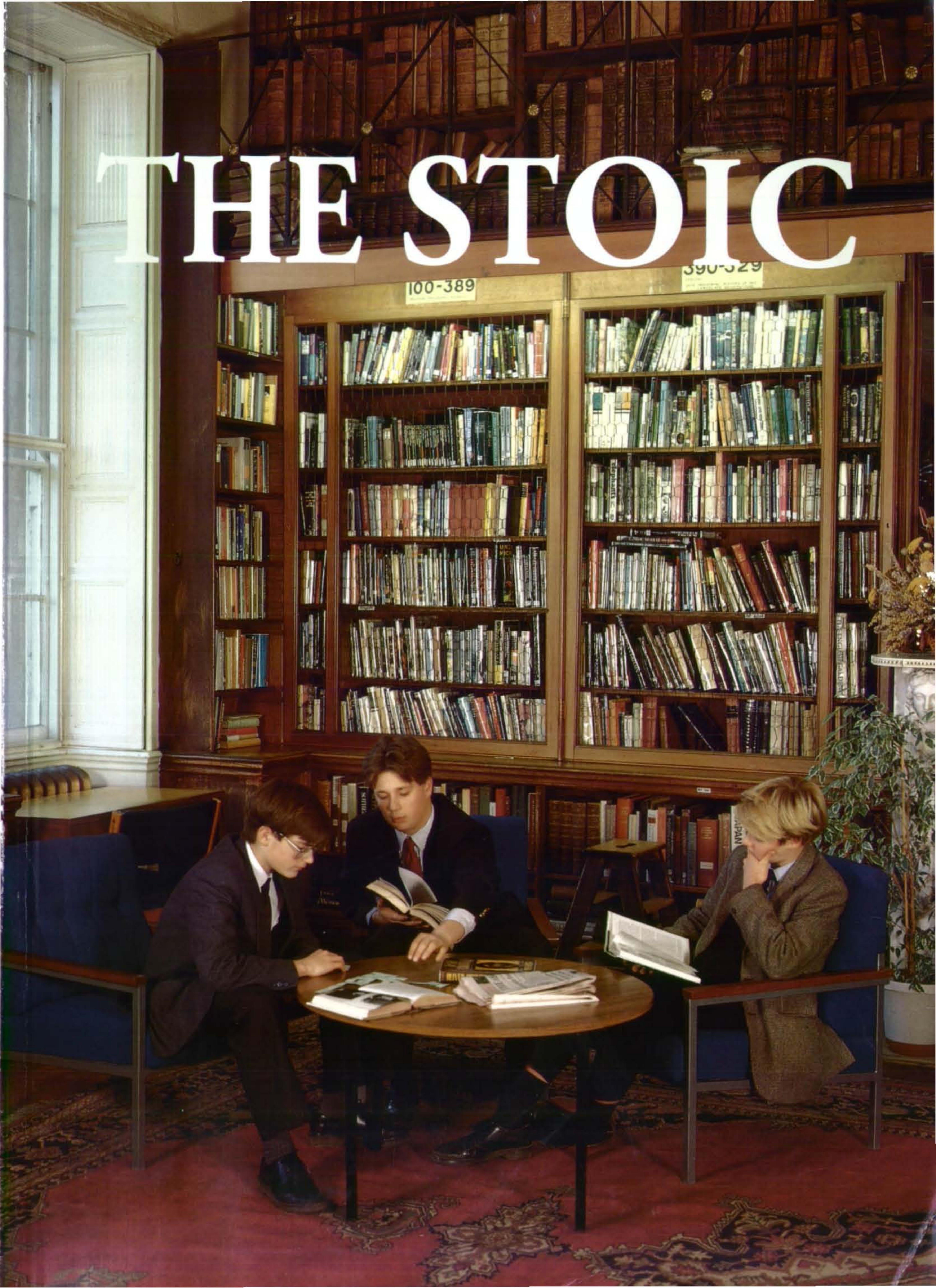


THE STOIC

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MARCH 1995





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No. 193

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EDITORS: Tom Chambré, James Mullineux, Digby Oldridge, Marusya Boxell, Jessie Childs, Jimmy Lane, Sarah McBeath, Charles McMaster, Benedetta Sammartini and Caroline Shasha with Hamish MacKay, Andrew Black, Ed Morgan, Jamie Curtis, George Eves, Mark Meredith, Jamie Pelly, Hugh Stewart-Richardson, and Daniel Wills.

ADVISORY EDITORS: AGM and JECH

With particular thanks to Alison Ewens, John Credland & BCP, JSK, AGE, EST, TCFS and GSJS
The Advisory Editors take this opportunity of thanking Digby Oldridge for all he has done for *The Stoic* over a considerable period of time.

COVER: James Vane-Tempest, Emanuele Pesenti and James Cara-Southey in the school library.
(Photo: John Credland)

BACK COVER: Jimmy Lane in the school workshops. (Photo: AGE)

INSIDE FRONT COVER: The Temple of Ancient Virtue. (Photo: Digby Oldridge)



Photo: Digby Oldridge

STOICA



AROUND & ABOUT

ANDY BIRT

Highlight of the year has been the return of Andy Birt to school life after a year away, following his serious injury in a rugby game. Most of this time Andy has spent at Stoke Mandeville, where he has been recovering and coming to terms with his disability. Lionel Weston, his Housemaster, has done much to ensure close contact between Andy and his many Stoic friends during this trying period. The beginning of last autumn term was notable not just for preparations for Andy's return but for two consecutive weekends of activity, supported by the entire school, as part of fund-raising for the Andy Birt Trust. This had been launched by a 24-hour "Birt-athon" at Stowe the previous term, details of which will be found later in this magazine.

Andy's courage and that of his family have been an inspiration to all. The accident to Andy and the beginning of his fight back towards an active life have really put everything else which has happened here this year into perspective. We tend to take so much for granted. *The Stoic* takes this opportunity of saluting Andy for all he has achieved in the past year, confident that in both the immediate and the more distant future he and his myriad Stoic friends will continue to be a source of mutual encouragement.

THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF GOVERNORS

Sir Peter Leslie (OS) has taken over as Chairman of the Governors, on the retirement of Sir Edward Tomkins, whilst another long-serving governor, Mrs Margaret (Peggy) Gull, also retired last year. Sir Peter Leslie writes:

"Sir Edward Tomkins' retirement as Chairman of the Governors last July was a great loss to Stowe. After a distinguished diplomatic career ending as Ambassador in Paris in 1975, he embarked on what is almost a second career as owner and restorer of Stowe's historic neighbour, Winslow Hall. Both experiences have been invaluable in his service as a Governor from 1982. After Sir James Kennon's untimely death in 1991, he took over the chairmanship and quickly became a familiar and well loved figure at Stowe and this will happily continue after his retirement.

"We were also very sorry to say "goodbye" in December to Mrs Margaret Gull, who had served as a Governor since 1978, lately filling the role of Deputy Chairman. Her great commitment to all aspects of the welfare of the school and of the Stowe community will also be greatly missed."



Andy Birt with Nick Pinkney and Simon Ridley on his return to Stowe

Photo: Digby Oldridge



Photo: Mrs Annie Nichols

Sir Peter Leslie (OS) making a presentation to Sir Edward Tomkins, on behalf of the governors, at an evening party at Winslow Hall.

COMMON ROOM

Our Valete section, which begins on page 14, commemorates long, distinguished service to the school from five members of Common Room: Brian Stephan, Antony Lloyd, Andrew Rudolf, Graham Platt and Mike Smith. Some other masters of shorter service will also be much missed. Ian Murray has left to take up a post in Wales. Ian made a big contribution to the Geography department during his two years here, on the games field and as non-resident Underhousemaster of Cobham. Likewise Troy Blacklaws, another valued underhousemaster, also left last summer. Troy taught English here for a year, ran our Foundationers, the junior debating and coached many sports. We wish them both good fortune in their new positions.

There have been several new internal appointments. David James is now Head of Industry, Careers and Enterprise and Robert Dillow has taken responsibility for the school's European thrust. Tony Collins was appointed as Director of Strategic Development, Jane Hamblett taking over his previous role as Head of Economics and Politics. Celia Collins has taken over the school library from Brian Stephan.

Tim Hastie-Smith has become the new Director of Admissions and his wife Joanne is now Admissions secretary.

There have been no changes in the Houses this year, but Tony and Heather Meredith will be retiring from Chatham this summer, William and Emma Vernon taking over. Charles Macdonald will also be retiring then as Second Master, handing over to Tony Collins, and, whilst Simon Collins is away for a year on exchange in Australia, Charles will be Director of Science.

Pauline Beacham is a recent, much lamented departure from the Bursar's office. We wish her and her husband every happiness in their new life in Devon.

Two new faces in September 1994 were those of Philip Cottam, the new Head of History, and Gregory Roberts, who has joined the Physics Department. Philip comes to us after spending eight years at Sedbergh, where he was a Housemaster and ran the CCF and debating society. He is an Old Wellingtonian, an exhibitor of Pembroke College, Oxford and spent some sixteen years in the Army before leaving to become a schoolmaster. He is a keen skier and mountaineer, a hockey player and a fencer and has a passionate interest in opera, books, history and travel.

Gregory Roberts has taught for the past seven years in Harrow. He was brought up at Shrewsbury and then read physics at the University of Durham. At Durham he was active in the life of the college chapel. In addition to physics Gregory also has experience of teaching maths, science and electronics, whilst his extracurricular interests include badminton. Gregory lists his hobbies as the theatre, oriental cooking and reading biographies.

Philip Cottam



Photo: Digby Oldridge

Gregory Roberts



Photo: Classic Snaps

THE ANDY BIRT TRUST

The school has been active in a number of ways during the year in supporting the Andy Birt Trust. Perhaps the most ambitious of all was the sponsored 24 hours of non-stop entertainment put on during the first week of the summer term and called the Birt-athon. In the picture to the right, Tom Chambré, one of the eight organisers, is seen carrying out an interview with Bob Drayson, who was headmaster of Stowe from 1963 to 1979. In the photograph below, a crowded Temple Room watches Max Konig display his filming expertise.



Photo: Digby Oldridge



Photo: Digby Oldridge

To the right, on the opposite page, Benji Mount is seen interviewing David Shepherd, president last year of the Old Stoic Society and a well-known artist and conservationist. The photograph below shows the members of Walpole House forming up on the Walpole roof to make the words "Hi, Andy!"

An even bigger gathering took place on the South Front when most of the school, young and old, turned out for an informal "Get well soon" photograph.

Photo: LEW





Photo: Digby Oldridge



Photo: Digby Oldridge

Above are some of the dogs which took part in the Birt-athon Crufts competition. From left to right: Trooper, Trumper, Bramble and Chloe.

Below is the team responsible for the whole twenty-four hour entertainment. From left to right: Tom Harper, Mark Meredith, George Pendle, Jimmy Lane, Tom Chambré, Simon Ridley, Benji Mount, Jamie Pelly and the Chaplain, Tim Hastie-Smith.



Photo: Digby Oldridge

BIRT-ATHON

An account of the Birt-athon, as reported in The Voice by Tom Chambré

The organisation all came together in the first three and a half days of the spring term. In that time sets were built, video recorders hired, a programme of events planned, equipment set up, performers recruited and sponsorship pledged. There was a remarkable spontaneity and willingness to help.

The team kicked off at 1pm on Saturday 23rd April and ended at 1pm on Sunday 24th. On Saturday we were privileged to interview Dr James on his marathon run, former Headmaster Bob Drayson, Sir Robin Maxwell-Hyslop OS, the former MP, and David Shepherd OS, conservationist and artist. Mixed in with this were magic, gardening tips, news and weather, cookery, music plus much, much more! By about 5pm the team started to panic with only 4 long hours finished yet 20 hours ahead! But as the evening came, so did many more Stoics. An atmosphere was created which lasted till the end, with the whole school taking part. Time vanished with beards, moustaches and hairy chests all coming off for sponsorship, with music from Private Road, the jazz band, Mr Kreeger and the 1st XI's version of Swan Lake and Take This.

The prefects' pie quiz was a great success with many people paying large sums of pocket money to pie them. Paul McSweeney was expensive, as was Barney Williams' suit! Thanks for being so supportive, guys! The money was ably collected by God's Banker, alias the Chaplain. An interview with Mr and Mrs McCrea proved highly revealing, the Congreve Wanderers' pantomime highly chaotic and the impressionist highly amusing. As night fell we hit the airwaves for nine hours. We all had great fun talking about our first naughty

words, telling "bed-time stories to restless schoolboys" and recounting an interesting new version of the Wizard of Oz involving Steve the reluctant vampire, Orville and the Archangel Tim.

In the political party broadcasts James Goodwin-Hudson, who stated his party did not believe in voting for democracy, received one vote, from the night-watchman, while the Irish could not get anything across due to censorship. Mr Cottrell hit the airwaves at 3am for an hour and half of quiet music – respect goes to Hugo Reoch, Iain Armstrong and James Johnston.

Morning began with the arrival of Edward Hastie-Smith at 6am, when Tom Harper kept us all enraptured for an hour with Thomas the Tank Engine. This was followed by breakfast and Holy Communion on the air in pyjamas.

As the interview with Troy Blacklaws about his latest book got under way, the crowds returned and some serious improvisation set in, followed by Crufts with some seriously obedient dogs. Trooper won. Hobbes was disqualified for being fed steroids and Bramble showed potential as a savage police dog.

By 12 noon the end was in sight and money pouring in everywhere, as eggs were broken on heads and legs shaved. We had great pleasure in welcoming Mr and Mrs Birt and their two younger grandsons. Mr Birt spoke to us and they joined in with "Jerusalem".

Finally, a big thank you to Ray Mitchell, for all his technical expertise and hard work, and also to the Chaplain, who supported us and guided us, and, not least, to you, the Stoics, who made the giant roller-coaster of non-stop entertainment not just fun but most helpfully supportive to The Trust.

An afterword from the Chaplain

Modesty prevents Tom from saying too much about the work of the Birt-athon team. Suffice it for me merely to observe that they were all quite simply superb! They worked incredibly hard, they remained good-humoured and enthusiastic throughout the event and their infectious love of life suffused the whole school.

They are also, of course, a bunch of vain extroverts who like showing off! But it is to their enormous credit that they used these attributes so positively. So to Tom Chambré, Tom Harper, Mark Meredith, Jimmy Lane, Simon Ridley, George Pendle, Benji Mount and Jamie Pelly my heartfelt admiration and praise. You most certainly deserved the Representative Tie that you received on behalf of all who took part in the event.



THE RUGBY AND THE WALK

On the second weekend of the autumn term Lionel Weston organised a fund-raising celebrity rugby match in which an International XV played the Headmaster's XV. The former contained past and present international stars such as Phil De Glanville, Damian Hopley, Adedayo Adebayo, Les Cusworth, Laurence Dallaglio, Jim Broderick and Jeff Probyn.

On the first weekend of term a sponsored walk from Stoke Mandeville to Stowe involved the whole school, covering a distance of some twenty five miles (though participants could choose their distance in multiples of five). In the picture below, six young walkers reach Stowe at the end of the long trail and right, the school waits for the last walkers, five minutes before evening chapel. A fuller account of the "Stoke to Stowe Stroll" can be found in our Expeditions section (page 129).

Below right: The ice cream stall in action during the celebrity rugby afternoon. One satisfied customer, Emma Nichols, walks away.



Photos: LEW

LEONARD CHESHIRE ESSAY PRIZE

A new initiative this year was the setting up of a Leonard Cheshire Essay prize, in memory of one of Stowe's most distinguished old boys. The title of this year's inaugural essay was "Peace is not just the absence of war", a quotation from the final paragraphs of Leonard Cheshire's *The Hidden World*. The essay prize was open to all prep school children in the country. The Over 11 winners were Eustace Santa Barbara (Westminster Cathedral School), James Stephenson (Birkdale School), Douglas Paine (Duke of Kent School). The Under 11 winners were Helen Jones (High March School), Timothy Holden (The Mall School), Joanna Britton (Kensington Prep School).

The prizes were awarded on a special occasion last November, when the school attended the inaugural Cheshire Lecture, given by Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Foxley-Norris, Chairman Emeritus of the Leonard Cheshire Foundation. A lifelong friend of his, Sir Christopher gave a most inspiring talk about Leonard Cheshire.



