the senior level, intermediate swimmers, like Nick Turner, were often forced to swim "up a level" against older and more experienced competition, while other senior swimmers, like Nick Spencer, were always willing to fill in and swim whatever race was required of them, even when it was far from their speciality. Unlike certain schools which we encountered, we can derive great pride from the fact that we never scratched any race at any level.

Notable results were achieved, especially in the junior team. With swimmers like Hoare, Lyle, Nairn and Nicoll the future looks far from dismal. The intermediates too enjoyed their successes and certain key swimmers improved dramatically as the season wore on. Tim Saad is developing into a strong swimmer and Bradley Smith has more than an element of his family's aquatic skills. The "Temple trio" of Guy Portman, Ashley Cahill and Adrian Howes benefited enormously from their pre-season programme; their performances improved dramatically this year.

We swam against Harrow, Felsted, Merchant Taylors', Haileybury, Oundle, Cheltenham, St Edward's, Oakham, Rugby, Eton and Charterhouse. Varying success was achieved in the different age-groups.

Seniors: A very weak senior side, lacking even its injured captain, lost all their fixtures.

Intermediates: A young but improving side won against six schools.



Digby Oldridge

James Butterfill's famous leg-kick dive

Juniors: A good side with excellent prospects for the future, won against seven schools (Oundle, Felsted, Haileybury, Merchant Taylors', Eton, Charterhouse and Rugby) and lost against two (Harrow & Oakham).

Girls: Also had a weak season but managed to beat two schools (Oundle and Clifton) and lose to six.

School Swimming colours were awarded to the following:

Full Colours: N.A. Spencer, N.J.W. Turner, Fiona-Mary Haviland, and Alexandra Herrington.

Half-colours: B.N. Smith, T.J. Saad, G.S.B. Portman, A.G.D. Cahill and D.O. Hoare.

House Swimming Competition results 1993:

Juniors: 1st Chatham, 2nd Walpole, 3rd Temple

Intermediate: 1st Bruce, 2nd Walpole, 3rd Cobham

Seniors: 1st Walpole, 2nd Grafton, 3rd Bruce

Girls: 1st Stanhope, 2nd Nugent

Overall: 1st Walpole, 2nd Chatham, 3rd Bruce

CHJ



Junior Swimming Cup winners: Chatham



Senior Swimming Cup winners: Walpole

TENNIS

1st VI

WON 4, DREW 1, LOST 4

In previous seasons Stowe has been able to rely on natural ability and determination. This year the latter was far more important. Datwani, both as captain and player was very skilled, but after his ability fell away relatively sharply. None in this school year, indeed for quite a few years now, could match his maturity as a consistent performer and his point by point manipulation of opponents.

Burrows, at the beginning of the season, provided ample support for Datwani. More than that, on occasion they carried the weightier share of responsibility for winning games and sets. When Burrows' first service went in - on some sunny Saturday home fixtures it went in a lot - there was very little that the receiver could do and without doubt his consistency improved massively over the year. Ward, though perhaps not as powerful as Burrows, when on form played some stunning tennis. His back-hand, displayed particularly in the second match of the Uppingham game, baffled opponents and clearly without his interest and commitment some close matches would have been lost.

This was the mark of this year's 1st VI: a gritty determination to make points, games and matches out of very little. In this regard there is no better illustration than the efforts of Barber and especially Mahood. In two or three matches these two were left on court playing out a tie-breaker to win the match, and generally, if we got into a tie-breaker in the matches this season, we won it. This is very pleasing. For Wright it was a faintly disappointing season. He battled to find form after a nagging knee difficulty but deserved his place in the team and put up with a lot of shifting around of partnerships. Doxford started the season strongly but his confidence was shaken by inconsistency, but, shifted into the 2nd VI he helped them to some excellent victories. Similarly Watson found 1st VI team play demanding and, despite ample enthusiasm and interest, could not deal with his inconsistency at that level.

However, Watson formed part of what for me personally was one of the most pleasant groups of Senior Tennis players for some years. Their untiring banter balanced by keen determination made practices, bus trips and matches fun, and there is simply nothing sweeter than to watch



Ravi Datwani, Captain 1st VI

SHCR

Stoics rise rather than crumble when faced with difficult patches in their school matches. No matches were thrown away this year. When we lost, it was because the opponents were clearly stronger than us. Given the chance to win, this group of boys took it with both hands. A large part of the credit for this fact must go to R. Datwani, a skilful player and supportive captain.

This is my last Tennis report and I would like very much to say how much I have appreciated the support and help of the tennis coaches at Stowe. RRA, who will be taking over as Master i/c of tennis, GStJS, DRF and SLA have worked very hard for five years and I know their teams have appreciated the interest and care they have shown. Good luck to them and the Stowe Tennis Club next year.

SHCR

Under 16

WON 6, DREW 1, LOST 1

This was an excellent season for a talented squad, characterised by their ability to win close matches. Goad and Hudig are future First VI material, as are Carpendale and Hoare on their better days.

Able support was provided at third pair by Hardwicke and Reoch with occasional effective appearances by Barber. Away wins at Harrow and Magdalen were probably the pick of the victories.

RAA

Under 15

If judged by results alone, 1993 will not be remembered by those involved as a successful year. Indeed, the highlight of the season in these terms was a half against St Edward's. However, a close look at the score sheets reveals many close matches with numerous tie-breaks and the balance tipping away from Stowe at the last gasp.

Repeatedly skilful performances by A. Datwani, captain of the A team, were ably supported by O.C. Gregson, but in spite of good efforts and resilience lower down the order, the squad lacked strength in depth and crucial points and sets slipped away.

1st XV v Common Room. Back row: Miss Carla Elliott, MOMC, IM, Alex Barber, Chris Mahood, RRA, JGLN. Front row: Brocas Burrows, SHCR, Ravi Datwani, Jeremy Ward, Tom Wright.



SHCR

SQUAD:

A. Datwani (Captain), O.C. Gregson, W.A. Berry, N.D. Barrington-Wells, B.J. Styche, R.J. Smith, J.P.A.A. Havers, J.J.D. Walker, J.J. Biddulph, T.R.C. Pearce, M.H. Walsworth-Bell, R.J.H. Plyer.

DRF

Girls' Tennis

The tennis season began well right at the beginning of term, when three teams played Tudor Hall, the 1st and 2nd teams winning. For various reasons some of the players have had to play with a different partner at every fixture, which means that it has taken time for partners to play together rather than as two separate players on court. The first round of the Aberdere Cup was against Tudor Hall, which we won convincingly. The format of the Aberdere is difficult for many of the participating schools, as it involves four players playing singles, then doubles. There are never enough courts to be able to practise singles, so they did well to win three out of four singles matches against Tudor Hall.

Nicky Frost has captained the team very well this term. Some of the matches, notably against Bloxham and Headington, were won very easily, but the match against St. Edward's was unfortunately played when we were missing 3 out of 6 1st team players and so the match was lost, although only by a narrow margin.

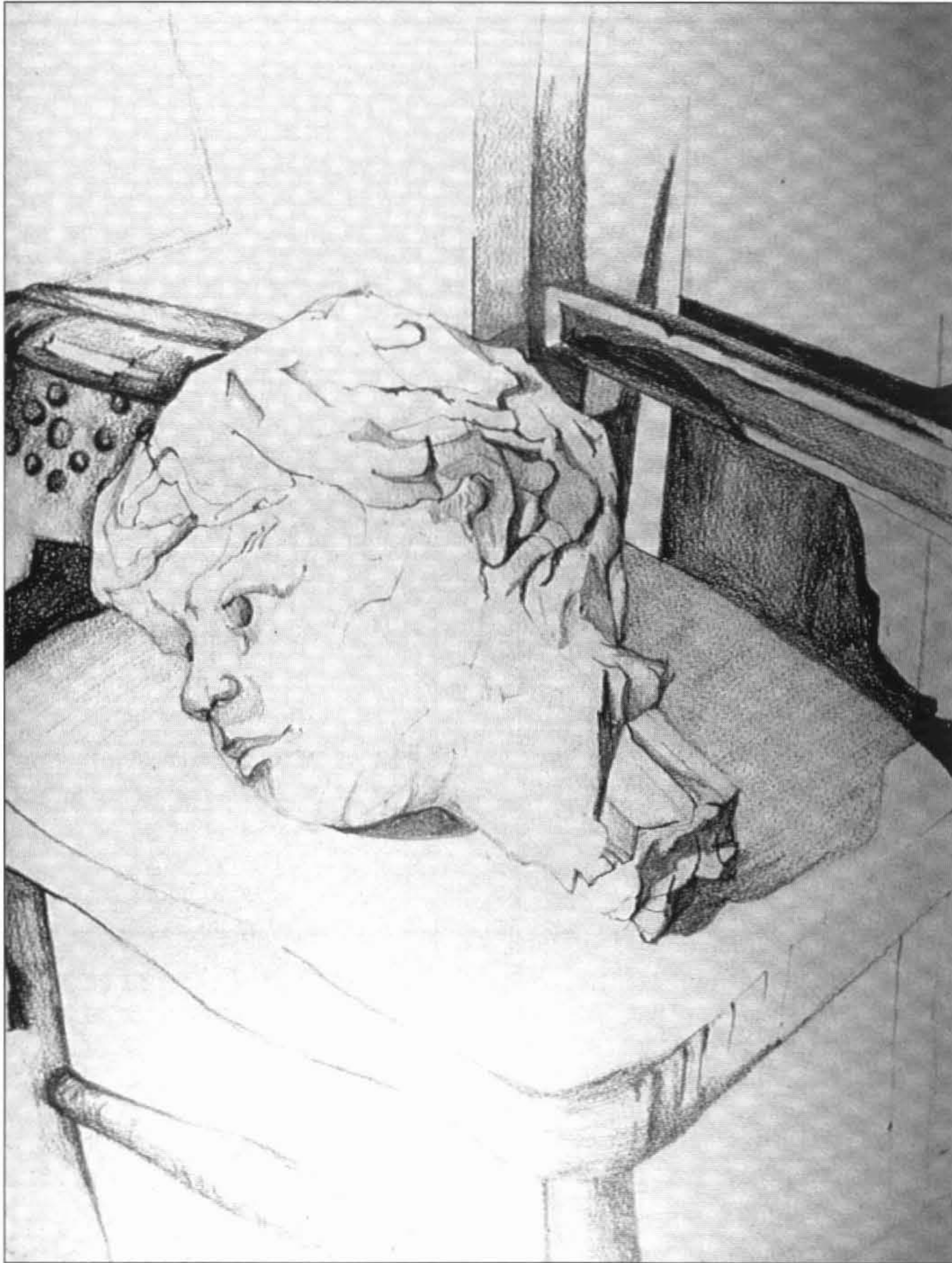
The second round of the Aberdere Cup, against Oxford High, who usually progress to the quarter-finals, was an excellent contest. Kate Finch-Knightley and Juliet Jarvis played very well against strong opponents and, although beaten, made their opponents work hard. Nicky Frost and Debbie Hebden also did well, Debbie winning her singles, but they were beaten in the doubles by virtue of more steady and consistent play by their opponents.

With so many things going on, it has been difficult for the teams to feel there is any continuity with their partners. Tara Hay began the season playing with Kate Finch-Knightley, but other things intervened on various occasions so other partnerships had to be tried. Juliet Jarvis's tennis has improved with each match she has played because her confidence in her excellent ability has increased on each occasion.

We have had a good term, but have lacked an outstandingly good player this year. The teams have done well on the whole, but the lower teams are lacking in depth in terms of consistency of play.

Results:

v Tudor Hall	1st V1	W	5 - 4
	2nd V1	W	7 - 2
	3rd V1	L	3 - 6
1st round Aberdere Cup			
v Tudor Hall		W	
v Thornton	4 couples	W	5 - 3
v Bloxham	1st	W	7 - 2
	2nd	W	7 - 2
	3rd	W	9 - 0
v Bradfield	4 couples	W	10 - 6
v St. Edward's	1st	L	5 - 7
2nd round Aberdere Cup			
v Oxford High		L	
v Rugby	1st	L	4 - 5
	2nd	L	3 - 6
v Headington	1st	W	8 - 1
	2nd	W	9 - 0
v Royal Latin	4 couples		4 - 4
v St Helen's & St Katherine's		L	0 - 3
v Wellingborough	1st (LV1)	W	5 - 4



Drawing by D.B. Scott (MVI)

POETRY PROSE & ART



THE ROXBURGH PRIZE FOR VERSE

The poems this year were to be inspired by William Blake's famous lines

*"To see a World in a Grain of Sand
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower"*

The pupils' responses to this challenge were imaginative and exciting.
The winners' poems and a few of the other entrants' contributions are printed below.

WINNER OF THE SENIOR PRIZE

*R*oam, eye, swim in this dryness;
Soak in the heat, whilst trickles
Of dust burn slow in the dunes.
Here lies a world: these oceans of sand
Gasp parched for a draught of the sun's
Burning rays, to slake a hotter thirst.

*The scent of a moon-lit bloom
Creeps in with the breeze
Through the open window;
And cool, the glass-black panes
Are full with the star-full night.*

*Each drop of desert sea is bright,
Its faces gazing from out and in;
They fix and peer upon the world.
This speck within the fathomed sand,
This too, a world itself;
A wilder firmament of flowers
Surrounds our shores and presses in:
But the sands spill out across the tide
As ever they have done.*

S.G. Edenborough (UVI)

WINNER OF THE JUNIOR PRIZE

*W*hen wandering upon
the universal beach,
each grain of sand
beyond one's reach,
a moon, a star,
a sun or satellite.

*All creatures at dusk
in the depths of space
transformed to aliens
of another race,
crabs and lugworms,
as Martians cast.*

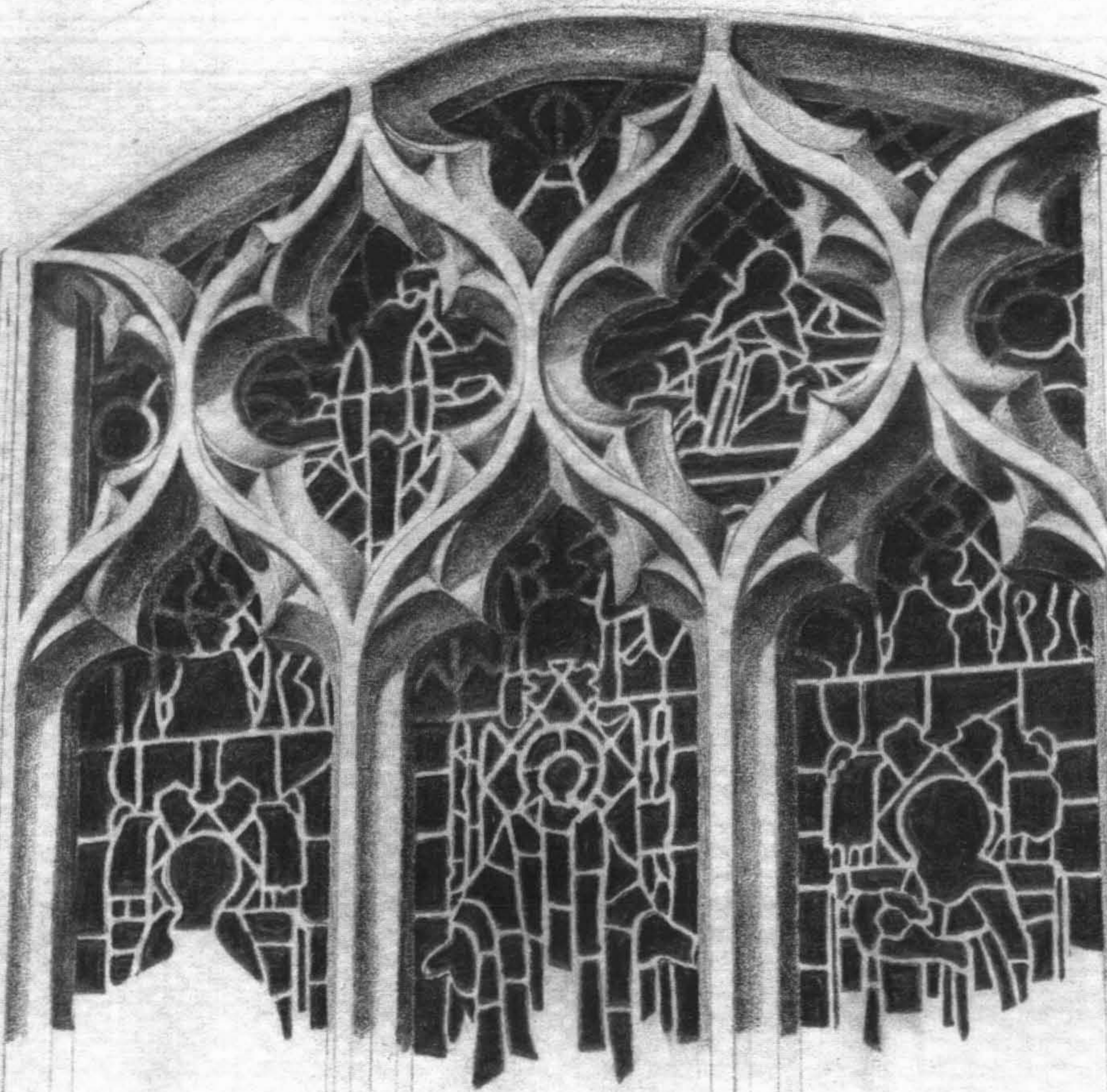
*As the sun unleashed
shines forth on the shore,
the creatures become
themselves once more,
Eels are eels
not serpents from space.*

*The sun full in view.
A small flower upon
the beach reflects its glory,
as if in Arthur's Avalon;
A dew-drop acts
to magnify the earth's power.*

*As sunset appears,
the sky melts.*

*Unable to resist
the flower's shade wilts
into the dusk,
to return another day.*

M. Furse-Roberts (IV)



*SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS FOR
PREPARING ONESELF SPIRITUALLY*

*FOR
THE OTHER SIDE*

G row	your	faith	Happy for you who heard my plea	A
R ealise	the	human	flaw	W asn't bad at all, was it no
A chieve	personal	peace	Even extends beyond the fiction of sci-f	I
I nquire	about	forgiveness,	to	O ther side, they call it, well
N ot	a	bad	idea	A nd what do you think of it, friend
O ust	from	your life	any fear	R eally, just beyond belie
F lush	it	down	the	V astly infinite, yet so peacefu
S trengthen	and	self-heal	ing	L ord? Oh ... where did he go
A dvance	to	your spiritual balance	Everything	to see and know
N ever	think	it a dead end	Didn't expect	to find it her
D esist	as much as possible	from all sin	Neatly packaged	in a wild flower

J. Crawford (MVI)



Susanna C. Benn (MVI)

*The bulbs are inverted.
The sand disturbed. It slips
Down the glass, silently,
Then settles, momentarily.
A shallow pit appears on the surface,
Soon a chasm.*

*A bulb shoots, earth is displaced.
Slowly, painstakingly, a movement
Through the brown towards the blue.*

*The sand falls. A thread
Of sand is spun from the
Upper bulb to the lower.
From Heaven to Earth.
A conical rises pulling
Itself up the thread
Reaching for Heaven.*

*A verdant column extends
Upwards. Its leaves breathe the air.
A single bud twists for the yellow.*

*The level in the upper bulb
Drops. The thread narrows.
The thread, the ladder
Breaks.*

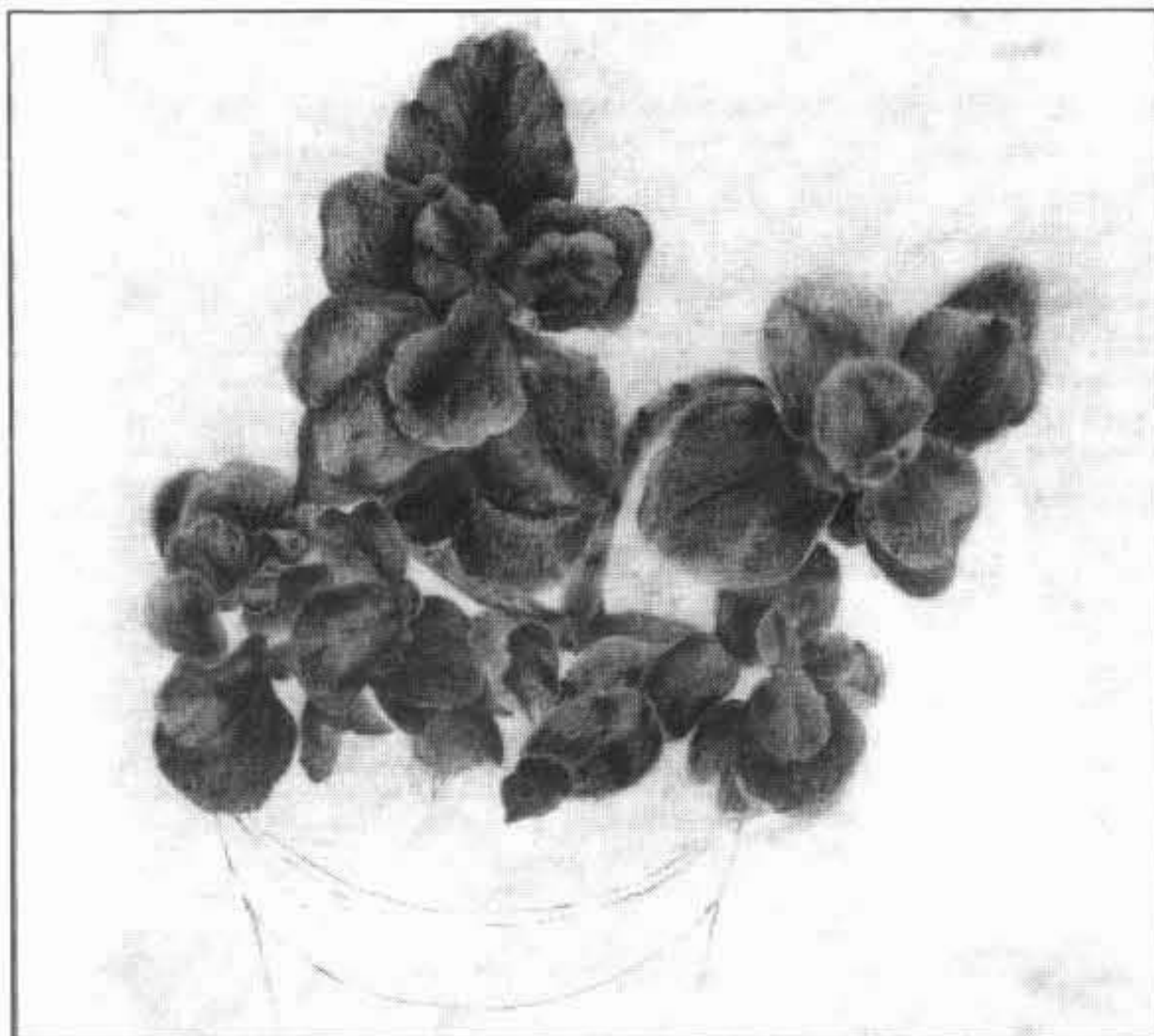
*The conical rises no more.
Humanity must try again.*

* * *

*A single grain rests yet above
The abyss. The Omnipotent hand
Clasps the bulbs and shakes.
It falls. Man falls.
The bulbs are inverted. Again.
Is this redemption?*

*The bud has swollen. It is time.
The petals unfold introducing the
Red to the world.*

N.D. Smith (UVI)



Emma C. Clark (MVI)

THE DESERT

*The desert is made of tiny things
little grains, almost of nothing
drifting, moving, being blown by a wind
never resting, forever moving
to form a vast and barren wilderness.*

*Here and there, scattered as if at random,
the ruins of some old fort
guard the land forlornly
forever silent, relics of a bygone age
standing in lonely splendour
all alone, deserted,
never to be used again.*

*Here and there, an oasis
randomly scattered,
a heaven in the midst of a hell
only visited by nomads,
a source of water in a dry place
surrounded by vegetation, a home for wildlife.*

*And the lifeless seed
which bursts into life after it rains,
the dormant object, which erupts into splendour
filling the desert with colour and beauty
only to wither and die in the parched
baking expanse of the African desert.*

A.W.N. Bayley (III)

POEM MIX

*To see a word in a grain of sand
And a heaven in a wild flower.
To find a Snark on a map of the sea,
And to stop a Bandersnatch snapping.*

*To see a world in a grain of sand,
Or the universe as a cathedral,
To see time as a spectrum of light,
Or sound as a cloud of vapour.*

*Heaven in a wild flower,
Peace in a world of war,
Gold in a country of poverty,
A commoner in a palace.*

*To find a Snark on a map of the sea,
Or an autumn leaf in mid-summer,
To find a demon with a heart,
Or a reindeer in an endless desert.*

*To stop a Bandersnatch snapping
Is to stop the tide coming in.
To stop a war in the face of death
Is to be as great as a wild flower.*

A.L.A. Howes (IV)

Gravity abandoned my limbs once more as the salt-white foam gushed around my feet, dragging my ankles inexorably down the slope of the deck. My hands retained their desperate hold on the wheel, but the angry waves of the Southern Ocean, flinging themselves to watery disintegration, did not relent. The yacht was still in mid-broach with the balloon-like spinnaker sail just below the surface of the sea, still attached and dragging the boat over at a terrifying angle. The rigging strained almost to breaking point, and all the time the wind screamed through it with fearsome violence. On the foredeck, two of the crew hacked frenziedly at the spinnaker guys, their figures obscured more often than not by the bullets of spray and sheets of water driven high in the air by the wild gale.

Heavy again, I heaved at the wheel, trying to bring it back to amidships. With a tremendous lurch, as the spinnaker was cut free, the boat righted itself, and through the turbulent darkness I glimpsed the strident colours of the huge sail sinking to the calmer depths. The yacht was once more picking up speed, and the first mate and I fought the twin helms to bring her back onto a run. The wind was now directly behind us, and at an exhilarating eighteen knots the light aluminium and fibreglass Whitbread Race yacht leapt forward into the night.

Dawn broke: the pallid grey light in the Eastern sky grew across the darker surface of the ocean, gradually giving shape to the rolling swell as it chased the yacht from behind.

"Skipper! We're sixty miles south of where we should be – and half the fleet overhauled us in the storm last night."

George, the First Mate, appeared from below with a mug of something hot, its steam just visible as it rose sluggishly from the contents. I looked up from the compass.

"We'll be all right if this wind holds, George. We could still salvage a fourth place with some clever tactics," I replied, suddenly aware that we both knew this to be impossible.

The Mate grimaced.

"When will you credit your crew with some intelligence and just tell us what you really think?" He moved across the cockpit to face me. "I'm fed up with your attempts to keep morale up by talking optimistic rubbish! You know there's not a man on board inexperienced enough to fall for that."

I stared at his silhouette, made darker by the ever-strengthening daylight behind him. His face was crusted with salt, and his bloodshot, animated eyes stared back at me. I did not reply, and the noise of the wind in the rigging and the restless sea filled the silence between us. George turned away abruptly and stamped back to the companionway, flinging the mug-full of dark liquid overboard.

I knew that in the Whitbread Challenge morale was vital to survival. The crew of my yacht, *Rothmans*, had struggled continually with the incessant, time-consuming and fatiguing repair jobs necessitated by equipment failure: the present leg, from South Africa to Australia (some seven thousand miles) was the longest, and in many ways the hardest. The Southern Ocean was littered with uncharted

lumps of ice floating north from Antarctica, often too small to be picked up on radar. But the yachts charged on, loaded with sail, vying for optimum position, speed, course... all except *Rothmans*, trailing now at the back end of the fleet with no spinnaker and a crew who were fast losing their patience. I was aware that morale was low, and my conscience told me that this was my responsibility. By now, though, any attempts to improve the crew's spirits seemed doomed to failure. Worse than this, I felt increasingly at the mercy of the weather: if the present conditions held we might make landfall within forty-eight hours of the rest of the class's arrival; but if things got worse... my mind refused to speculate. I had to make the crew believe that their efforts were not wasted, whatever the weather did. I desperately wanted to say this to George, but in his present mood he was worse than unapproachable.

THE GAVIN MAXWELL ESSAY PRIZE

In 1960, at the height of his fame and fortune, Maxwell founded a literary prize at Stowe which bears his name, the entries for which he scrupulously marked himself with helpful comments and suggestions. Three Stoics in particular had reason to be grateful to him for fostering their literary efforts: Richard Branson, whose *Student* magazine was his first enterprise, Charles Graham, a Hollywood script-writer, and Justin Wintle, novelist, historian and writer of travel books.

This year's essay on a real or imagined personal experience had to end with the words:

*"... if only tomorrow
could be cancelled"*

It was to raised voices that I awoke, after a restless and uncomfortable few hours sleep. The sound from the deck penetrated the sparse hull of the yacht. I lumbered out of my canvas bunk, snaring my feet immediately in the writhing piles of ropes and sails that slid, sodden, across the floor with the motion of the boat.

"The rigging won't hold in this kind of wind. Look at the shrouds! There's hardly any tension left," yelled George, trying to be heard above the din. "The mast is swaying like a pendulum!"

"Maybe, but we're still sailing. There's no way we should cop out of this one," retorted Andy, a strong-willed Australian.

"It's not that simple, Andy..."

Now George's voice was lost altogether in the gale.

I stepped out on deck, cold and tired, trying to hide my intense anxiety. "What's going on, George?"

He rounded on me and answered vehemently, "The rigger has just come down from the top of the mast. It's been swaying about for hours. He says it's not the mast-head fittings that are the problem... the port-side chain plate must be tearing loose."

I could not move. The pressures of months at sea under constant stress and the fears of disaster in the back of every skipper's mind suddenly became so real that they had a physical effect. The chain plates were strips of metal riveted to the hull that provided anchorage for the shrouds, thick cables holding the mast up. If one tore free, the mast would come down and a fatal hole in the hull could open up. George and Andy stood grimly watching my reaction to this news. I gave instructions for a full rigging check to be made and climbed slowly down to the chart table. For a while I did nothing, my mind crowded with awful images of stormy seas

and my inner ear ringing with the pistol-cracks of snapping spars. Then, staring at the charts, my eyes wearily tracking along the line that was our course, I did some calculations. Providing the conditions remained the same, I estimated that we could limp the rest of the way into port within three days. It had to be done. Never had I been beaten by the elements: through sheer stubborn refusal to give up I had always had a plan at the ready and no matter how bad a shape the boat was in, my crew and I had somehow managed to patch up the damage and carry on. Now I had to rely on the weather; I had no choice.

My insides felt cold and hard with apprehension as I placed the headset over my ears to hear the noon radio check. This far into the Southern Ocean, we were out of range of any land-based radio stations so the fleet relied on the leading boat to give some indication of the weather ahead.

"...Whitbread fleet, Whitbread fleet, this is Steinlager, Steinlager..."

From amidst the static came the skipper of the New Zealand yacht's voice.

"... Radio check for twelve hundred hours, November 28th..." the voice droned on, giving their position and course. Fumbling, I plotted it on the chart. They were a good two hundred miles ahead of us, a day's sail at least.

"... forty-eight minutes. We are encountering a severe, repeat severe storm here, winds gusting to hurricane force. I repeat, our position is sixty-two degrees..."

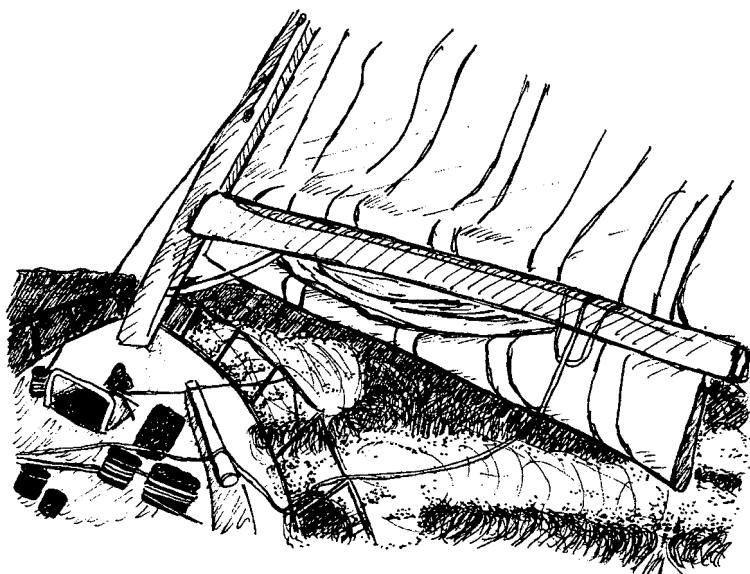
The disembodied voice violently cut out by bursts of static, and remote as if from another world, continued oblivious. The threat of the storm bore into my consciousness, filling my mind with crippling despair. It lay between us and safety, twenty-four hours ahead.