The Leonard Cheshire Essay Prize winners.
Back, left to right: Douglas Paine, Eustace Santa Barbara, James Stephenson. Front: Timothy Holden, Helen Jones, Joanne Britton

THE STOWE PREP SCHOOL ART EXHIBITION

goes from strength to strength and further mention may be found in the magazine's art report, beginning on page 56.

Amongst schools which sent entries were: Akeley Wood, Ashfold, Audley House, Beachborough, Bedford Prep, Beeston Hall, Brockhurst, Caldicott, Chesham Prep, Claremont, Cothill, The Croft, the Dragon, Eagle House, Edge Grove, Elstree, Great Houghton, Highfield, Hordle House, Horris Hill, Josca's, Kingshott, Lambrook, Lockers Park, Long Close, Ludgrove, Maidwell Hall, Milton Keynes Prep, Papplewick, Spratton Hall, St Andrew's, St Piran's, Summer Fields, Sunningdale, Swanbourne House, Thorpe House, Wicken Park, Winchester House and Woodcote House.

THE AUSTRALIAN TOUR

On 19th July a party of twenty-four Stoics, accompanied by four members of staff, will be off on Stowe's first ever rugby tour in Australia. The itinerary is to include Bangkok, Sydney, Brisbane and Cairns. The tourists will largely be those boys who will be the basis of the 1995 1st XV squad, so the tour should provide the ideal build-up to the coming season.

Colin McCrea, the tour's leader, writes: "No one is under any illusions as to how tough this trip will be, but the squad is committed to two training sessions per week until they go. The organisation for the tour is well under way and will soon be completed and it looks as if the fixture list will include sides such as Knox Grammar in Sydney and "Churchie" in Brisbane.

"A tour of this type is costly to put together and consequently fund-raising is now the order of the day. We've made a useful start but some other very worthy causes have understandably taken priority at Stowe recently and we now find ourselves with still much to raise and time beginning to become short.

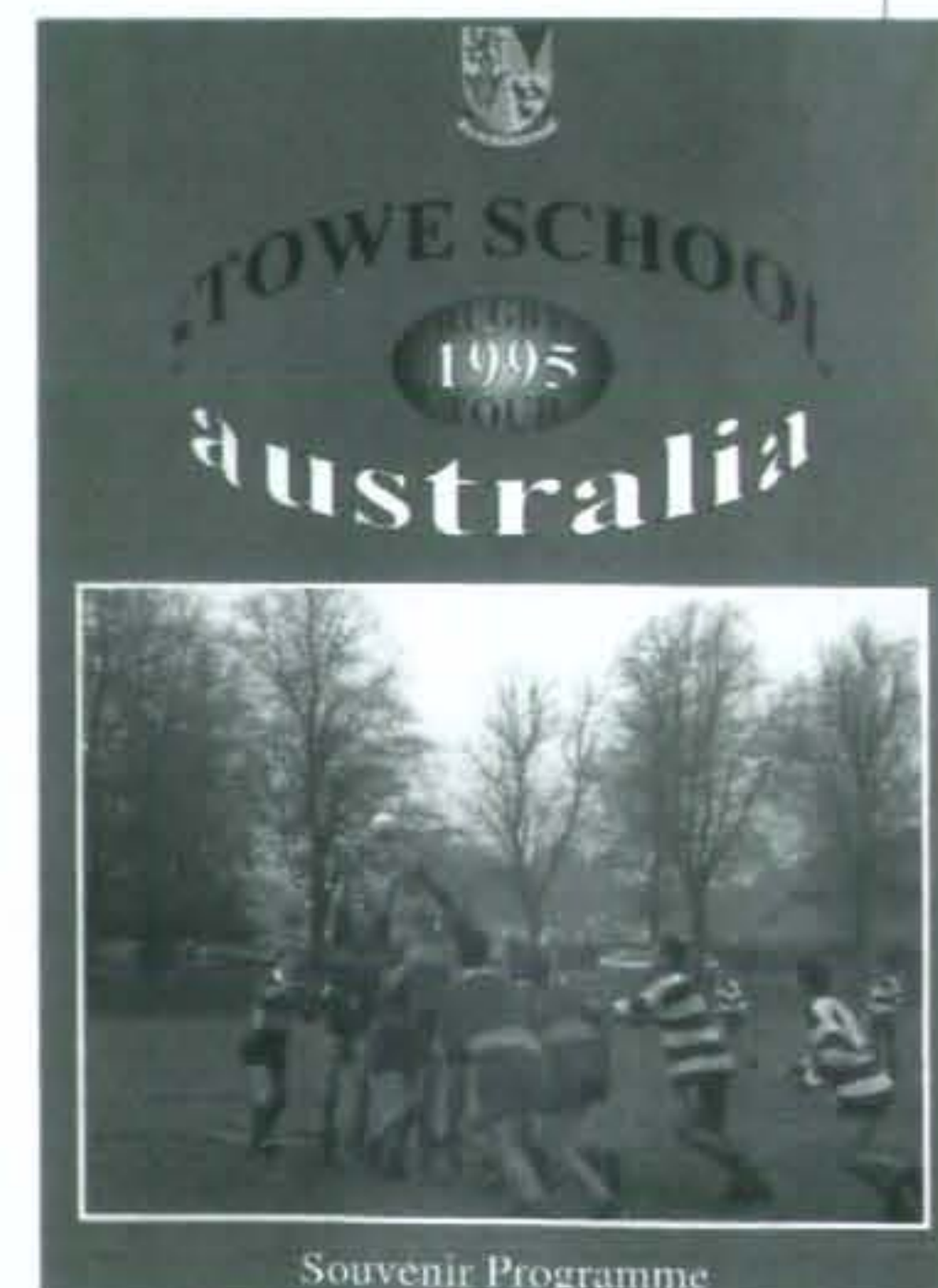
"A major raffle (with prizes such as weeks in holiday homes about Europe) is in progress with the draw being made on Speech Day. We need to raise at least £10,000 from this. Tickets cost £1 each and any assistance in selling these would be greatly appreciated.

"We have produced an excellent Tour Brochure, which is outstanding value at £2 per copy, being packed with articles, competitions and photographs. We are still looking for someone to sponsor parts of the tour, be it the rugby shirts or just a general sponsorship for which we have various packages on offer, using the facilities here at Stowe. We are also producing souvenir T-shirts, which will be on sale soon.

"We are holding an Auction on the night of the Leavers' Ball and hope to publish a list of items by Speech Day if not before. These are to include holidays, meals in restaurants etc and written bids will be accepted. Any offers for the Auction would be most gratefully received.

"We would be very delighted to hear from any parents, Old Stoics or other friends of Stowe who might be able to help with this fund-raising. In the meantime we look forward to being able to fill the pages of the next edition of *The Stoic* with descriptions and pictures of our many adventures in Australia from the Barrier Reef to Sydney Opera House and, of course, even the rugby!"

Colin McCrea
can be contacted at
Stowe School,
Buckingham, MK18 5EH.
Tel: 0280 813164
Fax: 0280 822769



Souvenir Programme

ANGUS MCCAREY deserves congratulations for doing so well in the county and regional rugby trials at U16 level. He has recently been playing for the South & West Counties Region and is now only one selection process away from the U16 England squad. Four other of our players reached U16 County level: Alasdair Barne, Tom Honeyman Brown, Buddy Wheatley and Edward Dobbin.



Photo: Classic Snaps

DR HORNBY'S CHEMISTRY EXPERTISE reached a wider audience during the course of last year with the publication of *The Foundations of Organic Chemistry*, a book for 6th-formers and undergraduates, which he wrote with Dr Josephine Peach. It is already into its third printing and has also been published in Japanese.

TWO NEW BOOKS ON STOWE were published this year. Michael Bevington's *STOWE The Garden and the Park* is a most lucidly presented compendium of all the key facts and figures connected with Stowe. But it is much more than an easy-to-use guide book. Chapters on such diverse subjects as the Royal Bucks Yeomanry, restoration issues and political iconography make this a very broad as well as fascinating read.

Meanwhile the Manchester University Press has also excelled itself with *The Rise and Fall of the Grenvilles*. John Beckett, a professor of English Regional History at Nottingham University, has produced a highly readable account of the "rags-to-riches-to-rags tale" of Stowe's founding family. All the leading characters are drawn with great clarity, their faults as evident as their virtues. The 1st Duke, for example, comes out as "egotistical, proud and conceited, a combination of faults guaranteed to make him universally unpopular among contemporaries." A little later we are told that "he grew enormously fat, and became a figure of Falstaffian fun as a consequence..." Both books are on sale in paperback at Stowe Bookshop, Michael Bevington's at a bargain £3.30 and John Beckett's for £14.99.

SOME VERY INTERESTING letters concerning Stowe in the Nineteenth Century were recently very generously donated to the school archives by Mrs Caroline Oldridge. They had been sent to a distant relation of hers, a great-great-grandmother, Caroline, Lady Wenlock, from various relatives, who had been staying at Stowe. One of these letters, written in 1844, is given on pages 29 – 31.

DUKE OF EDINBURGH GOLD AWARD winners are to be congratulated on their recent achievement: Yta Nicholson, Zoe Beale, Wouter Manning, Hugh Buxton, Tom Foss-Smith, Robert Bush, James Stewart, James Paravicini and Edmund Wontner. The awards were made by the Duke at a ceremony at St James' Palace.

ANGUS CAMPBELL of Cobham House achieved a spectacular hole-in-one during a match against Stowe golf club on the school's course. He performed this feat at the 9th.



STOWE BIOLOGIST AND CAREERS MASTER, David James, took part last year in the London Marathon, completing the course in 4 hours 28 minutes, an achievement which subsequently received coverage in the national press. It is said that a chance remark in class sparked off this enterprise! His magnificent effort raised nearly £8,000, divided between SPARKS and the Andy Birt Trust. "His fortitude and determination", commented the Headmaster, "reflecting as it does the courage in the object of his efforts, has been an inspiration and given power to us all."



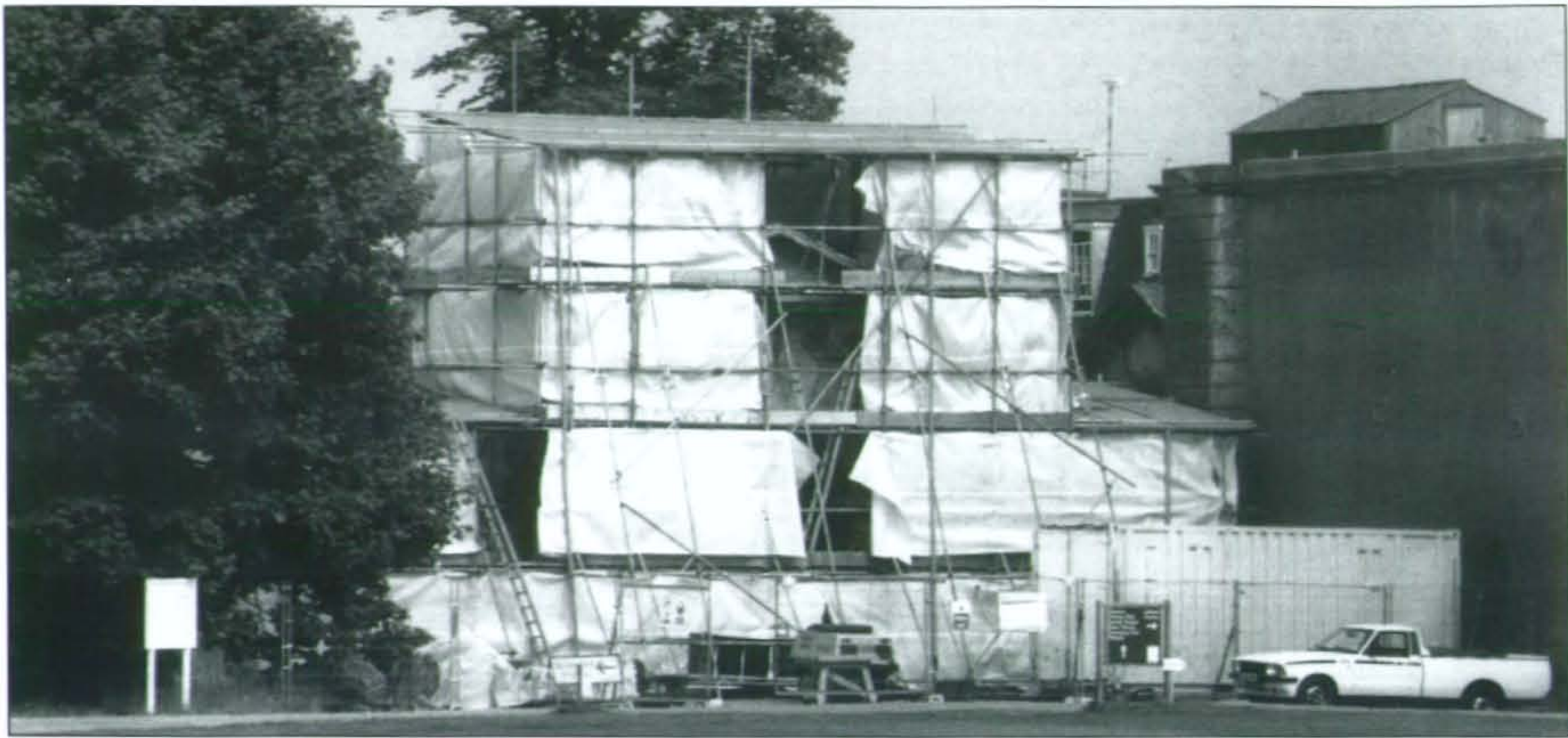


Photo: Henry Irving

RESTORATION OF OLD BUILDINGS has been much in evidence during the year. Both Leoni arches, erected in 1740, have been for several months under wraps. The School has been helped in the funding of this project by English Heritage and the Stowe Garden Buildings Trust. Meanwhile the National Trust has continued its exciting programme of restoration in the park. Recently the Temple of Venus, covered up for much of the time since building works began in 1991, has recently reappeared in all its former glory, the stone glowing in the colours William Kent would have known, back in 1731. There is much keen anticipation now for the re-emergence after restoration of the Temple of Concord, scheduled later this year, to coincide with the Trust's Centenary.

THE STANHOPE BUILDING, having undergone much recent renovation and refurbishment is being reopened to house a European Study Centre, careers, Special Tuition and EFL. News of the School's drive towards a greater European awareness can be found on page 24.

LAMBROOK SCHOOL Old Boys gathered to meet Lambrook Headmaster, Robin Badham-Thornhill, one of a number of Prep School Headmasters to visit this year. Left to right: Simon Oldridge, Jason Cheng, Oscar Marsland-Roberts, Mr Badham-Thornhill, Ben Chandor, Mrs Badham-Thornhill, Crispin Marsland-Roberts, Tristan Lake, Alasdair Johnston, Steven Davies and Edward Bryan. Photo: Digby Oldridge (another Lambrook Old Boy).





Photo: Stuart Isaac

THE CONGREVE CLUB, which did not produce a musical as the main school play until 1988, has since produced three more in the past five years. This year's offering was Kander and Ebb's powerful reworking of Isherwood's Berlin stories, *Cabaret*. It elicited some splendid performances, not least from Henrietta Hensher (above) who played Sally Bowles.

THE MYLES HENRY PRIZE this year was won by Andrew Nicoll and Richard Hoskins for their presentation entitled "From the summit of the Lost Mountain to the sea: an Odyssey." The top McElwee travel award this year went to Edward Morgan and Digby Oldridge for their expedition to the Transylvanian mountains in search of Dracula. Both trips are covered in our Expeditions Section, which begins on page 123. The Dracula-hunters are pictured below, in Romania, in Basov Square.

EMMA BROWN has over the past two years given much pleasure with her singing, in various styles. Here she is pictured at the open air rock concert on the North Front at the end of the Summer Term.

STOIC PHOTO QUIZ (1)

Is the guitar player:

- A member of The Worzels, returning for their 5th Stowe Celebrity Concert?
- Elton John during the Watford F.C. Reunion week (one of our recent holiday lets)?
- Ossie Ardiles pretending to be Gerry Francis pretending to be Dusty Springfield?
- Earl Temple's great-great-nephew entertaining the Literary Society?

Answers to Ian McKillop, Roxburgh Hall, Stowe.