The broadcast ended. I sat frozen, the headset blaring a continuous stream of meaningless noise into my ears. Mechanically I reached for the ship's log, opening it and holding my pen poised over the blank page. In vain I strove to see a way out, to reconcile myself to the situation. Then, with a shaking hand, I scrawled a few paltry, pathetic, childish words – all that my cowering spirit could do to express itself – "If only tomorrow could be cancelled ..."

S.G. Edenborough (UVI)

WINNER OF THE SENIOR PRIZE

Illustration by Susanna C. Benn (MVI)



THE TEST RESULTS

In different situations you look at the world in different ways. For instance, when you are standing on top of a table, your view of the room changes dramatically. You see things which were previously hidden. So when you are told you've got twenty-four hours to live, your view of life changes in a larger way than simply standing on top of a table.

It was exactly 1.p.m when the doctor told me the worst. The conversation is still fresh in my mind.

"Er... Mr Riley, we've got the results of the test back."

"How is it, doctor?"

"Well... there's some good news and there's some bad news."

"Tell me."

"The good news is that you're HIV negative."

"Thank God."

"Er... the bad news is that during the test we found something wrong with your blood."

"What are you talking about?"

"You must understand that I've never been in this situation before, Mr Riley, so I don't really know how to tell you..."

"Just tell me, doctor!"

"You've got twenty-four hours to live."

There was a short silence.

"Twenty-four hours," I said.

"Er... give or take a couple of hours."

"To live."

"Yes."

"Is this some kind of sick joke?"

"I wish it was, Mr Riley."

"Why?"

"Well we think that the blood test must have triggered off some kind of reaction and..."

Too late. I had switched off completely from what he was saying. Twenty-four hours to live! I was too young to die! I got up and walked out of the surgery, deaf to the doctor's words. Running to my car I jumped in and sped away home.

And here I am with approximately twenty hours to live. I thought about calling my parents or my girlfriend, but then I decided against it. They should mourn my death after it's happened, not before. I've gone through the day's events in my mind so many times and there is just one simple question I keep asking myself. It is the question everybody asks in the face of catastrophe. Why me? Why me? I mean, what have I done which is so terrible that I have been singled out for what must be a ghastly way to go? It's something I'd only wish on my worst enemy, an impending date with death which you can do nothing about, especially in the short time which I've been allotted (approaching about nineteen and a half hours now). All right, so I'm going to die. The reason for this I don't actually know, because I've never done anything so evil during my life which deserves such treatment. The next question is, what am I going to do in the short space of time I have to live?

I could try and do all the things which I have wanted to do before I die, but somehow I don't think I'd be able to see Norway and Australia, travel across America in a small, red car, score a century for England in a Test match, learn hypnosis, write a book, get married and have kids in nineteen hours. Maybe I'll just repent all my sins in a local church. Not that I have many. Well, not very big ones. All right, I've told the odd lie here or there or used profanity but that's about it. I haven't killed anybody or coveted my neighbour's wife and I have certainly have not worshipped any other god but our Lord. Well, I haven't really worshipped him either. I wonder if he actually exists? It looks like I won't have long to find out. I had better cancel the order for the newspapers and the milk. I saw one of those sandwich-board men the other day. You'll never guess his message for the day. 'Wise words: If only tomorrow could be cancelled.'

Yeah, if only.

A.S. Riley (IV)



Susanna C. Benn (MVI)

Struggle into consciousness

LORD OF THE SKIES

“Fuel on!”
 “Chocks in!”
 “Switches off!”
 “Throttle closed!”
 “Clear for starting!”
 “Contact!”
 “Contact!” I echoed.

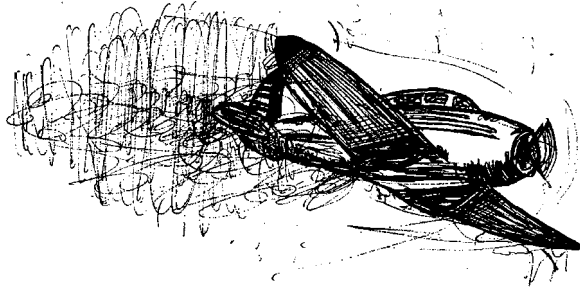
The engineer swung the propeller and a puff of thick black smoke poured from the exhaust manifolds of the Pegasus engine. A hundred horse power jerked into life. I waved away the chocks from under the bicycle-like wheels of my Sopwith Camel, opened the throttle and taxied out ready for take-off.

The other planes of my squadron lined up beside me. I signalled to my fellow pilots and our engines roared in unison. To prevent a ground loop from the massive engine torque, I pushed my foot firmly down on the right rudder pedal. The frail aircraft bounced along the rough grass of the airfield. The trees at the other end grew ominously large. With a final bump, I was airborne and, pulling back on the control column, skimmed the top of a large chestnut tree.

Leaving the patch-work quilt of the green countryside behind, I climbed steadily up and up amongst the towering white cumulus clouds. To fly was a mystery only appreciated by us few of the Royal Flying Corps. In the eyes of the public, we who flew our mighty birds wore the paper crowns of heroes.

I waved to the six other planes as they flew in a vee formation behind me. I glimpsed the silhouette of another aircraft out of the corner of my eye. I recognised that it was an enemy aircraft, patrolling the front lines of the battle fields of the Somme. As I drew closer, five other enemy aircraft came into sight. It was obvious by now that they had seen us, so I signalled to my squadron to engage them in a dogfight.

I banked into a sharp right turn to avoid the first burst of enemy gun fire then, quickly pulling back on the joystick, I looped around to attack the enemy aircraft from the rear. Realising that I was closing in on his tail, he weaved and dodged through the clouds to no avail. At last I had him in my gun sight. I raised my right hand from the joystick and reached for the Browning machine gun. I felt the cold trigger and squeezed off some rounds of tracer bullets at my enemy. I saw holes appear in his right wing, ripping the flimsy canvas.



My enemy banked and dived hard left, dropping several thousand feet as he tried to shake me off his tail. Over to the right I caught sight of one Sopwith Camel, spiralling towards the ground with thick black smoke pouring from its engine. I felt a lump in my throat. I now

held on to the joystick more tightly in my pursuit and closed in for the kill. A lucky shot hit the enemy's fuel tank and in a plume of flame it plummeted to the ground.

Without warning I saw the bullets tear into my wing and along my fuselage. Immediately I pushed the joystick away and dived down. The battle field rushed towards me as I fell out of the sky. A blur of broken trees, brown mud and barbed wire. Smoke and water-filled shell craters hid the decomposing bodies. Enemy soldiers crouched in their trenches surrounded by death and destruction.

To fight in the sky seemed infinitely preferable to the carnage I had glimpsed below. It was then that I saw blood oozing from my fur lined flying boots. I now felt the pain for the first time. During the heat of the dogfight I had not felt the intense, excruciating pain caused by these wounds. I had been shot several times through both legs. I tried to move them but they had gone rigid.

I steered in the direction of the airfield that soon came into sight. My engine started to splutter like a drowning man gasping for air. The propeller stopped and I had just enough height to scrape back over the trees.

The biplane landed and bounced along the ground until it came to a sudden halt. Fellow pilots came rushing to congratulate me on a safe return. The cheering stopped as they saw the intense pain that I was in and the blood bespattered cockpit. I was carried carefully from my wreckage on a stretcher.

The doctor examined my shattered legs and shook his head.

“I'm afraid I must amputate your legs tomorrow. Your flying days are over.”

As the shot of morphine that he had given me took effect, I thought that this had been my finest hour. If only tomorrow could be cancelled.

Sqn. Ldr. M.J.V. Nicoll (III)
Illustration by Alexandra R. Bingham (LVI)

LEAVING FAMILIAR GROUNDS

There was a heatwave early on in the summer. Girls lay stretched out lazily on the lawn. Their files, opened but unread, were scattered around, a foreboding but ineffective reminder of what was to come.

I had a feeling of calm and content; this was my last term; it had been the best for many of us and I was going to miss this place and these people. The excitement that filled me when I considered what was ahead overcame all regrets: I was going on to new people, new places.

I had grown up here for five years, from eleven to sixteen. I remember often referring to Tudor as 'home'. A mere mistake, a slip of speech, but there was something behind it. Tudor influenced my life, and I Tudor's. Those I trusted most were there, those I knew and understood so well – an understanding impossible, perhaps, under any other circumstances.

But now GCSE exams were approaching – marking the end of my time at Tudor. I remember lying in the heat considering the past, present and future. All were amiable topics, each bringing unique pleasures. My last few weeks were spent exactly in this way. The weather, as I remember it, was glorious. Our weekends were spent lying outside in the heat, attempting to work merely to clear our guilty consciences. During the day these attempts were in vain – too many distractions: the radio blaring, girls screaming, tennis matches to be played 'while the weather lasted', the sun glaring and the swimming pool beckoning.

The pool was a great victory and privilege. After passing our lifeguard awards it was ours to use privately. Just three or more swimmers were required for us to swim whenever we had some free time. This, and trips to Oxford, gave us an added sensation of freedom.

On weekdays we did little work: approaching GCSEs we had finished all English coursework, and merely went through the rest of our subjects one final time in lessons. Maths papers were easy for those who were taking the 'C' paper. French was almost entirely oral and Physics had always been our 'talking lesson'. I had finished my art exam long ago - not a pleasant memory; and all other subjects consisted of individual revision, leaving us a lot of free time.

We spent most of our time talking – these were our last few weeks together and nobody wanted anything but affectionate memories.

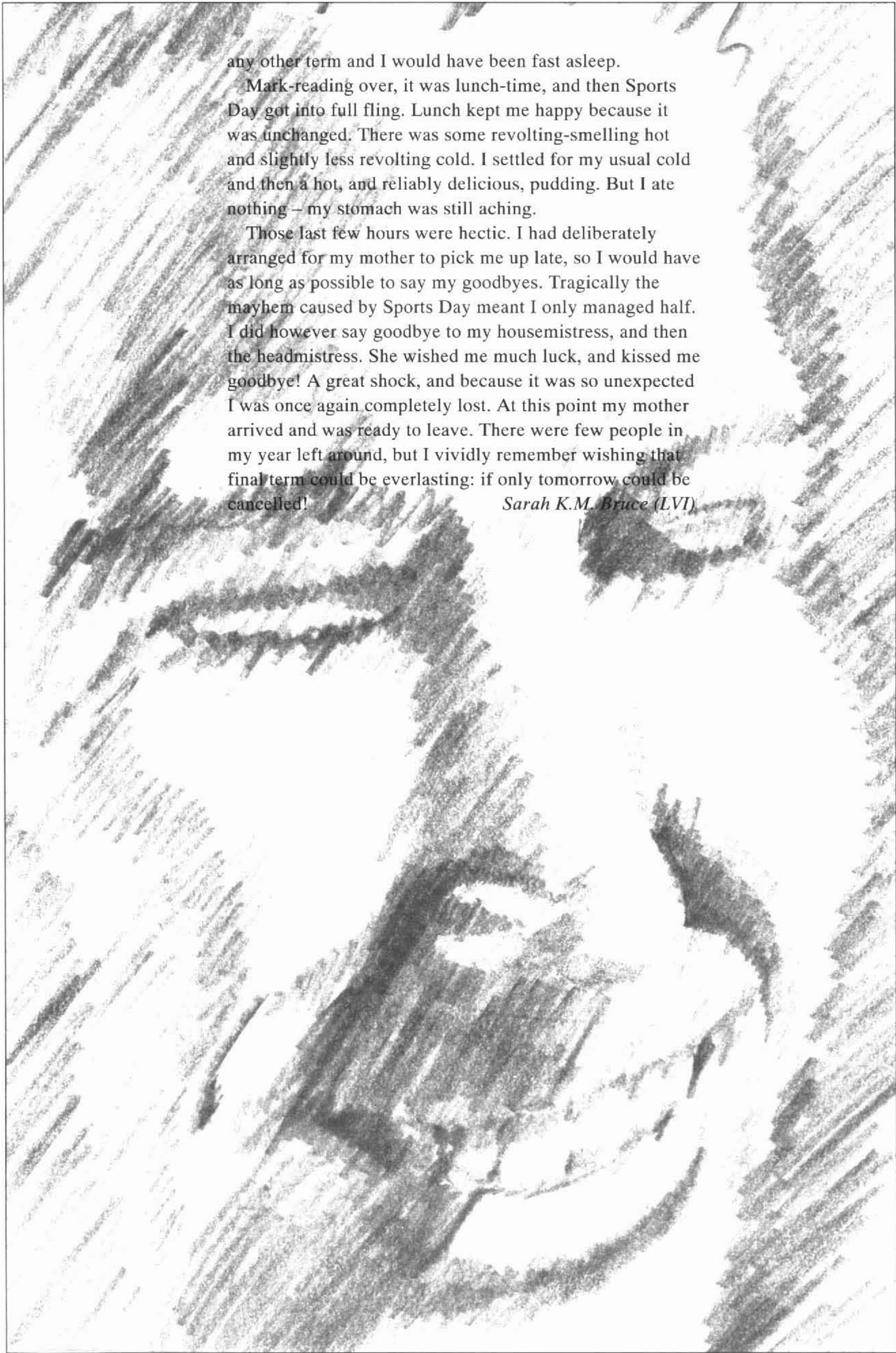
The weeks of waiting passed and GCSEs began. Between exams we were allowed home, so we were not often all together. The heat lasted, bestowing on us a sensation of relaxation as we oscillated between school and home. I think we all got through our GCSEs virtually untouched by depression or the seriousness of what was happening.

The end of the summer term loomed ahead, the last marker being Sports Day. Being busy exam-taking fifth-years, we were under no obligation to do many demanding sports over the term and were therefore not expected to enter into this parent-infested and extremely embarrassing day (we were expected to run in nothing but our green knickers!). However, it being my last Sports Day, I remember walking around, doing as much as possible without actually participating. Perhaps my walk should have been described as more of a stumble: I'd been awake almost the entire night before.

A most exciting night – we were thrilled to learn a security guard had been hired overnight (perhaps just rumour?) because the school expected big trouble from the fifth-years! We sneaked slyly in and out of the house, paying several trips to the swimming pool but never actually finding the courage to swim (it was a cold night after all). There were lots of tears at intervals; all that was required was a sad, or sometimes happy, meaningful song or memory and virtually the whole lot of us were off again.

It was at this point that a feeling of desperation began to fill me. I began to wonder why I ever wanted to leave these people. I felt drained, empty, lost. This was something I was leaving forever. That terrible churning sensation started in my stomach as I rushed desperately around trying to talk to and cry with everyone. Finally exhaustion overcame my wishes and I settled down to sleep, satisfactorily surrounded, to the extent of being very uncomfortable, by my friends.

I woke up two hours later; it was seven o'clock and we had to organise our rooms and classrooms for the last time. I went through all the usual end-of-term routines: stripping my bed, dragging my trunk, plants, hi-fi system and boxes into the hallway. Then it was mark-reading. I must admit that even though it was my last it was still, as always, overwhelmingly boring; there were just too many cups, certificates, thank-yous and well-dones being handed out. To stay awake was very difficult;



any other term and I would have been fast asleep.

Mark-reading over, it was lunch-time, and then Sports Day got into full fling. Lunch kept me happy because it was unchanged. There was some revolting-smelling hot and slightly less revolting cold. I settled for my usual cold and then a hot, and reliably delicious, pudding. But I ate nothing – my stomach was still aching.

Those last few hours were hectic. I had deliberately arranged for my mother to pick me up late, so I would have as long as possible to say my goodbyes. Tragically the mayhem caused by Sports Day meant I only managed half. I did however say goodbye to my housemistress, and then the headmistress. She wished me much luck, and kissed me goodbye! A great shock, and because it was so unexpected I was once again completely lost. At this point my mother arrived and was ready to leave. There were few people in my year left around, but I vividly remember wishing that final term could be everlasting: if only tomorrow could be cancelled!

Sarah K.M. Bruce (LVI)

*Queen Mab I do now pray to thee
 For things that we may never see:
 Black trees like scales in a web
 Slow floating on the evening ebb.
 The cold wind is as yet unseen
 But present in lake's rippling sheen
 And myriad blades just as keen
 As close, cold, cruel sharpened skean
 Whip my face with long tangled hair
 Below the shrouding fog's strange glare.
 Now back to our warm room
 Watching in comfort the gathering gloom
 With cocoa, biscuit and clear head
 I go to dream; but now in bed.*

R. C. Carpenter Couchman (VI)

THIS IS A POEM

*What is a poem?
 Is this a poem?
 A bunch of words that don't rhyme,
 Or Mary had a little lamb
 She tied it to a pylon,
 A thousand volts went through the thing,
 And turned its wool to nylon ...
 No, that is not a poem ...
 What is?
 Is
 It
 Words
 Like
 This
 All
 Over
 The
 Place?*

*What is a poem?
 What defines it,
 Or is it undefinable?
 Oh, Oh, you say, this is a poem
 But what is this?*

A.R. David (III)



D.B. Scott (MVI)

BACKSTAGE FOR BILL

*Oh Romeo, O Romeo, wherefore art thou ...
 Creak ...
 To be?... Or not to be?
 Thump!
 Shh!
 Quietly shifting
 Discreetly moving
 Loudly creaking
 Softly silencing
 Quickly nervous.
 Double Double, toil and trouble fire burn and ...
 Mind is bubbling, toiling and troubling,
 Clad in black as the night itself,
 Shrouding myself in a personal tomb ...
 Backstage.
 Backstage for Bill.*

A.R. David (III)

R.B. Calvocoressi (V)



THE UNKNOWN

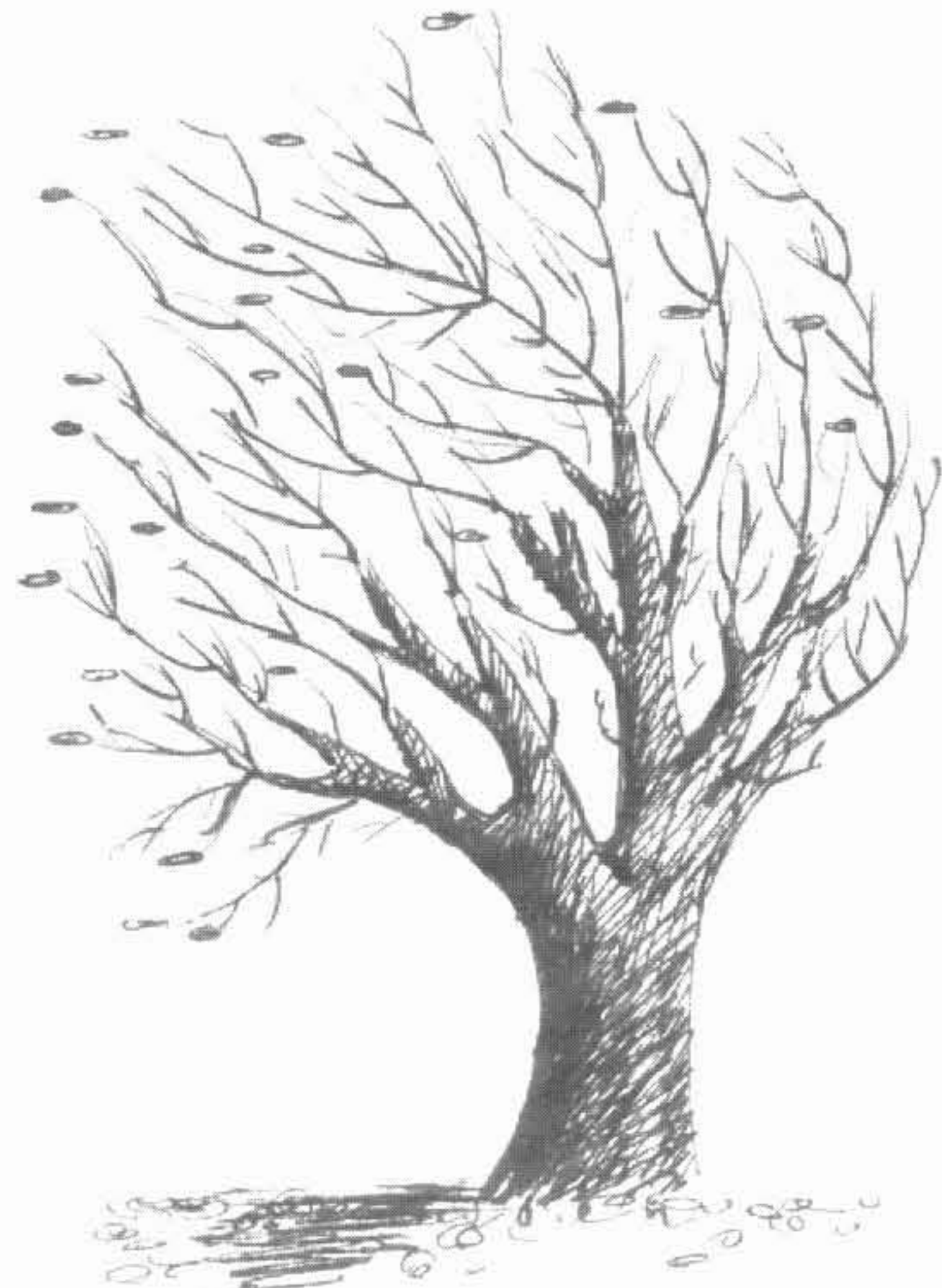
*From Hull to skull
They rowed to death,
Overwhelmed by the blue sky
Dazzled by the bright sun
Awed by the enormity of the sea,
Seeking a land of secrets and magic.
They rowed for a promise,
A promise so profound
 none spoke of it,
The chop spraying them
 with every stroke,
Drenched to the bone.
Cold winds lashing out on all faces,
All with determined looks they rowed
 on and on into the unknown.*

A.L.A. Howes (V)

THE TREE

*The tree stands tall with its branches
Stretched out far, and as I approach
The tree I stand tall and scan its bark.
I rub my chin, feeling the rough edges.
With my arms outstretched I yawn;
The tree's leaves flutter in the wind
Which catches my hair and it too starts
To wave, fluttering about in the cool breeze.
The morning sun rises and the tree howls
As the wind rushes through it.
I decide to leave and start to walk
Down the old path humming to myself.*

J.A. Swindells (III)



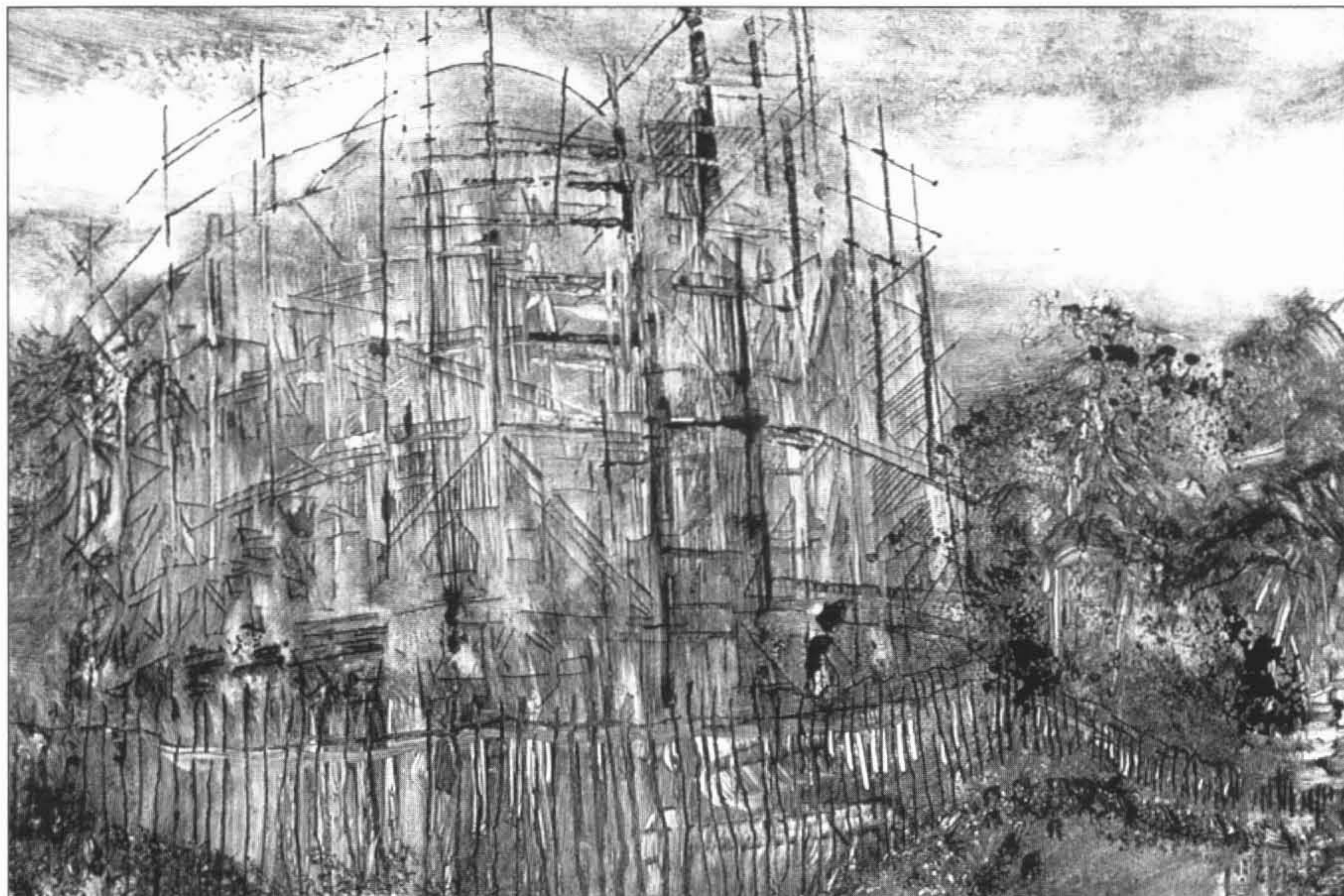
OVERSERIOUSNESS: THE BUSINESSMAN'S TALE OR THE MAN WHO TOOK LIFE TOO SERIOUSLY

A 20th Century addition to *The Canterbury Tales*

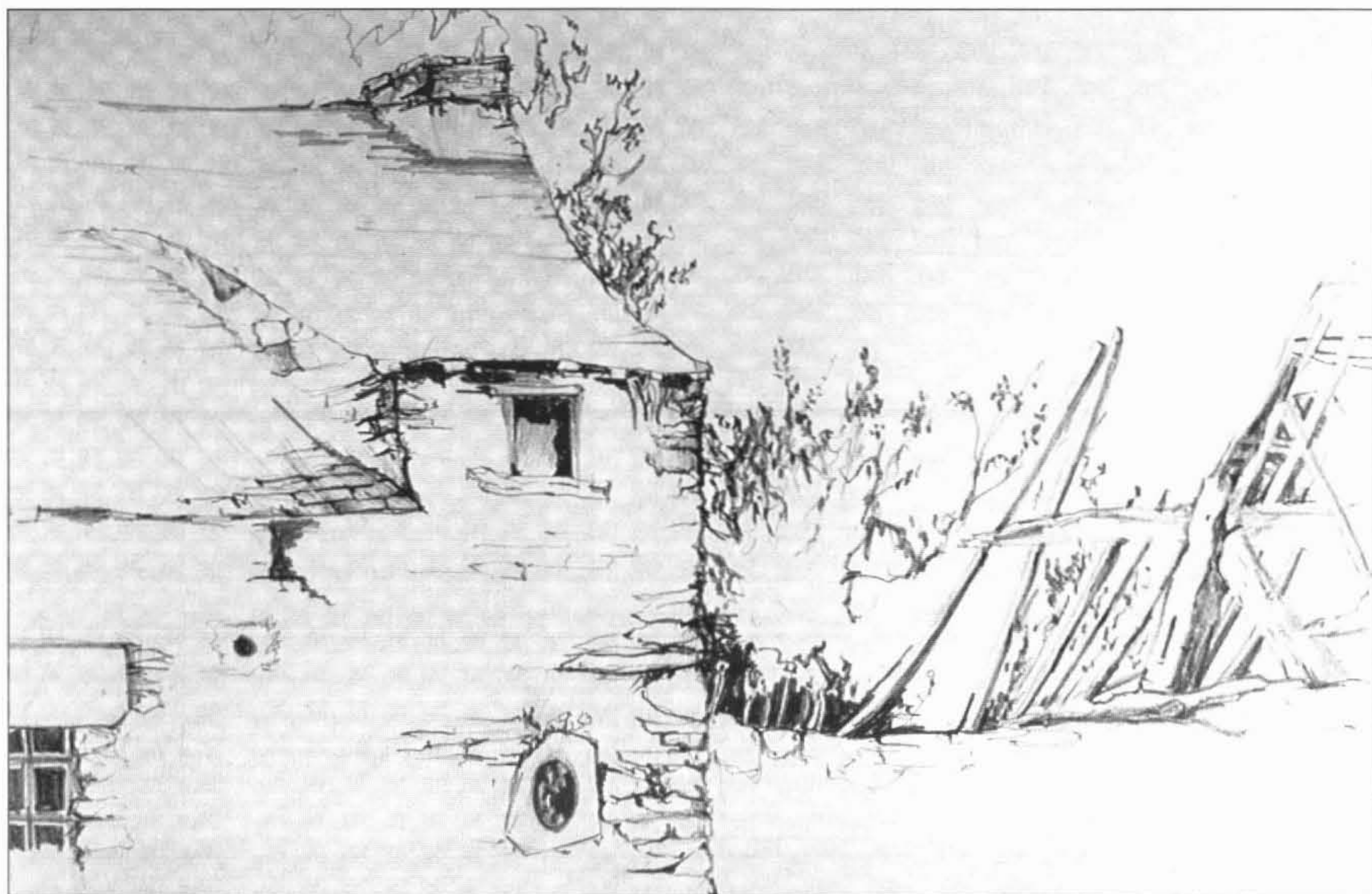
*I*n a tavern cellar near to Southwark,
Sat a strange man, perhaps lawyer or clerk;
Dressed all in grey, in a suit of pin-stripe,
A drink, an umbrella, and a hat of some type.
He sat upright, in a corner, alone,
While all about him sat locals of that town.
Some laughed, some joked, some held their head,
But all turned to listen when that man said,
"Hear me, my friends", and they all gathered round,
(and silent they waited for him to make sound).
"I am a businessman, as well you can see,
I worked very hard, for not minimal fee;
I was a good man, a man of substance,
But why should a man who was, I say, once
Great, be found in a place such as this?
Well, I'll tell you, but make not boo nor hiss;
For I have sinned, yea, I am a sinner,
Therefore, for my soul, the devil is winner."
"Come now, come now," yelled one drunken bawd,
"How did you sin? Tell us, by the Lord!"
"Silence, now!" said that man of sin,
"Silence, and my tale I'll begin.
I worked very hard, from morn until night,
My work, a stack of papers, a pile of some height.
I had no time for my family or for rest,
Between my wife and desk, the latter was best.
And while I was gone, she had to seek comfort
In the milkman and postman, Roger and Bert.
I was teetotal, I touched not even beers,
Nevertheless, as the months turned to years,
I became ill, but my work wouldn't stop,
Despite the stress, my aim was the top.

I worked like a dervish, my wife she left,
But I did not care, I felt not bereft.
All I thought of was my work,
But soon I felt a Thing, beginning to lurk:
The spectre of madness, evil and grim,
But the fact that I should be its next victim
To me did not occur, so on I went,
Living my life so more time was spent
In my office, as I worked away.
I slept little, I worked not just day.
My face became pale, my eyes bulged and stared,
And soon my social life no better fared.
None would see me, neither colleague nor friend,
And soon after this, at nigh was my end."
"Your end?" exclaimed one keen-witted lad,
"If you're still here, your end wasn't so bad!"
Our storyteller cast him a gaze bloodshot,
Which pierced this lad's eyes like a lance white-hot.
"Silence, boy, and all shall be apparent,
By now you should know, if you hadn't
So rudely interrupted. Now where was I?
Ah yes, my end. In the twinkling of an eye
My life was gone, and this was my sin –
The sin of murder – did I indulge in."
"You make no sense!" screeched a buxom tart.
"There is yet sense, you see, for my part
In this murder was both victim and slayer;
And so I went, without whimper or prayer."
With this the strange businessman was no more,
Where he had sat, just chair and floor.
No record of his passing was in that cellar,
Save for, in a corner, a black umbrella.