Photo: Digby Oldridge



BRIAN STEPHAN

A Celebration



Photo: John Dobinson

Brian and Biddy, September 1994

Brian Stephan retired from Stowe last summer after a remarkable fifty years of service to the school. Educated at Shrewsbury, he became a scholar of Caius College, Cambridge, where he gained 1st class honours in both parts of the Classical Tripos. When he applied for a post at Stowe in 1944, the Headmaster, J.F. Roxburgh, suggested they might meet in the Athenaeum. Brian, however, thought a meeting at Stowe might be more appropriate. Brian offered much outside the classroom, as a rugby coach, an editor of magazines and a producer of plays and operas. But the fastidious Roxburgh was looking for more than this. "Tall, speaks well", J.F. noted, "and is a gentleman". Brian was duly appointed.

Then began a career in the course of which Brian was to occupy every major position in the school. "Able fellow and would be most useful", Roxburgh had commented on that first meeting. It proved the classic understatement. In 1947 Brian became Housemaster of Chandos, where he stayed until 1963.

When he became Senior Tutor, in 1967, Brian continued his long-standing role as Tutor of both Classics and English. In 1968 he became Second Master as well and, when in the 1970's Bob Drayson, the Headmaster, spent a term of absence abroad, Brian was Stowe's Acting Headmaster. Most recently Brian has been running the school library. But perhaps the most important appointment of all was that in 1967, when he

married Bridget (Biddy) Walker and began his long residence in Chackmore.

Such a very distinguished period of service is unlikely to be equalled in years to come. It is being marked by the preparation of a bust, by David Wynne, which will be sited in the library. Brian's distinction as an academic has also been recognised by the inauguration of the Stephan Sixth Form Scholarships, eligible to day pupils of great intellectual promise.

Last September a gathering of staff, past and present, saluted Brian and his wife Biddy and presentations were made. At this occasion Joe Bain, who succeeded Brian as housemaster of Chandos, paid Brian a characteristically witty tribute, which is reproduced below. We also include two short memoirs of Brian. But it is hard to celebrate adequately someone who has been such an integral part of Stowe under every one of its headmasters. His has been a breathtaking contribution, one to be remembered and passed on to future generations. And, as Tacitus wrote of his distinguished father-in-law, so we can surely write of Brian:

Quicquid ex Agricola amavimus, quicquid mirati sumus, manet mansurumque est in animis hominum, in aeternitate temporum, fama rerum. Nam multos veterum velut inglorios et ignobiles oblivio obruit; Agricola posteritati narratus et traditus superstes erit.

He will not be quickly forgotten.

STEPHANUS: *The last of the Hep-cats*

*Stephanus is a wise old cat,
A cat who walks alone;
You are never quite sure what he's at:
His counsel is his own.
Attempts at analysing
Are fated to ill-luck:
It's really not surprising
They always come unstuck.
He's never caught cat-napping,
He's nimble on his paws;
Remove his outer wrapping,
There's still no clue, because
There's yet another layer
You wouldn't quite have guessed
– a wily poker player,
His cards stay near his chest.
Had he really read Catullus
At the tender age of five?
Did he brief John Foster Dulles?
Did he work for MI5?
Such fancies one is loath to
Accept as really true:
But I wouldn't take an oath to
Swear them quite false – would you?*

*When Cheshire cats are jocular
They spread their jaws and grin:
You needn't be too ocular
To see what mood they're in.
Stephanus' merriment is made
By methods more oblique:
He simply shrugs a shoulder-blade
Or gives his tail a tweak.
Whilst most cats as a form of speech
Are limited to "mew",
Stephanus has been known to teach
In Russian and Urdu:
A feat impressive in its way,
Linguistically laudable;
Except from what "some people say"
It's sometimes barely audible.*

*Where other cats' idea of fun
Is Milton and John Bunyan,
Stephanus' fancy tends to run
From Pope to Damon Runyan.
In music there's no razzmatazz
For this fastidious pussy,
But smoochy ivory-tickling jazz
With a whisker of Debussy.
Now, after fifty glorious years,
He and his best of wives
Will have the time to spend the arrears
Of their joint eighteen lives.
So Stowe now bids you – not farewell
Nor goodbye, nor adieu,
But au revoir, for Stowe knows well
Stowe's not quite Stowe sans you.
We needn't temper our applause
With sadness: they'll be back more
Often than we fear, because
They're still just down at Chackmore.*

*Joseph Bain
25th September, 1994*



ON FIRST MEETING BRIAN

Tony Meredith remembers some earlier days.

I had come up to Stowe on interview. Brian was Classics Tutor at the time, as well as being English Tutor, Senior Tutor, Senior Master and no doubt much more besides! I had already met the Headmaster, Bob Drayson, who had given a bravura performance in the Gothic Library after lunch, dextrously holding six different conversations with six different sets of people, a little like the juggler who somehow manages to keep all of his plates spinning. "You'll like Brian Stephan", he told me, somewhat inconsequentially, as he spun my group's particular plate with engaging enthusiasm. "Delightful man. Superb brain. Very special." He withdrew, smiling, and I was left wondering what kind of man this man of many roles would be. Surely a very extrovert grandee: Bamber Gascoigne, Rhodes Boyson, David Frost and Sergeant Bilko all rolled into one? Mentally, I braced myself.

Soon afterwards Brian emerged, at a gentle pace, with a friendly smile, totally un-Bilko-like. His manner was almost diffident, as if taking upon himself and excusing any incivilities one might possibly have suffered that day. It quickly became obvious that this was not going to be an interview but a chat. Whilst we slowly strolled round Stowe on a lovely autumn afternoon, he gently communicated his love of the classics and his belief in their value. I was struck at once by the care he took not to be dogmatic. After each comment there would be a mild reconnaissance to assess reaction. Under those questioning eyebrows the eyes twinkled. He chuckled a great deal too and seemed to value one's own opinion far more than it deserved. I had other interviews planned, but I decided there and then that I wanted very much to work at Stowe.

I soon discovered that as Head of Department Brian was both unconventional and inspirational. He held few departmental meetings (very, very few). He never stepped inside one's classroom. He was, one suspects, gently amused by all the visual aids on the walls. Reserved and economic with words and gesture, he viewed other, more flamboyant teaching styles with a friendly irony. But he recognised a love of the subject and trusted one to deliver in one's own way. I, for my part, admired him hugely and no doubt taught the better for wanting his approbation.

His pupils respected him similarly and enjoyed his lessons enormously. The cleverer ones clearly idolised him. Who wouldn't idolise a man who would teach those relentless Latin correlatives with illustrations from Ian Fleming? "The nearer the silent shoal of barracudas drew, the slimmer Bond knew were his chances of getting across the creek." "*Quanto propius accedebat tacitus grex barracudarum*", translated Brian, "*tanto tenuiorem Bondus sciebat esse spem aestuarii transeundi*."

For Brian, despite all his many other interests, the teaching always came first and he was aware what pressures were brought to bear on new arrivals to get involved outside the classroom. "Don't be too nice", he warned. "Say NO", giving emphasis to the remark with that famous admonitory forefinger, whilst removing all pomp and ceremony from the gesture with a small, deprecatory cough and shrug of the shoulders. So, a day later, he shook his head sadly when news came through that I (along with very many others!) was now sitting on Richard Theobald's Community Service Committee. "I told you to say No, especially to Theobald!" But he knew that few could. Later, it took me several days to admit to Brian my involvement with the Junior Congreve that first summer...

If Brian was disappointed that his new classics master spent so much time driving an old van full of vegetables and, when not sprinting up garden paths with boxes of cabbages, would be sitting stoically in one of Richard's interminable CS committee meetings, he didn't say so. Fortunately my stock had risen when he discovered I shared his love of early jazz and dance music and not only had I actually heard of Layton and Johnstone but also had over a hundred of their 78's. He was taken aback, however, that I didn't know that old standard "I Cover The Waterfront". Did I tell him later when I acquired Roy Fox's version? I hope so. But whereas I just enjoyed the music, Brian played it. Modestly and quite magnificently, with something of the flamboyance of Errol Garner, the insouciance of Charlie Kunz and a touch of Hutch. Certainly, no Common Room party was complete, then or subsequently, unless Brian played at it.

Many of us in the early 1970's were also "discovering" the vast, romantic scores of Mahler. One day I was



Brian Stephan at Cambridge

enthusing to Brian about the nine symphonies. His eyebrows twitched. "Really! Mmmmm", was, I think, all he actually said. But the small cough was surely reproving in tone and the movement of the shoulders distinctly critical? It was, of course, when one thought about it, unsurprising that Brian did not care much for Mahler, for he has never been one to take a long time to say things nor indeed to wear the heart on the sleeve. He prefers Bach.

But if music in those early days might prove treacherous conversational ground, not so dogs. His own dogs, beautifully trained by Bidy, were often to be seen passing the time of day in intellectual discussion in the back of Brian's car outside the Vanbrugh block. I jumped enormously in his estimation, therefore, when my wife and I bought a labrador (dubbed Drusus in the

hope that he might show true Roman nobility of spirit). All too soon it became clear that we should have called him Caligula. Much helpful advice on dog training, given us by Bidy, somehow failed to effect a change in Drusus' overall approach to life. Yet Brian always remained indulgent, wholly uncritical towards the errant labrador, even when he charged down Main Street, Chackmore with a mouthful of unmarked O-level Latin scripts. Brian had, one suspects, even a sneaking admiration for Drusus' gross independence of outlook. If so, the reason is not be hard to fathom. For all through his career Brian has admired and encouraged the independent thinker. Inside the enlightened scholar lurks the heart of the rebel. And this may be one of the reasons why Brian has been, all through, such a superb schoolmaster.

MAGISTER SAPIENTISSIMUS ERUDITISSIMUS DILECTISSIMUS

Jonathan Creeger writes of Brian Stephan.

Two or three years ago, I was escorting a prospective parent around the school. An Old Stoic of 1949 vintage, he had not visited Stowe for some thirty-five years, and expressed the usual astonishment that one of his former teachers was still in situ. "Not that he'll know me from Adam," he said. We entered the library, where Brian Stephan looked up, rose from his desk and – very calmly, not missing a beat – observed, "Ah, David. You made a facetious remark in one of my Latin lessons."

Such an incident encapsulates the BSS persona: quiet and unflashy, but with an acuity and a wit which have always been acknowledged as outstanding at Stowe. His memory is legendary. ("Wreford," he addressed a new boy, "Are you the son of Roger J. or Simon G.?"") To have known him for nearly twenty-five years as teacher, tutor, friend and – latterly – colleague has been to enjoy the company and the wisdom of a man who is both enormously gifted and utterly unpretentious.

My first memory of Brian Stephan takes me back to Bob Drayson's study in 1971 and the scholarship interview, which was conducted by RQD in a style characteristically direct, assisted by an ebullient David Arnold and by Brian. The interview got off to a rather shaky start: I was seated in a large armchair so that my legs dangled somewhat ludicrously above the floor. Additionally unnerving was the Headmaster's forthright approach ("Yes, I think you started this interview rather badly but you're doing better now.") But I remember clearly Brian's gentle probing to establish the depth of my knowledge of Beethoven, an opportunity for which I was immensely grateful.

To be taught by Brian was always stimulating. He was the first teacher of mine who dared bring his dogs into class ("I'm sorry about the paw marks on the essay, Jonathan, Rookie got rather muddy..."); and even the disciplinary side of things produced some lighter moments, particularly after the arrival of girls in our English sets (To a latecomer: "Now, Joanna, let's see if we can find you a nice piece of Eliot to copy out"). He never raised his voice. Rebuke was gentle ("I was disappointed" was his limit, and it stung) or good-natured ("That's something you should have learned *at your mother's knee*"). "That was before Actium, remember?" meant that one had forgotten, shouldn't have forgotten, but Brian was always too gentlemanly to point out the fact. And there was always the ultimate in monosyllabic criticism: "Kitsch!"

To the Stoic body in the 1970's, "Bertie" was already surrounded by mythology. Had he been a racing driver? A professional jazz musician? Certainly he was a superb pianist, and it was known that he could play any song in any key, by ear and on demand. Even his academic gown was unique – originally black, presumably, but it had acquired an intriguing greenish-yellow patina. Had he really learned Russian in three weeks because he refused to read *War and Peace* in "some inferior translation"? I believe he did. He was a tacit supporter of the *Middle Voice*, a long-running satirical school newspaper which was at times positively outrageous. He loves Western films, loathes celebrities such as Grace Kelly and "that dreadful creature" Audrey Hepburn – "too pleased with themselves"; he loves wit and despises facetiousness. He taught us that there is a difference between greatness

and “mere brilliance”: that to be truly great and of lasting value, a work of art or literature must involve “a fundamental sympathy and concern for humanity.” Twenty-five years later, I have yet to hear a more convincing definition.

Brian’s own enormous concern for his pupils was exemplified by the vast amounts of time he was prepared to devote to preparing them for exams. I cannot have been the only Stoic fortunate enough to have spent afternoon upon afternoon with him in the months preceding A-levels and Oxbridge (Bovril shares must have gained several places that year); he was infinitely patient and his comments, though never unkind, disarmingly frank (“Are you getting enough sleep? You look awful.”) He sent us interesting snippets from newspapers or magazines in the holidays. It was utterly typical of Brian that he indicated from the day his tutees left Stowe that they were to use his Christian name.

Then there is the twinkling sense of humour, often accompanied by a vertical shaking of the shoulders and a silent laugh to convey Brian’s delight in some verbal felicity. While discussing one of Martial’s more colourful epigrams: “Ah, yes, Jonathan, masochism. One of the most awful of the human perversions. Getting beaten and liking it...” “Yes, sir,” I said, “and what about sadism? Beating somebody and enjoying it?” Brian twinkled, smiled and wagged the legendary forefinger. “Well... you know, that’s rather different!”

Like Socrates, that other most unshowy of showmen, Brian likes to tease. He once told me that he had enjoyed an address I had made in Chapel. “Thank you,” I said. “I thought you might find it rather facetious.” “Oh”, smiled Brian, “I knew it would be *that!*” Perhaps my favourite BSS barb concerned one of Stowe’s most famous names from the past. “To be honest”, Brian told me, “I didn’t really care for the man at all. Flashy, much too much a showman for my taste, and a terrible snob.” Pause. “*You* would have liked him!”

A schoolmaster’s greatest gift must be to inspire, to introduce his students to fresh experiences and guide them into realms which they might never otherwise enter. This is Brian’s forte. I owe him an incalculable debt for exposing me to Vaughan Williams’ *Serenade to Music* and his beloved Finzi’s setting of Wordsworth’s *Immortality* ode, a deeply moving and beautiful work which – it seems to me – typifies Brian’s love of “sentiment without sentimentality”.

Much of the inscription by Patrick Hunter which still looms over the Roxburgh theatre stage might well have been written for Brian Stephan, for it describes him well. Selfless, dedicated and charismatic (“Don’t say *completely* unique. That would be a tautology!”), he is the Compleat schoolmaster and a man whom I, along with many others, hold in the greatest admiration, respect and affection.

Michael and Gill Bevington with BSS, September 1994



Photo: John Dobinson

AJEL

Jean preceded Antony to Stowe by two years, appointed as Headmaster's Secretary (to Bob Drayson) in 1965. Her husband-to-be, the dashing young Major, Antony, arrived to teach Biology in 1967 after ten years in the Royal Artillery. As resident under-housemaster in Temple, he found his army experience stood him in good stead when, after only one term, he took over the House during RGG's serious illness.

In 1969 Antony was appointed Careers Master, a job to which he was to return. With the enthusiasm, energy and calm administrative efficiency which were his hallmark, Antony forged a Careers Service second to none amongst Public Schools in the 1970's. He carefully built up a structure whose strength came from contacts with business, industry and the professions, through, particularly, Old Stoics and parents. One of Antony's strongest beliefs was that Stoics should at least be aware of the fundamental role played by industry in the country's wealth creation, and, as Chairman of the Industry Committee, he played an important part in building up contacts with local industrialists and businessmen through schools-industry link organisations.

As an enthusiastic and accomplished biologist, Antony exploited to the full the opportunities offered by having a "built-in" field study centre on his doorstep. As well as assisting JBD in setting up a Nature Reserve, he began and ran with several Stoics a duckery where for fifteen years a successful breeding programme flourished for a variety of wildfowl. A Natural History Society was established, under whose auspices Antony edited and produced *The Grebe* magazine and organised ornithological expeditions. In 1971 he led an expedition to Iceland. Biology's emergence as one of the most flourishing of the science departments over the 1980's was in no small measure thanks

Above: Summer 1994, Antony Lloyd on Speech Day with his son Simon. Below: at the pavilion.



to Antony's enthusiastic and effective efforts both inside and outside the classroom.