R.M.L. Atherton (V)



D.B. Scott (MVI)



D.B. Scott (MVI)

A WALK TO THE BUS STOP

"Five o'clock," says the clock with the ever-deadpan voice. I glance at the thing just to make sure it's not lying to me. I continue to gaze at the clock, examining its plastic casing, perforated on one side where, every hour, the clock informs anyone who can be bothered to listen what time it is. I'm not opposed to the idea of clocks which announce the time orally; I just don't fathom why their voices have to be so lifeless.

I release a moan of dolour as I realise that I am a man without his motor car today, and when I remember that threadbare appearance of the staff at the garage where my car is being fixed, I whimper once again at the thought of having to use the bus for the rest of this week. I switch off my desk lamp and begin walking to the door, mumbling sayonaras as I embark upon my voyage.

I have to quicken my pace a little to reach the elevator before its doors close. As I walk briskly along, my shoes squeak. I curse the cleaning staff for not having polished the surface properly. The doors of the lift almost trap my overcoat. As I step into it I prod the button for the basement, but then I realise that I need the ground floor if I'm getting the bus. For a moment I toy with the idea of catching a taxi home, but I deny myself the luxury as taxis these days are preposterously exorbitant.

As I walk out of the elevator, I nearly collide with a corpulent fellow sporting a bushy moustache. I am reminded of my automatic hatred of obese people and, for that matter, people with moustaches, too.

Walking out of the building, almost without thinking, my hand dives into my breast pocket for a cigarette, which I have lit before I reach the pavement. It's been about a month since I walked down this street rather than drove. I'd like to say something striking like, it seemed like years or it felt like only yesterday, but really it just feels like two months. I am almost overcome by the resplendent neon brilliance of an enormous ice-cream parlour, which for some reason reminds me of childhood, not my childhood, simply childhood itself.

An old man dressed all in blue attempts to sell me a ferret; I just ignore him and keep walking. On the corner of the street I peer into the window of a new record market, a vast emporium filled with nothing but wall-to-wall records and tapes. A tall gent with a beard and these thick spectacles with horn-rimmed frames stands behind the counter,

eating what appears to be egg-fried rice out of a red and white carton. Without realising, I stand on the street watching him eat: his lips are getting more and more greasy, oil is dripping off his fingers and bits of his food are getting stuck in his beard. How can any self-respecting person do that? Eventually he sees me and tells me to move on by way of an obscene gesture.

I pass a man standing by a rusty old parking meter, moving briskly past him because he's smoking some evil smelling shag which makes me feel ill. Across the street a black guy's playing a euphonious strain on his saxophone. He sports a pair of round sunglasses, and every time his head faces a certain direction the scintillating illuminations of an amusement arcade are reflected in the lenses. Places like that stupefy me. I do not understand why people spend all their time engrossed in a world of complete prevarication. I buy a cup of black coffee from a lady with a stall on the pavement. She has these deep green eyes which have me captivated as I take the coffee out of her hand. I think I see what may be a beguiling smile briefly touch her lips but cannot be sure. I hope the coffee will help to elucidate my thoughts, but the existing haze is most probably a result of too much coffee anyway.

Somewhere I can hear an evangelist pontificating about matters which he doesn't understand in a voice that would give the office clock a run for its money. I take a short cut through a dimly-lit colonnade, out onto the high street. I am now on my third cigarette, and I'm really beginning to feel the nicotine coursing through my body, propitiating my tired bones, calming my aching muscles.

As I come to the high street, my bus pulls up to its stop a short distance away. I will not run, however; the bus can wait for me. I feel in my pocket for some change and, as I walk, sort out my fare. I casually saunter along, but I have a nasty foreboding that I'll miss the bus, so I swallow my pride and make a sprint for it. I reach the bus, but I have a strange feeling of déjà-vu when the driver closes the door on my overcoat.

However, I am safely aboard, the initial stage of my voyage is complete, and the bottle of whisky which awaits me at home begins to look more and more attractive.

I. Armstrong (LVI)

ALONE (WHO'S IN?)

*With eyes that pierce the brain of mortal men,
I survey the people milling around me.
On one my gaze falls –
I read the sign in front of the mind:
Out to lunch it says,
Out to lunch.*

*I look at a handsome young man,
Hoping to see the mind below –
But out to lunch it says,
Out to lunch.*

*My gaze becomes violent,
My eyes flit this way and that
In my search
But everywhere Out to lunch it says
Out to lunch.*

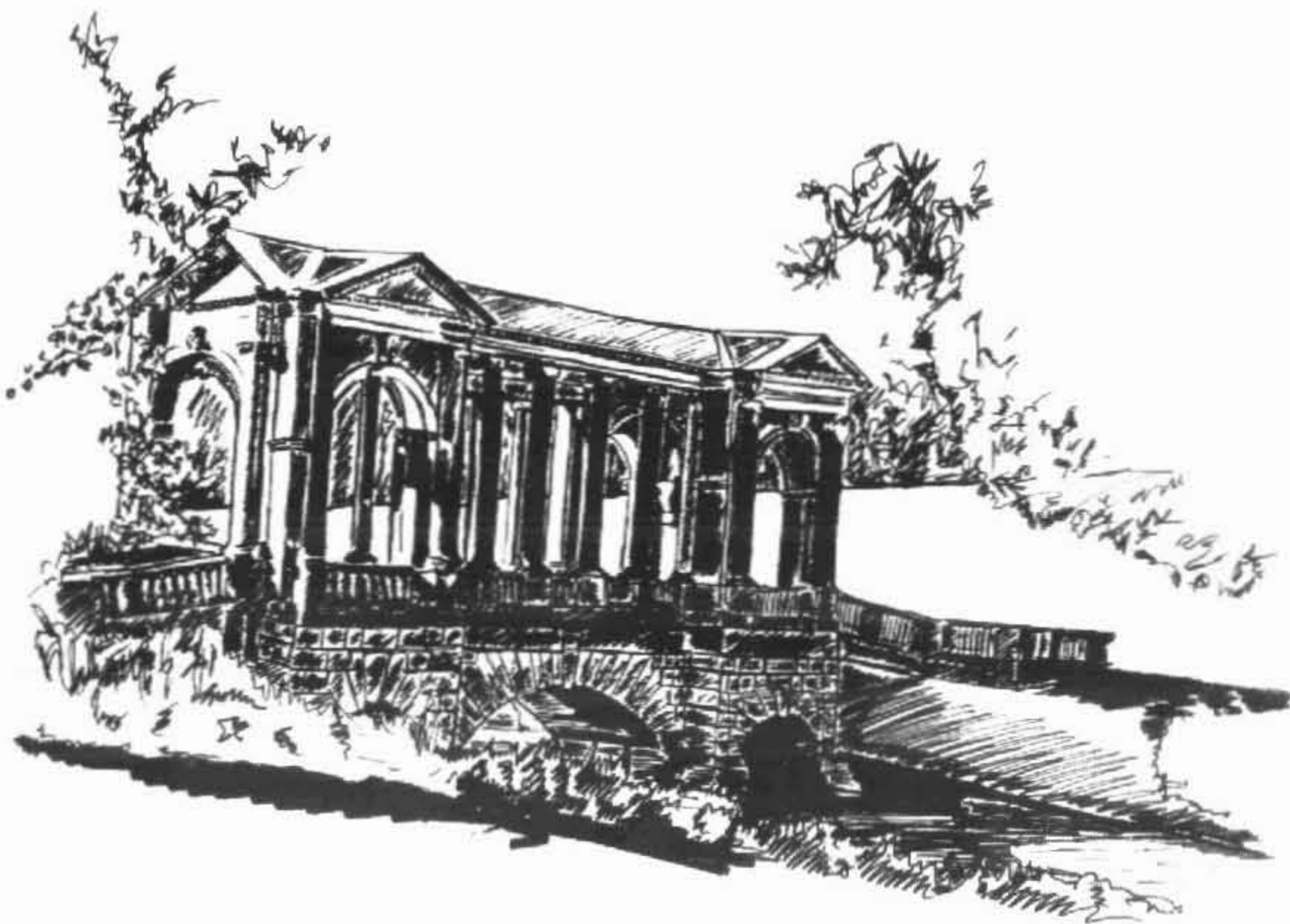
*You, my friend, can't see beneath.
Out-to-lunch people are all around –
They look like us, you see,
But underneath, they are just
Ghosts.*

*So trust me, my friend, as we search on
To find someone else
Who is also
In.*

Juliette C. Kristensen (VI)



D.B. Scott (MVI)



Chelser Clark (LVI)

THE PLANT AND MAN

*The Plant and Man,
Both part of the same system,
Breathing the same air;
But it taking the CO₂
and I the O₂*

*It, so clever, can make
its own food,
Using the bright energy
of the sun.
It the earth's great producer;
Lowly man the world's consumer*

*It came in Palaeozoic time,
Six hundred million years old;
We came last, two million years young,
Gifted with brain and opposed thumb.
Gifted with brain to nuke and pollute
Both of us back to the beginning.*

L.H. Brown (III)

Désespoir...

*Pourquoi la vie? Pourquoi la mort?
Pourquoi le soleil? Pourquoi la lune?
Pourquoi le jour? Pourquoi la nuit?*

*Il fait nuit dans mon coeur
Poignardé, meurtri par la douleur,
Déchiré par la souffrance ...*

*On m'a assassinée!
Ah! ôdilués souffrances que celles d'un amour
blessé!
Honi soit-il, celui qui m'a rendue ainsi!*

*Mon âme erre dans un dense brouillard où elle
ne voit qu'illusions ... de bonheur ...*

Je cherche le Soleil!

Je cherche l'Amour!

Mais je ne les trouve point ...

La poésie est mon seul réconfort.

Seuls les mots me comprennent ...

*Toute seule, face à l'âpreté de la vie, je me com-
prends, je me console.*

*Oui, rien que moi, seule au milieu de cet
univers infini ...*

*Les larmes versées par mes yeux coulent et
tracent des sillons le long de mes joues.*

*Et ces larmes rouge-sang se répandent, se
répandent sur le sol et le trachent de
tristesse et de malheur.*

Un cri déchire la nuit!

*Ah! Je souffre! J'agonise! Je veux mourir! ...
mourir de douleur ... mourir d'amour! ·*

Ah! Cruelle mais douce vie ...

*Alors, viens douc, o lugubre et morbide Nuit!
Enveloppe-moi de ton manteau mortuaire et
entraîne-moi en Enfer!*

*Envahis, embrasse mon âme et plonge-la dans
le Gouffre infernal de l'obscurité totale et
de l'Oubli!*

*Emmène-moi avec toi, sur tes ailes funestes, où
tu voudras!*

*Ah ... je désespère ... j'appelle Morphée ou
Anubis pour apaiser mes souffrances
atroces!*

*Nuit, fais lever ton vent violent, déchaîné et
arrache ma substance vitale! Prends-la!
Elle est à toi ...*

*Pourquoi l'Amour? Pourquoi la Haine?
Pourquoi la Vie? Pourquoi la Mort?
Pourquoi pas tout simplement la mort ...
la vie est une succession de morts ...*

*J'inspire, j'expire ... mais l'air qui entre dans
mes poumons ne les alimente plus ...
ils ne se gonflent plus. ·*

*Ah! le poignard de désespoir s'enfonce dans ma
chair tendre et innocente!*

J'agonise! Je souffre le martyr!

*Ô Nuit ténébreuse, obscure et meurtrière!
Envahis-moi!*

Possède-moi!

Tue-moi! ...

*Car je n'ai de bonheur que de voir le doux
visage de celui que j'aime et il m'a
abandonnée ...*

Il a transpercé mon coeur de mots cruels ...

Il fait nuit dans mon coeur

Poignardé, meurtri souffrance ...

On m'a assassinée!

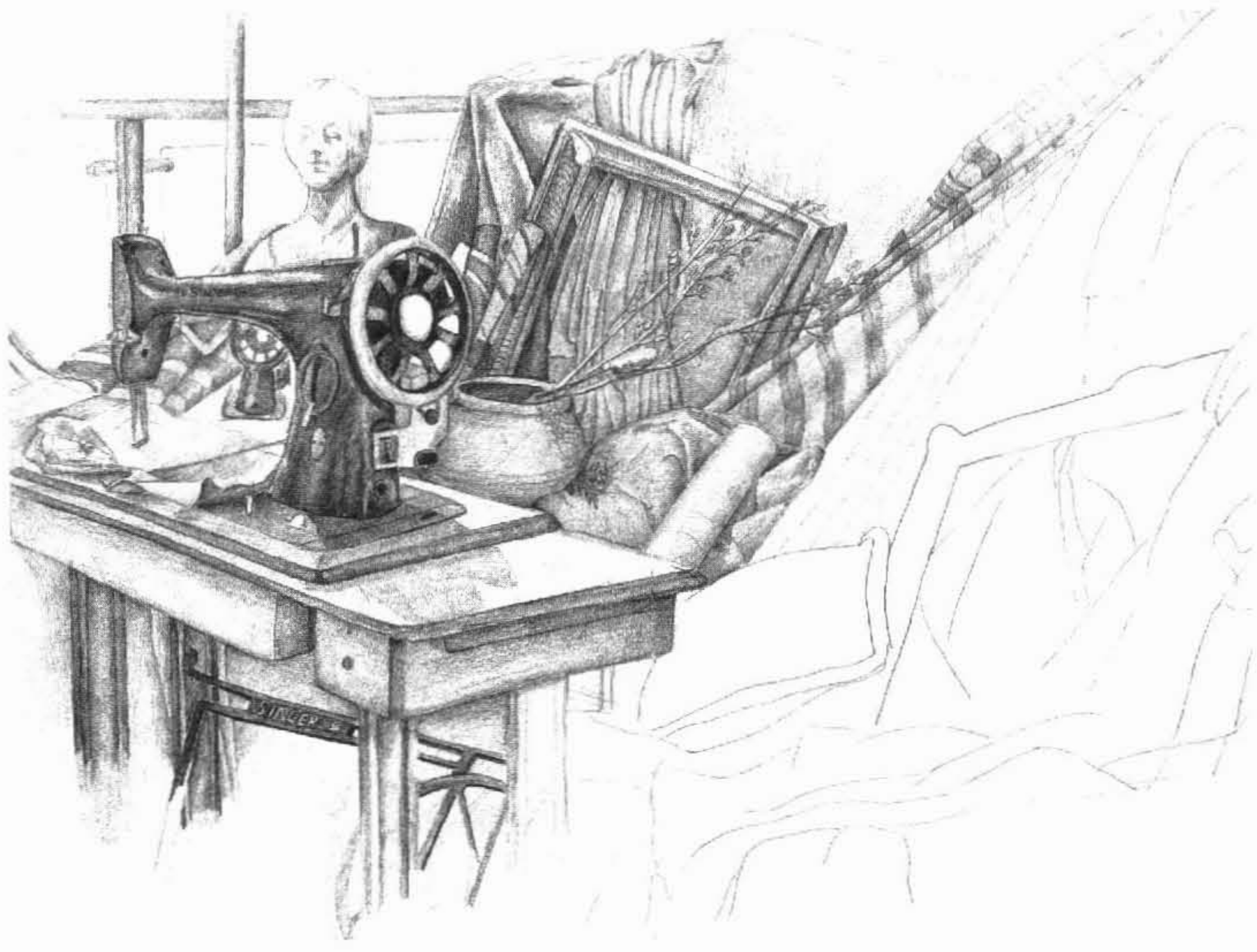
*Ah! ôdieuses souffrances que celles d'un amour
blessé*

Ah! enfin ... mon esprit s'en est allé.

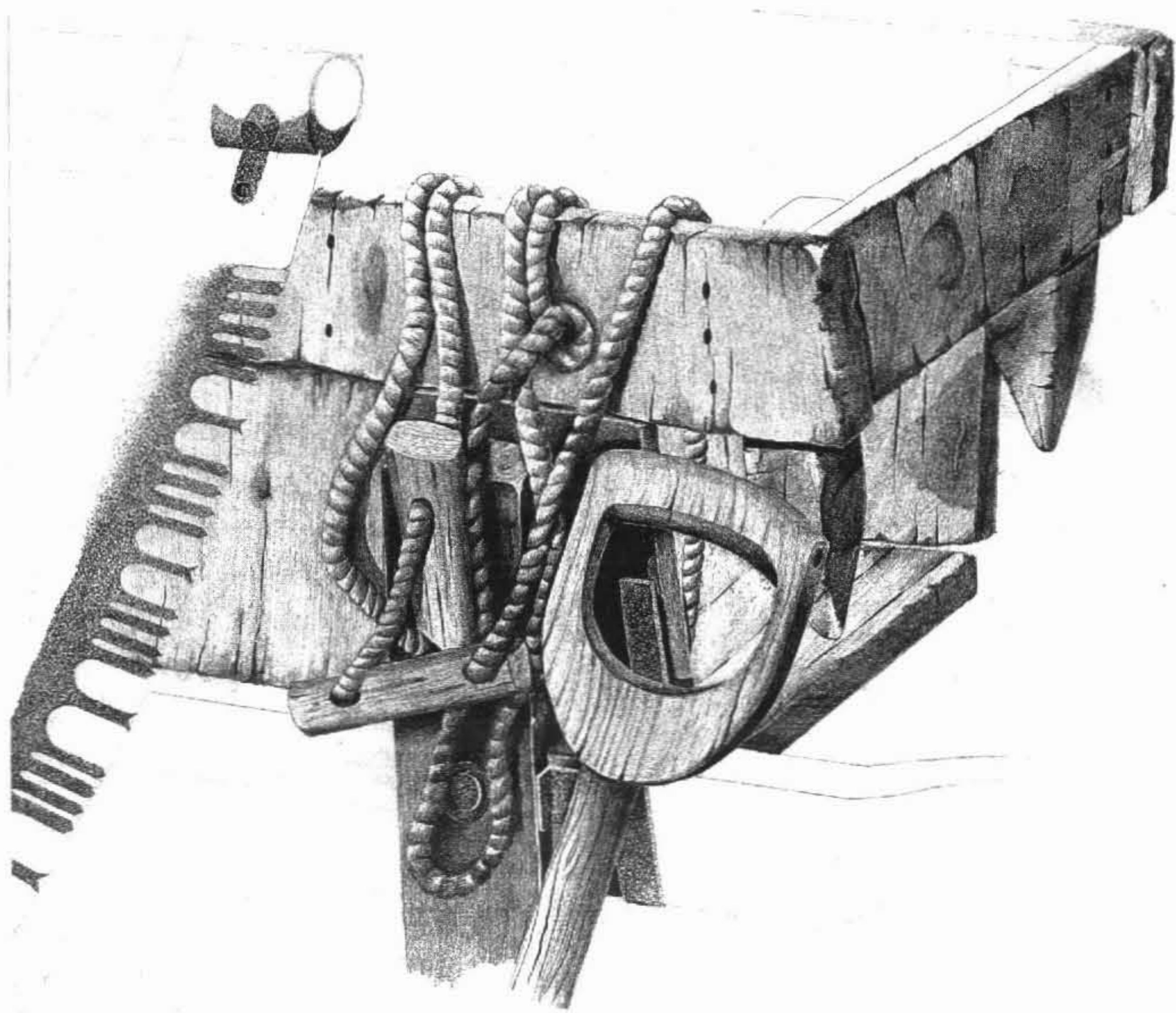
Nadine Thwaites

Nadine Thwaites joined the Stowe community during the summer term. She had already won a scholarship to McGill University and is a bi-lingual French Canadian. Nadine quickly made many friends among the pupils and staff and is looking forward to returning next term.

Susanna C. Benn (MVI)



R. de laT. Atkinson (MVI)



THE LEAN

In the west, the broken sun was sacrificed on a pyre of fire and blood. A sickle-like moon, surrounded by its frosty minions, now guarded the centre of the void. The very sky seemed to circle in the dusk, like some celestial bird of carrion always waiting to quench its inexhaustible hunger in slaughter, waiting to extinguish each damned soul in the cold waters of eternity.

A starry wind bore snowy phantoms across the surreal icy nightscape. Innumerable flickers partially illuminated the black, gaping heavens; below, frosty eldritch winds scoured the last lingering footsteps of mankind from the exposed steppe. And howling across the snowy wastes, borne along by the razor-like winds, descended sleep, the brother and emissary of death.

Tiredness plagued his mind like a torture; cold like an anaesthetic. Every footstep was fainter and more painful than the last. That at least was some comfort; for only death is painless. From time to time mirages of his retreating countrymen were projected onto the soft tumbling flakes of snow, but as soon as he had cried out in hope, the gossamer grains had shifted, and the images returned to the icy warp from which they had been born. Then sleep swept the feet from under him and he landed paralysed on the cushioning snow.

From under closing eyelids, he spotted some delicate movement in the darkness..., a contorted, insubstantial spectre blew gently from the spiralling blizzard: hideous to behold, with wide misshapen black eyes, grimacing mouth and flickering wraith-like limbs and torso, shifting constantly in the ethereal gale. He dismissed it as an hallucination.

And from the darkness came Death.

“Your flight is futile. How could you seek to evade me? I am the eternal master of the fates. I am the certainty that awaits the living, at whose name people tremble, at whose touch all is destroyed. I am Osiris, Hades and Shiva.

“You have been my faithful servant, young soldier, and I have come to take you in my cold embrace; you will serve me and guard me, for I am the greatest marshal of them all, the undefeated, the only victor of countless bloody wars. I am nemesis, murder and hate. I am Death.”

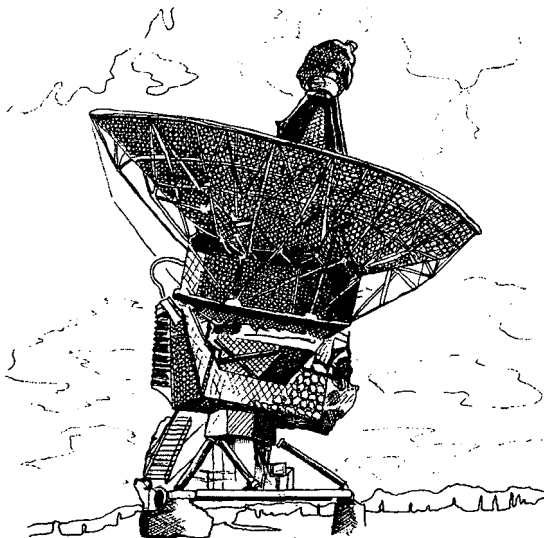
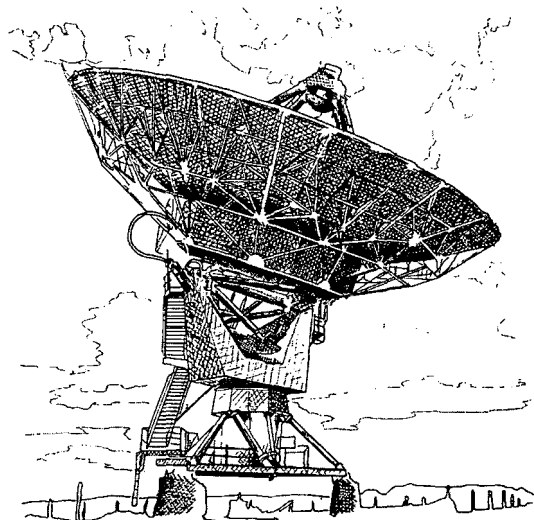
Every breath was growing more painful, his lungs felt crushed, as if a great weight was pressing directly down on them, and it took all his strength to continue inflating them. His struggling mind wrestled with the phantasma that confronted him. He could not, however, banish it.

“Be gone, vile apparition. I have no need of your services yet. I have so much more to do; I will not die unknown and alone,” he exclaimed in a hurried expulsion of breath.

“You are not alone, I will comfort you. I am your ceaseless companion, I have stood before you from birth. I have never left you, even in sleep. What would you think of me if I were to depart now? I am less fickle than hope, and hope deceives you no longer. Come with me, and I will reunite you with your fallen comrades. Listen closely to the wind, and you will hear them call to you. Come, come with me, for resistance is futile.

“I am the angel of death, I am the ferryman. Trust in me and I will give you eternal life.”

“You dare call yourself an angel? You are no more than a common thief. How could I possibly trust in you? The only thing I will trust is life



Metamorphosis

T.S. Moreton (V)

ABHORRED MONSTER

itself." But life, he knew, was gradually deserting him. "As long as I can breathe I will fight your leech-like efforts."

Then, in semi-conscious blur, he was marginally aware of a shadowy figure in the distant snow-storm, and made a desperate effort to call out. But his words were borne away by the banshee wind.

"Come to me and I will end your agony. I am well acquainted with those you love. Perhaps I shall visit them one night, and kiss them softly while they sleep: the kiss of death...unless of course you come with me now."

"You have no power over them, you are but a shabby fraud. If you had the power of life or death, why not extinguish my life now?" he whispered in reply.

"Do you take me for a murderer? I offer you the chance of eternal life."

"My mind has, alas, deprived me of that last humane comfort."

"I didn't expect to find you an atheist, my friend."

"I am no atheist," he replied.

"How can one not believe in heaven, and yet believe in God, blasphemer? Is this the reason you will not relinquish life...for fear of hell?"

"I do not expect to find God in death."

"Yet doesn't Pascal say, if you believe in God and there is a heaven, you gain the ultimate prize. If you believe in God, and there isn't a heaven, you lose nothing, for there is nothing to lose. If you

don't believe in God, and there is a heaven, you lose everything you could possibly want, and if you don't believe in God, and there isn't a heaven, you again lose nothing."

"But I believe in God, not yet in heaven."

"Let me assure you then of its authenticity," Death hissed malevolently. And then more gently, "Do you not value the word of the Bible?"

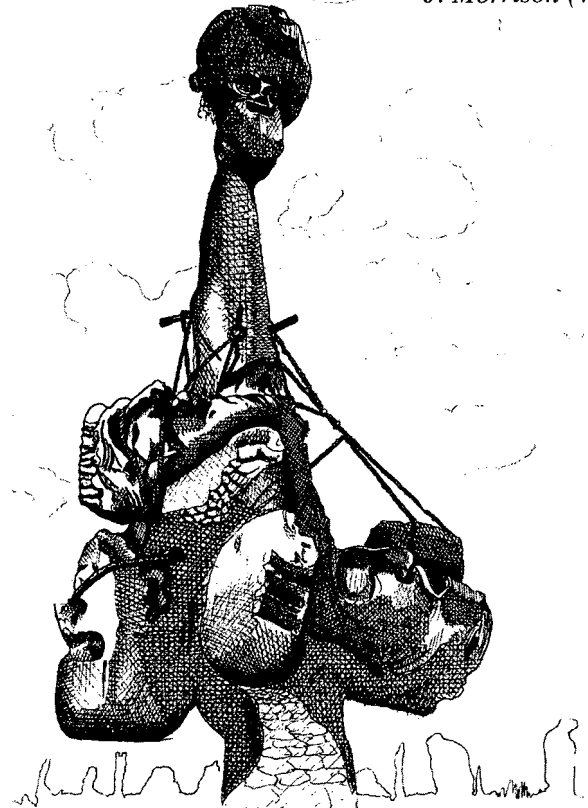
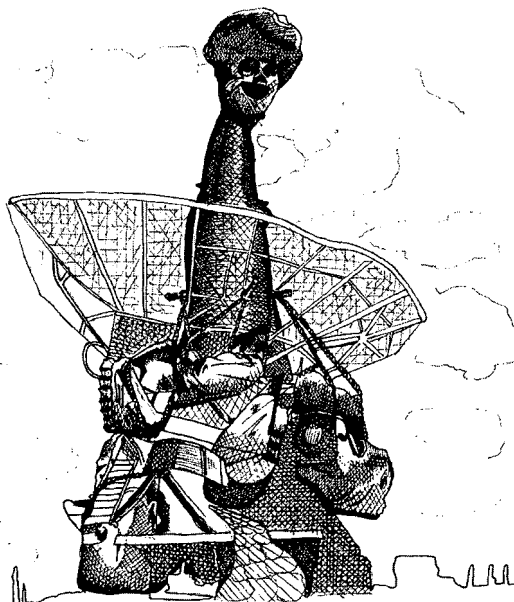
"Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me... and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

The pale moon had reached the zenith of its scimitar-like course when the man finished speaking. Afraid to shut his aching eyes whilst death maintained a steady vigil, he steeled himself to wait for dawn, and the possibility of attracting the white figure that had passed once more that night...

The soldier suddenly came around and realised that he had been asleep. The snow storm had moved on in the night and the wind had been stilled. He woke to see a pale lemon sun shining timidly in the grey morning haze. A single diamond-like star pierced the azure sky, and death, tiring of the chase, had fled with the last silent shadows of night. It was indeed a beautiful dawn.

And then he died.

J. Morrison (V)



HONG KONG'S FUTURE

A Stoic's view of the territory up to and post 1997

Hong Kong, the world's eleventh largest trading economy, ceases to be a British Crown Colony and is 'handed back' to the People's Republic of China at midnight on 30th June, 1997. That much is fact and is for the most part common knowledge. But what is going to happen to Hong Kong in the 3-4 years until the handover and immediately afterwards? The real truth is that nobody really knows, but I will attempt to air my view on the subject and on a possible future awaiting Hong Kong.

The island of Hong Kong was ceded to Britain by Imperial China in 1841, with the Kowloon peninsula following in 1860 and, finally, the New Territories, which include the many outlying islands coming under British administration in 1898. Hong Kong island and Kowloon were ceded in perpetuity but the New Territories were acquired under a 99 year lease which expires in 1997. In 1984 Britain and China signed the Sino-British Joint Declaration, according to which Britain agreed to hand over all of Hong Kong upon the expiration of the New Territories lease. The Joint Declaration establishes Hong Kong as a semi-autonomous Special Administrative Region (HKSAR) with a pledge from China that Hong Kong's free market economy lifestyle and capitalist policies will remain unchanged for the next 50 years. Hong Kong's constitution will be the Basic Law under which all rights and privileges are protected. Laws currently in force will be preserved as will the independent judicial power.

The biggest threat to the smooth changeover is China itself. The events of 4th June 1989 in Beijing awoke public outrage and fear in the territory, driving home the point that China was still a Communist country with an enormous army and a less than enviable human rights record. The main worry is what will they do if a similar situation arises in Hong Kong after the handover? Another problem facing Hong Kong is the 'brain drain'. This is the ever increasing flow of the highly educated middle and upper classes of Chinese seeking foreign passports, who then leave once they have

been granted them. The results of the problem are hard to assess in the short term but could lead to a vacuum in senior and middle management positions in years to come, forcing up wages, which may act as a disincentive for future business to invest in the region.

Hong Kong has consistently over the years enjoyed a high and steady rate of real GDP growth, the average from 1980-1990 being +6.7%. As with all economies, the worry is that this may not be sustainable or may overheat as the Chinese economy is doing at present. Alternatively, the growth could stop as 1997 draws near and turn into a decline after the changeover.

Economic vitality keeps Hong Kong alive, and it will be market forces which will in the end decide its future. Democracy, Communism and politics as a whole are incidental, as long as they do not interfere with the basic occupation of most people: that is, making as much money as possible in the time provided. But the problem is that China may put ideology before securing a stable future for the territory, especially if the Chinese rulers see Hong Kong's liberal ways - a source of political infection - as threatening the stability of Chinese society elsewhere. Hong Kong is very much at the mercy of China and the fear that it may simply ignore the terms of the Joint Declaration and the Basic Law is a very real one, if unlikely. This would send business confidence tumbling and, at worst, trigger a collapse in the whole economy of the territory. But it is my opinion that it is in China's best interests to keep Hong Kong as it is under the administration of the HKSAR. The mainland has invested heavily in Hong Kong and vice versa, so there is too much money involved for politics to overcome economic realities. China may shake its fist and make threats in the run-up to the handover, but I believe China will allow Hong Kong to prosper well into the next century.