The mid-70's proved a busy time. Antony and Jean were married in 1974, Fiona born the following year and in 1976 he took over Cobham, where Simon was born the following year. As a Housemaster Antony was meticulous in his attention to detail and a doughty champion of each and every pupil in his care. The House flourished in many ways, but an example might be Antony's encouragement of athletics which led to a clean sweep of all major cups for four years running at one stage! Moreover, he was such a scrupulous housemaster that he visited every Prep School from which his Cobham boys came.

Anyone who got to know Antony would soon discover that beneath that serious-minded, well-organised exterior lay an impish sense of fun. No surprise

then that Antony (and Jean) joined in the fun of the annual staff play over many years, perhaps the most memorable of recent times being *My Fair Lady* with Antony's delightful portrayal of Colonel Pickering. No surprise too that it was Antony who ran the Corkscrew Society for fifteen years, nor that he was the champion of the bell-ringers. It was Antony who organised the raising of funds for the augmentation of Stowe Church's peal to six bells, now to be heard every Sunday. (Antony was always a brilliant committee man, invariably good-humoured and polite, someone who could somehow get things *done!*)

After thirteen years in Cobham Antony returned enthusiastically to Careers, to build even further on the foundations he had laid two decades ago and which had been consolidated by his successors in the interim. Lower Sixth Careers seminars throughout the term replaced the one-day Careers meetings, interview training for the Middle Sixth became established, computer-based careers and university exploration programmes were installed – the list goes on!

Meanwhile Antony and Jean had acquired a lovely old house in Norfolk. So it was no great surprise, but a sad day for Stowe, that when the opportunity to retire a year early offered itself, the Lloyds were on the move. Even so, having invested fifty-two years between them here, Antony and Jean must have found the wrench a hard one. They will both be sorely missed. But we rejoice to have shared and enjoyed their company so long, thank them for all they have given Stowe and wish them and their family every happiness in the next phase of their lives.

BHO

AAVR

There must be quite a number of Stoics who at some time have been standing outside the library, looking somewhat listlessly at the Oxbridge Honours Boards, when suddenly their eyes have been caught by the inscription:

A.A.V. RUDOLF UNIV. COLL. OX. 1955

Once they recovered from the initial shock of realising that their history master, like them, had been a pupil here, there was perhaps a certain reassuring logic that even then his name was associated with intellectual distinction just as it is now as he retires nearly forty years later.

Andrew Rudolf's second life at Stowe began in 1976 when he was appointed by Bob Drayson to succeed David Arnold as Head of History. He had previously taught at Repton for fifteen years and before that at Charterhouse. My own acquaintance with Andrew is only of a comparatively recent date, and my personal knowledge relates to a mere half of his teaching life at Stowe but I remember clearly my first impression of him. As we walked around the grounds in late October necessarily discussing unbelievably mundane matters like syllabuses and timetables, I was aware that I was talking to an enthusiastic and discriminating historian with an enormous fund of knowledge at his fingertips. His pupils' first memories are probably going to be subtly different as they will recall a teacher whose demands they could rarely evade and then – with difficulty, but they too, at whatever level they were taught by him, could not fail to be aware of his total mastery of his subject. Those fortunate enough to be his tutees will bear witness to his extraordinary patience and concern on their behalf.

There are of course other images which come to mind. For many of us the name Rudolf is unforgettably identified with the intrepid helmeted cyclist battling his way from Shalstone through equinoctial gales and stepping into the classroom several times more awake than anyone else in the room. One thinks of the man who

each year masterminded the arrangements for the McElwee travel scholarships, giving a lot of advice and help to ensure that the presentations were worthy of the journeys undertaken. There is also, of course, Rudolf the toxophilist, supervising archery beside Nelson's Walk, a task loyally performed and providing a valuable alternative for those whose sporting inclinations were less violent than those of their fellows. There is Rudolf the uncompromising Christian who, true to his convictions, occasionally led school worship in chapel and faithfully accepted responsibility each year for a course of confirmation classes. His colleagues will never forget Rudolf the thespian – the moving spirit behind so many staff productions ranging from *Iolanthe* to *Guys and Dolls* and then to *Half a Sixpence*. His performances on stage were never less

than memorable and the singing of both Andrew and his wife, Juliet, was an indispensable part of the show. Similarly, they were both valued members of the Queen's Temple Singers.

And then in more recent years, we have seen Andrew Rudolf the champion of dyslexics – a man who made it his business to find out about special difficulties in reading and writing, and to ensure that something was done to help the pupils who had to cope with them. It was never an easy task as those who

needed help were scattered over the whole school indiscriminately. For a miraculous two years he combined this and his position as Head of History – a well-nigh impossible task and one which few men could have survived as long as he did. We are all glad that Andrew will continue to be with us, in a part-time capacity, to oversee this important part of the school's programme and that his humane concern on this front will still be in evidence. He leaves with our appreciative best wishes for a refreshing retirement. It is good to know that he and Juliet will not be moving from their home in Shalstone and we hope to see them both, from time to time, here at Stowe.

TCFS



Andrew Rudolf (bottom right), who retired as History Tutor last summer, is seen with the 6th form historians.



Photo: R & H Chapman ©

MJS

Michael Smith came to Stowe in September 1984 from Elizabeth College, Guernsey. He was a geography teacher with special interests and experience in surveying and oceanography and was also possessed of that invaluable quality, patience. There are not a few who, having all but abandoned any hope of obtaining a qualification in geography, achieved success through the care of MJS. An enthusiast for military history and strategy, he always took an active part in the life of the CCF and was contingent commander from 1985-89.

For his first four years at Stowe he was Deputy Housemaster of Bruce and proved to be an invaluable and empathetic assessor of the 'mood and temperature' of the House, often acting on his own initiative, thereby saving many a rogue from potential disaster.

In 1988 he was appointed to succeed Roger Potter as Housemaster of Grenville. Michael enjoyed this pastoral work and here again his quiet patience won him the loyalty and respect of many boys going through



that difficult adolescent time when they are liable to be alienated from (and even allergic to) anyone in authority.

He retired from the House in 1993, to become the School's Administrative Director, and at the same time his interest in this and other managerial fields led him to enrol with the Open University to study for his MBA. During what was to be his final year at Stowe he prepared a number of valuable reports and chaired several committees with the aim of rationalising some of the school's working structures. Many will remember him as an efficient organiser of several ski trips to Europe, greatly enjoyed by many Stoics, while others will recall him as an enthusiastic oenophile, whose avuncular chairmanship of the Corkscrew Society introduced them to a wider appreciation of the fruit of the vine.

Michael leaves with the good wishes of all of us and after a term teaching in Portsmouth has now taken up an appointment at Forest School in London.

MW & TCFS

GLP

Finding himself in the vicinity of Stowe, a young man decided to drop in and see if there happened to be a job in the offing. Luckily for both Graham Platt and Stowe there was a short, temporary appointment as physics teacher to be filled, and this began a long and happy relationship.

Graham had come to us in March 1982 from the Royal Hospital School, Ipswich, via Ampleforth, and on completion of his employment here he moved on to St Edmund's, Ware, returning to us in 1983 and staying until 1985. This was followed by a year at Ampleforth, treading the path of the Benedictine novice, but once again the mysterious and powerful magnetism of Stowe (a force with which so many of us are familiar!) drew him back for his longest stay yet, 1986-1994.

Besides being a fine teacher of physics, for which he was widely acclaimed, many other areas blossomed under his ebulliently enthusiastic charge. Athletics flourished, cross-country teams achieved superb results year after year, and "sanctions" (that dreaded disciplinary, early morning estate work), so well handled by DCM, passed smoothly to its new administrator, many Housemasters now fearing that if they didn't follow the correct procedures for putting pupils on this activity, they too would be wood-chopping and stone-moving in the cold light of dawn! He was an excellent leader in the Duke of Edinburgh's award scheme, and weight-training in the Sports Hall also benefitted greatly from



his close supervision and expertise.

Graham was responsible for the religious welfare of the School's Roman Catholic pupils and, with his deeply-held faith, this was another area in which he showed outstanding judgement and care. Missing the bus to Mass was not something to be repeated! At various times Graham was deputy-housemaster in Grafton (David Mee), Cobham (Antony Lloyd) and lastly Bruce (Michael Waldman), fulfilling this important role with a fine combina-

tion of kindness, organisation, good humour and natural authority. Stoics will remember him for his (self-admittedly!) awful puns and jokes, with which he brightened many a young life. He endeared himself to his numerous friends and colleagues through his essential humanity, which manifested itself in such a variety of ways, and many members of Common Room have re-arranged their European holidays to include a visit to Graham in the days when he had his beloved Pyrenean chalet.

Graham leaves us, to train as a priest at the *Venerabile Collegio Inglese* in Rome, an endeavour in which he has all our very best wishes. This time it really does seem to be goodbye rather than *au revoir*, although we all look forward to hearing again that distinctive and infectious laugh and to being asked, with a straight face, "Why do transformers hum?"

(Because they don't know the words, of course!)

MW

HERE FOR A YEAR

Timothy Stunt pays tribute to the Common Room's youngest recruits from all around the world.

One of the most invigorating aspects of life at Stowe in recent years has been the enrichment of our community by the presence among us of a great variety of young men and women who have come to work here for anything between a term and a year, from a galaxy of countries. Stowe may seem to be located in the heart of the countryside but it has a remarkable range of global links. This must surely be of value as we prepare Stoics to be citizens of the world.

In September 1993 we were glad that Stephen Klineberg stayed a further term with us to help in the Art department and to be resident under-housemaster in Bruce before returning to Australia. Who could forget the gusto and enthusiasm of Guy Harrison-Williams from Sydney, who arrived the following term to teach in the Sports and P.E. Department for two terms? His departure in July was by no means final as he is now down the road teaching at High Wycombe Grammar School. Robin Kouyoumdjian must be the first and only Chilean citizen who came to Stowe for just one

year during which he organised a staff squash competition, was the resident Underhousemaster of Grafton, played rugby, golf and almost every other sport (including cricket!) and got confirmed in the Church of England – how British can you get?

From Europe we acquired an extra biology teacher (for 1993-94) in Anne-Marie Bellosevich-Kotschyne, a Hungarian from Eotvos University in Budapest. Andreas Hoffman from the University of Frankfurt, who has plans to become a journalist, was with us as a German assistant for the September term in 1993. We have enjoyed the literary and thespian enthusiasm of Murielle Caplan the French assistante, whose perambulating production of *Cyrano de Bergerac* was a tour de force as well as a tour of the grounds. By way of contrast Daniela Jung's prowess on the squash courts, in the swimming pool and, indeed, punting on the River Cam, (not to mention her German lessons) was only matched by her ability to remind English policemen how to behave correctly – if there are other Germans

who have received a personal apology from the Superintendent in the Croydon area, I think we should be told!

Those at Stowe who imagined that they knew what Australians were like and had a ready made 'Aussie' stereotype which they thought came from 'down-under', should by now have had to revise their opinion. The vivacious Kristel Taylor, who helped in the North Hall reception office, and the versatile James Fletcher, who has entertained us with his guitar playing, were both very different from any stereotype we might have expected. James moved on to a temporary job in the stock-market in September, but will by now be on his way back home to start university, as likewise will Damian Spruce, who lasted the longest of all the Australians. He helped in the re-organisation of the English Department's library and led a successful creative writing group, spending his final term with us as the resident under-housemaster in Bruce. Whoever said that students waste their time during gap years?!

Then there was our old (well, not really very old) friend Paul Little, who finished as Head of Walpole in July 1993 and then did a year at the University of Kent. Having changed his plans and having decided to transfer to another course in another university, he came to help us here with rugby in September 1994. Of course, he was only here for a term, but as one would expect, he packed a lot into it. You can't really keep a good man away – we're sure to see him again soon. 'Little and often' seems to be the motto. A Canadian former Stoic, who was with us for half the Summer Term in 1994, was Nadine Thwaites who is now at McGill University.



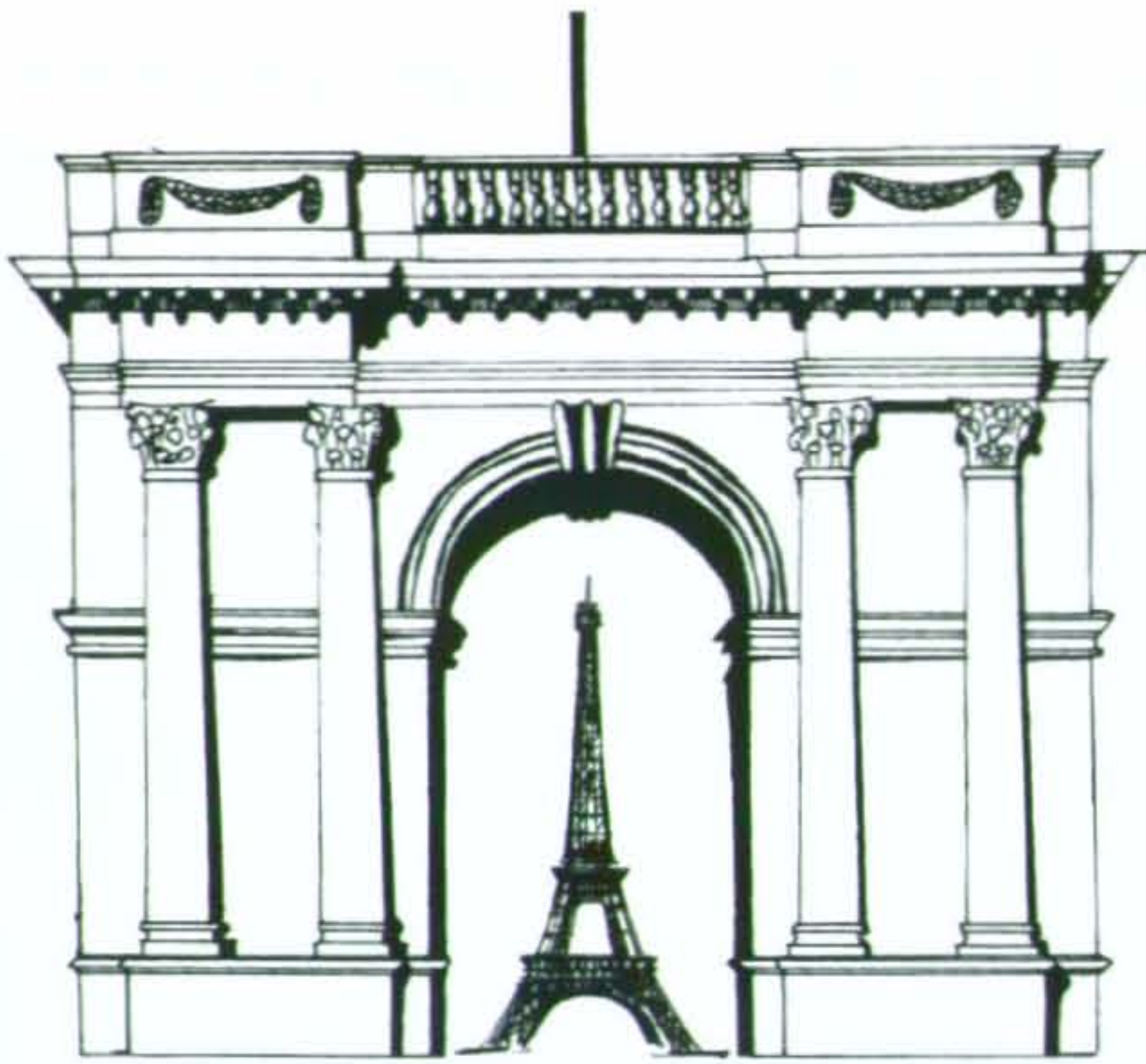
Last, but by no means least was our third Paradina Fellow from Harvard, Matthew Kane, an irrepressibly positive person on every front: sportsman and sailor, teacher of history and general studies, chauffeur of Roman Catholics going to mass in Towcester, under-housemaster of Temple, wine-taster and general enthusiast. Having packed all that into one year (1993-94), he has now returned to Law School in Boston – could there have been a better preparation? We certainly couldn't have got better value.