H.G. Preston (MVI)

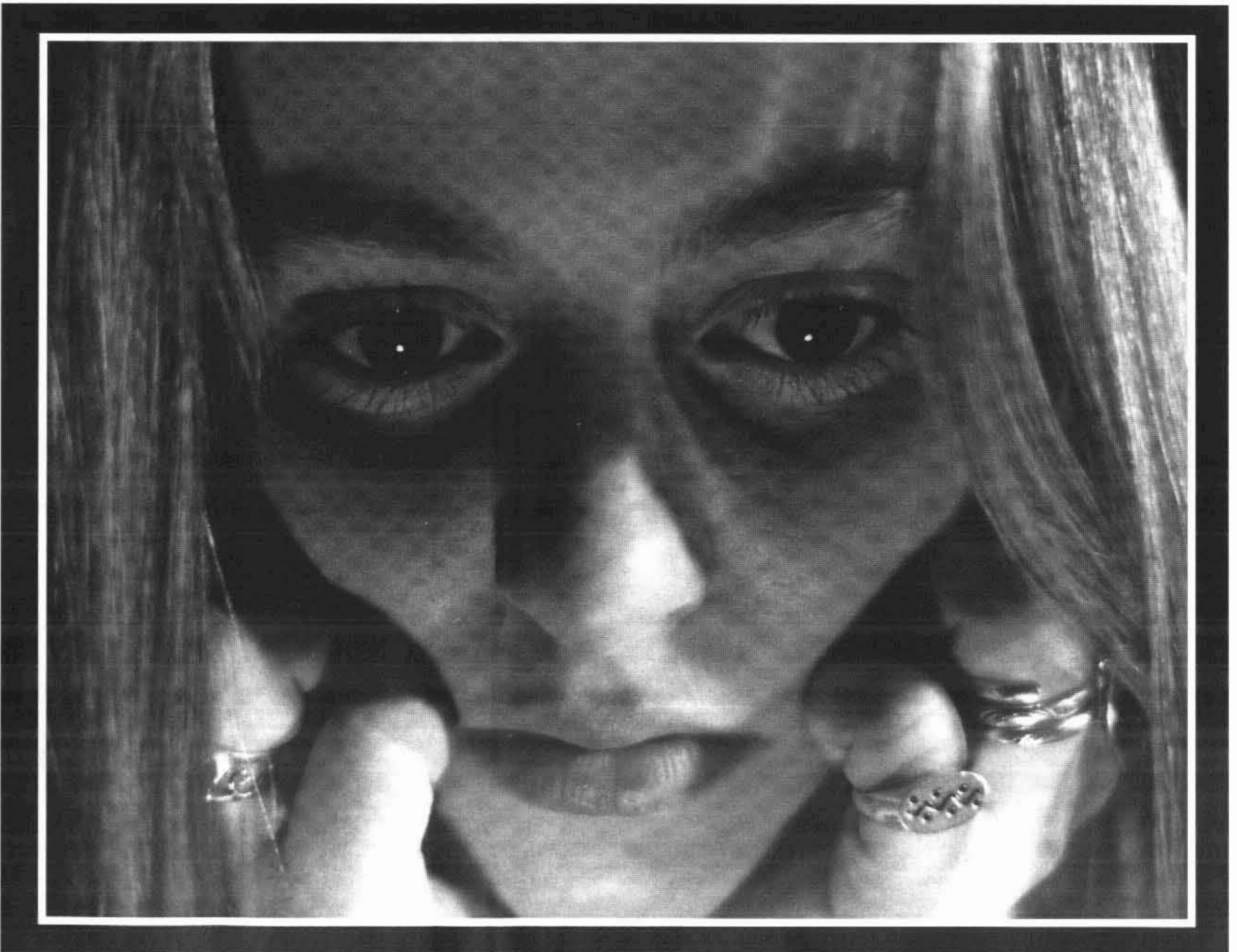
PORTRAITS



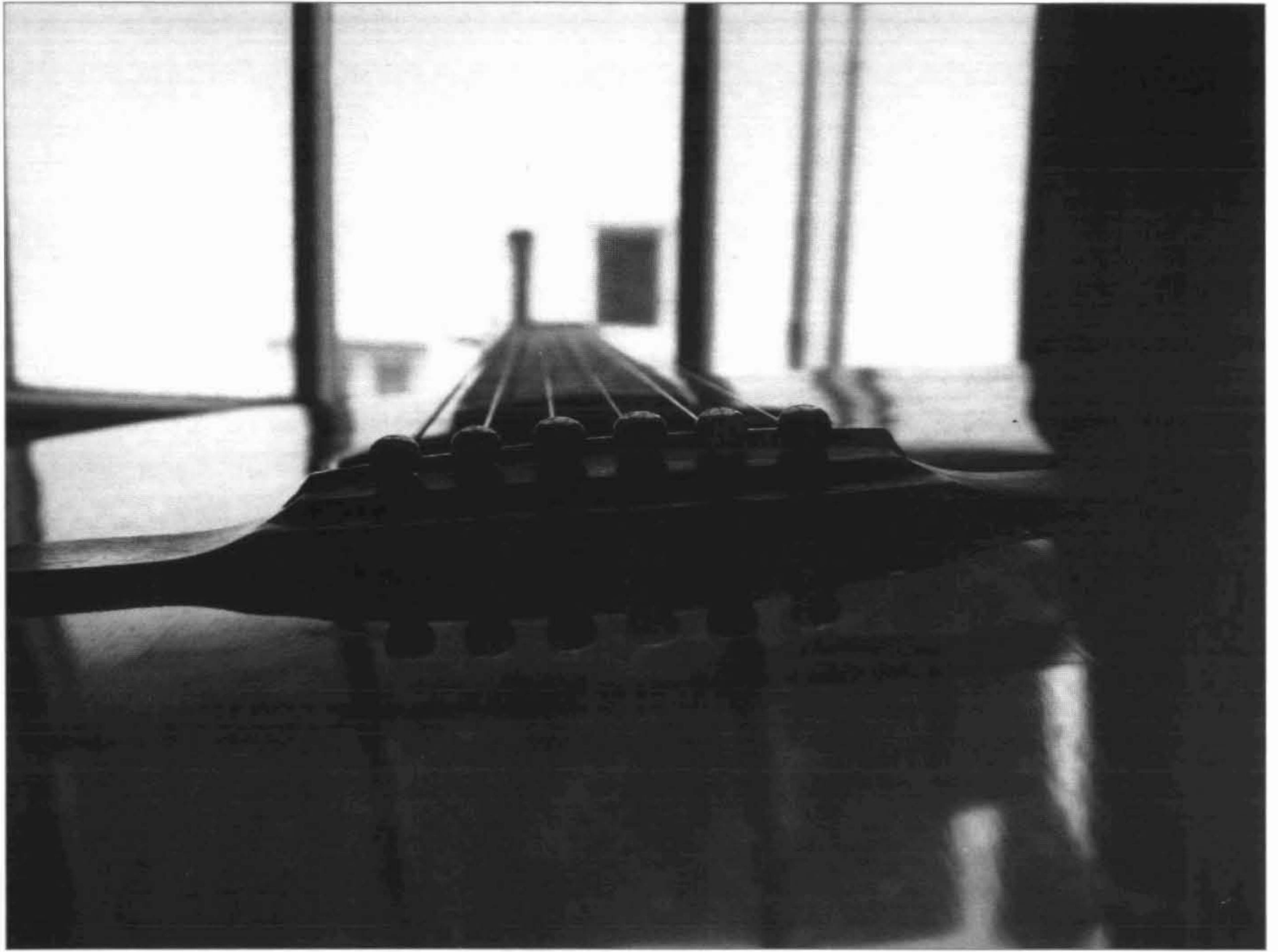
Caroline Shasha by A.W.A. Swainston (LVI)



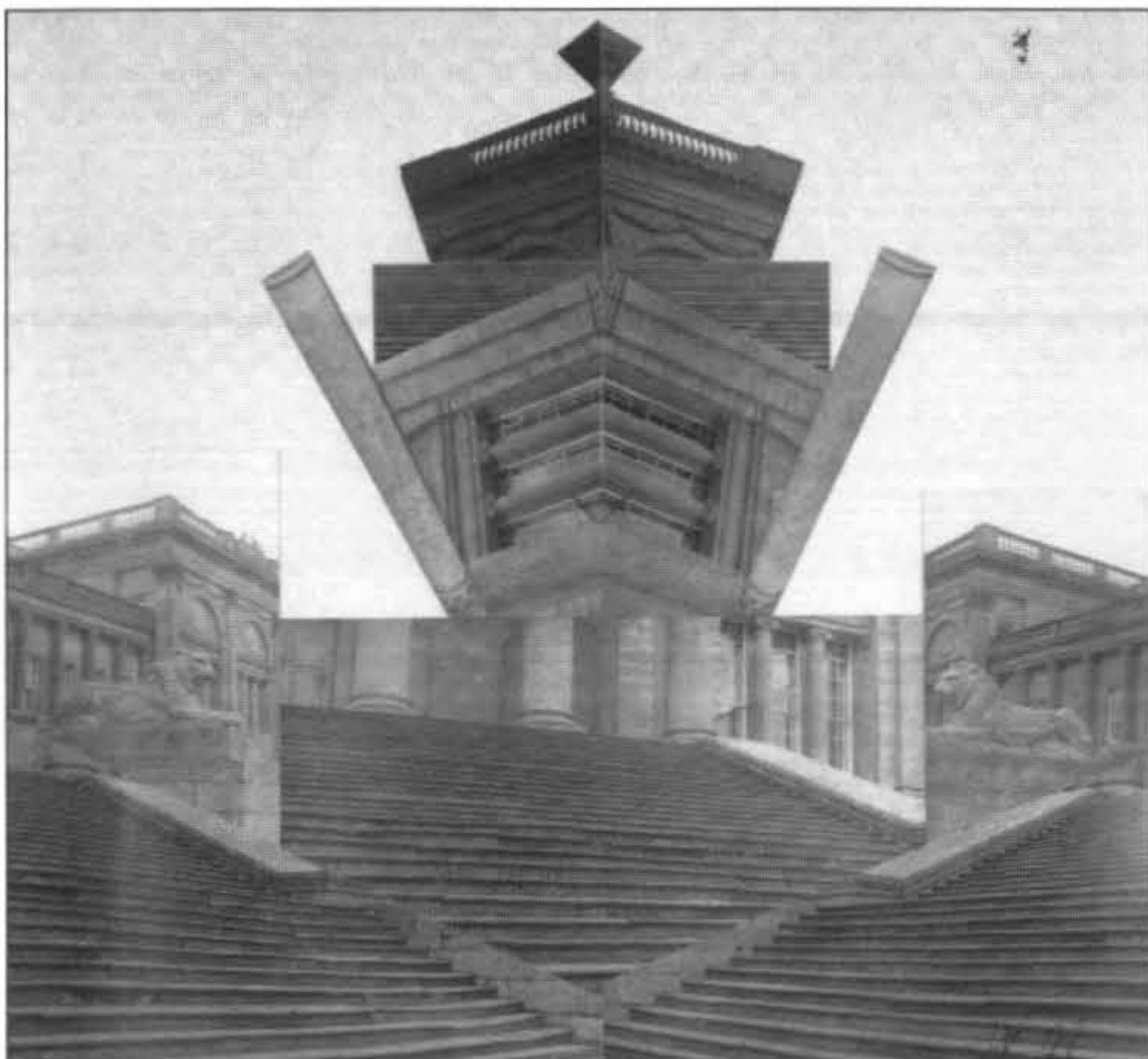
Sarah McBeath by Kate Melber (LVI)



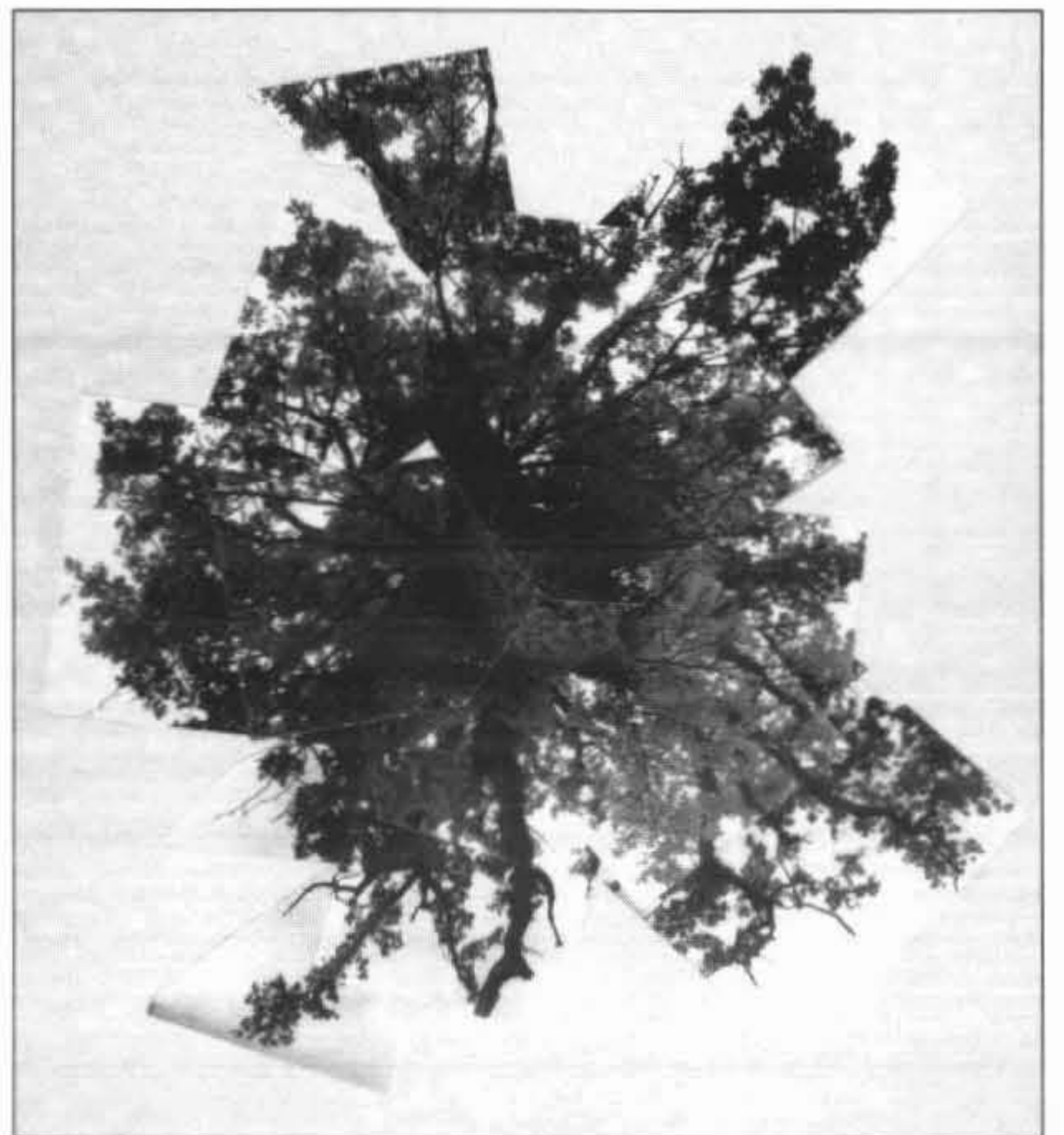
Chelser Clarke by D.R.T. Oldridge (LVI)



Photograph by Richard Stultienns



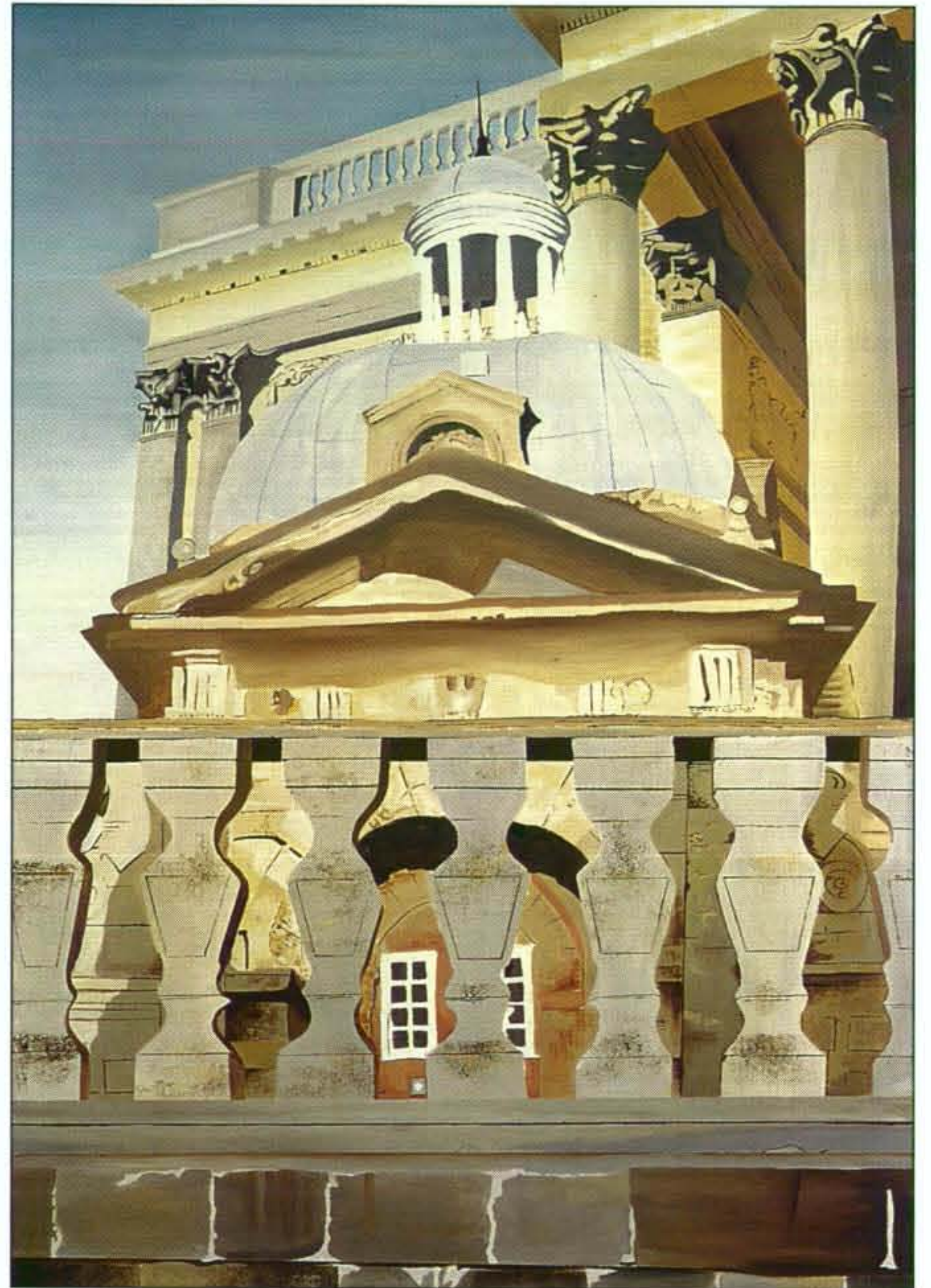
Reconstruction by N.J.R. Pinkney (LVI)



Global Trees by J.M. Furse-Roberts (LVI)



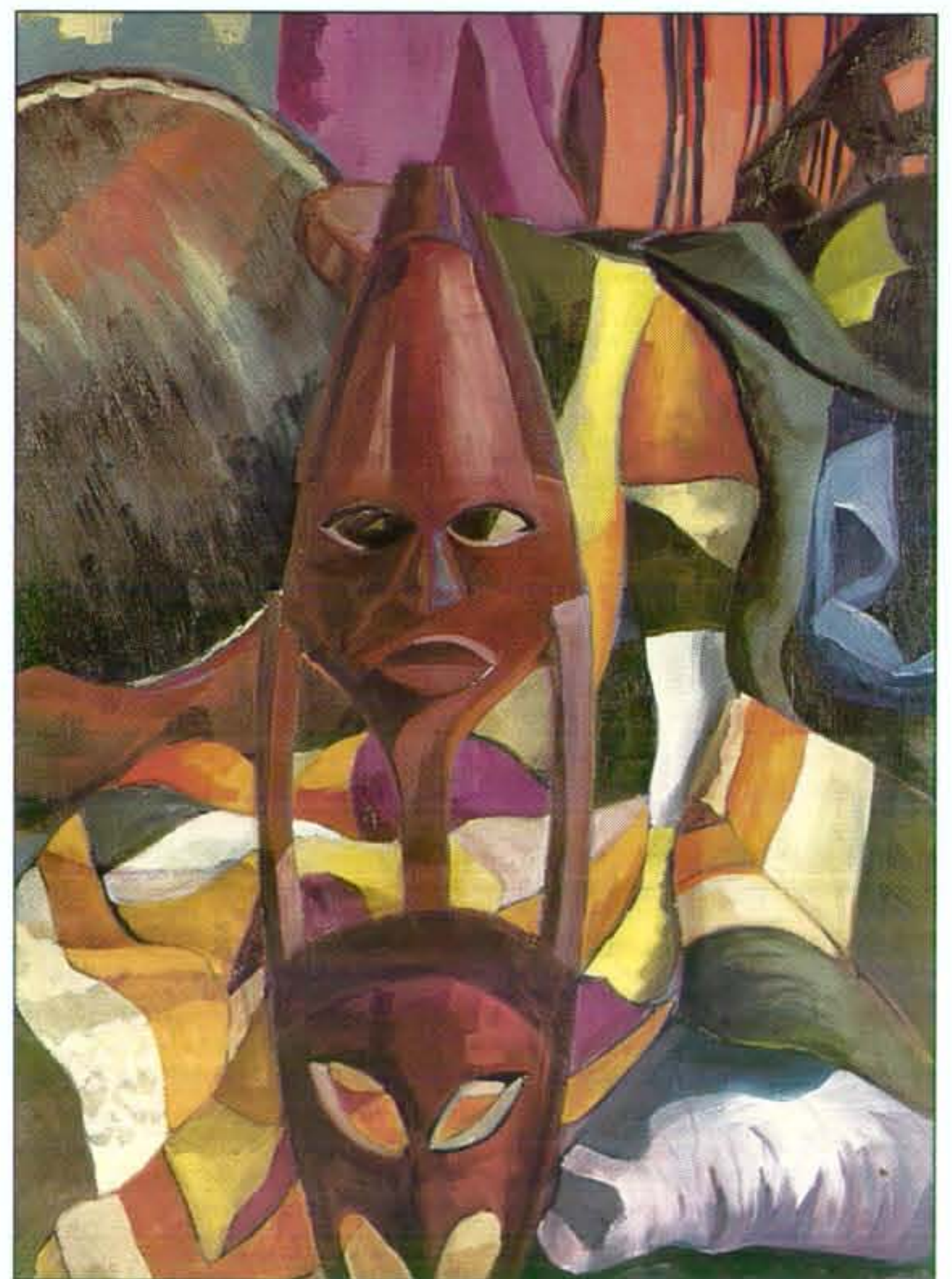
H.D. Baird (MVI)



L.R.J. Ridley (MVI)



D.B. Scott (MVI)



D.B. Scott (MVI)



H.D. Baird (MVI)



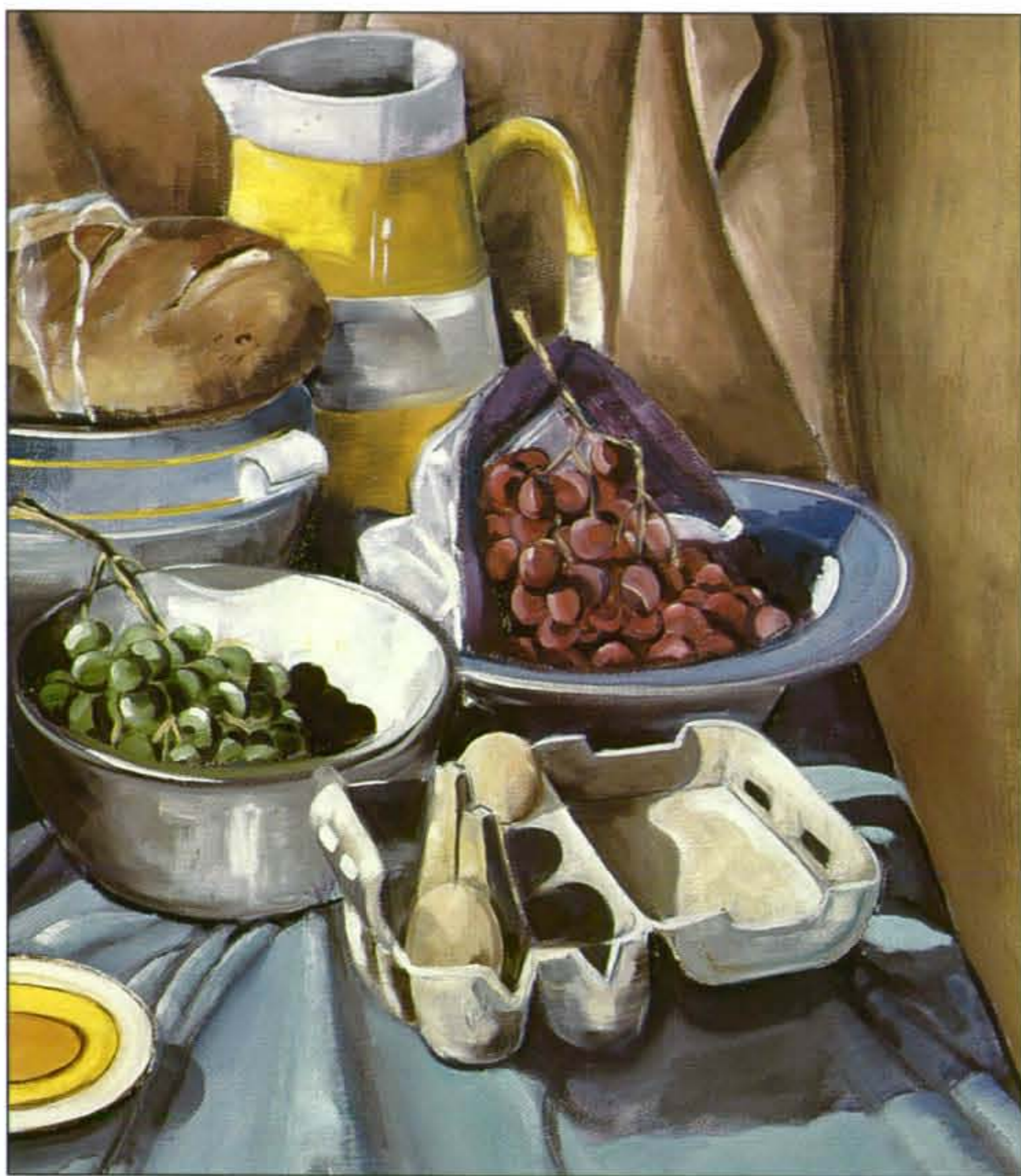
R. de la T. Atkinson (MVI)



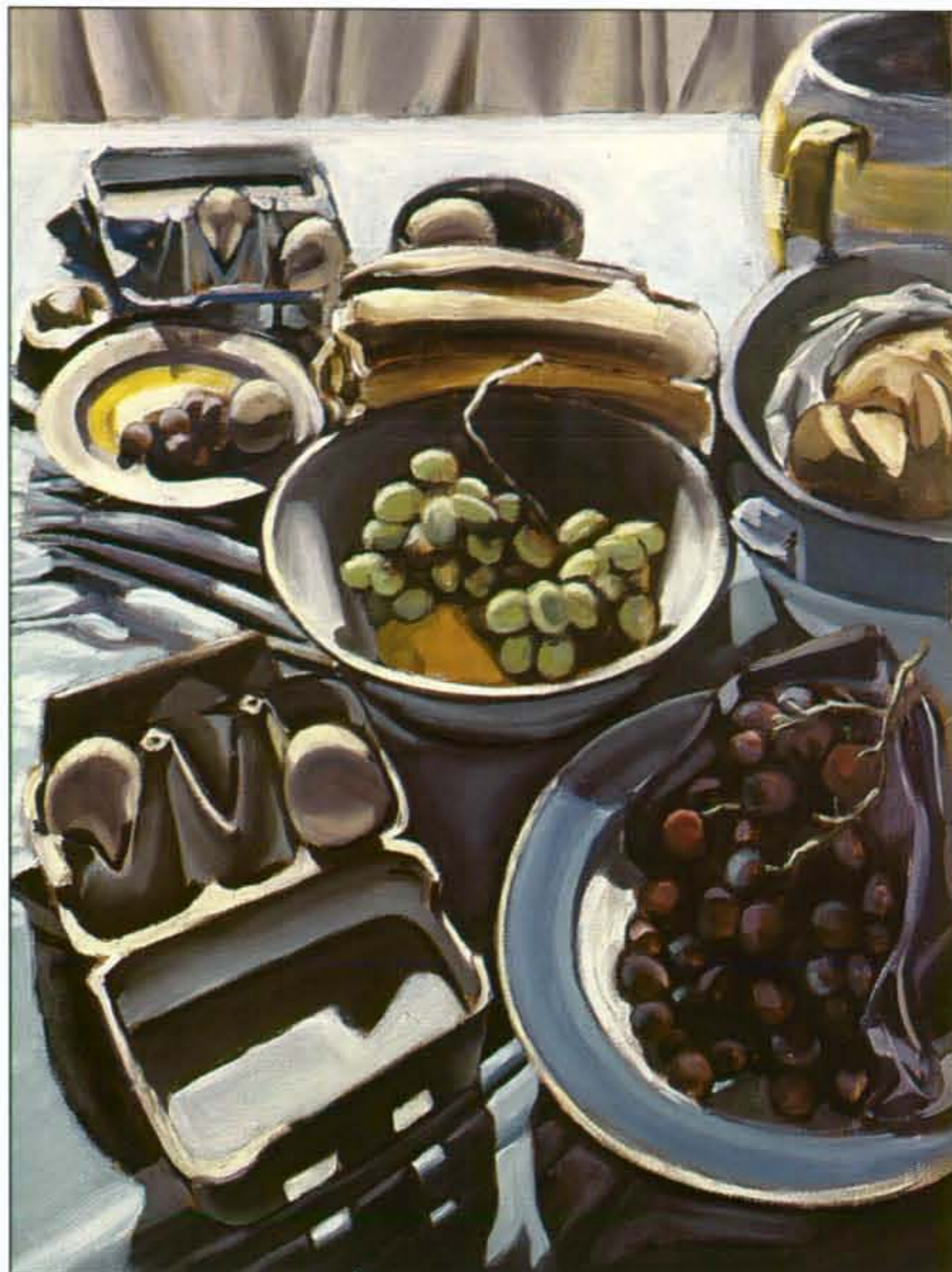
A.S. MacLeod (MVI)



Virginia H. Holmes (MVI)



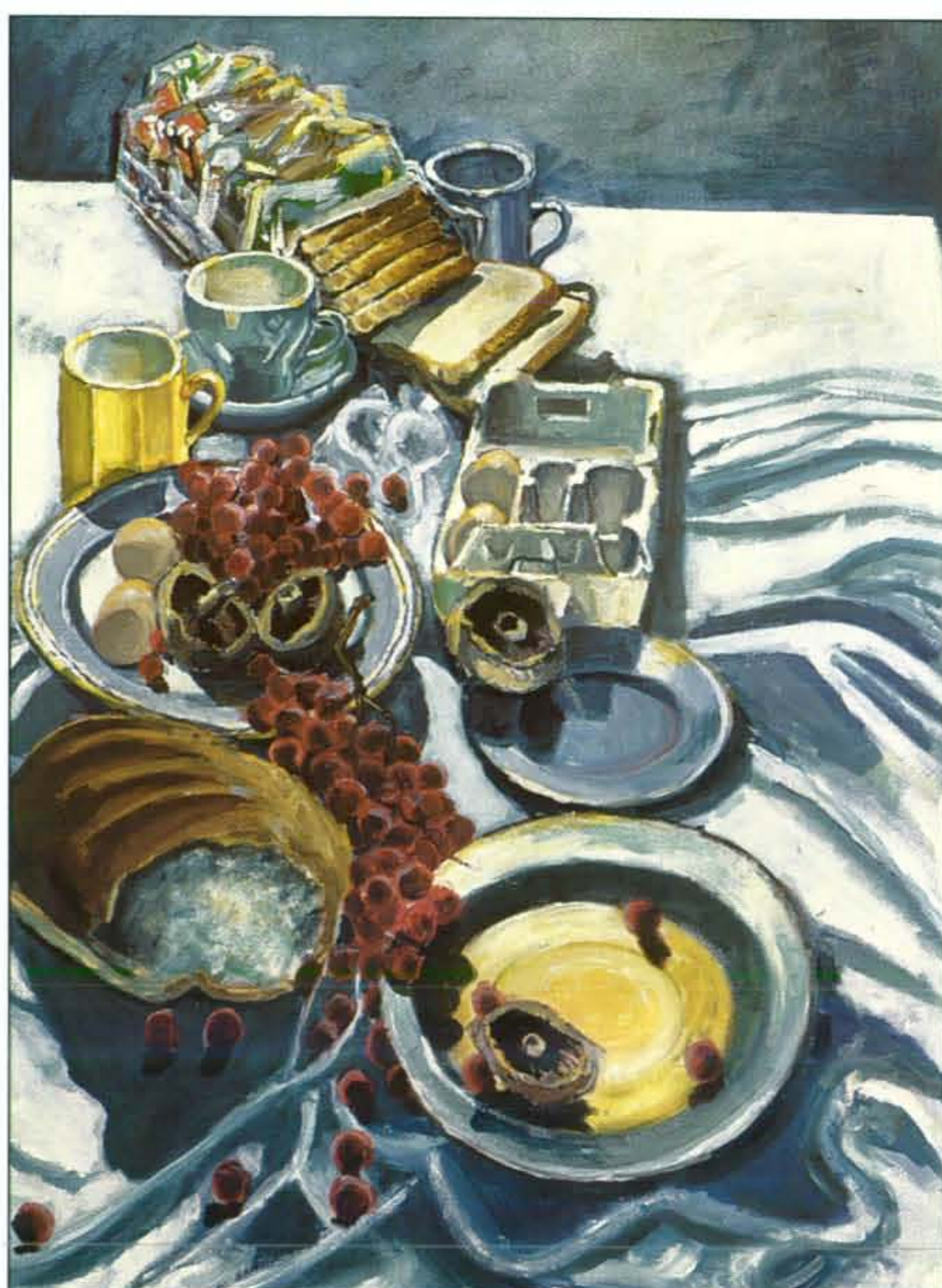
D.H. Parker (MVI)



N.P. Leith-Smith (MVI)



Kate P. Finch-Knightley (MVI)



Wendy G. Saunt (MVI)

EXPEDITIONS



Himalayan Rhododendron in full bloom

Nic Tissot

Nepal



Nic Tissot

One of the safer bridges, Syabru Bensi



AFTER two days of intensive training for the task ahead, learning basic climbing skills and how to be culturally sensitive in Nepal, we set off for the Himalayan mountain range.

On arrival at Katmandu airport, after a lengthy flight, the twenty team members immediately experienced culture shock. Our first encounter with the locals was when we had reclaimed our rucksacks and were waiting for the bus. Crowds of children aged no more than ten harassed us for spare foreign coins.

Our hotel was located in the densely populated district of Thamel, where we took a hot shower and a cold beer. We couldn't walk down the long narrow crowded streets without volatile salesmen trying to

sell bangers, knives and other souvenirs. The numerous temples and figures of Gods by contrast made the city seem peaceful and harmonious.

Owing to the pollution and primitive sanitation, the city had a permanent smog lingering above it, yet the people were kind and welcoming.

No one in the team was really prepared for the approaching experience, no one knew what they had got themselves into. After our equipment check and water sterilisation, we left for a ten hour journey to Dhunche on an old, decrepit bus. This was to be the most frightening bus journey of my life. The thought of plummeting hundreds of metres down a hill side was always in my mind!

At 17,500 ft the team that attempted the peak.

Standing: Ashley Jones, Adam Carling, Jamie Biddulph, Max Whale, ST, Dr Karen Forbes, Dr John Dallimore.

Sitting: Nawan, Alistair Gemmell, Fury, Andrew Bates.



Our first day's trek was one of the most testing and protracted of the whole trip; our bodies had to adapt to a different diet, arduous exercise and a new climate.

All of us were overwhelmed by the picturesque scenery which hitherto had only been seen in books or paintings. The vastness and loneliness of the mountains were unbelievable. Yet there was an instant friendship between us and the soil we were walking on.

By the second day our acclimatisation was progressing; people had already fallen ill, and although most of us were recovering we were getting increasingly tired. We had crossed some of the world's most rickety bridges and dangerous trails as we approached the tree line.

The porters and sherpas that accompanied us were fascinating to watch. The porters would run on ahead of us, each carrying approximately three rucksacks. They wore little clothing, their shoes looked as if they had been on many other treks, and they were always smiling.

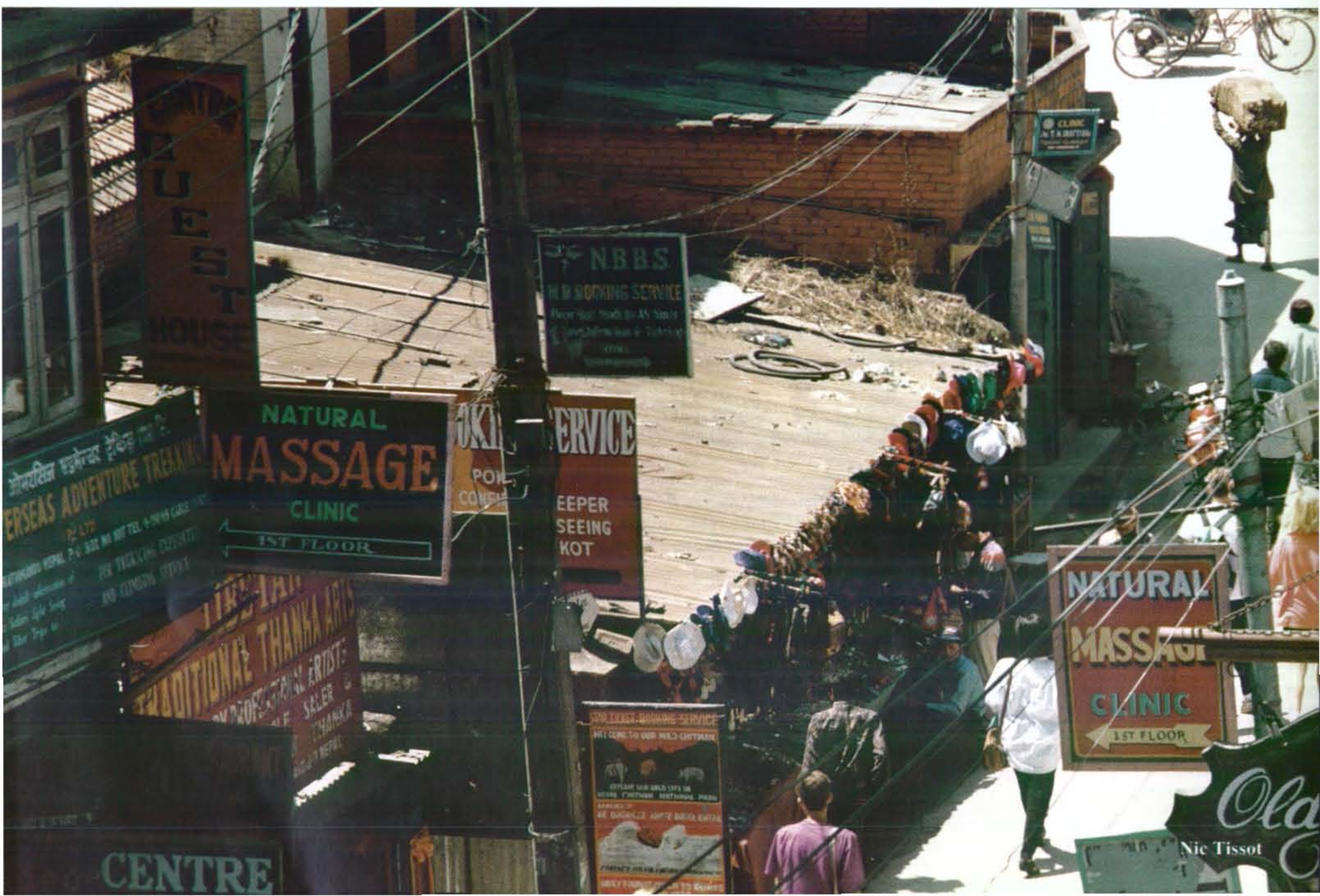


Nic Tissot

Aspirations in Katmandu

Having crossed the tree line and felt the change in temperature at about 10,000 ft, we took a drug called *Diomox* to help prevent altitude sickness. We were nearing the snow line. On the way up we witnessed a cremation in one of the loveliest little hamlets in the valley.

Katmandu street viewed from the 2nd floor of a restaurant



Nic Tissot

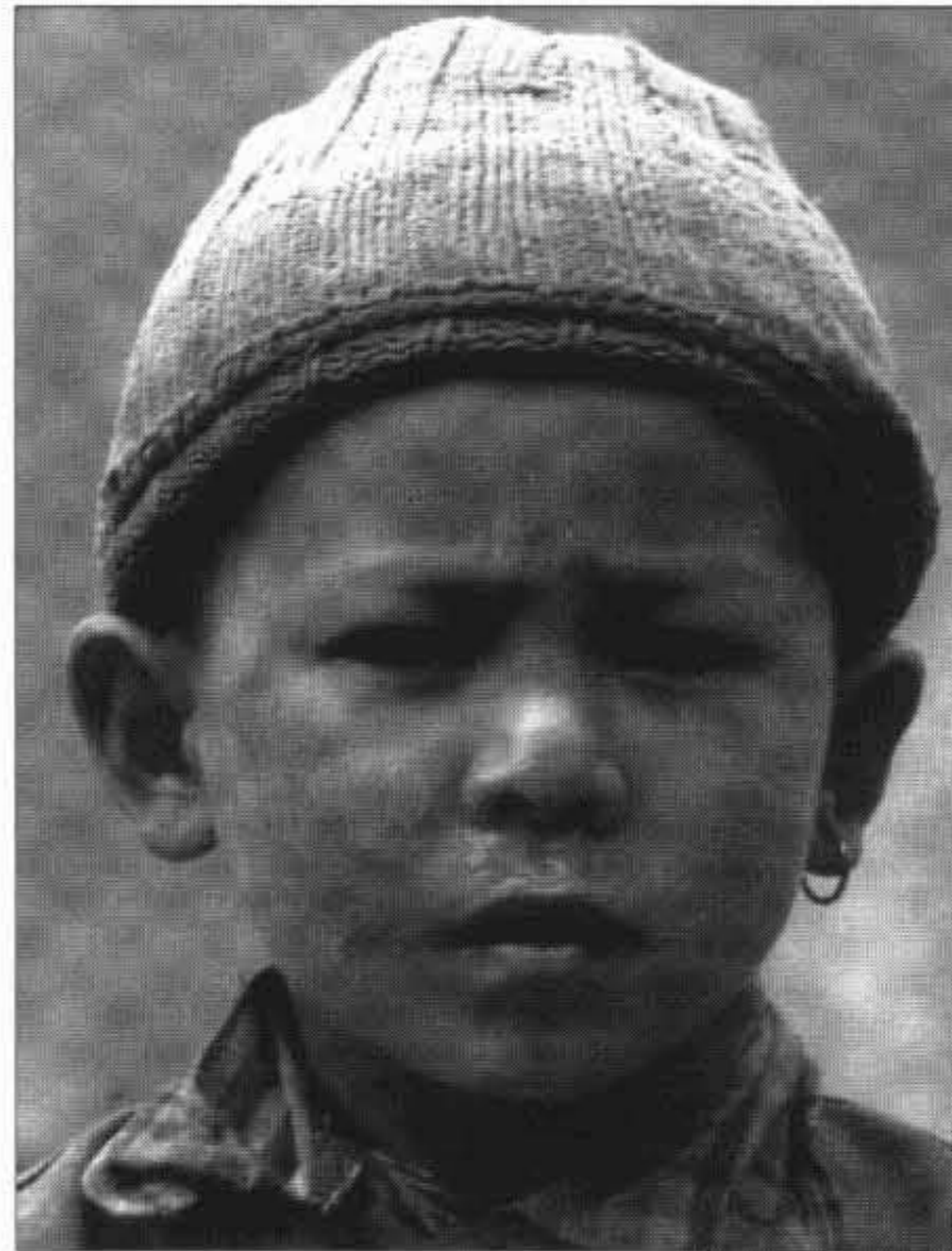
Our first encounter with the snow was not a pleasant one. It was deep and soft, which made it hard to walk on. This was the reason why later we had to attempt to climb a different peak. Above the snow line we were able to enjoy the most breathtaking views. The panoramas will haunt me for as long as I live.

It was extremely hard camping in the snow. People were mentally preparing for the ascent on the Ganjatha Peak at 5,463 m, after what had already been a very hard day's climb. A hot cup of muddy tea made with melted snow was our 2.00 a.m. wake-up call. The temperature was about -30°C and the water in the bottles had become ice. No one wanted to get up. At about 5.00 a.m. eleven members of the group were on their way. It was nearly light and the climb would be very demanding. At first morale was low, but as we neared the peak it increased. However, by about 10.00 a.m. we had made a decision to return to high camp because several members could no longer feel their feet. What had been the worst snow conditions in many years had defeated us. We were able to reach a height of 5,000 m. There was a slight sense of depression among us. I think we were all disappointed to have got so far and not have made it to the top. After a packed lunch and time to allow our feet to thaw, we started our descent to low camp. We had marched a total of nine hours on this day.

We were now on our way home. The worst was over with. It was sad to end our trek, a trek which had required great stamina and physical fitness. We had all learnt a lot about leadership and adjusting to problems during the most testing days of our lives.

We had been mesmerised by the snow, the forests, the sky and the vastness of the region. Our outlooks had changed because of what we had witnessed, we had become more aware and appreciative of life. Less will be taken for granted. We realise how lucky we are only when we see the poverty in which others live. This expedition was the most beneficial experience of my life – I would recommend this trip to anyone. I would like to thank everyone who made this trip possible for me – Nepal has to be the 8th wonder of the world.

Nic Tissot

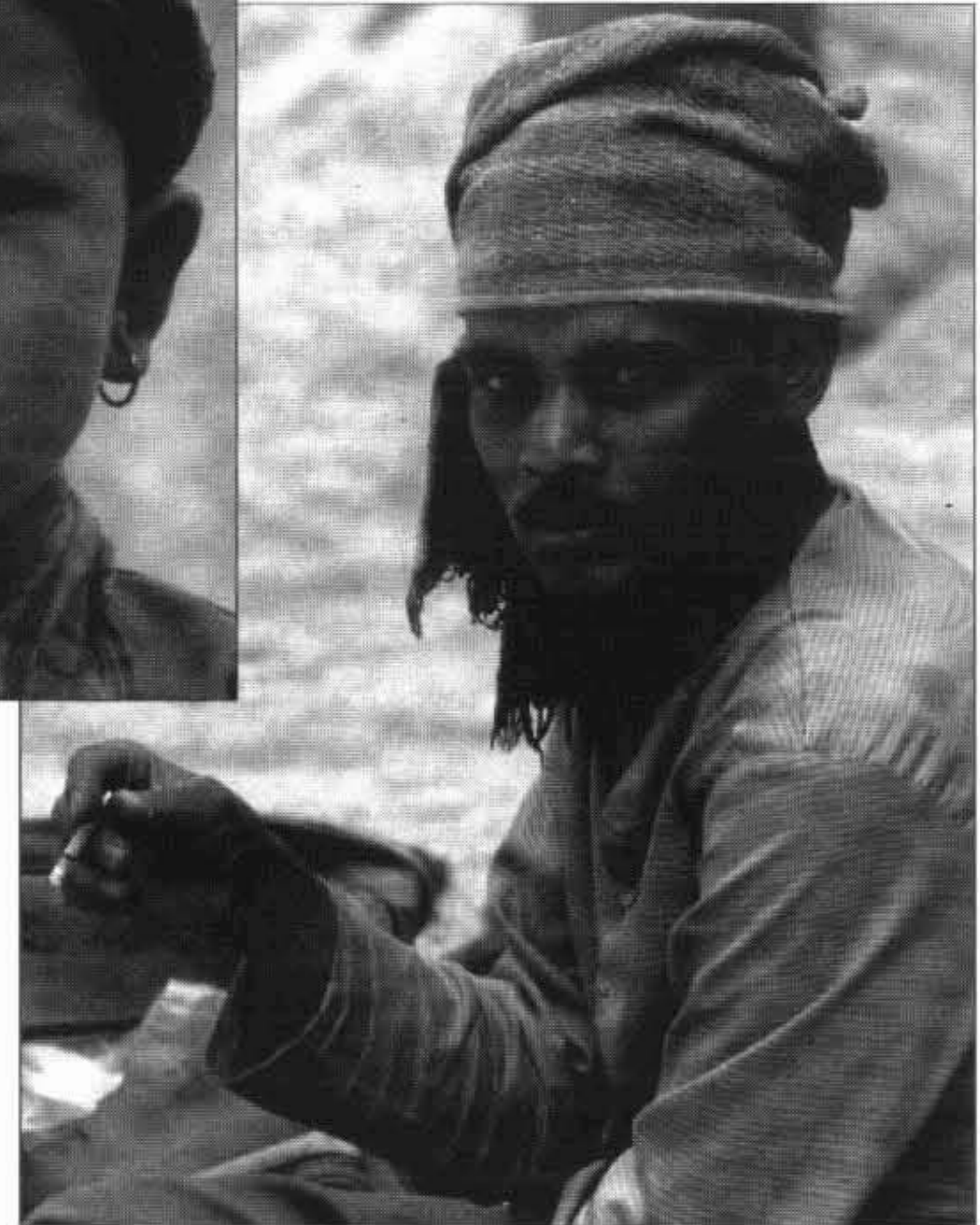


Left: Xenophobia

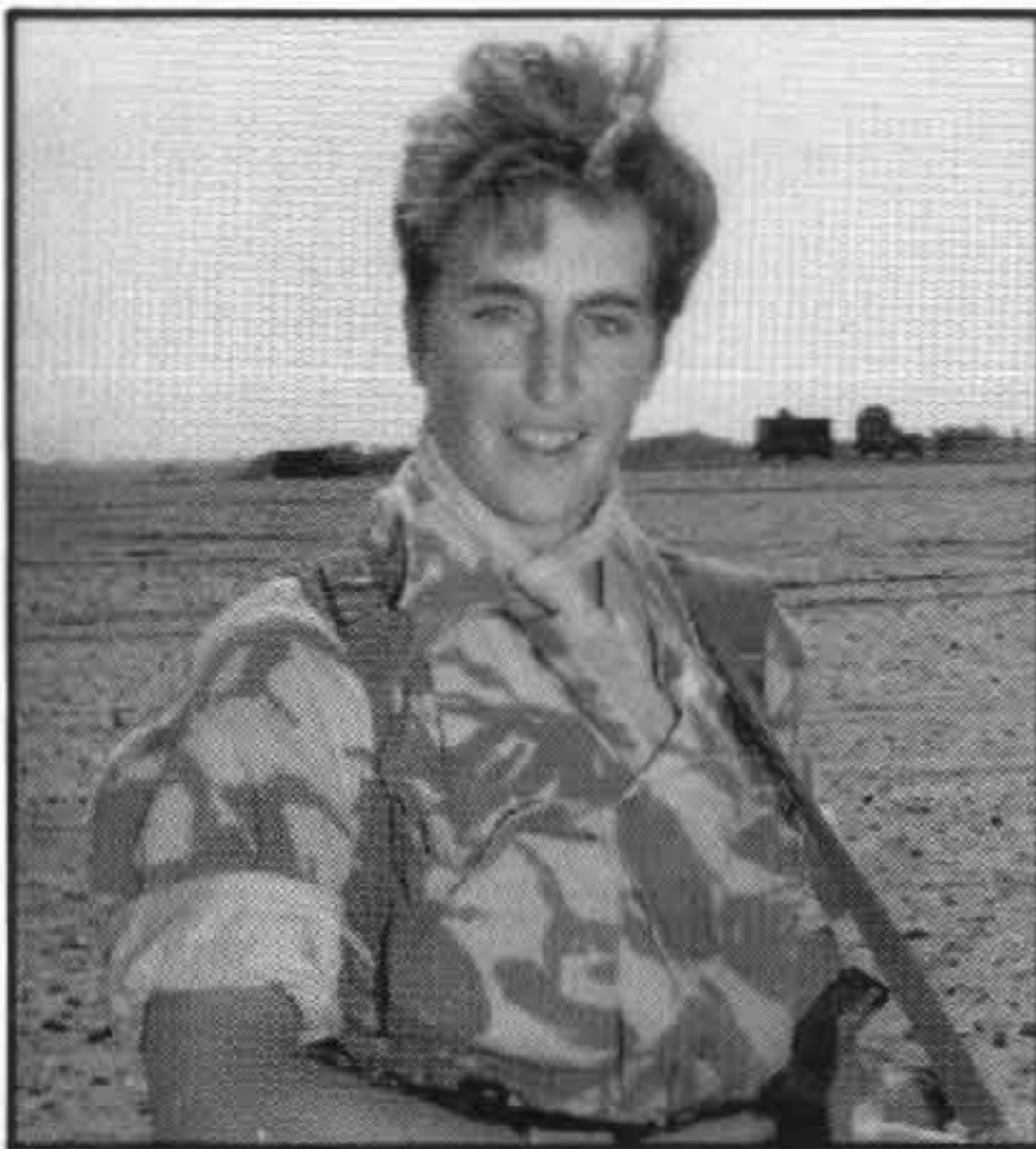
Below: Tea Break

Bottom: Family in Bukharu

Nic Tissot



“The best GAP year of all my contemporaries”



“It was very rewarding for me to be able to lead my own troop. I feel now that I am ready to go to University as a much more mature, experienced and capable young woman”.

“Apart from the actual exercises in the Yakima Desert there was the opportunity for visits to Seattle and more skiing in the Cascade Mountains”.



“I wanted adventure and travel, an opportunity to practise my organisational and management skills, and to be given responsibility... I honestly don't see how I could have used my year off in a more complete and worthwhile way”.



“I have done things most people will never do – parachuting, abseiling from helicopters, sailing, living in snow holes. I have been to a wide range of countries, seen fantastic Norwegian valleys and bleak Falkland Island hills – and best of all I have been paid for it!”.

The above quotes are from some who gained a SHORT SERVICE LIMITED COMMISSION in the Army between school and University. This can last between 4 and 12 months and there is NO FURTHER COMMITMENT to the Army afterwards. It provides TRAVEL, VARIETY and RESPONSIBILITY – and pay at over £9,000 pa. The training time at Sandhurst is short and consequently the standard set at the selection board is high. Successful candidates usually have high academic ability, they have frequently been prefects or leading members of school societies or sports teams and had wide interests and a sense of adventure. If you think you could accept the CHALLENGE involved please contact:

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THE MCELWEE TRAVEL SCHOLARSHIPS

For many years Stoics have been enabled to travel in Britain and abroad in search of history thanks to annual awards instituted in memory of Bill McElwee, a former History Tutor. This year's winners write about their different experiences.

Following in the footsteps of Giuseppe Garibaldi

The year 1860 saw the unification of Southern Italy and Sicily by Giuseppe Garibaldi. Having travelled most of his life, he had become a legendary leader in battle. It was this man whom Guy Edwards and I decided to follow on a McElwee Travel Scholarship.

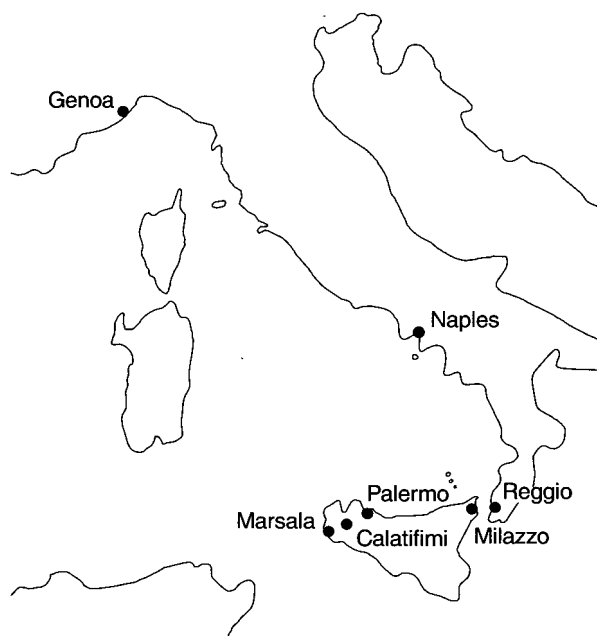
Garibaldi set out on 6th May 1860 from Genoa where he sailed to the Port of Marsala on the island of Sicily. In contrast, our journey started at 9.00 a.m. on Saturday 21st August 1993, after a very good party the night before! We took a train from London to Palermo (stopping off in Rome for a Macdonalds!) and arrived in Palermo at 7.30 a.m. Monday morning.

From his position in Marsala, Garibaldi appointed himself Dictator of Sicily. The Sicilians, seeing good in his intentions, rebelled against the oppressing Bourbon troops and rallied round him. With this sudden influx of men joining his original thousands, he gained force and won his first decisive battle at Calatiformi. On the surge of this conquest, in late May, he took Palermo.

Our first day in Palermo was fairly chaotic. We went straight from our hotel to the local tourist office, which was decidedly unhelpful. From there we rushed from closed museums to closed libraries for some four hours. It was later on in the afternoon when we eventually found what we were looking for: the Admiral's Bridge, over which Garibaldi fought to conquer Palermo.

After a fairly rough night we managed to find an early bus to Calatiformi which got us there at 11 o'clock. The residents of this small town were the only people who seemed genuinely proud of their part in the history of their country and were only too pleased to send us in the right direction. We had a very good lunch in a small café and got back to Palermo by five o'clock where we headed straight for the train station to book tickets for the next day's journey.

Garibaldi continued on across Sicily and crossed onto the mainland from Milazzo. His men stormed the beaches of Reggio di Calabria in the middle of the night and he forced the Bourbon troops up into



the town's castle from where, after a long siege, the defeated men surrendered.

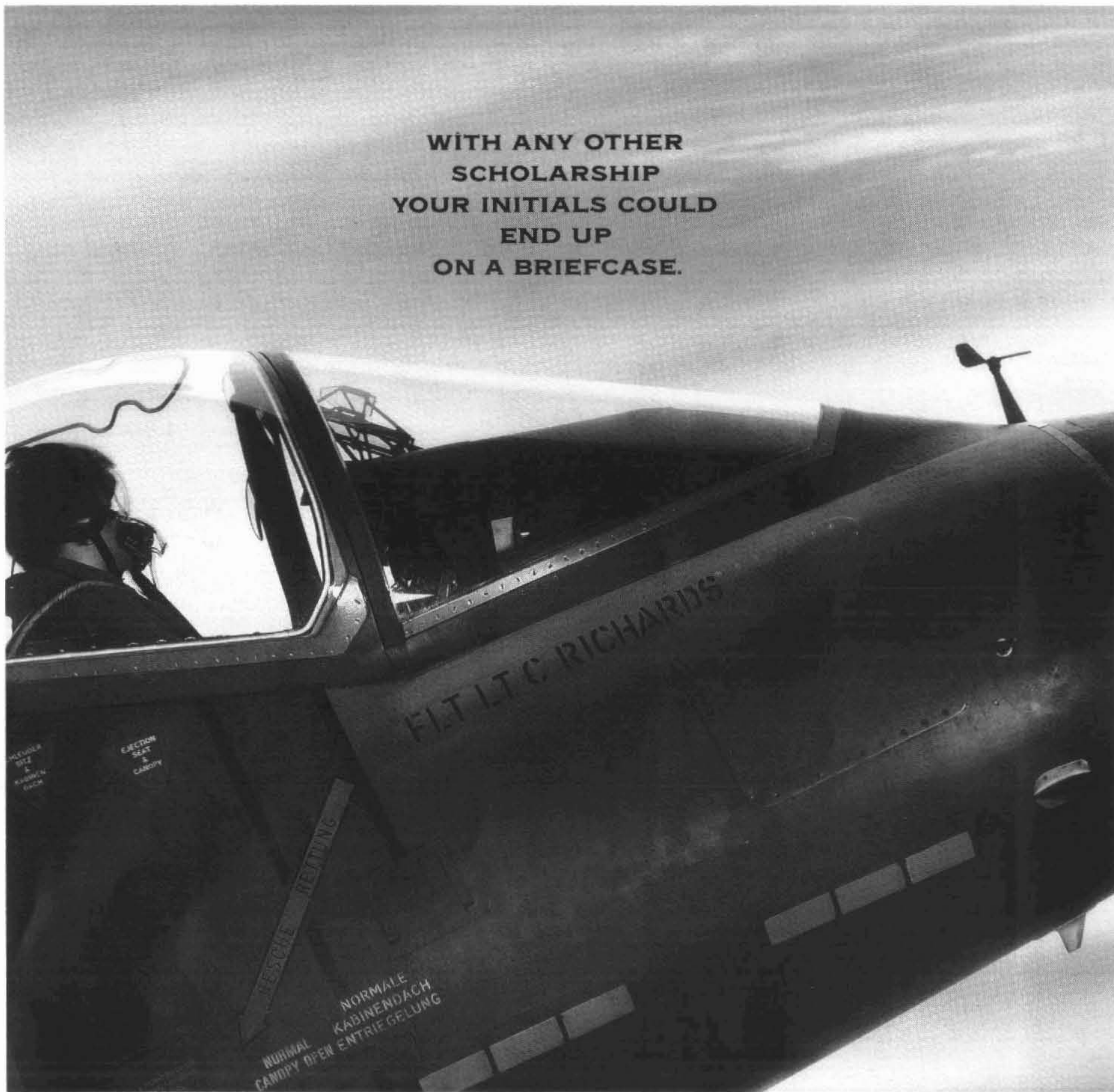
Our arrival in Reggio was perhaps not as pronounced as Garibaldi's but it probably took longer – the train broke down for three hours! We found a hotel and settled down for the night at the earliest possible opportunity.

Reggio proved very useful when it came to finding everything we wanted to see. It was very easy to follow Garibaldi's exact route from the shore, through *Piazza Garibaldi* (past his graffitied statue) and up to the castle. Having achieved this in the morning we managed – just – to catch an afternoon train to Naples.

Garibaldi continued his relentless battle to Naples; his highly effective tactic of never allowing the enemy a moment's pause paid off and he arrived in Naples on 7th September.

Our final day was spent in Naples – conquering a *Funiculare* to get us up to the *Castel San Elmo*, from where the last of the Bourbon troops were expelled. From there it was back to the train station with the next stop London Victoria.