And what of the current year? Already the international line-up looks impressive. Felix Sprang from the University of Frankfurt and Frank Serrano from the University of Paris are working as language assistants. Gabriel Carrion from the University of Quito in Ecuador arrived in the course of the September term, in spite of a very serious motor accident shortly before. Jahan Sagafi-nejad, our fourth Paradina Fellow from Harvard, is teaching Biology and General Studies. Connor Arnold and, more recently, Stephen Way from the Australian College of Physical Education are helping with sport and P.E. In solitary British splendour is Anthony Bewes, who left Stowe some years ago, studied at Birmingham University and, after a year working in a parish in London, is spending this year as the Chaplain's assistant. Three younger Australians, Georgina McCulloch, from Melbourne, and Tim Rofe and Damian Timms, from Sydney, have joined us for part of their gap year, before going to University. In addition, Fernando Fernandez, an experienced teacher of P.E. and rugby in Argentina, is working with the Under 14s for six weeks before returning to his school in Buenos Aires.



Photo: David Woodnutt

Top: Kristel Taylor. Above, left to right: Damian Spruce, Daniela Jung, Robin Kouyoumdjian, Troy Blacklaws, Murielle Caplan, Anne-Marie Bellosevich-Kotschyne, Matthew Kane, James Fletcher



Stowe's European Dimension

Robert Dillow explains

With the recent opening of a European Resources Centre at Stowe it seems an appropriate time to address some of the questions raised by this new initiative, the school's adoption of a "European dimension".

Let us begin by answering the question "WHY?". Education in Britain has been moving, under government direction, more and more towards a broader acceptance of all that is entailed in the idea of European union. Schools are being challenged to accept responsibility for educating their young people in a whole range of new approaches: the full implications of citizenship, work and leisure in Europe, together with a greater awareness of the cultural, social and political background of our European partners. We are keen that Stowe will play a vigorous part in creating awareness of our European future and that Stoics will be able to live lives which will be all the richer for being free from that restricting insularity and prejudice which spring from ignorance.

We move, then, to the question of HOW? How can ideals of European citizenship be taught and absorbed in the classroom? The answer is: by following National Curriculum guidelines. Accordingly at Stowe all academic departments have now begun to teach their subjects in the context of an extra, European dimension, an emphasis on a shared history and cultural heritage. All national differences, where they exist, will be explored. In practical terms this means that pupils now have the chance to opt for courses on European Studies and a wider range of languages (both for beginners and those with some previous knowledge), while a wide span of extra-curricular events (from film clubs to high-level speakers, from pupil-led conferences on the E.U. to wine tastings) encourage interest and provide access to information for all. The opening of our European Resources Centre stands as a mark of

Stowe's desire to broaden opportunity for discovery, be it planning a summer holiday abroad or how to apply for a job with the European Commission.

Yet it is vital that our pupils do not simply absorb information about Europe; they also need contact with other Europeans, to experience other ways of life, other perspectives, in order to build confidence which will allow them to pursue a life in Europe and beyond. This year has seen, therefore, the introduction of a wide range of overseas exchanges – to France, Germany and Spain – and of overseas trips – to seminars in Paris, to French businesses and, for 3rd-formers, a French château – with the clear intention on the part of the School that such trips will increase in number and diversify in destination. Belgium, Greece, Italy, Slovakia and Poland are lined up for next year! Stoics have returned enlightened and enthused and, in recognition of our European outlook, we have been nominated again as the British delegation to the Model Youth European Parliament in The Hague this Easter.

Contacts and partnerships are also formed through academic disciplines and joint study projects with partners all over Europe. Pupils co-operate with partners abroad on specific projects related to the syllabus of their subject and share ideas and results, overcoming language barriers and gaining experience of IT communications. In the same way the staff here also pursue projects with similar intentions. The Modern Language department, for example, has a pan-European working group on teaching methods, designed to pool the best practice of each country to the advantage of all.

A European education must, however, not end with one's schooldays! Our hope is that our pupils will be inspired to continue their European interests well beyond their time at Stowe. It is no coincidence that the new European Resources Centre at Stowe should be adjacent to the IT and Careers Departments.

This should offer Stoics opportunities to explore every possibility for higher education or employment. Advice is on hand from members of staff on the fullest range of topics from UCAS requirements to university applications outside Britain. Gap Year opportunities also come under this large umbrella.

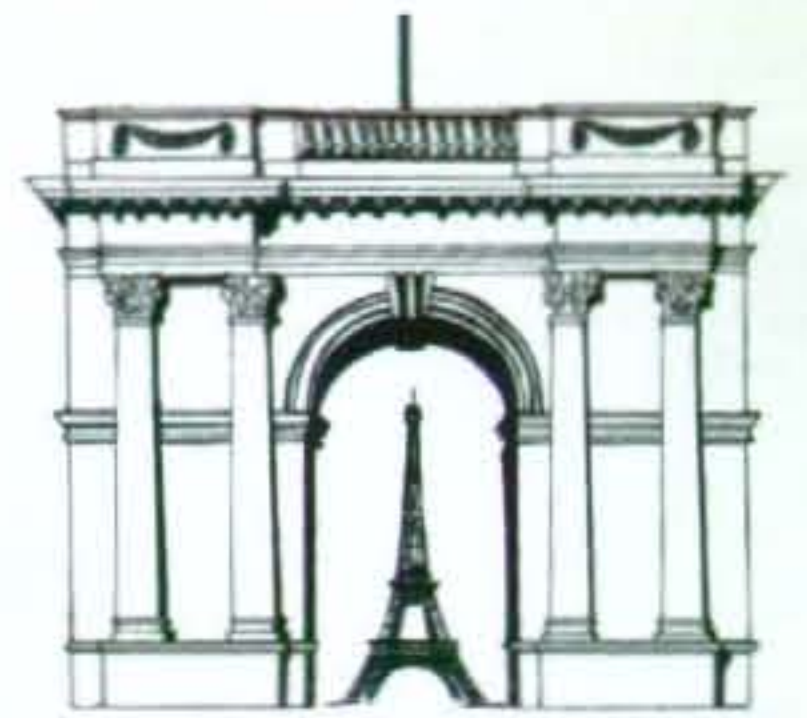
Stowe is aware of the considerable demands its pupils will face in the competitive world of the immediate future. In preparing our pupils to meet these demands confidently, we seek to encourage a sense of fun and delight in the discovery of the world beyond the Oxford Water and, indeed, beyond the English channel. We believe that the school's European dimension will not just broaden our lives but also enliven them! Long may the new European Resources Centre be central to our life at Stowe.



Photo: Classic Snaps

European Parliament visit to Holland

Marusya Boxell reports on a visit to The Hague and Maastricht last Easter



The Spring Term saw the introduction of a model European Parliament to Stowe, with each House representing a member state with four MEPs and an ambassador. From these representatives ten Stoics were chosen to be members of the UK delegation which was sent to the Model Youth European Parliament meeting in Holland over the Easter holidays.

Our visit proved to be a very varied one, a mixture of work (both mental and physical) and relaxation. Our first two days were spent in a forest near Vierhouten; here we were all split up into our committees and got involved in team-building activities, which ranged from tree-climbing, death-sliding and touch rugby to designing adverts.

Our return to The Hague saw the opening of our Parliament, which was held in the first chamber of the States-General, the Dutch equivalent to the House of Lords. Here each ambassador introduced his or her delegation and tried to convince everyone that their country was actually pro-Europe. We then spent the afternoon in committee meetings, discussing our various themes. Each committee consisted of a representative from each member state and two of them were joined by one of two Finnish observers. The committees' subjects were greatly varied, to include politics, the environment, human and women's rights,

economics and legal and health issues. In our meetings we had to formulate a resolution, which would be voted on in the General Assembly, which put forward a "plan of action" for a particular aspect of our theme, such as what action should be taken over the destruction of the rain forests for the environmental committee.

Having finished our committee meetings, we were given the Monday as a free day and were taken to Amsterdam. This was to be a cultural day, with a visit to the Anne Frank Museum, the Van Loon Museum and the Van Gogh Museum. In the evening we experienced an Indonesian Rice Table, to complete our introduction to Dutch culture.

Tuesday we left The Hague for Maastricht, where we could commence our General Assembly meetings the following morning. In these meetings each resolution was read out, discussed and voted on. Unfortunately it was during the General Assembly that the Stowe delegation lost favour with the rest of the member states, as we voted strongly against the agricultural and unemployment resolutions.

I think I can safely say that a good time was had by all and, although our work was involved, we all enjoyed ourselves, not least in the evenings which were spent in relaxation as we got to know the other delegates. We may not have "gone with the flow" in committee meetings but we made sure our differences were forgotten in the evenings.

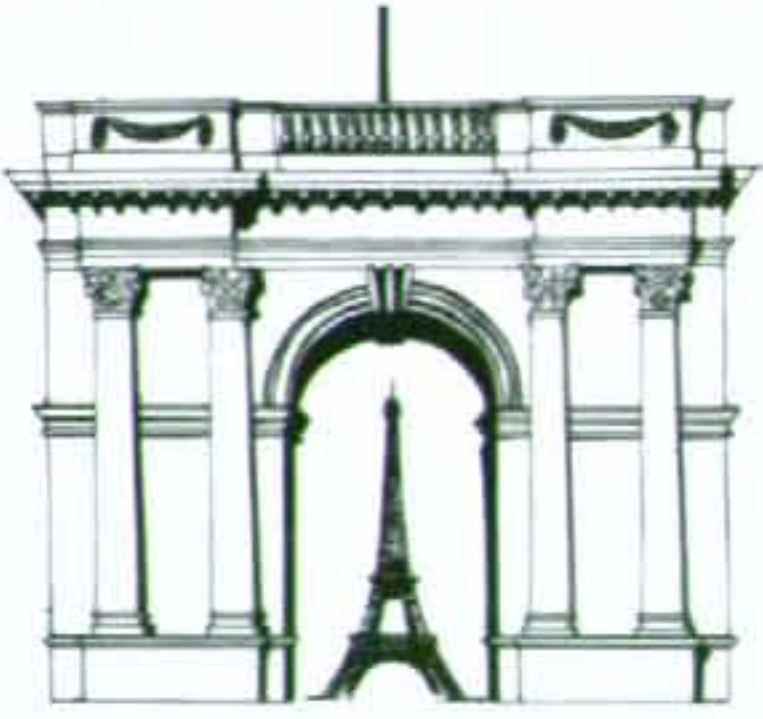
To end, I would strongly advise any Stoics who are invited to participate in future delegations to accept, as it was a most enjoyable experience.

In Maastricht in the room where the treaty was signed.

Left to right: Ed Morgan, David Langford, Rachel Beer, Olivia Coy, Tom Foss-Smith, James Mahon, Marusya Boxell, Richard Lloyd, Felix Polonius, JGLN, James Lee-Steere, JLH



Photo: Mrs Annie Nichols



SPANISH SCHOOL

James Mahon writes of the fourteen day

Last October thirteen Stoics, from all levels of the school, and Mr and Mrs Taylor spent an enjoyable, beneficial and educational two weeks in Spain, living with Spanish families in a Catalonian town called Granollers, just to the north of Barcelona.

At first for us all it was a big culture shock; classes began at 7.45 am at a day school. Therefore we had to get up at the crack of dawn! The School, El Colegio del Vall del Tenes, an old brewery, seemed an enormous shock to us all. On average there were thirty pupils in each lesson; they did not have a uniform and the atmosphere was very relaxed. We attended lessons for five days. Philosophy, modern ethics, French, Spanish literature, physical education and computer studies were just some of the lessons. Every day school finished at 2.00pm; we then returned with our partners to their families and had lunch.

Afternoons were usually spent relaxing. Some of us were lucky enough to go out most evenings. One particularly memorable occasion was watching Manchester United v Barcelona in a bar; fortunately, for the sake of everyone, it was a draw!



Simon and Emma Taylor at the famous 'Lizard Fountain' in the Parc Güell.



One either loves or hates it:
La Pedrera, Barcelona



With 'modernista' architecture behind,
Amber Nuttall takes a break.

Photos: SCT

EXCHANGE

visit to Barcelona in October 1994.

On the days when we were not at school we visited areas of interest in Catalonia. The school provided a guide and we saw many of the wonderful sites in Barcelona. These included the Picasso Museum, La Sagrada Familia and the Cathedral, whilst Gaudí's architecture wasn't missed out. We were also given the chance to check out the shops and the famous Las Ramblas. On one of our excursions we visited the Costa Brava and the amazing and strange museum of Salvador Dalí in Figueras; we then saw his house in the coastal town of Cadaqués.

We were very privileged to be shown around the Codorníu bodegas where 'cava' is made, according to the traditional 'champagne' method, before being exported all over the world; it was an interesting and enjoyable visit and we were each given a complimentary Benjamin bottle!

Our respective families and partners fed us and entertained us very well throughout our visit. On the final evening there was a farewell party at the school, followed by dinner in a restaurant with our partners.

Everyone enjoyed the exchange and definitely derived benefit from it. We now look forward to a Spanish visit to Stowe in March.

Those who participated: Tristan Ralston, David Shelton, Amber Nuttall, Sebastian Solomon, Yusuf Ahmad, Edward Bryan, Pierre Fel, Edmund James, Tristan Lake, Tom Gamble, Daniel Westwood and Alistair Reith-Hennessy.



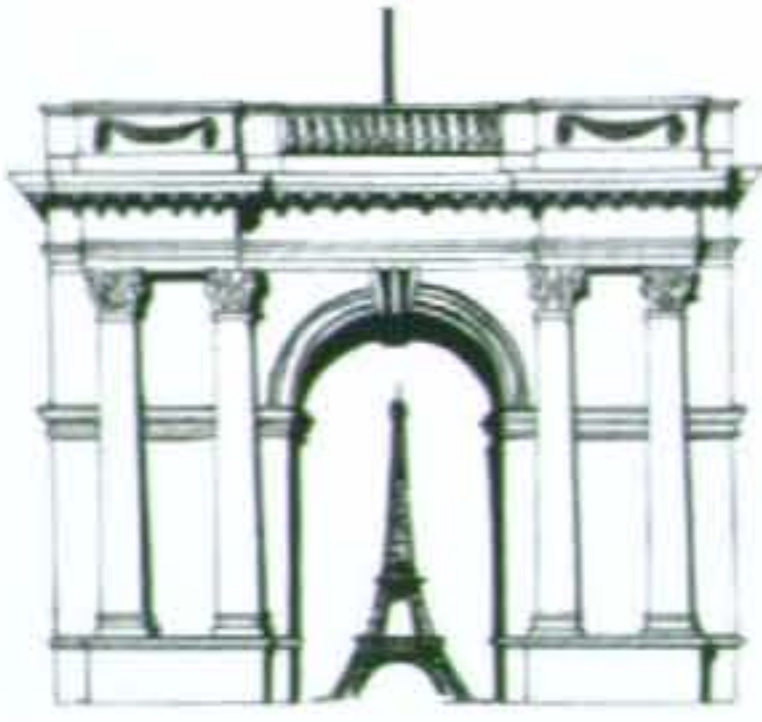
Parc Güell: a Christmas cake or a Disney fantasy?



James Mahon, Pierre Fel and Sebastian Solomon relaxing in Parc Güell



Team photograph at the Codorníu vineyards



New Horizons

This year our European involvement has been highlighted by a number of Sixth formers joining us from across the Channel. Here two such Stoics write of their experiences:

STEPHAN KARSTENS, *from Germany*

Before I came to Stowe I went to Kieler Gelehrtenschule. As the name says, it is in Kiel, where my family lives. At school in Kiel one starts in the 5th class with Latin and then one takes a second language, English, in the 7th class. Two years later, in the 9th class, one can choose between French or Greek, but you must take one of them. A school such as mine in Kiel with its emphasis on language learning is called a Humanistisches Altsprachliches Gymnasium.

Of course we don't *only* study languages at school; there are about seven or eight other subjects. The school is about the same size as Stowe. It is a day school and the day often ends at 1.00 so that you can do what you like in the afternoons. Lessons, however, start at 8.00. The lessons are 45 minutes long with a small break in between. I came to Stowe because one of my friends was here the year before and I was wanting to spend a year abroad.

My first impressions of Stowe after one term are much as I expected when I imagined at home what it would be like. It is totally different from my old school! There are many more rules than at Kiel! This



Photos: Classic Snaps

means that sometimes I have to do things here which one finds boring. It is also hard to get used to the idea that there are only a few opportunities to get out of the school grounds. But in general it is a good experience for me!