Robert Gooch



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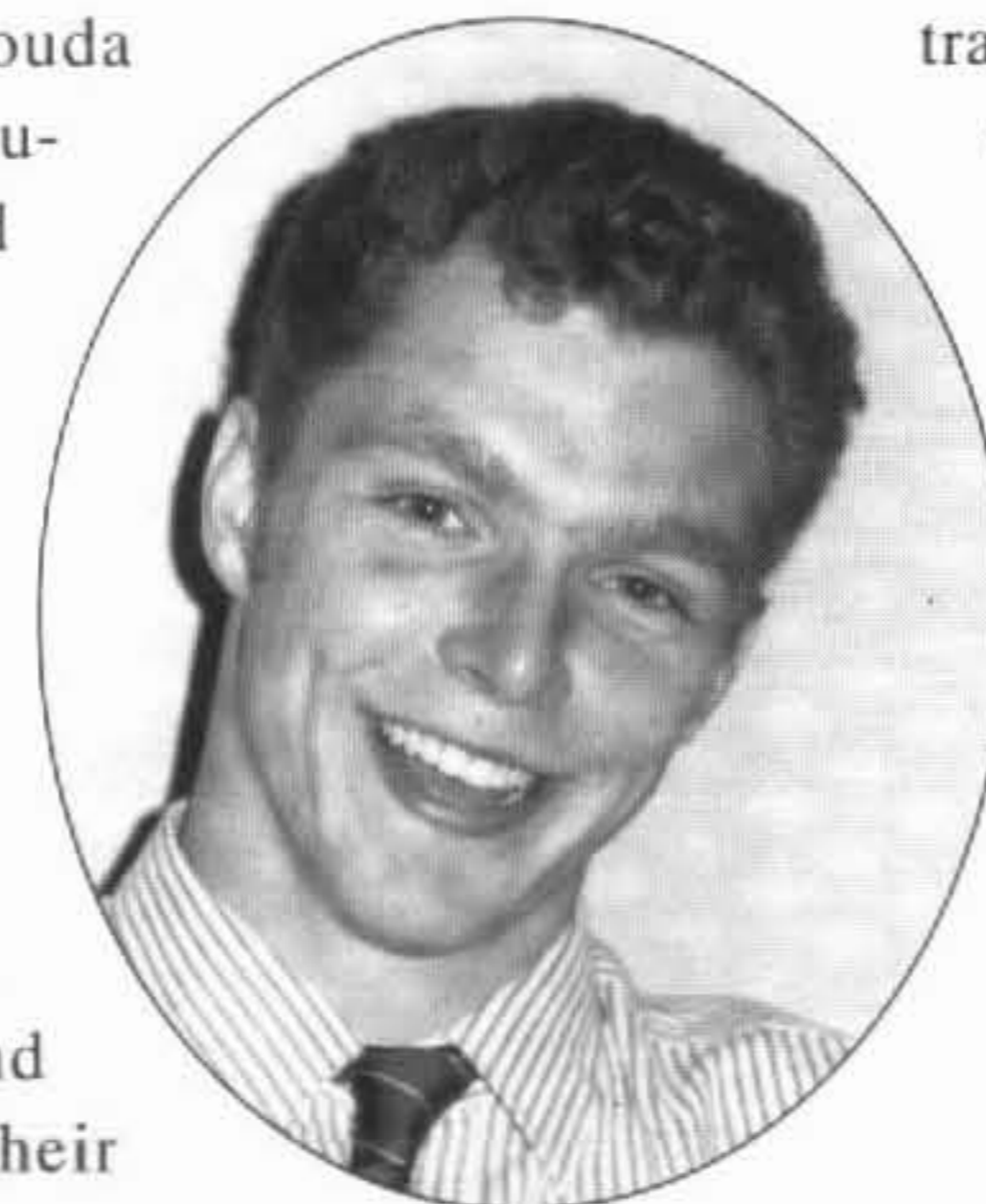
Parachute Landings in Arnhem and Crete

Ed Rogers and I are both interested in battles, but we thought that instead of visiting one place, it would be more instructive to compare similar operations during World War Two. Thus, we decided on the two greatest parachute landings performed by the Germans and the Allies respectively.

On completing the proposal for our project, we were pleasantly surprised by winning the top prize.

We left Luton Airport for our first destination, Crete. Heraklion was our base, and from there we travelled along the west coast to Hania, Maleme and Souda Bay, where we looked at some immaculately kept German and Allied cemeteries.

Next stop Holland. There was a huge difference in the quantity and availability of information to find. Crete had few museums and we formed the impression that they still – understandably – want to forget the war. On the other hand, the Dutch people were particularly helpful and were very enthusiastic about their



museums and monuments. On the whole, we were much happier in Holland because we got some sleep. Although we did miss the Crete weather, we had escaped the mosquitoes.

We had great fun travelling around Holland on bicycles. We could have done with a car, because there was so much to see and it was more of a whistle stop tour of Arnhem, Eindhoven and Nijmegen. We hope to go back soon for a more thorough look.

We came back to England after 2½ weeks' travelling, very tired, but it had been such a great experience – not only to do something we were both interested in, but to travel on our own, which I think has been one of the biggest assets of winning this scholarship.

I would like to end by thanking Mr Part for giving us the opportunity to enter for this award. Finally, I would like to thank Mr Rudolf, Mr Johnson and our parents for the help they gave us.

Giles Smith Walker



Allied graves in the Oosterbeek military cemetery, Holland

Baroque Architecture in Central Europe

Last July David Laffan and I set out on an expedition that would take us through six European countries. A few months before we had been awarded a cheque for £800 after submitting a project explaining how we would be studying baroque architecture in three central European cities: Munich, Vienna and Prague.

Travelling by train would allow us to see nearly 3,000 miles of European countryside. Thus it was on a sunny day that we left Victoria to travel to Munich. At 6.00 p.m. the following morning we arrived, deposited our bags in our pension (opposite a variety of sex shops!) and set out to explore the city. We visited virtually every church and museum in the city, not to mention the Renaissance Residenz, former palace of the Wittelsbachs, rulers of Bavaria. On our last day in Munich, we spent our time looking around the amazing Baroque palace of Schloss Nymphenburg, built between 1702 and 1730 by Antonio Viscardi and Joseph Effner. Its grounds, like Stowe's, are filled with amazing pavilions, a rococo hunting lodge designed by the court dwarf, François Cuvillies, and the baroque Badenberg, or bath house, which contains an enormous sunken swimming pool.

At 7.15 a.m. the following morning we were on the train to Vienna. The weather in Vienna was very hot... even for July, so once we had found our hotel, we sought refuge in the Cathedral of St Stephen and climbed up the spire, to be rewarded with a far view over the city rooftops. We then visited the magnificent Belvedere Palace, built in the centre of the city by von Hildebrandt in 1720. This exquisite baroque palace was where the treaty ending the Second World War was signed and it now houses a good collection of Impressionist paintings.

Next to the Belvedere is Karlskirche, an extraordinary baroque church with towering minarets and a 236 foot high copper dome. It was built in 1720 by Johann Bernard Fischer von Erlach, one of the baroque style's foremost architects. He also built many other buildings in Vienna; perhaps the most impressive is the Schönbrunn Palace on the outskirts of Vienna. It is filled with hundreds of magnificent state rooms, amongst them the Millionzimmer, a rococo room with fig wood panels inlaid with gold leaf miniatures, so called because it cost a million guilders to decorate!



Vienna: Leopold's Wing, Hofburg Palace

And on to Prague, which is still clearly an Eastern European city, although the years of Communist occupation still pervade the atmosphere of this beautiful town. We stayed in a private flat with an elderly Czech woman called Mrs Stemberova. Prices are still ridiculously cheap; a weekly pass for all buses, trains and the metro system costs £2 and Czech beer costs 20p. But already Chanel boutiques and other western shops are springing up.

The city is a baroque gem. In the Old Town Square, every building has its own story to tell. In the centre of the square is the famous Astronomical Clock, built in the 14th Century, whose architect was blinded with a red hot poker by the town officers to ensure he could not repeat his work. (He had his revenge by groping round the clock and breaking its mechanism!)

Towering over the city is the Castle containing the massive St Vitus' Cathedral, which took 1,000 years to build. This is just the briefest glimpse of the hundreds of churches, palaces and baroque buildings that litter Prague. So, culturally enriched, we left Prague after four days, and travelled back to England by coach.



Vienna: Karlskirche

I would like to urge any Stoic seriously to consider entering for the McElwee Travel Scholarship. It is great fun and exceedingly rewarding; don't let such an opportunity pass you by!

Robin Devereux (text and photos)



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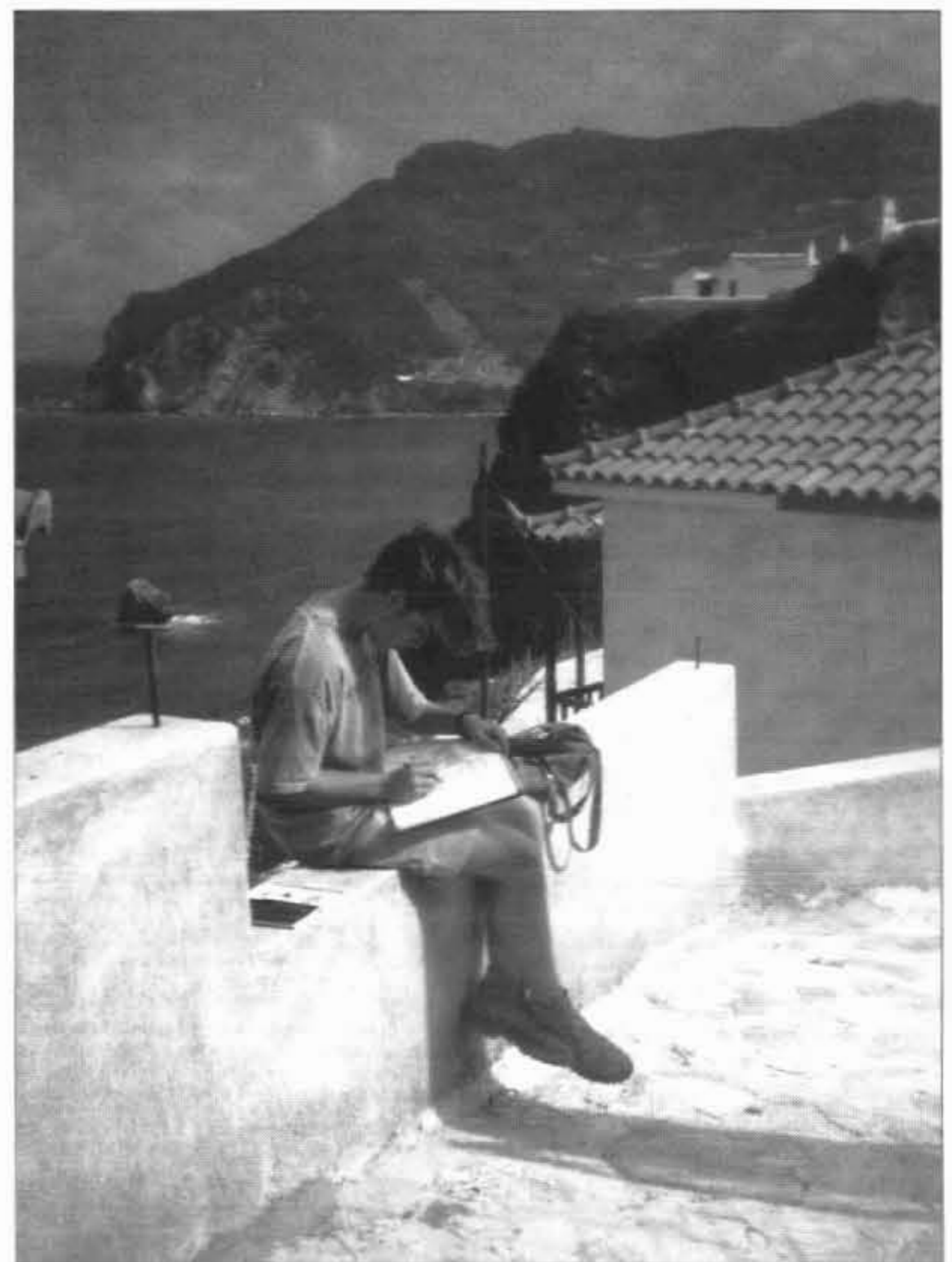
THE ART DEPARTMENT IN GREECE

On Friday 21st October seventeen privileged members of the Art School, plus KM, MJS and SK, assembled at Gatwick Airport for the Art School's "field trip" to Skopelos, Greece. The flight to Athens was at the highly unsociable time of 9.45 p.m., which resulted in several sleepy hours spent in Athens airport while we waited for our connection to central Athens just before dawn! Thankfully, the coach which took us to our next form of transport was comfortable, as the journey took four hours. "The next form of transport" was an experience in itself; called the Flying Dolphin, it was a bone-shaking yellow hydrofoil, which rattled rather disconcertingly. However, by this stage most people were too tired to care about personal safety and were fast asleep. We eventually reached the picturesque island of Skopelos at midday on Saturday and the rest of the day was spent unpacking and "crashing out".

Sunday was spent on the remote Promodrou monastery, where many of us were introduced to landscape painting for the first time and discovered



Sketches by MJS



that it's not as easy as it looks! We dined at the Aktaion restaurant on the harbour front – it was to be our regular evening meeting-place – and Nick Mason demonstrated for the first time his cream caramel eating abilities. Skopelos town itself was the subject of much sketching and painting, a fascinating source of inspiration with its intriguing back streets and architecture. Agnondas Bay was a stunning place and inspired several excellent paintings, as well as being an excellent place to swim. Our apartments had an unheated private pool, which may sound fine for Greece, but it was actually so cold that Jamie Pelly turned a worrying shade of purple after five minutes in it!

On Wednesday Victoria Reid rather sheepishly revealed that she had lost her passport. Thankfully, whilst our mentor, KM, was wondering whether she might pretend to be his daughter (who was mentioned but not pictured on his passport), Victoria found it in the one place she hadn't looked: her bag! On Wednesday night we were invited by our hosts to a convivial evening to which the town mayor came.

He was so impressed by our efforts that he asked us to send our work back next year for a proper exhibition.

On Thursday we had to endure a sometimes rugged one-hour bus journey on the way to Monk's Leap monastery, situated on a particularly rugged part of the coast. The monastery itself is perched 250 feet up on a rock jutting out of the sea and apparently got its name from the monk who decided to end it all by simply walking out of the back door. Many excellent pieces of work were completed there, as the dramatic coastline provided limitless scope.

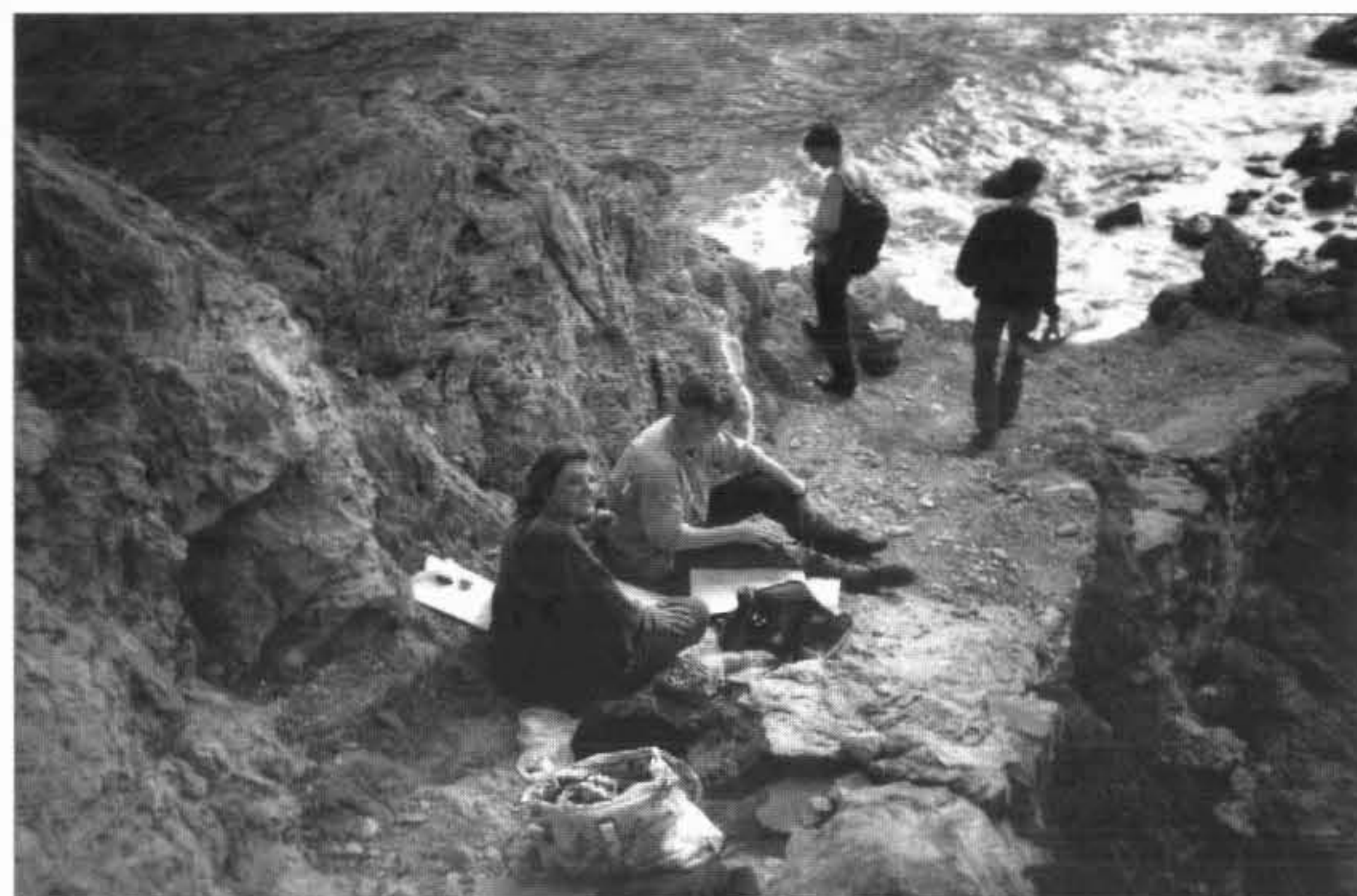
We finally left the island at the somewhat unpopular time of 7.00 a.m., dragging ourselves out of bed to catch the dreaded Flying Dolphin. Later that afternoon we found ourselves in a somewhat "dodgy" Athens hotel, but revived

our spirits by making a visit or two to the local restaurant to sample some traditional local delicacies (double cheeseburger and large fries). Our flight home left at 4.15 a.m. and we touched down on good old British soil the following morning. The trip had definitely been worth it. We had much fun together and the opportunity to draw and paint in such a beautiful area was one not to be missed.

Ross Atherton

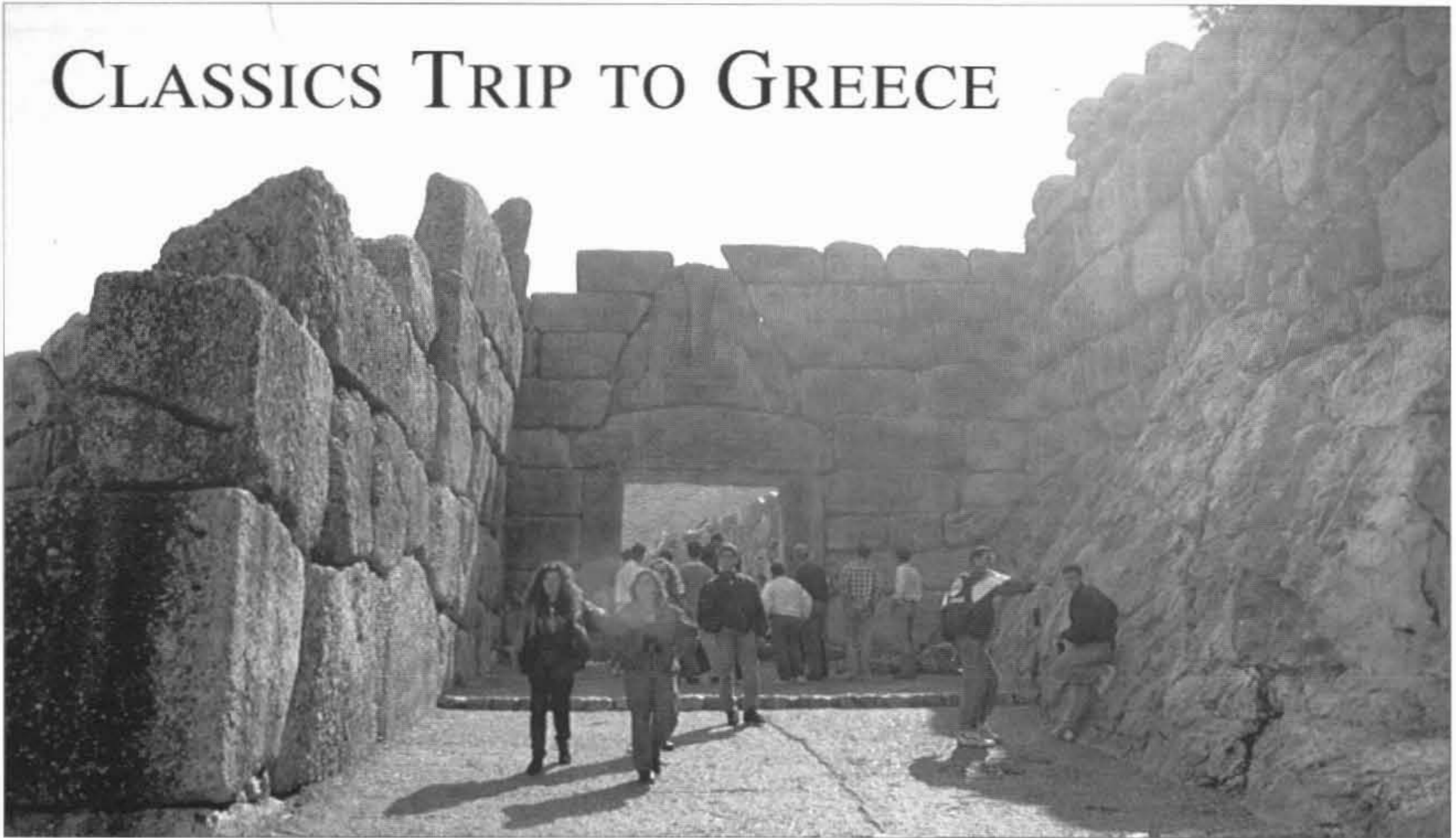


Dan Scott



Chelser Clark

CLASSICS TRIP TO GREECE



Nearly two dozen Stoics and members of staff managed to converge – from many parts of the country and of the globe – on Gatwick Airport a week before the start of the Summer Term. We were to be treated to an intensive tour of Greece and of its major classical sites, most of us for the first time.

Our admirable tour company always does well for us, one of the few drawbacks being the eccentric flight timings. The party arrived in Athens at 4 a.m. or thereabouts, and we made our way to our hotel, situated in one of the more colourful and odoriferous areas of the city (leather district uphill, cheese district upwind...).

Within hours we had scaled the Acropolis and seen its wonders (they never tell you how marvellously the honey-coloured marble glistens in the dazzling sunshine). Even if it may enter a song for Eurovision, Greece is an extraordinary mixture of East and West, and we were treated to an olfactory bombardment everywhere we went.

In the afternoon, we visited the agora – the ancient market place – and were delighted to find it unafflicted by the kind of national strike which dogged our footsteps all over Greece when Stowe last visited the country three years ago. Following this, for a couple of hours “at leisure” we had the chance to catch a little more of the local colour (some of us had done so already; what exactly did happen between our arrival and the Acropolis, Justin?).

A whole day was taken up by a glorious boat trip around the Saronic Gulf, looking in at the varied,

beautiful islands of Hydra, Poros and – perhaps most memorably – Aegina, where we were treated to an inimitable display of bravura courier work at the archaic Temple of Aphaia (“Phooooossss!”: Rupert Connell’s imitation came closest) by a lady who I think was last seen screaming, “Who stole my broomstick?” in *The Wizard of Oz*.

Our final day in Athens saw us “doing” the promontory of Sounion and the Temple of Poseidon, where we found plenty of tea and coffee but still couldn’t locate the legendary Byronic graffiti. A hurried lunch was followed by the unmissable National Museum, home of some of the very finest Greek Art, including Schliemann’s triumphantly (and wrongly) identified mask of Agamemnon.

Memories of the next few days will undoubtedly differ for each member of our party. Moving from Athens, we celebrated BLM’s birthday in Delphi; we will certainly cherish memories of that magical site and of its ever-rainy setting, which is probably more than can be said for certain pupils (and staff) of the unnamed School which shared the coach with Stowe...

A ferry crossing in glorious sunshine took us across the Corinthian Gulf to another site and another overnight stay, this time in Olympia, birthplace and home of the Olympic Games, and with a history going back almost three thousand years. In the Spring it is very beautiful! We took the statutory photographs of runners lining up for the start, although some of them surprisingly lacked the necessary

Olympic vigour and verve (Trucker, Guy, Oli, Seton, Sam...?)

To cross the Peloponnese is a hairy business; when one considers that 80% of Greece is so very high above sea level, perhaps it is not surprising that a vast proportion of the coach drive is spent zigzagging up and down mountain-sides! Highlights include the three million olive trees in one area of Arcadia alone, and an unfortunate detour via Megalopolis at the height of the Greek Easter, which achieved nothing and cost us dear. Attempts to appease our normally unflappable tour guide, the memorable Stavros Stavrou ("Slowly Slowly"... "Diretzion West"...) proved somewhat overwhelming for this writer, who found himself embraced in a typically Greek expression of solidarity in front of our entire coachload when we finally reached the harbour at Nafplion.

We had made very early starts every day, but our finale topped the lot. It *was* worth it: we packed the marvels of Mycenae, Tiryns (site closed. Drat!) and Corinth, complete with flushing loos, c.BC 600, into a long morning; who can resist the amazing beehive tomb at Mycenae or the theatre at Epidavros, with its remarkably-achieved acoustics? We were even able to take one last look at Athens before making our way to Glyfada to await the flight home, itinerary equally

eccentric and exhausting. And so back to Gatwick and to Stowe... The tour leader made it into the first Staff meeting of term with two minutes to spare.

Classical Greece is full of magic and colour to anyone who is ready to be receptive to it; my thanks to everyone at NST, to the aforesaid Stavros Stavrou, to our cheerful and usually punctual Stoics, and above all to my indefatigable friends, colleagues, bed-getters-out-of and co-Tour Guides, BLM and DCM. As ever, one looks forward to the next trip...

JSK



The party: Nicholas Smith, Robert Bush, Alasdair Jones-Perrott, James Paravicini, Edmund Wontner, Francis Wallis, Jan-Felix Polonius, Nino Gebhard, Richard Lloyd, Oliver Taylor, Seton Daunt, Sam Milling, Guy Wheeler, Ben Flower, Justin Shasha, James Goodwin-Hudson, Piers Thynne, Ed Hunt, Juliette Kristensen, BLM, DCM, JSK

Far left: The Lion Gate, Mycenae

Above: The Tholos at Delphi

Left: Acting in the Theatre at Delphi

Photographs by DCM

WEST COAST ADVENTURE

Rupert Musker spent 8 weeks during the summer as an instructor for young offenders who were spending a week away from their institutions on the Hebridean island of Scarba



It was still raining; the patter of rain could be heard on the rocks outside the cave where we spent the first night of another week on the island. 5.30 a.m.; time to get everyone up; the fire is still warm from the night before and is easily revived into licking young flames with a branch of dry heather. The boys' clothes were damp as they had refused to sleep in them. The rain had soaked their clothes last night when they were in a mad rush to unpack on the path and retrieve waterproofs from the depths of their packs. Their efforts were pointless as the shower had died down by the time they were vested on the frustrated bodies.

The fire is now beginning to thaw the bones of the boys who encircle it in their still damp clothes. No one is really saying anything until the first stomach rumbles and the question comes out "What's for brecky?" The questioner was sadly let down when the only answer that I could give him was "Beans and mackerel!"

"I'm nay eatin' that," was the usual reply, but the cold during the night had tickled their bones and they were eager to get the trangers going to have a brew.

Back at Wood Camp, having eaten, washed, packed, cleared the litter, doused the fire and walked the two miles over the hill from north bay, the other instructors would be planning the day, which would consist of the ropes course, canoeing and fishing, ending with a nice big fire in the cave where everyone could dry off and warm up.

All of this attention was new to the boys – nothing that they had experienced before and they thrived on it and respected you for it greatly, which meant that encouraging them to do things like jump off a branch 35 ft up a tree onto a rope hanging horizontally two ft

from their fingertips when standing on the branch with arms outstretched, was made easier. The reassurance and trust that are required for them to jump are colossal; yet this trust is very rare and untypical, as they had grown up to trust no one.

The activities went well, although two of the boys didn't do the boat jump which is where one of the instructors takes them out on the boat wearing only a t-shirt and boxer shorts and their attempt to 'flit' or 'do a bunk' into the sea, while the boat is travelling at speed, and swim ashore, is appraised.

The next day was spent filling in the activities that were missed on the previous day. Towards the end of the day a mountain walk is performed which takes the boys to the other end of the island, but on a round-about trip so as to exercise map skills, to show them more of the island and take them to the summit which lies at 461 metres. While there, we show the boys the view of Mull and Jura and point out George Orwell's old farm, where he used to live on the east side of Jura. We also indulge in haggis spotting as they are often seen running at great speed around the base of the summit – so they tell me!

At this end of the island there is a bothy which is where the instructors stay, but it's very primitive. There are no fires inside and there is no running water in the house. However, there is a sink outside the house and a shower in the stream. At this end of the island during the courses the caves are used by everyone at night, and during the day the boys are given a number of different activities, such as rock climbing, abseiling, the waterfall climb, orienteering and Hebridian baseball. The most important activity of all, one for which the course is best known, is the survival exercise. The boys are put into companies of

two or three, after sufficient lectures by the instructors, allocated an area on the coast line, usually with a cave in it, given three matches, an empty bean tin for boiling water in and left to fend for themselves without the company of an instructor, although closely observed by an allocated instructor. The effect that this exercise has on the boys who participate in it is quite amazing; they can have a number of different reactions, the first being, "I'm nay doin' that!"; the second being that the boys get into the swing of things and come out with flying colours; and the third being that the boys don't manage to light a fire with their matches and lose all hope and return to base. It is often the case that the boys don't eat anything because it doesn't appeal to them, and what's more some of the boys don't drink anything, usually because they think they are too weak to get to the stream from their lodging through sheer lack of eating, which in some circumstances can be rather dangerous, so large quantities of water consumption are greatly encouraged, not only in the talks but on visits as well.

At the end of the week the boys go back to wherever they have come from as different people. They see their lives in a different light; some are more than anxious to stay, as they have found a place far better than where they had come from, whereas others can't wait to get back as they miss the urban environment, the baths and the TV. One really gets a buzz out of helping to change someone who a week before had had a dismal view of life, but after such an experience discovers self-respect by having achieved something he thought he could never do, like the waterfall climb or the abseil. As we see them off in their bus from Toberonarchy pier on the isle of Luing, the boys are awarded their certificates in order of merit depending on their performance during the week.

The six of us are now sitting on the rocks on the west side of the island. I've got them all listening out for the hiss of the sun as it hits the sea as it sets! My gratified stomach rumbles; a solitary fishing boat starts for home as the smoke belches from the tractor like exhaust rising above the cabin. A chill sets in as the sun vanishes into the depths of the sea, and a yawn from one of the boys tells me it's time to turn in.

Following the highly successful expeditions to South America in 1987 & 1990 (see past copies of this magazine) it is my intention to offer Stoics another chance to join me on an expedition in the summer of 1995.

In 1987 we crossed from Rio de Janeiro to Lima overland by bus, train, truck, raft and canoe. In 1990 we combined a 5 day canoe trip into the Ecuadorian rainforest with a 6 day cruise of the Galapagos Islands and a 6 day tour of inactive volcanoes.

I have a number of ideas for this next trip including scuba diving off coral reefs in the West Indies, visiting Mayan ruins in the jungle in Mexico and exploring the rainforests of Belize. There has also been considerable interest in a return to the Galapagos Islands. At this stage I am open to persuasion!

If you will be over 17 in July '95, are adventurous, tough, adaptable and think you can live in close contact with your peers and (more importantly) me, for three weeks or so, please contact me. On the last trip there were twice as many female as male Stoics. Will the girls lead the way again in 1995? It's your choice... DWJ

EXPEDITION '95

EXPEDITION '95



Canoeing in Ecuador, 1990



Jojohn Collins & Robert Bush

Duke of Edinburgh Award



David Langford & Grant Elmes

THE CAIRNGORMS

On the 3rd of July, whilst most pupils were counting the seconds until the end of term, we, a group of around 30 Stoics led by AKM and DMcC, were heading off on the annual Duke of Edinburgh expedition to the Cairngorms. Morale was low on the coach journey as the majority were not passionately looking forward to a fifty mile walk, but it is surprising what a world of good 5 videos, a good meal in the Atholl Arms and a nine kilometre walk to base camp can do for you! However, it is only when you arrive at Blair Atholl that you sense the aura of tranquillity which this unspoiled, isolated heathland oozes, and it is at this moment that you realise why you keep coming back.

That evening Mr Murray briefed everyone on the rules of the camp and then, until we had to leave for the walk, our time was spent relaxing at the campsite, by the river and exploring the countryside nearby.

The morning of the walk we rose at 6.00 a.m. Unfortunately we had to walk to catch a bus which dropped us off at our destination. On the way to the bus we saw Bruar Falls, which is a wonderful stretch of waterfall. Our walk started in a national park and our first day was spent walking along paths. The

weather was sunny and hot. The only problem we had to tackle that day was crossing a waist-deep river to reach the campsite, which was solved by taking off our boots, rolling up our tracksuits, carrying our rucksacks above our heads and wading through the river. That night was very exciting as we slept in a cave. The idea seemed bright at first, but, when in the middle of the night I couldn't sleep, my opinion changed.

The start of the second day was awful as we had to climb up a 300 m hanging valley just to be blown away when we reached the top. Afterwards we walked through the famous Llarigrough: this experience was awe-inspiring and the sheer size of the valley made us seem insignificant. The high point of the day was when Rupert Musker almost stood on an extremely long black adder. That night for the first time on the walk, we saw some other people, underlining the isolation that one feels when one is in the wilderness.

The third day was spent walking through the Tarf Valley and was extremely short. However, the going was tough and very tiring. We had another river crossing, but this time there was a bridge consisting of two wires; one to hold on to and the other to place one's feet on. You had to shuffle along it as the wires bounced up and down. We succeeded in reaching the campsite before the heavens opened.

On the final day the weather was dismal, so we rushed to return to base camp. When we eventually arrived to a hot cup of tea and a warm fire, I felt a real sense of achievement, and that I had experienced nature in all its wonderful variety.

Jeremy Frazier

Master *climbers:*
SMcC, ST, ELCT, IGM, RSD, JMT,
DCMcC, SK, AKM, GLP



AGE



OLD STOICS



THE OLD STOIC SOCIETY

Some of your questions answered

WHAT IS... THE SOCIETY?

The Old Stoic Society provides a corporate identity for all Old Stoics and, through its elected Committee, is committed to pursue two main objectives:

- ❖ to support its members and the benefits of membership
- ❖ to support Stowe and Stoics, whenever called upon to do so.

... ITS SIZE?

A few statistics speak for themselves:

Total Old Stoic population since 1923:	10,000
of which, those now deceased:	1,800
or lost:	1,700 3,500
Potential active membership:	6,500

Of the potential active members worldwide who receive the Old Stoic Bulletin twice yearly, about 2,500 are in communication with the Old Stoic Office and Committee Members.

... ITS ORGANISATION?

The Society entrusts the pursuit of its objectives and the serving of its members to an elected Committee which, at the time of writing includes:

President: R. David Shepherd OBE (*Chatham 49*)

Vice-President: Jeremy G.L. Nichols (*Headmaster*)

Officers

Chairman:

Christopher Honeyman Brown (*Grenville 66*)

Vice-Chairman and Local Secretary:

Christopher J.G. Atkinson (*Chatham 59*)

Hon. Treasurer: M. Ivo. B.H. Forde (*Walpole 67*)

Hon. Secretary: Robert J. Nettleship (*Chandos 53*)

Chairman "Membership" Sub-Committee:

S.G. Burrell (*Chatham 81*)

Chairman "School Support" Sub-Committee:

J.N. Wates (*Bruce 60*)

Members: Anthony D.G. Shillington (*Chatham 60*)

Immediate Past Chairman

Mrs. Elizabeth J. Browne (*Stanhope 81*)

Miss Jane D. Miller (*Stanhope 84*)

Richard T. Lewis (*Bruce 77*)

Julian G. Stocks (*Walpole 84*)

Christopher J. Tate (*Walpole 71*)

Lionel E. Weston (*Staff Member*)

The full Committee meets four times and the Sub Committees an additional three times each year. The bulk of the administration is handled by the Old Stoic Office at Stowe consisting of the Local Secretary and the Old Stoic Registrar, Mrs. Heather Meredith.

... THE BOTTOM LINE?

The costs of promoting the Society's objectives and servicing its 6,500 members, are covered by life subscriptions and income from investments. Life subscriptions are paid in equal instalments in each of a Stoic's first three terms at the School, ensuring that when they leave the school they become fully paid-up members of the Society. No further subscription is payable thereafter.

... IS IT FOR ME?

Whilst still at the School, Stoics receive the benefit of Old Stoic Society support in a number of ways:

❖ Old Stoic Society Gap Year Scholarships.

Two awards are made annually, each worth £750. Although there are only two beneficiaries, the award scheme stimulates many others to take maximum advantage of their Gap Years.

❖ **Careers.** Old Stoics as individuals or in teams give interview training to all members of the Middle Sixth; participate in Lower Sixth careers conferences; provide work experience placements for Fifth Formers after GCSE, and are on hand to give advice on almost any career area.

❖ **Extra-curricular activities.** Old Stoics are frequent speakers at meetings of the Biological, Classical, Debating, Historical, Literary, Political and Science Societies, Crossfire, Lenten Addresses and Confirmation retreats.

❖ **Capital Projects.** Old Stoics have generously supported a succession of fundraising appeals which have helped to finance the construction of the Roxburgh Hall, Golf Course, Athletics Track, Lyttelton House, Science Laboratories, Swimming Pool, Sports Hall, in fact all Stowe's post-war developments. Most recently the **Pavilion** has been restored entirely by the Old Stoic Society with funds made available specifically for the purpose - it is now one of the finest buildings of its type to be found in any school in the country.

Each successive generation of Stoics therefore receives increasing benefits from the Society's support of the School. Similarly, the lifelong benefits enjoyed by Old Stoics are progressively improving as new initiatives are introduced in support of the Society's members.

Two great friends; Two distinguished Presidents of the Old Stoic Society



DAVID SHEPHERD, OBE (*Chatham 44-49*), the world's most renowned painter of wildlife, is the Society's current President. Ever since his school days, he has retained a great love of Stowe and taken every opportunity permitted by his globe-trotting schedule, to visit and re-experience what he describes as the unique peace and inspiration of the Stowe landscape. His visits however have never been for self indulgence; their purpose always has been to enrich the School through his memorable presentations in the Art School or the Roxburgh Hall, or his exquisite paintings of the buildings and the portraits of the last four headmasters.

Whilst being the grateful beneficiaries of David Shepherd's extraordinary contributions to Stowe, we acknowledge with pride the enormous influence he has had on the World stage. From the moment in 1960 when he happened upon 255 zebra in the Serengeti National Park that had been poisoned by poachers, he has dedicated his life to conservation. Over the past 30 years, his artistic talents, inexhaustible energy and charismatic personality have combined to raise enormous sums of money and drawn World-wide attention to the plight facing wildlife and the environment.

He is one of Stowe's greatest sons and the Society is proud and honoured to have him as its President.

SIR JACK HAYWARD, OBE (*Grafton 37-41*), is the Society's immediate past President. He is an enthusiastic Stowe supporter who, despite the distance from his Bahama base, has remained in close contact with the School and the Society for many years. Indeed, during his presidential year he attended Society Committee Meetings in London and at Stowe and was primarily responsible for persuading (instructing!) David Shepherd to succeed him.

But, Sir Jack or "Union Jack" as he has been popularly named, is nationally and internationally known for his philanthropic support of All Things Bright, Beautiful and British. He it was who inspired such patriotic projects as the return of the SS Great Britain to Bristol from the South Atlantic; the purchase of

Lundy Island for the nation; the revival of the England Ladies Test Cricket Team in the 1970's under Rachel Heyhoe-Flint. These and similar gestures have endeared him to all who value their country's heritage.

Such fame however cannot be built on philanthropy alone. It is much attributable to a personality that is at once humorous yet sincere, boundless in enthusiasm yet sharply focused on the target of the moment. As a grateful nation and a proud school know, Sir Jack is a great man to have on your side.

The School and the Society now look forward to seeing Sir Jack and Lady Hayward even more frequently as the Stoic careers of the third generation of the family progress over the next few years.

STOWE THROUGH THE DECADES 1924

Presentation of the 'Avenue' by Prince Arthur of Connaught on 17th July on behalf of the Old Etonians.

Golf course opened; Bourbon being laid; North Front turfed; HM's tennis lawn being sown on the South Front (to the delight of foraging peacocks).

BIRTHS

- P.B. Aarvold** (*Grafton 58*) a son, Thomas Anthony Luke, on 17th July 93
- A.H. Berger** (*Grafton 82*) a son, Tom Montague, on 5th May 93
- C.J.C Boardman** (*Bruce 75*) a daughter, Arabella Kate Wasteneys, on 26th March 93
- B.J.E.C. Boulton** (*Grenville 68*) a daughter, Sophie Henrietta, on 30th October 93
- N.R.G. Chavasse** (*Lyttelton 73*) a daughter, Emily
- R.C. Clifton Brown** (*Chandos 82*) a daughter on 27th October 93
- R.M. Coombs** (*Chandos 81*) a daughter, Rebecca Mary, on 7th October 93
- P.C.G. Coysh** (*Grafton 73*) a son, Oliver Henry Dennys, on 29th March 93
- J.C. Cunningham-Jardine** (*Chatham 80*) a daughter on 29th July 93
- M. Falcon** (*Chatham 74*) a daughter, Katie on 17th February 93
- R.P. Fanshawe** (*Grenville 82*) a daughter, Sophie Diana, on 8th October 91 and a son, Thomas Edward Gennys, on 28th February 93
- S.H. Gregory** (*Walpole 77*) a daughter, Katie, in 92
- N.G.E. Hawkings-Byass** (*Cobham 72*) a son, Charles, on 11th November 93
- N.E.J. Hedley** (*Walpole 80*) a son, Rupert Stuary Darcy, on 14th September 93
- M.A. Henri** (*Grafton 79*) a daughter, Madeleine Alice, on 2nd June 93
- A.J.L. Imrie** (*Bruce 68*) two sons, Edward Juin Saville on 23rd January 90 and Douglas Ken David, on 5th June 93
- M.M. Iverson** (*Grenville 82*) a daughter, Natasha Sophie, on 6th May 93
- T.C. Kinahan** (*Temple 71*) a daughter, Katherine Jane, on 12th October 93
- R.N.C. Knight-Bruce** (*Chatham 72*) a son on 13th November 93
- K. Lahham** (*Grenville 85*) & **Mariella E. Lahham** (nee Scott) (*Stanhope 85*) a daughter, Fatima, on 17th October 93
- Sir Michael Leighton** (*Grafton 50*) a daughter on 20th January 92
- A.W. McAlpine** (*Lyttelton 77*) a son on 25th August 93
- I.J. Macdonald** (*Grafton 64*) a son, Edward James, on 15th December 88 and a daughter, Eloise Silvia, on 29th September 90
- A.M. Morley** (*Chatham 63*) two sons, Samuel Anthony, on 23rd March 80 and Edward Giles on 17th February 82
- L.E. O'Brien** (*Cobham 75*) a daughter, Olivia Alison Clare, on 10th October 93
- A.P.M. Prince** (*Chandos 76*) a son, Simon, on 10th July 93
- N.D. Rossiter** (*Cobham 81*) a son, Jack Richard Waldo, on 11th September 93
- J.P. Selby** (*Chandos 68*) a daughter on 29th July 93
- J.R. Shingles** (*Grenville 74*) a daughter, Poppy Alice Olivia, on 4th January 93
- J.M. Shirley-Beavan** (*Grenville 75*) a son, Sam Michael Paulet, on 13th November 93
- A.M. Sladen** (*Walpole 69*) a daughter, Olivia Henrietta Malvina, on 24th June 92
- M.R.B. Sumner** (*Bruce 67*) a daughter, Alexandra Tamara Keating, on 18th June 93
- A.T. Thornton-Berry** (*Chandos 79*) a son, Charles Archie, on 14th May 93
- Kathryn A. Wills** (nee Matthews) (*Stanhope 77*) a son, Thomas Edward, on 4th September 92
- P.H. Wolstenholme** (*Grenville 79*) a son, Arthur James Hartley, on 24th November 93

MARRIAGES

- Earl Attlee** (formerly Viscount **Prestwood**) (*Chatham 75*) to Celia Jane Plummer on 31st July 93
- M.J. Avory** (*Chatham 66*) to Jane Elizabeth Addison (sister of **D.J. Addison** (*Temple 82*) & **R.A.M. Birchenough** (*Grenville 60*)) in September 89
- V.T. Beresford** (*Bruce 84*) to Evelyn Hoskin on 18th September 93. S.D. Everett (*Bruce 84*) was best man
- J.D.W. Bridgwood** (*Cobham 79*) to Isla in 93
- R.J.A. Bridgwood** (*Cobham 83*) to Frankie Luckcock on 11th September 93
- R.G.L. Cheate** (*Walpole 72*) to Sandra on 5th March 93
- H.R.P. Chelton** (*Chatham 83*) to Sarah Russell on 26th June 93
- J.G. Cluff** (*Walpole 58*) to Blondel Hodge on 16th September 93
- R.L. Dean** (*Grafton 52*) to Mrs William Robson on 17th April 93
- Olivia L. Fennell** (*Stanhope 79*) to Martin Hunt on 30th October 93
- S.H. Gregory** (*Walpole 77*) to Angela Barrett
- M. Hope** (*Cobham 79*) to Amanda Gossing on 30th May 93 in Stowe Church.
- J.E.C. Nicholl** (*Bruce 39*) gave the address
- M.J.P. Horlock** (*Walpole 79*) to Sophia Atkinson (daughter of **A.H.G. Atkinson** (*Chatham 60*) & sister of **R.de la T. Atkinson** (*Chatham 93*)) on 18th September 93
- M.G. Inge-Innes-Lillingston** (*Chatham 76*) to Rosemary Bale on 26th June 93
- P.M. Joseph** (*Bruce 79*) to Margaret Cree on 24th August 91
- K. Lahham** (*Grenville 85*) and **Mariella L. Scott** (*Stanhope 85*) in 1992
- M.J. Matthew** (*Cobham 70*) to Yvonne Hartley on 12th August 93
- I.J. Macdonald** (*Grafton 64*) to Josephine Reynell on 4th October 86
- A.M. Morley** (*Chatham 63*) to Antoinette Barbara Betts on 3rd March 79
- M.C.A. Mott** (*Cobham 48*) to Emma Lou Powers on 16th November 92
- J.R.C. Naumann** (*Cobham 69*) to Brigitte Christine Handt in December 91 in Barcelona
- C.R. Orr-Ewing** (*Grafton 69*) to Susan Ash on 28th July 93
- R.T. Phinney** (*Chandos 78*) to April Ruth Wolfe on 19th June 93
- A. Sethi** (*Lyttelton 76*) to Omrita on 4th March 93
- M.J. Shurey** (*Cobham 51*) to Mrs. E. Cilliers in South Africa
- A.M. Sladen** (*Walpole 69*) to Sarah Hayter on 31st October 89
- N.P. Staheyeff** (*Cobham 75*) to Christine Reiter on 25th September 93
- J.R. Wadsworth** (*Lyttelton 76*) to Angela Cole on 24th July 93

STOWE THROUGH THE DECADES

1934

Laddie Lucas (Head of School), who had reached 6th round of the English Amateur Golf Championship, laid the foundation stone of Walpole.

B.C. Gadney (Grafton 23-28) captained England's rugby team to victory in all internationals.

Queen's Temple was restored and adapted for use as a Music School.

DEATHS

- Lt.Col. R.G. Atkinson** (*Grenville 32*) on 26th June 93
- J.F. Barnes** (*Cobham 35*) on 1st November 93
- J.M.G. Best** (*Temple 27*) on 4th March 93
- C.K.R. Bond** (*Cobham 29*) on 21st May 93
- R.F.D. Brews** (*Cobham 47*) on 23rd August 93
- B.C. Briant** (*Bruce 35*) (Past President O.S. Society) on 23rd July 93
- D.G. Champion** (*Walpole 42*) on 4th July 93
- C.F. Cornford** (*Grafton 31*) on 7th April 93
- C.G. Dealtry** (*Bruce 45*) on 6th July 93
- T.L. Dewhurst** (*Bruce 38*) on 13th November 93
- O.A.W. Dilke** (*Bruce 33*) on 10th July 93
- Sister Renee Emery** (*LAM 76*) on 14th April 93
- H.J.N. English** (*Grafton 79*) on 14th October 93
- J.D. Farmiloe** (*Grenville 26*) on 30th June 92
- H. Freeman-Jackson** (*Cobham 28*) on 21st July 93
- Maj.Gen. I.R. Graeme** (*Temple 31*) (Past President of O.S. Society) on 14th May 93
- C.H.W. Griffith** (*Temple 42*) on 24th July 93
- A. Hass** (*Grafton 39*) in 92
- E.H. Jarvis** (*Chandos 52*) on 7th September 93
- E.H. Leschallas** (*Grafton 29*) on 22nd August 93
- D.G. Levis** (*Temple 30*) on 24th May 93
- A. Macdonald** (*Staff/LAM 31-68*) on 28th November 93
- Sir Allan Mackenzie** (*Chandos 29*) on 5th January 93
- K.B.D.M. Mackenzie** (*Temple 78*) in 84
- C.S. Madden** (*Cobham 33*) on 22nd October 93
- J.E. Murray** (*Bruce 42*) on 1st July 91
- A.P. Ness** (*Cobham 30*) on 20th August 93
- R.F. Nightingale** (*Bruce 35*) on 29th June 93
- H.G.G. Richardson** (*Temple 59*) on 15th May 93
- J.W.C. Reynolds** (*Cobham 88*) on 13th September 93
- H.P. Ryland** (*Grenville 29*) on 21st October 93
- A.C. Sabey** (*Chatham 56*) on 1st April 93
- M.G. Satow** (*Chandos 32*) on 13th November 93
- D.E. Steer** (*Bruce 43*) in 90
- L.E.W. Stokes-Roberts** (*Chandos 35*)
- Lord Strathspey (formerly D.P.T. Ogilvie Grant)** (*Temple 29*) in January 92
- W.R.L. Thorne** (*Chatham 33*) on 13th July 93
- A.F. Tresfon** (*Cobham 37*) on 16th November 92
- J.T. Vachell** (*Chandos 35*) on 13th April 93

NEWS

- A.C.B. Alexander** (*Temple 58*) published "Capturing Full-trend Profits in the Commodity Futures Market", Windsor Books, New York in 1992.
- A.G. Astley** (*Chatham 87*) was Captain of the Oxford University Tennis Team in 1993. The team won the Varsity Match 15 matches to 6.
- R.C.N. Branson** (*Lyttelton 67*) has become "The Times Salesman of the Year" in 1993.
- J.F. Burns** (*Grafton 62*) has won the Pulitzer Prize in 1993.
- N.R.G. Chavasse** (*Lyttelton 73*) was awarded the MBE for services in Northern Ireland in 1992.
- R.J.R.T. Chetwynd** (*Walpole 73*) has become a Go 1st Dan in 1993.
- J.G. Church** (*Walpole 54*) is High Sheriff of Northamptonshire.
- G.L.D. Duckworth** (*Chatham 49*) became Master of the Worshipful Company of Armourers and Brasiers in July 1993.
- A.A. Horne** (*Chandos 40*) has published "A Bundle from Britain", Macmillan, in 1993.
- G.D. Inge-Innes-Lillingston** (*Chandos 41*) was awarded the CVO in the Queen's Birthday Honours List, 1993.
- N.P. Kaye** (*Lyttelton 71*) became Headmaster of Sussex House Preparatory School in September 1993.
- R. Kee** (*Grafton 37*) has published "The Laurel and the Ivy", a biography of the life of Charles Stewart Parnell, in 1993.
- R.E. Mackenzie Hill** (*Chatham 84*) and **E.P.H. Farquhar** (*Chatham 85*) appeared on the ITV programme *Blind Date* in October 1993.
- N.J.L. Martin** (*Walpole 66*) has become Counsellor at the British Embassy in Jakarta from 1993-96.
- M.C.A. Mott** (*Cobham 48*) has retired from teaching at Bowling Green State University and has become Professor Emeritus.
- R.J. Posnett** (*Cobham 47*) and **C.J.S. Marler** (*Grafton 50*) set a first for Old Stoics at the Royal Agricultural Show at Stoneleigh this year when they judged the Supreme Individual Championship classes in the cattle section. C.J.S. Marler judged for the Burke Trophy for Prime Beef and R.J. Posnett for the National Westminster Bank Trophy for the Supreme Individual Dairy Cow.
- O.G. Taylor** (*Chandos 45*) has been re-elected to Buckinghamshire County Council in May 1993. He has also become elected leader by the Conservative majority group.
- P.J.R. Whicker** (*Walpole 84*) has been appointed Director of Spanish at St. Hilda's and University Colleges, Oxford.
- A.C.L. Whistler** (*Grenville 30*) and his son, **S.L. Whistler** (*Chatham 58*) have held a joint exhibition of their work entitled 'Father and Son' at the Salisbury and Wiltshire Museum in 1993.
- D.H.M. Williams-Ellis** (*Temple 77*) had an exhibition of sculptures, commissioned by The Contemporary Sculpture of Japan, in London in April 1993. The commission was for 6 mythological figures.
- A.E.H. Worsley** (*Grafton 78*) was awarded an MBE for Services in Northern Ireland in 1993.
- Sir Peregrine Worsthorne** (*Grafton 41*) has published his memoirs "Tricks of Memory", Wiedenfeld & Nicholson, October 1993.

J.F.



J.F. Roxburgh, the School's first Headmaster, died in May, 1954. Noel Annan later the same year gave a moving Speech Day address, the text of which was published in *The Stoic*. One cannot but be enormously impressed, on reading this, by the scope of J.F.'s educational philosophy, so much of which seems fresh and relevant still to the world today. Of course a pre-war vision of a liberal education will need a reinterpretation in changing times. I believe the Stowe of 1994, in its educational plan for the future, is reinterpreting the ideals of its youth in a modern context, just as J.F. himself, in Noel Annan's words, "did nothing less than re-interpret the ideals of public school education."

Annan began his analysis of J.F.'s achievements by defining the restrictive nature of public school education in the 1920's: "The curriculum was too narrow, the conception of leadership was too narrow, and encouragement and honour were given only to those who identified themselves fiercely with the corporate life of team games and school and house loyalties. J.F. suggested new ideals. He wanted Stoics to be much freer, and through freedom to learn responsibility... J.F. instituted study and library periods and taught us how to work on our own and make good use of leisure..." How very modern this all sounds: the good use of leisure, responsibility through freedom. But how very easy too, in the pursuit of such worthy aims, for us to offer freedom and leisure without the necessary guidelines and even, sometimes, constraints? Today the school places very great emphasis on the pastoral role the staff can play in encouraging the learning of responsibility and the good use of leisure.

J.F.'s ideals, declared Annan, were cultivated ones: "He wanted us to be better-mannered, less insular and prejudiced, and, in the good sense, to acquire some sophistication. Other headmasters before him had treated senior boys as gentlemen, but J.F. was the first to treat all of us, however young, as adults. As a result we realised that he expected us to behave as adults." We too put a premium on good manners. Today's Stoics are exhorted to show courtesy not just to visitors or older generations but especially to each other, to be "better-mannered" and careful in the nurturing of an atmosphere of mutual respect. "Insularity" and "prejudice" are likewise dragons to

FORTY YEARS ON

The Headmaster reflects on Lord Annan's 1954 Speech Day tribute to J.F. Roxburgh

be slain, not least now St George has Europe opening out before him and the world has become accessible to all. At the most recent of Stowe's Speech Days racial prejudice was one of the issues which Lord Sainsbury, the Guest of Honour, addressed.

Noel Annan made mention next of how J.F. set games in their right perspective: "They were not to be the main criterion of success at school, they were to be enjoyed. No-one was better pleased than he when Stowe defeated one of her closest rivals but he was the last person to regard matches as contests on which the future of the world rested; perhaps that is why Stowe teams have a reputation for winning deprecatingly and losing elegantly. J.F. encouraged those who were not good at games to enjoy other pursuits. He did not care whether it was painting or church architecture or acting or debating or even toxophily, so long as we cared about something..." J.F. was, of course, ahead of his time in recognising that Stowe's ideal, the best for each Stoic, would not be served by a slavish devotion to team games. It is easy, however, to get the balance wrong and today, one hopes, there is a growing recognition of the value of the team.

There *is* merit in submerging one's own best interests in the interests of the side. There *is* food for the soul in thinking primarily of the team and only secondly of self. Like J.F., I would hope Stoics win modestly and lose with magnanimity, but I would add the rider that the latter should only be embraced in a context in which our teams expect to win their fair share of matches. Corporate pride counts. Counterbalancing the importance of team effort is the great value each pupil gets in finding personal interests and pursuing them to the full. In this context one finds whole-hearted agreement with J.F.'s contention that, in the end, it was passionate commitment which counted most of all. "So long as we cared about something!" This sentiment surely has been perpetuated over the years as Stowe has sought to widen its range of extra-curricular activities so that all Stoics can find things at which they can excel and show passion. Caring about one's leisure passionately is important. Life without commitment is surely a pale shadow of its other, higher self?

Noel Annan then moved on to J.F.'s ideal of individuality: "Above all he hoped that Stowe would never produce a type; the enemy of strict conventions and repressive conformity, he wanted to produce individuals, each unique in himself, not dignified

STOWE THROUGH THE DECADES

1944

War decorations were awarded to 68 Old Stoics in addition to the 109 previously recorded.

The tragic list of casualties was also extended with 74 more O.S. killed in action, 6 became prisoners of war and 13 were recorded as missing.

A whole holiday was observed in celebration of the School's 21st Anniversary.

automata." This, perhaps, has been J.F.'s most abiding educational legacy to Stowe. Again, it comes attended by risks. It is so easy, after all, for the pupil to pursue the cult of his own individuality selfishly, at cost to others, without responsibility. Of course no school wishes to produce dull automata. Stowe has always encouraged the reverse: the entrepreneurial instinct, the rebuttal of tradition for tradition's sake, new ideas, a liberal education. But today we view individuality as the ability to think for oneself. So many opinions and ideas can come plastic-wrapped from the media! Individuality too has to be seen in the context of loyalty to others. The world has as big a need for good husbands and wives as good scientists and artists.

Finally Noel Annan touched on J.F.'s respect for the intellect. "J.F. wanted us to admire and develop both head and heart and he delighted in a piece of work which showed clarity and sensitivity." If he had still been headmastering in the 1990's, it is probably in the things academic that J.F.'s emphasis would have shifted most appreciably. He would, I suspect, have viewed academic league tables, as we do, with

caution, knowing that the best for each pupil does not necessarily mean a cramming of the brains with facts at the expense of all else. He would still be eager to applaud work of mental clarity and sensitivity. (Anyone who has read J.F.'s book on English Poetry, *The Poetic Procession*, must acknowledge that here was a man full of clarity and sensitivity himself). But one imagines he would also have acknowledged that a decent position in the league tables would be part of his parents' expectations and no doubt he would accordingly have reviewed Stowe's academic provision as rigorously as he could. Over sixty years ago, after all, in his book on education, *Eleutheros*, J.F. acknowledged that the first need of the public schools was a general raising of their intellectual standards!

So, forty years on, we salute the passing of the great man. His ideals, as encapsulated in Noel Annan's tribute, are as inspirational to us today as they ever were in the past. J.F. asked many questions about the public school system and it was Stowe's good fortune that he tried out his answers on us for our first thirty years. Stowe's educational plan in 1994 addresses many of the questions to which J.F., in those early years, responded so triumphantly.

STOWE THROUGH THE DECADES

1954

J.F. Roxburgh died – Memorial Service in Chapel, 31st October.

The Temple of British Worthies was restored with assistance from the Ministry of Works.

The Tennis team won all of its 13 matches.



J. F. Roxburgh's last Speech Day

Back Numbers: THE STOIC 25 YEARS AGO

Tony Meredith browses through
The Stoic of March, 1969

FLOWER POWER

One would expect a school magazine of the 1960's to reflect something of the questioning nature of the times. This, after all, was the era of Carnaby Street, *Oh Calcutta*, Flower Power and George Best. Student unrest was obligatory on every new, concrete University campus. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that a little of the spirit of the age had percolated down to Stowe, the March 1969 edition of *The Stoic* containing an editorial discussing the prevalent desire in the country to challenge authority. These were the days, it declared, "of revolt, of student power, of unthinking violence, of selfish materialism, of the apparently widening gulf between the generations..." The editors, however, were quick to point out that "the great majority of the School are, in the main, happy"...

In keeping with those lively days *The Stoic* ran a feature on the results of a pupil-organised questionnaire: "It was generally felt that it was time that there was a questionnaire on various topics and thus, despite gloomy forebodings from several quarters, a set of questions were compiled and circulated around the school". Comments were invited on such contentious questions and statements as "Students have quite enough control in the running of the school" and "I approve of student revolt (a) without violence (b) with violence, only if necessary, (c) not at all".

On the whole, the answers were all fairly conservative. Only 38%, for example, wanted more involvement in the running of the school and only 18% voted for violent student revolt! But the article does show that the School in 1969 was different from today in many ways: There was compulsory CCF. Corporal punishment flourished (and was accepted as reasonable by the Stoics in the questionnaire, "although there was a strong feeling that boys should never be allowed to beat other boys"). There were no girls in the sixth-form, which, claimed the questionnaire, led to problems in the holidays: "One finds oneself, after a term, inhibited and embarrassed". There was considerable hostility expressed towards compulsory religious services: "To make Chapel voluntary would be to give some truth to the glib statement that Stoics think for themselves."



GLOOM AND DOOM

The most striking feature of the magazine, however, seems not so much any polemical stance as a dire sense of gloom! Is this really the era of Alf Ramsey's World Cup win, *She Loves You, yeah yeah yeah* and all those moon landings? If so, the excitement does not seem to have penetrated across the Oxford Water! The opening words of *Stoica*, for example, are deeply Chekhovian: "Spring Term 1969 will not go down in history as one of the all-time greats at Stowe. In fact, events of any significance or interest have been few and far between." Ye gods! A little later one reads that "academically, the term has been far from startling." Yet clearly this was no time of intellectual stagnation: in addition to a number of places gained at Oxford and Cambridge, four boys won scholarships that winter! There seems a certain perverse delight in studied boredom; the arrival of a new master is a topic for grim humour: "Mr Howard has proved a valuable addition to the Music Side and has suffered the fate of every student master, that is to say he has been landed with the thankless task of taking a group of Stoics to the Poetry Gala in London". The mind boggles!

STOWE THROUGH THE DECADES 1964

R.Q. Drayson succeeded
D. Crichton-Miller as Headmaster.

1st XV recorded its first undefeated
season since 1938 (the Oundle match was
drawn).

Athletes won all but one of their matches.

The new Golf Course was opened.

SUCCESSFUL SPORT

Perhaps the bad weather, which wrecked the hockey season, accounted for some of the gloom. The 1st XI hockey team played only three other schools, including a 3-4 reverse against Radley, an uncharacteristic defeat at this period. It is interesting to note that the Headmaster, who by his enthusiasm and staff appointments did much to elevate Stowe's hockey to an impressive level, was himself playing at full-back for the Oxford Bulls against the 1st XI. Squash was Stowe's most successful sport, however, in March 1969. The first team played no less than fifteen school matches and won them all, the defeated including Eton, Harrow, Radley, St Edward's, Haileybury, Oundle, Rugby and Bradfield. Then, as now, the cross-country team flourished (with victories recorded over Radley, Rugby, Cheltenham and St Edward's) but the Badminton Club was having problems getting going, "at present unfortunately destitute of vital equipment".



The unbeaten Squash team of 1969: H.A. Smith, J. Choyce, R.G.G. Carr, R.G.L. Cheatle, I.A. Thompson.

CULTURAL CRISIS?

The Stoic's emphasis, however, is more artistic than sporting. Its central section (named "Germ" and allotted a different coloured paper) contains an impressive selection of "poetry and opinion." But there is no sign of any drama (most notably at House level), the artwork is limited to three small drawings and the music seems to be suffering from self-doubt: "There is ample opportunity for anyone musically inclined here at Stowe and it is to be hoped that some of those who spin diatribe after diatribe will eventually realise this." There was, certainly, a Gramophone Society and a Music Club, which took its members to

The Flying Dutchman in London. But most of the music-making in this particular term seems to have been staff-based or from the outside. An honourable exception to this was Bram Wiggins' Concert Band, which aroused enthusiasm with its performance in the Roxburgh Hall. The Chapel Choir numbered only twenty-seven (about a third of the present size) and seems to have sung only a very few anthems.

THEN AND NOW

Stowe twenty-five years ago, as depicted by *The Stoic*, seems to have been competitive at its sport, interested in its history (George Clarke writing on the Stowe Papers in the Huntingdon Library and of work in the park) but generally full of self-doubt and gloom! It certainly does not sound as happy nor as purposeful academically as today's school, though intellectual ability keeps bubbling to the surface of the magazine impressively enough. There would also seem more breadth to activities today than then and certainly a greater tolerance of, and enthusiasm for, spiritual matters.