ALBERTO DI MAJO, *from Italy*



The school I used to go to in Italy is completely different from English ones. I wasn't a boarder, because in Italy it is very rare to find a boarding school.

In order to understand how my school was you must know that first of all there is a thirteen year course there. There are five elementary years (when one studies reading, basic maths, geometry, geography and history) then three intermediate years when one studies ten subjects (including new things like design, art, algebra and Italian literature), and then there are five upper school years leading to an exam called Maturità, which is the equivalent of A-levels.) In the senior "High School" there are various Lyceums which specifically train you for careers. I had done the classical one, involving history and ancient languages).

My brother went for one year to Fettes College in Scotland as a Lower Sixth-former and spoke very highly of this kind of boarding school, encouraging me to come to Britain too. I already knew Benedetta Sammartini and this, together with the fact that Stowe is much nearer to Heathrow than Edinburgh, was the reason why I came to Stowe. I came here first last June, to look around and to learn some more English. I like the system because I think a great interest is taken in you by all the tutors and housemasters.

A STOWE EXTRAVAGANZA

The Marquess of Chandos' coming-of-age party, September 1844

The school's archives were recently augmented by the donation of a series of letters relating to Stowe, all written to Caroline, Lady Wenlock (a cousin of the 2nd Duke of Buckingham). One of these letters, written by her brother, the Hon. and Very Revd. George Neville Grenville, Dean of Windsor, tells of a huge celebration at Stowe organised by the Second Duke of Buckingham on the coming-of-age of his son and heir, the Marquess of Chandos. Most of the text is published on the next page (with its original spelling and punctuation), with an introduction by Tony Meredith, who has also appended some footnotes with Michael Bevington.

The Revd. George Neville clearly had a wonderful time staying at Stowe. He danced, listened to music, played whist, took rides round the grounds and, above all, enjoyed meeting up with many of his relatives in the 67-strong house party.

The celebrations for the 21st birthday of the heir to Stowe lasted for several days and the town of Buckingham too joined in. The people of Buckingham were encouraged to make much of the occasion and there were two days of very varied "sports and pastimes". These included climbing up a soaped pole (for a prize of an ox's heart and five shillings), eating a treacle bun as fast as possible and diving into flour for silver (the contestants having to pick up the silver with their mouths). The next day there were donkey races, blindfold wheelbarrow races, a smoking competition (half an ounce smoked as quickly as possible), three-a-side football and, perhaps somewhat alarmingly, "four men blind-folded to whip a ball out of a hole with cart whips". Clearly a very jolly time was had by all.

Meanwhile the celebrations at Stowe were somewhat more sophisticated. In addition to the house party, the well-to-do in the county were invited up for a day, as were many of the tenant farmers from other of the Duke's properties. With one thousand guests expected, accommodation was augmented with a whole series of tents and other temporary structures on the North Front. The cost of the whole enterprise must have been enormous.

But there was a hidden agenda. The spendthrift 2nd Duke was in huge debt. For some time he had seen the



The 2nd Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, some years before the time of the letter. An engraving, presented to the school by Dr. the Hon. D.C. Geddes (OS), of John Jackson's portrait of 1829.

*My dear Mrs. Grenville
Nothing can have gone off
better than the Stowe
The time in which she has no doubt
as held by his in her own position. I
could any more, extremely warm &
desires it, I believe, to like it. I
as in the manner & appearance
he took the first steps he made
among his friends, especially in dancing
to give us the pleasure of a hot
Gaulery comfortably.
attention & learn to T.G.*

coming-of-age of his son as the opportunity for raising more money, partly to pay off creditors but mainly to go on living in a life-style he himself could not afford. So a settlement was to be made on the Marquess' birthday, which would allow the young man an annual income but which would also involve large loans being taken out on policies on his life. The Marquess' advisers warned him that he would be binding himself to impossible debts and advised him against signing such a document. But the naïve young Marquess did not believe his father could treat him so craftily. However, four years later, when debts of over a million pounds forced the 2nd Duke to sell many things, he was to realise how greatly he had been duped.

There is one particularly interesting reference in this letter, that to the impending visit of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. This was another extrav-

agance on the part of the 2nd Duke. In the past four years he had entertained the Queen Dowager, Prince Albert and the King of Hanover. Now, only four months after George Neville wrote this letter, Queen Victoria herself would stay at Stowe for three nights. It was the Duke's greatest social success and a considerable financial folly.

But nothing of the Duke's troubles cloud George Neville's letter. As he writes to his sister on his return home from Stowe, he vividly recalls one of Stowe's more extravagant occasions:

My dearest Caroline,

Nothing can have gone off better than the Stowe festivities, or kinder used than we were by the host; the hostess was also amiable, but she has no warmth in her composition ⁽¹⁾; Lady Anna ⁽²⁾ extremely warm & affectionate & for want of nearer Cousins is much inclined to like us: in her manner & appearance she reminds me much of the poor Duchess her Grandmother ⁽³⁾, especially in dancing. I will now give you a list of the company ...⁽⁴⁾

The dinners in the State Gallery magnificent as to plate & good to eat. 62 thousand ounces of plate in the room. All the Centre Gilt & desert service ditto for so many people. The house well furnished throughout, the dining rooms splendid: 3 State bed rooms not used altho 67 people lodged in the house. The Grenville room & the late Marquis' Rooms & the Rembrant Room and White room in all 7 rooms are for the Queen & Albert & in addition H: M: is to have the print room, in all, 8 rooms ⁽⁵⁾ for their private apartment when she goes there in October ⁽⁶⁾: the old State bed regilt & hung with yellow satin is moved from the old State bed room & put up in the White room. ⁽⁷⁾

The love in which the Duke is held by his Tenants exceeds any thing I ever wit-

nessed, & all say he deserves it, as he lives for them, & never is so happy as in their company: altho he looked & did the part among gentle people perfectly. He has much risen in my estimation. We were lodged in the Arundel Gallery ⁽⁸⁾ comfortably. The attention shewn to TG ⁽⁹⁾ & Ly Grenville was excessive & they were both so much flattered at their being there. I formed one of TG's whist each of the 3 nights I was there with him: his voice was heard throughout the long Dining room when in his best manner & language he proposed the health of his great great nephew; he did so as the oldest member of the family in honor of the youngest of his name & house. He brought 4 servants at his own expence & left them there to assist in the menage: wh: must have been a great acquisition as they have only 2 footmen & 2 under butlers & 3 coats of Livery of their own, but had plenty of help from London, besides all the Servants of the family who were allowed to wait.

The 1st Evg we did nothing, but a little music. The 2nd day the birthday began by three separate addresses from the Corporation of Buckingham to the Duke, Duchess, & Chandos: all 3 read their answers: & were so much affected, especially the Duke, that he nearly broke down. After this we had luncheon in the

Colonade which was well imagined as it over looked the tents for dinners for the Neighbouring Parishes, & Morris dancing &c not to mention Gambols of all descriptions: We dined in ye Gallery not dressing for dinner on account of the fire works in the Evg: they were very magnificent & then we went to bed:

Chandos ⁽¹⁰⁾ spoke well & firmly; he is little to look at, & older than he really is, very reserved but not shy, or ill mannered, very like Ld Grenville & desirous I think of excelling. Likes no sports, but is full of employment & of science. He has a saw mill, has himself built a bridge ⁽¹¹⁾ & means to go back to Oxford to take his degree. He lives with clever people, but, alas, with few of his own class in life.

On the Wednesday the Duchess took Charlotte about the Place in a little Phaeton as she had done by Ly Grenville the day before: in the Evg was the fancy ball, good fun to witness so many Gigs, but it was held in an immense temporary room, 120 by 40 wide, situated behind the Colonade which concealed it in the day time, & communicating with the house from a room beyond the Clarence rooms ⁽¹²⁾: about 500 County people came to it but saw Stowe to little perfection, as except the Saloon Drawing room, State Gallery & late State bed room & dressing room ⁽¹³⁾ nothing was open, &



Celebrations at the North Front for the coming-of-age of the Marquess of Chandos in September 1844, by James Danby.

the Supper bad & ill contrived. The room was good for dancing & my Girls very happy & not gigs⁽¹⁴⁾ in their fancy Dress. Lady B came out very large, & was covered in your cap with Diamonds. The company at the ball was not very illustrious; Ld & Ly Southampton, Lady Emily Drummond (Beverley Percy), the Hoares, Rice Trevors &c being the few London people worthy of notice.

The next day, 230 farmer Tenants dined in the Tenants Hall⁽¹⁵⁾ & danced afterwards in the temporary room. The Company joined in the merry dance: but the smell was very bad from the heat & numbers of those sort of people who never wash. But who dressed in the Maidens Bower so long celebrated at Stowe & where the Candle always goes out at the door from the denseness of the air.

The last day (Monday) the Servants had a ball in the same room, but I did not go to see it. All the Company appeared very happy, but Mary A⁽¹⁶⁾ & the Nugents herded together & looked out of their element at times, but he was in great force at other times. Mary A stinks so dreadfully of some holy material with wh: she is rubbed 3 or 4 times a day. I really cd hardly bear it. Everyone smelt it, & I fear avoided her on that account: she was warm & kind in her manner to us, as she always is; ⁽¹⁷⁾...

On Friday at dinner some gaps of those who had gone were more than filled by 18 Corporation from Buckingham: toasts after dinner, & many healths given and responded to in good taste on both sides: among them Geo Nugent⁽¹⁸⁾, Chandos, the Duke, Dick!⁽¹⁹⁾, who spoke very well altho quite taken by surprise. All the party broke up Saturday, and on Monday the Buckingham move to Wotton⁽²⁰⁾, where the tenants in that district are to be entertained this week, as they were also last week at Avington⁽²¹⁾ & in other places wherever the Duke has property. I wd not pay all these expences for 5000. The Duke ordered & directed the whole proceedings, & altho for the fire works 20,000 persons were assembled, not an assault or row or any damage done...⁽²²⁾

You will be tired of my long story before you get thro so many pages. Dick comes here for 3 days next week. Tell me you continue well, & are able to go on riding & amusing yourself. I like Ld Leigh & delighted in his pretty wife & nice son & daughter. Ly Lyndhurst was ill & sent an excuse, as did Ld Brougham to my great regret. We went from Oxford to Stowe in an omnibus & four: the only vehicles which w'd carry us all, & all our luggage.

Yours ever

GNG

Notes:

- (1) The Duchess' displeasure at proceedings is, in the circumstances, not wholly surprising. Six years later she divorced the Duke.
- (2) Lady Anna Grenville was the Marquess' elder sister.
- (3) This was the 1st Duchess, Lady Anna Brydges, Baroness Kinloss, whose portrait by Beechey still hangs in the North Hall. She had died eight years earlier.
- (4) There follows a list of the entire party of sixty-seven guests.
- (5) GNG seems to have been using old names for the rooms (from the 1st Duke's time). Therefore he refers to the (old) White Room, now Chandos Delta dormitory, and the (old) Rembrandt Room (now Chandos Houseroom). The late Marquis' rooms = Buckingham Rooms = Chandos Rho Dorms; print room = the present Blue Room; Grenville Room = the present Chandos games room.
- (6) The visit was put back till January 1845.
- (7) There is a photograph of this ornate four-poster bed, in which Victoria slept, in MJB's *Guide to Stowe House*. The White Room is now Chandos Delta Dormitory.
- (8) The Arundell Gallery, where GNG stayed with his family, was the 1st floor of the Chandos East wing.
- (9) TG refers to the Rt Hon. Thomas Grenville, who, as brother of the Marquess of Buckingham, was the 2nd Duke's great-uncle. At the time of the letter he would have been nearly ninety years old. He was the writer's uncle. "Uncle Tom" was a former MP, a bibliophile and diplomat.
- (10) The Marquess of Chandos, in whose honour the whole entertainment was, in due course became the 3rd (and last) Duke of Buckingham. He did much to restore the family's name and fortunes, but when he died, in 1889, he left no male heir.
- (11) This was probably the suspension bridge below Brown's Cascade in the Japanese Gardens; a low iron bridge has recently been built on the site.
- (12) The structure was put up in what is now Power House Yard. The Clarence rooms are now the Temple Housemaster's study and the two studies eastwards to the North Hall.
- (13) The Saloon refers to the Marble Hall, the Drawing Room to the present Temple Room, the State Bed room to the Garter Room, and the dressing room to the servery.
- (14) GNG's handwriting is unclear at this point and the word "gigs" just a conjecture. Possibly it is "gig" being used in its rarer sense of "something odd".
- (15) The Tenants' Hall was in the area formerly used as Prefects' Mess and Temple Changing Rooms.
- (16) Mary Arundell was the 1st Duke's sister, Mary Grenville, who had married the 10th Baron Arundell. Her smelly medicaments did her no harm: she was to live another ten years.
- (17) There follows some gossip about the guests, which has been omitted.
- (18) George Nugent: George Grenville, 2nd Baron Nugent, the uncle of the 2nd Duke.
- (19) Dick was presumably a Neville relation. Perhaps GNG's brother or nephew?
- (20) Wotton, near Aylesbury, was the old Grenville home, now owned by the 2nd Duke. When it had been gutted by fire in 1820, Sir John Soane rebuilt it.
- (21) Avington was the Chandos family home, in Hampshire, which was linked with Stowe when Lady Anna Brydges married the 1st Duke. By the terms of the 1844 agreement both Wotton and Avington would pass to the Marquess (though not in the 2nd Duke's lifetime). But Avington was sold as part of the great sales of 1848. Wotton was to remain longer with the family and the 2nd Duke was buried there.
- (22) There follows some gossip, largely about those who were not invited, which has been omitted.



(Private collection, by kind permission.)



EQUESTRIAN STOWE

— Competing to win —

5th-former Tom Robinson describes his own equestrian year

Last season I was chosen with my pony Hurricane Hugo to take part in the selection trials for the British Pony Three Day Event team. The aim of this was to be chosen for the team which would compete in Belgium in the summer of 1994. In the Easter of 1994 we went to two selection trials – Lincolnshire and Portman. At the latter we finished in eighth place and subsequently qualified for the final trial which was held at Weston Park in May. The number of ponies in contention had now been narrowed down to forty. Knowing that Weston Park would be a much stiffer challenge than anything we had done previously, we went into serious training, teaching Hugo the required movements for the dressage test and improving his technique for the show jumping as well as keeping his fitness at a premium because as well as the exhilarating cross-country section we also had to complete a set of roads and tracks which truly tested the fitness of the ponies.

Weston Park certainly did prove to be demanding

and, although Hugo performed a good dressage test and a clear show jumping round, a run-out on the cross-country course meant that we finished out of the placings. Although we didn't manage to make the team, the experience of riding at that level was beneficial.

Last autumn Edward Collins and I competed in the Independent Schools One Day Event held at Stonor School. MAC was keen for Stowe to field a team, but unfortunately not enough people came forward, so Edward competed in the junior section and I competed in the senior as individuals. Edward won his section and I was placed eighth. Next year we hope to field a team, as we now have more people interested in the sport.

As with any sport one cannot just go out to an event and expect to win. Months and years of work and training have to go into preparing horse and rider both mentally and physically. Next year I hope to take my new horse to selection trials for the British Junior Team and then to compete at and win Badminton and Burghley...!

— Jumping with Gerry —

Fiona Forsyth's competition year

I started eventing under British Horse Society rules in 1994. My horse, Master Geraghty (Gerry), and I were both new to the scene. We had done the odd Pony Club event the season before, but that was all. Eventing was something completely new, far different from Working Hunter classes, with which I had previously been involved. The standard of eventing, I soon discovered, is very high and the competition strong.

The first event which I did was at Gatcombe Park, where Gerry and I entered the Novice class. We had a double clear, which was most encouraging, but our dressage let us down. After this I entered four other Novices and was pleased to be placed in every one, with two 2nds, one 3rd and a 4th. I gained seventeen points, only four off what is required for Intermediate.

My aims last year were to compete at the Pony Club championships at Weston Park and also at the Twesledown 3-day event. It was necessary to qualify for both these championships. A team of four was chosen to compete at the Pony Club Area Horse Trials. To qualify, the team had to be in the top two and an individual in the top three. Our team – representing Warwickshire – came 2nd and I was placed 5th as an individual. To qualify for Twesledown one first of all had to be doing Junior Regional Novices. This is open to juniors between fifteen and eighteen. To qualify for

the Junior Regional Novice 3-day event both horse and rider must have competed together in two JRN competitions, without incurring cross-country jumping penalties, finishing in the first three of one of them. At my first JRN trial I came 5th and at my second 2nd. My name was put forward to the short list and I was chosen to be in the "Monday's Child Central Team" for the JRN championships at Twesledown racecourse.

At a 3-day event your horse has to be fit enough to do dressage on day one, the endurance phase on day two and show-jumping on day three. Day two is always the most testing for both horse and rider. Fitness is the secret. On Endurance Day one has to compete in four phases, A, B, C & D. A & C are the Roads and Tracks, where one has to trot at a constant speed, phase A for 8.8 km and phase C for 12 km, both inside a given time. Phase B is always, I think, the most exciting, a steeplechase of 3 km which has to be done inside 3.5 minutes. Finally comes the most testing phase, the cross-country. It is here where both stamina and speed are vital. It was a great excitement, therefore, in such a taxing competition, when our team won at Twesledown.

This year I am hoping to be doing Junior Open Intermediate trials with the aim of going to the Junior National Championships at Windsor and then on to the Junior European Championships...



— Polo —

Charles Frampton writes of 1994 and beyond...

First, for anyone new to the game, let me start by saying that the object of this exhilarating game is very simple: to take the ball through the opposition goal. A match consists of four chukkas, lasting seven minutes each. The ponies are on average between fourteen and sixteen hands, bred for speed, both in turning and in chasing the ball. The stick may only be held in the right hand, for safety reasons. Hitting the ball is done with a stick rather like a croquet mallet. However, you hit the ball with the side, rather than the end. This may sound easy, but when travelling fast on a pony which is bobbing up and down, it becomes a little more difficult! You are allowed to push the opposition off the ball. This is done by riding up alongside the player and riding against him, using your and the pony's weight, something which is called "riding off".

Once a week the polo players of Stowe travel down to Bicester and practise at the Kirklington polo ground. We are hoping that we will be able to offer lessons to members of the school at Kirklington. This season the team has had to be restructured after the loss of no less than three team members. We hope, however, to take part in the usual competitions and even improve on our results. As ever, our thanks go to MAC for showing such enthusiasm for the sport and taking us to matches. We are also grateful to our parents for all their hard work and kindness.

Last season we did well to win our division in the Public Schools' competition, which took place at the Guards Polo Club, Windsor, beating en route Harrow, Cheltenham Ladies and Eton B.

Our team consisted of Corin Gibbs, Susanna Benn, Nicholas Britten-Long and Sam Tylor. We also entered a tournament at Beaufort Club, although our team was weakened by the unbending ruthlessness of the A-level examiners. We did particularly well under difficult circumstances, especially against Bristol University, Sam Tylor, a 3rd-former, playing pluckily and skilfully against a twenty-year old!

This season kicks off with some practice on bikes. Polo prospects at Stowe look distinctly promising. Come and join us!



Tom Robinson competing with Hurricane Hugo at the Heythrop P.C. Open Horse Trials, last April.



Fiona Forsyth on Gerry

The Stowe Polo team at Windsor, 1994:
Susanna Benn, Sam Tylor,
Corin Gibbs and Nick Britten-Long





THE STOWE RIDING SCHOOL

Riding schools may come and riding schools may go, but in a changing world one thing is reassuringly certain: whatever the weather, whatever the time of year, Mary Connor and her brother Theodore will be out taking rides around Stowe!

Mary and Theodore live at The Kennels, their stables near the Corinthian Arch. It is called The Kennels because, in years gone by, this was the home of the Duke of Buckingham's deerhounds.

The riding stables and the school have lived happily together for over seventy years. It was in 1925, only two years after the school's foundation, that Thomas Connor read an advertisement in *The Field* for a riding master at Stowe. At that time the business was being run by a farmer, Will Chapman, who hunted with the Grafton but was too busy to develop the stables. Thomas Connor, Mary's father, an Irishman who had recently come out of the army, immediately took to Stowe and within months had bought the business from Chapman. The Kennels, though always remaining independent, quickly became an integral part of the school's life. The years before the War were a spacious time when long hours of leisure enabled those keen on

horses to pursue their interest. For many boys The Kennels became a second home and just as some boys gravitated to Vancouver Lodge, Dadford, where the McElwees held court, with the emphasis on things historical and intellectual, a similar enclave developed at The Kennels, which became a haven not just for those keen on horses but also for those who were homesick or did not fit in easily to public school life. "Mother was an honorary matron!" recalls Mary. "By that one means that boys used to come to her with their troubles. She derived great pleasure cooking for them! They seemed to have huge appetites and certainly liked their cakes! We tended to see the older children a lot, and the little ones who didn't fit in."

At this period the stables were used exclusively for Stowe. The school had its own Riding Club and Lord Haig contributed a riding cup. The horses were always beautifully turned out, with never more than three horses to one stable lad. The stable lads, who lived in Dadford and Chackmore, would be paid £3 a week and took tremendous pride in their charges. But it was not just the Stoics but the wider school community who became habitués of The Kennels. Many matrons rode.

Mary and Theodore Connor at The Kennels



Photo: AGE



Above: Two of J.F.'s secretaries, Joyce Sofe (left) and Rosemary Hill. The benches facing the Shop tennis courts are in the latter's memory. It was Rosemary Hill's enthusiasm during the headmastership of Donald Crichton-Miller which led to the formation of the Beagle Pack.



Above: Prior to army cadet corps manoeuvres History Tutor Bill McElwee (left) at the stables with Stoic Dick Fanshawe, in the 1950's.

Below left: Mary Connor with her parents.

Below: Thomas Connor at the stables with the twin daughters of Stowe classics master Alasdair Macdonald.



Photos courtesy of Mary Connor



So too the nurses in the San. There was much domestic contact too. The Head Houseman, Mr Warden, lived nearby at the Corinthian Arch, and, on the other side, was Henry Smith, who looked after the school's boilers. Both built play-houses in their gardens at the Arch and Mary remembers enjoying happy hours in both!

The first Headmaster, J.F. Roxburgh, was not that keen a rider, but Mary remembers him as "always being very charming. He wasn't a horseman but liked the boys to ride." He would sometimes stay nearby at The New Inn, a beautiful house in the 1920's, owned by an industrialist called Greenway. Robin Watt, who ran the art school, lived there, and J.F. would join him for Christmas. So too the writer T.H. White, a keen horseman. Mary Connor remembers sitting as a child on White's lap: "He was better than Father Christmas, and gave much better presents!"

The most enthusiastic horseman of all on the staff was probably Leslie Huggins, the Director of Music and one time Master of the Grafton. "To the musical world he was Dr Huggins, but he became Major Huggins when out hunting." He kept his own horses at the stables and was much loved, not least for playing

the organ in chapel, with his surplice hiding his hunting boots. He was, said Mary, "a brilliant horseman on a brilliant horse." Of considerable private means, he only had the best and Mary remembers him as being difficult to follow in the hunting field. "But the horse had to do all the work!" A bachelor who lived at Tingewick, Huggins was devoted to the school, taking the boys all over the place, both to music and equestrian events. The Revd. E.H. Earle was another keen rider, who kept his own horse at the stables. Ivor Cross and the Revd. C. Windsor-Richards were likewise enthusiastic, whilst Mary remembers Bill McElwee, who hunted, as "a bit of a dare-devil"!

Roxburgh's immediate successors were also well known at The Kennels. "Mr Reynolds rode out - he came from a wealthy farming family, who knew my mother very well." Donald Crichton-Miller hunted regularly and was very interested in the equestrian world. In more recent years, Christopher Turner took a great interest in the stables, his mother having been much involved in the world of riding.

It was the war which changed the emphasis at the stables. The men all enlisted and the horses were



roughed off. But it was a busy time. There were many people from the aerodromes at Silverstone and Winslow. The Connors found it easier to concentrate on ponies and this is how their business has developed in the post-war era, serving more and more the local community. Mary and her brother Theodore have run things themselves for very many years, ever since their father fell ill. He died in 1964.

Unsurprisingly Mary has much nostalgia for the early days of Stowe. She remembers the atmosphere as being wonderfully happy and she was able to turn to the masters at any time to share problems. Once, for example, when one of her horses had broken its pelvis, she contacted her friends at Stowe for help, asking if

she might borrow a block and tackle. Within minutes not just a block and tackle but three men and a lorry turned up, plus all the other necessities to help the injured horse. She is much moved too by the way the boys have kept in touch over many years. One recently arrived after a gap of forty years and was thrilled that Mary was able to put an immediate name to him! Another, visiting Stowe as part of the Old Stoic 1920's reunion day, paid a special pilgrimage to The Kennels. When one knows Mary and Theodore it is not hard to understand such devotion. Gentle and modest, optimistic and cheery, caring and devoted, they are truly special people in a special world; surely they and their ponies epitomise all that is best in this world?

Tony Meredith

A Grafton meet at Stowe in the late 1940's. J.F. Roxburgh (with the umbrella) and, right, Dr Huggins, the Director of Music.



History Tutor Bill McElwee riding out with the Grafton in the 1950's. His daughter visible, left. Mary Connor is fourth in line.



Stoics on the North Front, prior to hunting in the late 1920's. A number of the horses come from the Stowe Riding School. In the top hat is the Revd. E. H. Earle, the first Housemaster of Chatham.

Photos courtesy of Mary Connor





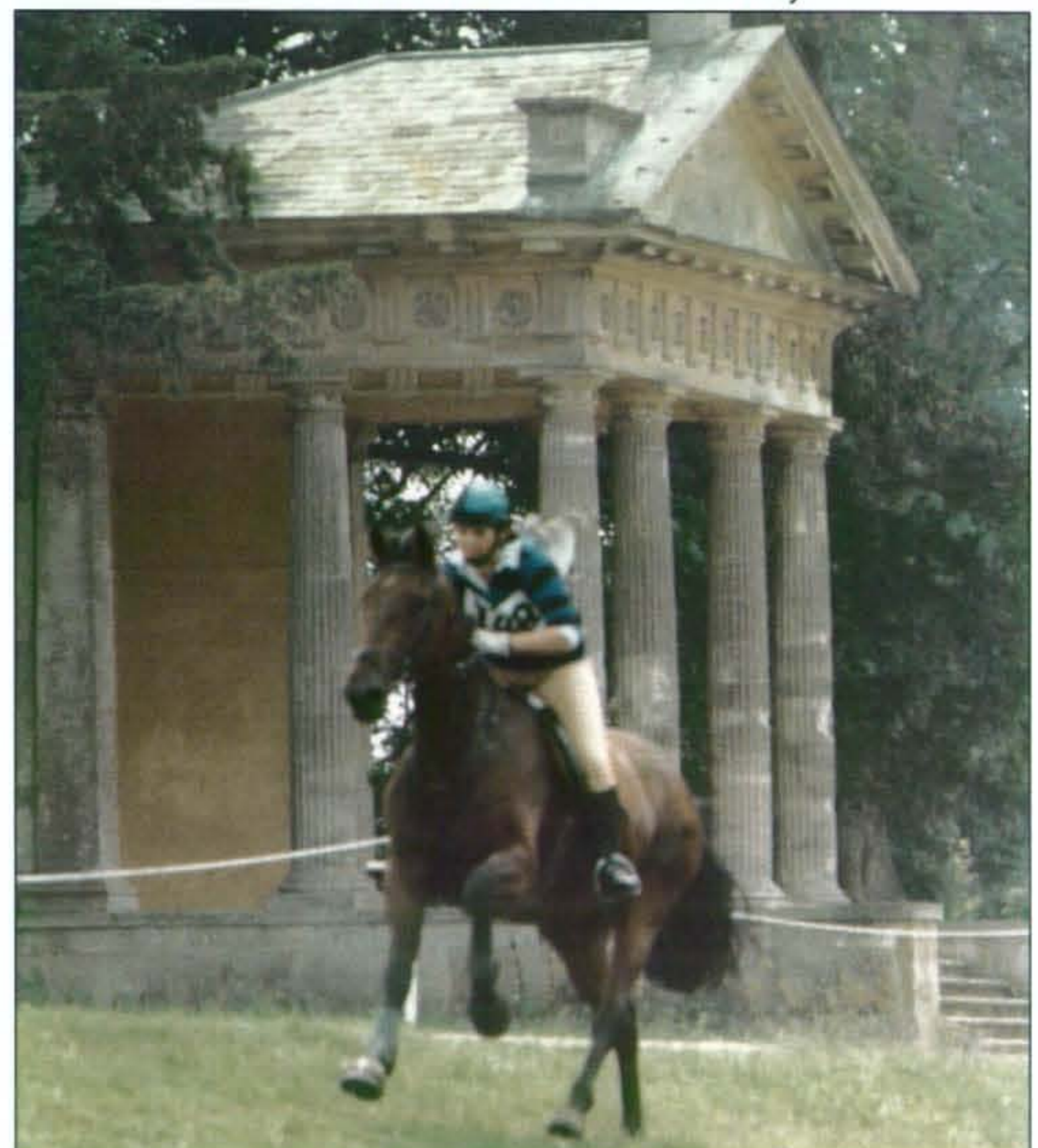
Photos: Wellington Green

The first Stowe Trials, 1983: H.R.H. The Princess Anne on Mission Lake

THE STOWE HORSE TRIALS began in 1983, organised by a Stowe parent, Mr Jim Lord. They took place over two days, early in the school's summer holidays, with novice, intermediate and open intermediate classes in dressage, show jumping and cross-country. Philip Herbert was the technical advisor and course builder. Known as the Amtico Stowe Horse Trials, after its sponsors, Amtico, the vinyl flooring specialists, the event won quick recognition from the eventing world with many famous entrants testing out the new fences, such as H.R.H. The Princess Anne, Capt. Mark Phillips, Rachel Bayliss, Jane Holderness-Roddam and Lucinda Green. During subsequent years few famous names have been absent from the list of riders who have competed at Stowe. Competitors have included Virginia Leng, Bruce Davidson, Blyth Tait, Rodney Powell, William Fox-Pitt, Matt Ryan, Leslie Law, Mark Todd and Mary Thompson.

The original idea of holding horse trials at Stowe received considerable encouragement from the Headmaster of the period,

Miss Teresa Watkins on Belmont Boy





Photos: Wellington Green

Stowe Trials, 1984: Capt. Mark Phillips just past the Temple of Venus

Christopher Turner; indeed he is said to have originated the idea over dinner with his sister-in-law, Lady Turner, a keen horsewoman. His brother, Sir Michael Turner QC, still takes an active interest and acted as Chief Steward of the Cross Country section last year.

The initial five-year sponsorship deal with Amtico was extended and by the time the National Trust became involved in Stowe in 1989 Jim Lord's hard work had established the Stowe Trials as a very special event. Since then the Trust has very energetically assumed the running of the Trials, re-routing the course outside the ha-ha and building a number of exciting new fences at the same time. The event continues to thrive; in 1994 there were over three hundred horses entered. For the past three years sponsorship has come from Pedigree Chum, last year Stowe being eighth in a ten-event sponsored series. The Pedigree Fun Dog Ability Challenge has added an extra dimension of interest recently to the Trials weekend!

Wellington Green

With Lyttelton in the distance, Joanna Winter jumps the Intermediate section, 1983.





Michael Carpenter writes of the joys of

HORSE DRIVING TRIALS

It was about twelve years ago that I chanced to visit a Horse Driving Trial. At the time I was restoring and making reproductions of antique horse drawn carriages. It was the continuing of the wonderful craft tradition that I enjoyed. I could not drive a horse and was quite sure that I would never drive in any of the vehicles into whose building I put so much effort.

But as soon as I saw what happened at a Driving Trial I was hooked! This was exciting, skilful and elegant. Later I was able to buy a horse that I thought might be suitable for driving. Caroline Dale, in Matlock, Derbyshire, taught me to drive and broke my horse for driving. In exchange I restored an antique American buggy that she had. I bought an old metal tyred farmer's cart locally and started to drive around Buckinghamshire. Going along the lanes at that slow pace, sitting up high where you can see so much, chatting to a friend next to you, proved most enjoyable. Somehow it is much more sociable than riding out.

My farmer's cart was not suitable for competition and so SG helped me build a metal competition gig and Jan, his wife, became my groom for the next five seasons of competing. She was a very good groom indeed and what successes we had were very much down to her.

Together with my little dun Welsh cob, Ivor, we got to the National Championships twice. The first time was in the Novice class and then, two years later, in the Open class.