*This, at least, is as it seems to someone who was not there at the time. But perhaps this perusal of *The Stoic* gives a false impression? Perhaps Stoics of 1969 would take issue with the above? It would certainly be interesting to hear their views. Maybe next issue we may be able to publish some reminiscences of what it was really like at Stowe in 1969? All comments gratefully received!*

**STOWE THROUGH THE DECADES
1974**

First five girls entered the Sixth Form.

Bruce Houseroom was restored as the Music Room.

The best ever O- and A-level results were recorded (but do not compare with the 1993 performance!).

1st XV beat Oundle for the first time in 35 years.

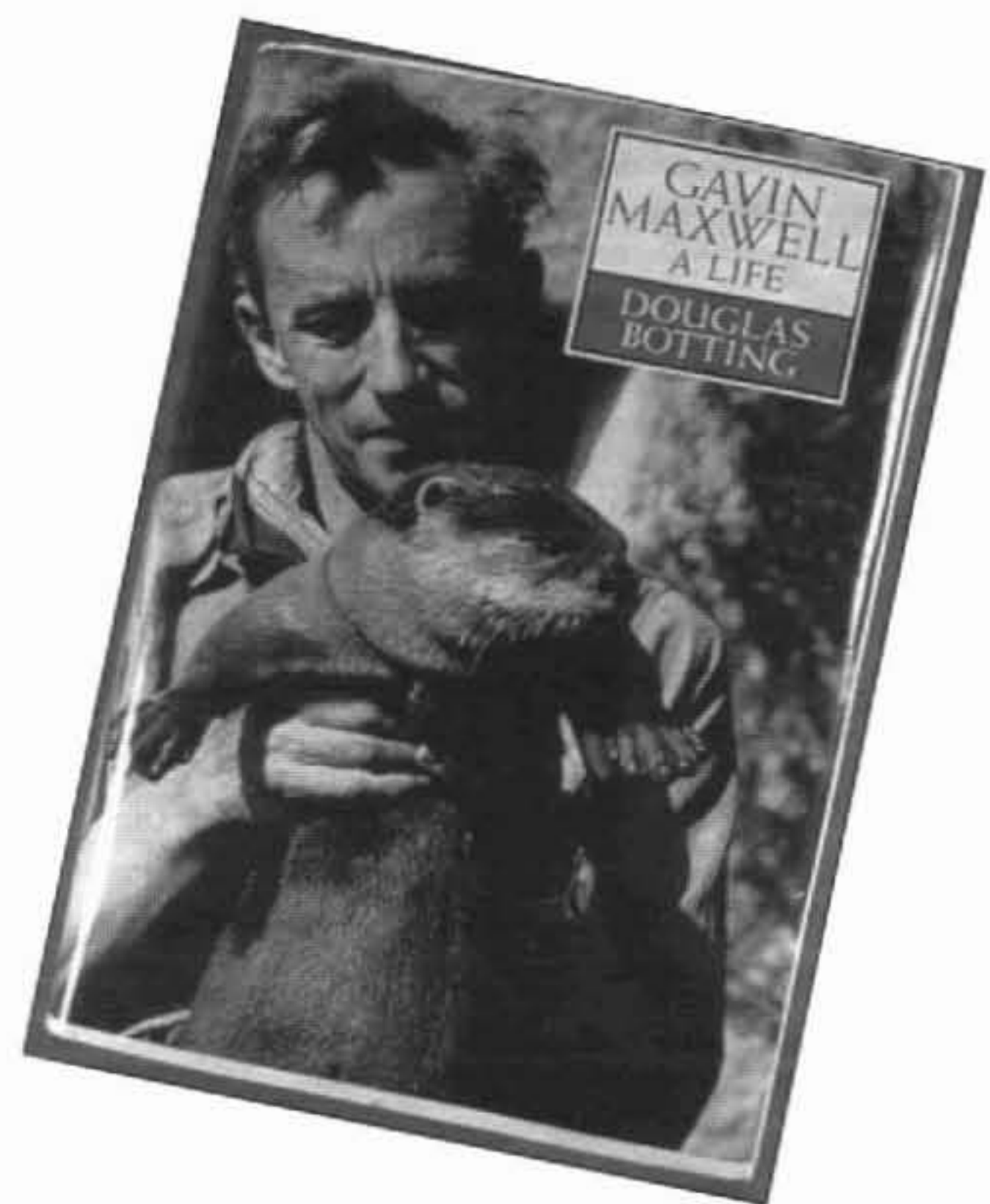
BRIAN STEPHAN reviews DOUGLAS BOTTING'S recently published biography of Old Stoic

GAVIN MAXWELL

Douglas Botting's magnificent biography of Gavin Maxwell rests firmly on three main sources: an intimate friendship, dating from November 1957 after Botting had read an enthusiastic review of *A Reed Shaken by the Wind* and lasting until Maxwell's death; extended conversations tape-recorded on the White Island shortly before the two men said farewell for the last time; and numerous letters, other written documents and interviews with most of Maxwell's friends. The first two of these sources meant that Botting was able to gain a deep insight into the complex nature of this highly talented, idiosyncratic personality, for Maxwell's temperament, apart from his individual qualities, was also a distillation of centuries of aristocratic Scottish waywardness and arrogance. The whole work, therefore, bears a strong imprint of authenticity.

Letters and interviews with friends, apart from their obvious usefulness in providing further information, form also an integral part of the story; for Maxwell, despite the solitary nature of his main love, of animals and the countryside, needed companionship. His relationships with various people are interwoven throughout the narrative. Yet there seems little hint of affection, love or even lust. Whether Botting has under-played this aspect of Maxwell's life is unclear, but Lavinia Renton probably came closest to the truth when she said that Gavin was a great 'chess player' with people. He seems to have expected unquestioning loyalty or service, and usually got them; and deviation produced tempestuous friction. Older and younger male friends, such as Richard Frere and Jimmy Watt, had their devotion strained to the utmost, but the saddest case was that of Kathleen Raine, as talented and eccentric as himself, a ghost from the Celtic twilight floating through his life. Perhaps his real loves were Mij, Edal, Teko and Malla. As he himself wrote of an occasion when he stood on a mist-covered hilltop, in foul weather, his clothes sodden: 'This is my world, the cradle of my species'.

Maxwell was fortunate to have been born and educated in an age when Modernism had not yet dethroned Tennyson and the other Romantic poets: it therefore came naturally to him (and perhaps flattered his vanity also) to think of Sandaig, the true soul of his being wherever he might be, as Avalon, with himself as a latter-day Arthur seeking refuge there to salve the wounds inflicted by the thorns of life. Botting makes skilful use of this obsession by calling



the three sections of his biography *The Quest for Avalon, Avalon Found* and *Avalon Lost*. It is significant of Maxwell's tragic life that the central section is much the shortest, for Maxwell was a man born to trouble as the sparks fly upward.

The Quest for Avalon is a somewhat loose blanket description of Maxwell's early years: his unremarkable schooldays at Stowe, disastrously cut short by a near-fatal illness; his self-indulgent career at Oxford; wartime service with SOE, one of the happiest times of his life: followed by two highly dissimilar occupations: shark-hunting and 'society' portrait painting. The former, not commercially successful, gave him the material for his first literary triumph, *Harpoon at a Venture*, which enabled him to abandon portrait painting and turn to his real ambitions, exploring and writing. The last chapters of this section form a brilliant narrative of Maxwell's travels and experiences in Sicily and the Iraq marshes, culminating in two superb chapters on his first otter, Mij, whose transport to England Botting recounts in an atmosphere worthy of a Marx brothers film.

Avalon Found, though representing the peak of Maxwell's fame and fortune, with the publication and world-wide success of *A Ring of Bright Water*, is, as already noted, the briefest of the three sections, and not without its sadness, in the death of Mij, friction with Kathleen Raine, and hints of the potential vulgarisation of Sandaig. Success was to bring its own nemesis. This section nonetheless contains the most thorough analysis of Maxwell's complex character. 'His quest was to become a complete man and overcome his limitations... a drive for perfection... in this he had something in common with Parsifal and the legend of the Holy Grail'. But Botting ends this section with words of foreboding: 'With the coming of summer, Avalon was to prevail no more.'

Avalon Lost is a highly distressing account of misfortune and disintegration, physical and mental. Most of the chapter headings are in themselves ominous:

End of the Idyll: Break-up: A Chapter of Accidents: Bitter Spring: The Curse: A Bright and Bitter Sea. Maxwell's marriage to Lavinia Renton was clearly doomed from the start, not perhaps fundamentally because of his homosexuality (though that seems likely to have played some part) but because to her he remained an adolescent. Botting traces this marital disaster impartially but sympathetically: he notes the final divorce as 'the end of an experiment in living'. The success of *The Rocks Remain* was perhaps the only bright note in these troubled times of varying misfortunes, for all of which he bitterly blamed Kathleen Raine's curse of some time earlier – and they took place before the final catastrophe, the burning down of Sandaig. Maxwell seems to have shown, outwardly at any rate, tremendous resilience after the loss of Sandaig, and the renovation and refurbishment of the light-house on White Island, together with a resurgence of his financial fortunes, seemed to promise a new beginning. Indeed, for a time he returned to his old ways of extravagant self-indulgence and lavish hospitality. But this was not to last, for, as Botting realised on his departure from White Island, Maxwell's recent experiences had greatly weakened him mentally and physically.

Botting was all too justified in his fear for his friend and his sick otter, Malla, as he left the light-


house, but he was spared the anguish of witnessing the miseries of the last phase of Maxwell's life: the recurring debts, despite the success of *Raven Seek Thy Brother* and the glittering film première of *A Ring of Bright Water* which Maxwell could not bear to attend; the brief bitter-sweet infatuation with Lisa van Gruisen; and above all the torment of the rapidly spreading cancer which eventually destroyed him. Yet even though Botting knew of this period only at second-hand, it is recorded with the same vividness and compelling verisimilitude as the earlier years.

In a most touching epilogue Botting returns to Camusfearna (Sandaig). Of the house nothing remains but ashes, but to his intense delight he finds an otter dropping; clearly the beloved animal had reestablished itself. Gavin had not lived and died in vain. He felt something of the sublimation induced by the end of tragedy.

sunt lacrimae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt

Gavin Maxwell, *A Life* is biography of the highest order, exhaustively researched, beautifully written, sympathetic but frank, affectionate but unsentimental. It is an honest portrayal of a man of exceptional talent, unfortunately not supported by a proportionate strength of character and dogged in undue measure by fortune's cruelty.

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Interview with Lord Annan

Lord Annan is probably the authority on Roxburgh in that he wrote the founding Headmaster's biography. As Head of School, he was constantly communicating with J.F. yet still found time to compete in the Tennis VI, Rugby XV, Cricket XI and Running VIII. Robert Bush spoke to him at the House of Lords.

Why did your parents choose to send you to Stowe?

My father was at Uppingham but wasn't very happy there. Stowe attracted him because of its beauty; because it wasn't traditional and because of Roxburgh's reputation.

Stowe was a new school in your time. What sort of reputation did it have?

It was a sensational place, always in the news with Royal visits and stories of Roxburgh's brilliance. It attracted the sons of squires and country people, it sent a number of scholars to Oxbridge and, contrary to opinion, it had an excellent scholastic record. There were also lots of interesting people at Stowe. For example, H.G. Wells' son was in my house.

*Did it live up to its reputation?
If not, why not?*

In my time it did live up to its reputation – very much so. At the time there was an economic slump and a lot of brilliant people who might have done something else went in for teaching instead.

Our teachers were wonderfully tolerant house-masters, men who had Blues for rugby and who played for Scotland and England. Among them was T.H. White, who wrote *The Sword in the Stone*.

Are there any particular impressions or anecdotes that stick in your mind?

One of my greatest memories is of Leonard Cheshire, who used to be my partner in tennis. He was always so happy-go-lucky, hitting out and smashing where I was volleying and making drop shots. He was the most remarkable of all Old Stoics and a great friend. We used to stay with one and another in the holidays.

How has being at Stowe helped or disadvantaged you in life?

Certainly there have been no disadvantages. It was the first time I'd ever been in such beautiful surroundings. My whole time there had an enormous influence on me and I particularly remember an open air performance of *Comus* at the Temple of Worthies.

You also learned tolerance at Stowe. No boy made rules and in my time Bruce was the friendliest house, although hopeless at sport. Grenville was a great rugby house and Chandos was ill-disciplined to a degree – the boys were always going off into the grounds to shoot with guns concealed in their coats!

I wholeheartedly opposed corporal punishment and was instrumental in trying to reduce it. I remember the Head of Grafton once beat a boy for having his shoe laces undone. It was the sort of behaviour I wouldn't stand for and the prefectorial body, acting on my advice, reprimanded him.

Did you send your sons to Stowe?

Alas I have no sons. However, I must say I'm against boarding schools at eight and I remember it upset my mother when I went away. But I do understand that you get more concentrated time for learning the fundamentals.

Lord Annan, what is, in your opinion, the cornerstone of a good education?

I think there are four corners. The first is literacy, numeracy and culture – in other words, the fundamentals of education. The second is a conception of right and wrong – ultimately, the understanding of morality. This, I believe, is essential. The third is tolerance – and this was possibly the main lesson that Stowe taught me. The fourth? Well, the fourth you'll have to decide for yourself!

ALASDAIR MACDONALD

*The following address was given by R.Q. Drayson
at A.M.'s Cremation Service at Margate, November 1993.*

I remember so clearly my first term at Stowe. It was not an easy time and it was a cold mid-winter – January 1964. There might have been an air of expectancy with a new beginning, but there were also tensions and the need to walk carefully. For me it was a real blessing that Alasdair, whom we have come here to remember today, should have been Second Master and my right hand man – and I soon came to regard him as a friend and a confidant – someone completely reliable, to whom I could confide my worries, in the sure knowledge that he was at all times discreet, a good listener and one who cared about Stowe. Sometimes his advice would come a little later after consideration – rarely just off the cuff. If he saw a need he would do his very best to fill it, for he was a generous man and we shall all of us miss his generosity, his kindness and his friendliness; but it is a joy to remember it and it is something we shall always have – this memory of Alasdair.

Alasdair served Stowe with a straightforward and simple devotion – and above all a genuine loyalty (above all *loyalty*) for some 37 years. He enjoyed life, he enjoyed people, he enjoyed teaching, and his open and friendly approach to all people, whether it be visiting Royalty, the ground staff, his colleagues or the boys in the school, endeared him to all and sundry. I am sure they felt that they were talking to a friend, and Rachel and I always enjoyed spending time with Alasdair and Marjorie – for it goes without saying that he had been very wise in his choice of a wife; we found we could always relax at Ladymead – and if Sheila and Catriona happened to be there too, then so much the better. I was amused to hear that, when the twins were born, the Headmaster, J.F., for whom ladies were not part of his scheme of things in the



running of a school, was heard to commiserate with Alasdair on his bad luck – J.F. was a great Headmaster, but he sometimes got things wrong.

The record books tell us that A.M. joined the staff in September 1931 and that the greater part of his 37 years at Stowe were spent as Housemaster of Chatham – 19 years in fact. And more than one Old Stoic has said that for them A.M. and Chatham were all of a piece. And it was my good fortune to have him as my Second Master for his final five years at Stowe.

Those who knew him as a young man remember him as an athlete – a running blue – always prepared to help on the games field until lameness overtook him. It is said that he once dropped a future V.C. from a Rugger B League Team for inadequate courage: he happily told the story against himself when events brought his judgement into question! His main physical memorial at Stowe will surely be his two histories, written twenty-six years apart.

Alasdair was no mean scholar, as his ability to read with enjoyment English, French, German, Italian, Latin and Greek literature in the original bears witness. And I am sure the boys of

Selwyn House as well as Stoics are grateful that in retirement Alasdair came to Broadstairs and shared his knowledge with them too – and his colleagues on the staff.

But in the end I can only echo the final words of tribute paid to him by a colleague when he left Stowe when he wrote that he was “a generous, gifted and always lovable man” – to which I would add – “and at all times loyal”.

Although we meet sadly in his absence, and grieve with his family on this occasion, we also give thanks for all that Alasdair has meant to each one of us over so many years. May he rest in peace.

ERIC REYNOLDS

HEADMASTER OF STOWE, 1949-58

Joe Bain (Stowe 1953-73) gave the following, very personal address in Stowe Chapel at the Service of Thanksgiving for the life of Eric Reynolds:

“Reynolds’ Memorial Service?”, my friend said;
“God no! I shan’t go: Dreary little man!”
I made no comment. What should I resent?
I’d heard such words before. “Perhaps she’s right”,
I thought: “So are we all – all dreary little men.”

But then the memories came rushing back.
It seemed a thousand years ago, my interview
That summer in the Piccadilly Club,
With faded photographs of faded schools
On faded walls. The Club itself long since
Now gone, with its pretentious solemn bric-a-brac.
The Public Schools those walls half-heartedly
Attempted to commemorate (Status of school –
“School”, and, frankly, “school” is pretty bad”)
Have glossier means today of self-publicity.

Yet that dull club stays vivid in my mind,
For there at mid-day in – I fancy – June
of 1953 I first met E.V.R.
(Not then or ever – even little by little –
Eric: we were respectful in those days).
But, even to the jaundiced eye of twenty-five
He wasn’t “dreary” - “odd” I think I thought
– Though I’ve seen odder since – partly because
He didn’t offer lunch – I’d thought he might –
But more perhaps because the interview
For reasons I discovered only afterwards
Was carried forward “backwards”, as it were,
I mean, the questions came obliquely – thrown
Over his left shoulder, just as though
I sat one seat behind him on a bus.
(A slight dent in the profile from his accident
Had made him more self-conscious than need be.)
He wrote in time the temporary job
 (“The salary’s not princely” which was true)
Was mine. And happily I stayed for twenty years.

Stowe in those days was magical – a lost domain.
The great communicator-founder J.F.R.,
Withdrawn to “The Old Ride”, was silent and aloof;
Symptoms though of his withdrawal racked
His erstwhile paladins, the senior staff.
We younger chaps were undismayed by this:



Reynolds’ men we were, enjoyed his soberness,
His reassuring lack of ease, his public eloquence,
His private generosity and warmth,
His dead-pan humour, his humanity,
His tolerance of fools – provided they weren’t bores –
His hatred of pomposity, ignorance of P.R.,
But, above all, we sensed his loneliness,
His awkwardness with parents, his shy tics,
The curious way he had of masking his unease
By launching into steps of some strange dance
When faced and trapped by those he didn’t know,
His lack of small-talk. What we *didn’t* see,
Or didn’t give him credit for, was his success
In fighting to make teachers’ salaries
As “princely” as he knew they weren’t and couldn’t be.
His buildings: Roxburgh Hall, Headmaster’s House,
not Adam brothers, but they serve us well.
Palladian? No: Stowe-hybrid is the genre.
Exemplum si requiris: look around.
To us who daily lived about the place
He was a kind and self-sufficient man.
We trusted and respected him, I’m sure,
Because he trusted and respected *us*.

The Fifties get a bad press nowadays;
“Elitist” at the best; and at the worst
An arid interval – apocrypha
Between the older dispensation and the new.
And yet, to those of us then young at Stowe,
It gave the blessings of a silver age:
Tolerance and understanding, learning, wit;
The follies of a Whig Augustan past
Matured and blended into pastoral calm
Untouched as yet by renovating taste

– Nothing suburban, nothing Disney-like:
 Rex Whistlerish perhaps, we liked to think.
 Old moss-grown teachers, nurtured by J.F.,
 Hankering in vain for heydays of pre-war
 With wistful cries of “Roxburgh; no-one else!”
 Proved daily that the follies of the place
 Were not exclusively of brick or stone.
 Now I, moss-grown and foolish in my turn,
 Hark back to times less “dreary”, in a word.

Stowe isn't bracing: the broad fresh lawns,
 Mysterious temples, grottoes, lakes, facades,
 Are vistas of a cool, patrician taste.
 The Elysian Fields are haunts of old philosophy.
 The names we gave ourselves (or others gave us)
 “This other Eton”, “Stowe-on-Styx” refer
 To values other than those valued by
 Conventional Victorian Public Schools.
 So may it – so will it always – be.

The pious founders planned another Stowe
 – God's answer to the Woodard Schools, no less.
 These Gothic notions prowled and prowled around.
 We thought that – thwarted by the guile of J.F.R. –
 They'd flourish sparsely in this genial soil.
 I fear some thought them then a kind of joke:

I wonder who laughed longest in the end.
 This though is history, as Sam Goldwyn said.
 A lot of water has been passed since then –
 A lot of hot air too; now let it rest.
 Forgiveness is the word we need today.
 So Eric – dare I after all these years
 Be so familiar? – thank you now for all
 You did and all you tried, like us, to do
 And failed. Never by nature *aiming* to be great
 You did a great job well, against the odds.
 No! You were not J.F., and didn't aspire to be.
 But those of my time, when we think of Stowe,
 It's you especially we like to celebrate
 For making it a place that warmed the heart;
 And that, I'm sure, is what you would have wished.
 Stowe's not been always generous to your memory:
 Forgive us – dreary little men – as we,
 If there is something to forgive, do you.
 It's all so long ago. I see you turn
 With a wry smile. “The job is temporary,
 The fee not princely.” Was it worth it –
 The loneliness, misunderstanding? Yes! We answer:
 yes!
 We unheroic, humane, unambitious men,
 We were your kindred, and we liked your style.
 Vale, kind master! May you rest in peace!



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RALEIGH INTERNATIONAL IN CHILE

When I arrived at base camp in Coyhaique, Southern Chile, after twenty-six hours on a plane, a day in Santiago and two and a half days in a bus, I felt miserable. I was with a group of eighty strangers and the opposite end of the world from home and all my security. The others seemed incredibly confident outdoor types, whilst it took me an embarrassing amount of time to erect my tent.



Our first week was the "induction period" and this spelt struggle and stress. It took time to become accustomed to the camping life, uncomfortable nights in tents, "long-drops" for lavatories and porridge at 7.30 a.m. We had to trek long hours with heavy packs to our induction site, abseil, which scared me witless, and were forced to swim in ice-cold water. At the end of the week we were separated into our groups and then trekked back down the mountain together to the base camp.

Our first month was to be sea-based and started with the building of a jetty for local farmers who lived in the vicinity of Rio Explorades. A jetty would prevent the farmers from having to winch their cattle on to boats, to move them to market, a cumbersome and precarious task. So eleven of us (Delta Group) took a sick-making thirty hour ride on a fishing boat to reach our destination. Once there, we pitched our tents, patched up a fallen-down wooden hut that became our cooking area and organised storage of tools and food. Around us were snow-capped mountains, forested islands and water.

It was this first project I enjoyed least. I had by now become accustomed to the rough camping lifestyle, but it rained all day every day for nine of the ten days. The group did not yet fully know each other and we had not yet "gelled" to become as motivated as we needed to be, to feel accomplishment. Tools were short and we couldn't find enough work for everyone. So, when we left, although we got on well, dissatisfaction was brewing when we began our second project: sea-kayaking. Thank goodness the weather changed for us; in England it generally rains for a couple of hours, then stops. In Chile it just goes on and on, never ceasing.

Last year the Old Stoic Society inaugurated the annual award of two Gap Year Scholarships, each worth £750.

Both winners were girls. Timara Kay has spent ten months teaching in a rural school in Zimbabwe, whilst Philippa Haines journeyed to Peru. In this article Philippa recalls some of the highlights of her Gap Year travels.

We spent two weeks navigating through the Cthonos Archipelago in kayaks, re-enacting the method of transport of the Cthonos Indians and sleeping on beaches at night. Physically, kayaking was extremely tough. My arms and shoulders underwent a great test of strength! Another discomfort was lack of tents; we slept under bivvys made from ex-army ponchos (often a little leaky after the nightly rainfall), although there is a definite charm waking up in the open air among nature, millions of miles from civilisation. But kayaking did eventually bring Delta Group our first feelings of satisfaction and accomplishment. At last we were a team, striving towards the same ends. We covered good paddling distances and visited a sea-lion colony that was in an estuary stacked with all other types of wildlife, such as penguins, porpoises, dolphins and birds. The weather was perfect and we camped opposite the colony on an island, drifting off to sleep to the sound of their lion-like barks and roars.

Our next project was at the San Rafael glacier, where venturers supported scientific work. We arrived in Avon motor boats on a clear sunny day, racing towards the glacier, dodging huge blue icebergs which sparkled in the sunlight. We alternated between three different projects. We worked with the scientist studying life forms around the glacier (collecting plankton and creepy-crawlies whose names escape me), we built bridges and led treks to the glacier daily, in order to measure the ablation stakes which helped to calculate how far the glacier retreated each day.

The last two days of this project were spent ice-climbing on the glacier. It was fantastic and fantastically frightening all at once! We slept the night at the Observation Point. The sun-set was the most awesome I have ever seen. Streaks of pink, red, purple and a thousand other colours trickling and dripping from the sky. Because the weather had been

so hot huge chunks of ice came toppling off the glacier (a sparkling powder blue), rumbling as loud as a roll of thunder and falling gracefully into the sea, totally submerging itself because of its colossal weight and then re-emerging back up to the surface, causing a gigantic wave all around it, then rolling onto its side and drifting slowly away to join all the other icebergs.

The group hardly spoke a word that night, amazed by it all. Saying goodbye to San Rafael was an emotional farewell.

Thirty-six hours later (spent on a stinking fishing boat, sleeping in the hold which twenty-four hours before had held a dozen cattle) we arrived back at base for a huge "slap-up" meal, having eaten for a month and a half only sardines, tuna and dehydrated soya goulash. Next day we drove for six hours into the mountains to the small Patagonian town of Bahia Murta on the shores of the Lago General Carrera.

Here we had to finish a playground for the school children which another group had started. In addition we helped the farmer on whose land we were camping and we taught English to the school children. We played with the school children and drank herbal tea with the farmers. They gave us bread and cheese, happy not to speak when the language barrier became a problem, content just to show us hospitality. The people were fascinated by these strange foreign youngsters, so far from home, who actually wanted to work for free, even on Sundays!

My most touching encounter was with a little girl to whom I was trying to teach the word "horse". The "h" sound is not pronounced in Spanish, so getting her to say "horse" correctly was difficult. My friend and I ran around the room pretending to be out of breath, saying "hha, hha, hha, horse"! "Horse", she repeated breathily from the bottom of her chest. Perfect! The next day I met her in the street; she ran towards me, then around me, panting, squared up in front of me and said: "Hha, hha, horse"! I know it was only one word, but I couldn't help feeling pleased.

So it was the people who made this project special for me. So poor, but so generous and so open-minded and interested, but not scornful of our western ways. Women in these communities work only in the house. Building, helping on the farm or visiting is simply not done.

The most challenging project mentally and physically was "Mountain Trek". We had to carry twelve days' rations and my pack was so heavy I couldn't lift it onto my back myself. Patagonian mountains do not undulate; they tower into the sky, thick jungle at the bottom, followed by rock and scree with snow-

capped tips. Our task was to cover 80 km (as the crow flies) in eleven days.

The first days were exhausting but rewarding. On the fourth we went down into a jungled valley at the advice of a farmer we met, who told us there was a path through the valley to lead us to our destination. We descended into the valley with a boy in front cutting our path with a machete. We slept that night in the farmer's hut and sent out three recon parties to find the path. The so-called path petered out; it began to rain hard; we cut our way uphill hopefully; after four hours, whoops of joy! We had found an obvious path with machete marks in abundance. We trundled along this path for an hour until BANG – it was gone. We continued cutting and searching until we realised a staff member was missing. Two months of trekking and a knee injury had taken its toll on Robbie. We stood in the jungle screaming and blowing our whistles for an hour until he was found.

That night I spent the most uncomfortable night of my life in the jungle, wet, cold and sleeping at an angle of forty-five degrees. But morale was high; everyone was excited by the tense situation: in addition to Robbie's fatigue there were many injuries. The spirit of adventure was rife. Nonetheless after two more days lost in the jungle a decision for survival had to be taken: we were not going to make the pick-up point. So we hurried back, upset. On the way back we found the genuine path – more than a little painful! – but we had run out of time.

The aspect of Raleigh I enjoyed most was the encouragement it gave to me to speak up and push my ideas forward. "Personal development" was the term they used, learning self-motivation, leadership skills... I feel I have had the most fantastic experience of my lifetime. Thank you to all who made it possible.

STOWE THROUGH THE DECADES 1984

The unveiling of the new Bruce House foundation stone was performed by Granville Carr (Bruce/Chatham 1924–29).

Golfers won the Micklem Trophy for the thirteenth time.

The 1st and Junior Squash teams won all of their 22 matches.

Dougie Richardson retired as Chef after 48 years' service.

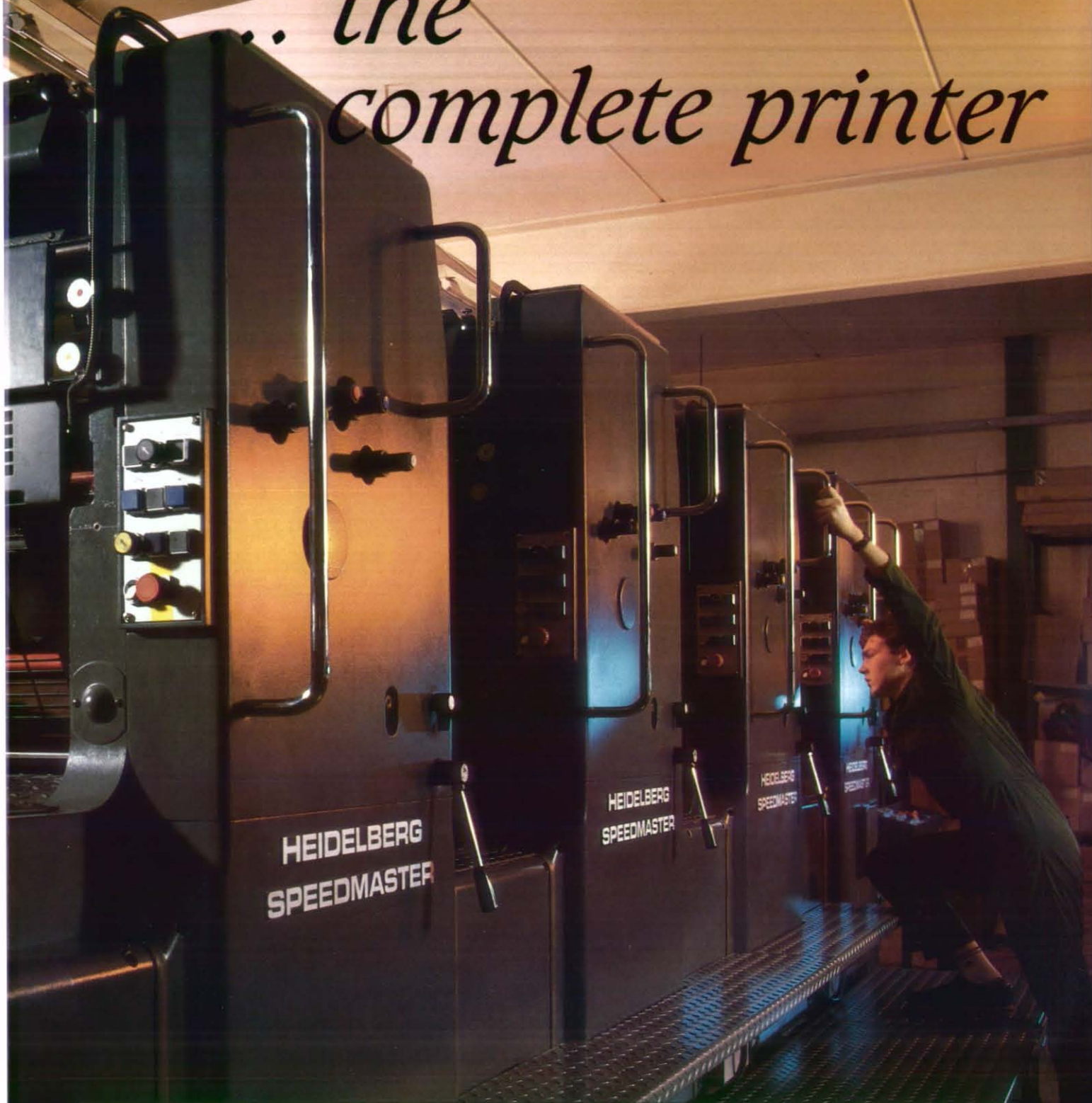
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