Most Driving Trials are over two or three days, the competitors sleeping over night in their horse-lorries with the horses in temporary stabling fixed to the side to the lorry. I believe that H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who is a great promoter of Horse driving trials, has described the events as "a travelling week-end party". Certainly on the stable field there are often parties going on well into the night. It is the most friendly sport. With negligible prize money, everybody just doing it for the fun of it, and often with whole families competing as a team.

There are three parts to the competition as in a three day event. The first section is Driven Dressage. Some of the ridden dressage movements cannot be performed

with a cart behind the horse, but there is still plenty to test the driver (called the 'whip') and the horse. It is not possible to use leg aids; it is all down to voice, reins and occasional encouragement with the whip. Without such close contact with the horse, as a rider has, complete control is very difficult. I only drive one horse at a time. How team drivers manage to bring four horses into collection together and then get them to perform perfect circles or other figures I don't know!

The second part, usually held on the second day, is the Cross Country. It is a marathon, of up to 27km, split into sections that must be driven at particular paces within quite tough time limits. The 1st section includes eight obstacles (often called 'the hazards'). These are restricted areas where competitors have to drive through a number of openings (called 'gates') in the correct order, having worked out the best route beforehand. All the time spent in the obstacle gains penalties. Here the skill of the whip, the fitness, suppleness and obedience of the horse are all important. It is a team effort, the whip, the horse and the groom all working together. The groom has a particularly hard job, sometimes being navigator as well as balancing the cart. A good groom will often lean out of the side to hold the cart down, like the fellows in motor cycle side-car racing, or jump up and down to bounce the cart to one side and so avoid it hitting part of the obstacle. I have often noticed that after a tough marathon the groom looks even



Michael Carpenter and Jan Grimble follow Ivor through the water

more exhausted than the whip.

The third part, equivalent to show jumping in a three day event, is an accuracy driving test in an arena. Clearly one cannot jump anything with a cart, although I have done so once, by accident, and would not wish to do it again. Competitors drive, against the clock, a course between pairs of cones that have little balls on the top. If a cone is hit, the ball falls off and penalties are awarded. Speed and skill are important here. It is no good if the cross country has taken too much out of the whip or the horse.

Horse Driving is a most wonderful sport and I would recommend it to anybody.

— THE SOUTH FRONT —

Michael Bevington describes how Earl Temple transformed the South Front to its present guise.

Those at Stowe with an eye for Latin inscriptions some sixty feet from the ground will know that the year of 1995 marks the 220th anniversary of the present South Front. This magnificent creation is the crowning glory of Stowe's unique feast of classical architecture. Professor McCarthy has even described it as "the largest and most completely realised private neo-classical building in the world."

Earl Temple spent twenty years calling on at least four different architects before he was satisfied with the final design. The reconstruction took some eight years, although most was finished by 1775, the date in the Latin inscription on the East (Chandos) Pavilion. Since then relatively few changes have been made, apart from the addition of the stone balustrade around the two flower gardens in 1790 and the lowering of the side walls flanking the steps in 1805.

The following extracts are taken from Michael Bevington's latest volume of *Templa Quam Dilecta* and describe the re-building of the South Front from 1770 to 1779.

Earl Temple gradually withdrew from politics, a retirement doubtless induced by the illness and death in 1770 of his brother, the former Prime Minister. Eventually he plucked up the courage to transform his house. For 20 years he had hesitated, attempting only the false start of 1754 and the internal re-ordering of 1766. He now began with the simpler solution required for the North Front. What galvanised him into proceeding with the South Front was the offer by his nephew

and heir, George Grenville, the son of the Prime Minister, to pay for it with the public money he received from his most profitable sinecure. This was one of the four Tellerships of the Exchequer, which his father had obtained for him in 1764 when George was only 12 years old. It earned on average £2,000 per annum, but often much more. On 5th June, 1770, Temple told Hester: "...my Nephew George has agreed [Earl Temple became his guardian in November 1770] to give me a draft on his tellership for the whole amount of altering the garden front, if I will but resolve to do it, so whether he is in earnest or not it will make me so.' The rebuilding of the South Front reputedly cost only £25,000, which was "not dear", according to Lord Nuneham in 1776, "considering its extent (450ft) and the richness of the design and the alteration within doors." Lady Temple "repeatedly mentioned" to him that it had all been done out of her husband's income, proudly forgetting George Grenville's offer of 1770.

George Grenville, the later Marquess, had been visiting Stowe for "four or five Days" in June 1770. He told his father that Earl Temple was not only "extremely busy about his Colonnades for the North Front", but also "marking out the foundations for altering the South Front." By 2nd August, 1770, Earl Temple admitted to Hester that although George's offer had been to encourage him "to the execution of the Plan for the garden Front", he was "not without hesitation still"; nevertheless he added: "I am so deeply engaged that I scarce know how to recede. a little time must however decide."

'The Plan' being used in June 1770 no longer survives, but it must have been the first by Robert Adam

The South Portico with the former statues, lions and urns, in about 1894



for the South Front at Stowe. His brother John had, in fact, visited Stowe in May 1759, but the dome proposed in Adam's first plan was probably an idea of the late 1760s or early 1770. Temple may have commissioned Adam to produce plans for both Fronts at the same time. He started on the South Front while the North Front's Colonnades were still under way, by laying out the foundations in June 1770 and actually digging the trenches in early 1771 and having 12 Corinthian bases carved that January. Indeed, Blondel claimed, in his bill submitted in 1774, that he visited Stowe to survey work "déjà commencé par Monsr: Adams", for which, perhaps, he was paid his £50 in 1772.

Numerous objections, however, arose to Adam's first plan for the South Front, not least from his brother-in-law's nephew, Thomas Pitt, who had already designed the Corinthian Arch for Earl Temple. By September 1770 George Grenville wrote that "no One ventures to decide upon any Thing without consulting Mr Pitt." Earl Temple and Pitt therefore proposed various changes to Adam's first plan. Adam thus produced a second plan, still extant, probably by April 1771. It included Earl Temple's suggestion of a projecting portico. William Ride then made the working drawings and the newly laid foundations were taken up and relaid. Even after this second start there were further objections by Earl Temple, of both an aesthetic and a purist or classical nature, requiring yet more changes. At this point Adam seems to have bowed out, leaving Thomas Pitt to produce the essentials of the final scheme.

Once Thomas Pitt's new design had been completed, based on Adam's second plan, Earl Temple was now able to begin properly, employing six men on the South Front from before 6th July, 1771. By September Corinthian capitals were being carved. In early 1772 he proceeded to demolish the old southern façade of the Central Pavilion and remove Borra's steps. 82 of the distinctive balusters from these were probably transferred straightaway to the steps added on the southern side of what is now the Queen's Temple, supporting the argument for Pitt's involvement there too in 1772. The Earl of Chatham expressed his concern to Temple on 9th June that year, three days after Earl Temple had returned to Stowe: "I hope your Lordship has found the Palace of Stowe advancing apace. ... I long to behold it once finished"; and again on 30th August: "I hope that health Herculean enables you to pursue, without fatigue, the Herculean labours of magnificence and taste in which you are engaged." In September Earl Temple replied that, "after many and many disappointments ... attended with much expense, but, what is worse, with infinite trouble, the worst is over." Earl Temple's infinite trouble had produced a scheme like that published by Seeley in 1773. This elevation and its related text, with an earlier plan of the *piano-nobile* probably by Pitt, show that yet further changes were made while the rebuilding was



already under way. In late 1775 the north-eastern corner of the East Pavilion was constructed as a complete rectangle enclosing an extended new library, and not in the partial arrangement depicted in the plan of 1773; the doors shown opening directly from the Drawing Room and the Music Room into the South Portico were not subsequently executed; the subject-matter for the sculpture of the medallions on the Central Pavilion was changed; the quadriga on the apex of the pediment was not executed; and the design of the flight of steps with its two flanking walls was also altered. In fact, these changes may perhaps be the influence or work of Vincenzo Valdre, since in April 1772 a "New Famous Italian Architect" became involved in designs for the South Front.

1773 saw the reconstruction of the end Pavilions, the Ionic columns added to the two Galleries and, in December, the basement of the Central Pavilion built. Back in December 1771 Edward Batchelor had charged £1-15-0 each for the cushioned Ionic capitals and 10s 6d for each pilaster one. In 1774 the southern half of the Central Pavilion was reconstructed, with the South Portico columns being raised in 1775. In November that year James Bull built the arches to support the steps. By the end of 1776 all the sculpture was complete, leaving Lovell to carve the steps during that winter. He was helped during these two years by his son, another James, who took the opportunity to marry a local girl in Stowe Church. James Lovell senior charged 2s 3d per foot for the 33 steps of 'Portland' stone. (An odd number of steps was recommended by Vitruvius so that one could start and finish with the same foot forward.) With a run of 1485 ft and with the landing it came to a total of £205-6-3. Bull was still laying steps in September 1777, while Edward Masters was paving the portico in October, the same month that Terence Smith was plastering its ceiling. The *Guidebook* of 1773 predicted 33 steps but the engraving showed 47 in a single flight with low sloping walls on each side. By 1777 it had reduced the number to 31 but in 1780 the new engraving showed 35 in three flights between high flanking walls, like a Roman temple. Balusters, as Temple's growing passion for classical purity would have persuaded him, were a late and degenerate introduction, thus barring a repetition of Borra's baroque excesses of 1754. Nevertheless, the Marquess was prepared to sacrifice the classical purity of his uncle's high flanking walls; this was to improve the view from the ground floor rooms like the Gothic Library that Sir John Soane had just designed for him. Thus from May to August, 1805, he made the last substantial change to the South Front by returning the flanking walls to the sloping pattern depicted in the engraving of 1773. In May 1777, Samuel Curwen with his American friends, ignoring no doubt the work to be done on the steps and portico, found "the outside ... finished" and Earl Temple, now an elderly widower of one month, sitting on a settee in the South Portico dressed in



The proposed South Front as published by Seeley in 1773 before it was finished

half-mourning and beckoning them up the “lofty flight of steps” to look within at what was “yet in hand”.

The final element was the horizontal rustication along the whole of the *basimento* or ground floor, added by Edward Batchelor in December 1778, using Helmdon (3470') and Boycott (980') stone perhaps left over from the main walls. It is aesthetically just right, replacing Adam's bland expanse with the darker lines that an artist like Valdre would see as giving the necessary solid foundation. Blondel had anticipated such a scheme, at least on the three pavilions. The arches around the ground-floor windows were not plastered until April 1779. All these windows were originally small and square, as first designed by Adam, until those under the East Gallery were enlarged into the present French windows, probably in 1805 and 1831, and those under the West Gallery and Pavilion in about 1935. One of the last two square windows under the East Pavilion was finally harmonised in 1993.

The deliberate use of a wide variety of stone adds much to the vigour of the South Front's appearance, carefully emphasising its key components. Most of the architectural details stand out in a lighter tone from their darker surrounds. Local Boycott stone provides a grey-white ashlar background for the pediment and part of the ground floor. A harder white stone came from Bladon, twenty miles further away in Oxfordshire, for the parapet and dies of the pedestals on the skyline. An almost bronze-coloured stone from Glympton, a little north of Bladon in Oxfordshire, provides the rich contrast for the Bacchic frieze, entablature and modillions of the South Portico. The Corinthian columns and capitals of the Portico stand out, being of creamy stone from Taynton nearly 30 miles away from Stowe. Like Bladon and Glympton, Taynton was reached by the old Roman roads through Oxfordshire. Taynton stone cost £1-5-0 a ton. Even lighter in colour are the roundels and skyline figures, carved by Lovell in London from Dorsetshire Portland stone. The unifying background for the main faces of the Pavilions and the ground floor is mostly in the warm honey-coloured oolitic limestone from seven miles away at Helmdon in Northamptonshire. The 26 tons of paving for the Portico came from Kingsthorpe, also in Northamptonshire; Edward Ames charged 15s. a ton for its carriage.

The re-construction of the South Front was carried out almost entirely by Batchelors of Buckingham. Some

of the carving was by Edward Batchelor, who charged 1s 8d for each flower of the Portico modillions. Richard Lancashire carved the elaborate South Portico capitals for £11-9-4 each and the 34 ft of festoons on the Central Pavilion at 3s 6d per foot, according to the bill and payment of October and December, 1773. They must have been damaged during installation, however, because Edward Batchelor had to repair them in August 1775. William Ride seems to have remained as site surveyor, since in June 1775 Doughty submitted a bill for “carving done for W. Ride.”

The incessant deliberations about the design and construction of the South Front took their toll on Earl Temple. He had confessed to “many and many disappointments” on 8th September, 1772, and nearly a year later, on 27th June, 1773, Hester wrote that he was “in no Spirits, and having a bad opinion of Himself.” Despite Temple's remarks to his sister on 1st August, 1773, that his “Building does turn out far better than I even expected from the Plan & this is confirmed by the general voice, without exception,” a year later he could still tell her, on 21st August, 1774, that “I have more than once agreed, when vexed in spirit, with wise King Solomon, that all is Vanity and Vexation.” The following year, in fact, his wife wanted to abandon Stowe and all its building works for Eastbury, but Earl Temple preferred to soldier on amid the dust and drafts. Indeed, despite his serious illness in the spring of 1775, he was still “wheeled among his workmen”, as Catherine Stapleton told Hester on 2nd July, and she noted that, characteristically out of sight of his nurse, he “does business with his steward discreetly.” In this bout of severe illness “every symptom marked approaching death,” George Grenville told his wife, and “quantities of wine, & the strongest cordials have hitherto saved him, and still sustain him.” Lady Temple was also not surprisingly “low spirited” when seen by Lord Nuneham in 1776, after six years of building work with the prospect of much more inside the house to come. On her death in April 1777, Earl Temple was “much dejected, more so even than I expected,” according to his nephew. Yet he returned to the South Front with his former vigour; even in his last hours in September 1779 “his deliberations turned solely upon his buildings;” he had, in fact, outlived the completion of the South Front by just five months.

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPER

1 – 5 During 1994,

Which British political leader died after a heart attack?

Which Middle Eastern state made a pact with the PLO?

Which former US President's wife died of cancer?

Which three times world champion racing driver was tragically killed?

Which Russian leader was apparently an in-flight drunk?

6 – 10 Sport. During 1994,

Which soccer team won the World Cup?

Which cricket player scored a record-breaking 375 against England?

Who beat Navratilova at the Wimbledon Ladies' Singles Final?

In which sport did Nick Price finally carry off the trophy?

In which sport has George Foreman just become the oldest world champion in history?

11 – 15 Which book:

was filmed under the title "Schindler's List"?
is by Tolstoy, features Napoleon's invasion of Russia, and is very long?

first introduced a Bear of Little Brain and some hums?

is the second in the Old Testament?

begins "Scarlet O'Hara was not beautiful...?"

16 – 20 Dates.

1994. Which composer's Sun may Set after being sued over a musical?

1984. (Actually written in 1948, hence the title) Who wrote it?

1974. Who became Labour Prime Minister for the third and fourth times?

1964. Which pop group was Number One, as they are again this week?

1944. In June, what happened in Normandy?

20 – 25 The following are varieties of what?

Jaffa, Seville, Navel

Hake, Chub, Mullet, Barracuda

Tosca, Carmen, La Traviata, Porgy and Bess

Gramophone, Spectator, Empire, Hello

Rugby, Hockey, Crystal, Masked, Fancy Dress

26 – 30 Music.

Which composer went deaf, wrote 9 symphonies and died in 1827?

What kind of instrument is a boudoir grand?

At what musical event might you see an entrechat or a demi-plié?

In which Dukas tone poem did Mickey Mouse charm some broomsticks?

53 years later, of what kind of Christmas is Bing Crosby still dreaming?

31 – 35 Science and Nature.

What plant is a cross between a raspberry and a blackberry?

What poisonous gas is found in the exhaust fumes of car engines?

The python is a poisonous snake. True or false?

Which animal does myxomatosis devastate?

What colour does an alkali turn litmus?

36 – 40 Geography and Travel.

Which famous building stands in the Indian city of Agra?

What are the Roaring Forties?

Which French river is famous for the many châteaux which stands in its valleys?

Of which country is Reykjavik the capital?

The ruined city of Pompeii lies close to which volcano?

41 – 45 Spaniards. With what activity do you associate?

Franco

Picasso

Juan Carlos Ballesteros and Aranjia Sanchez-Vicaro

Villa-Lobos, Paco Pena, Segovia, Granados, Manuel de Falla

46 – 50 Half-way Pot Luck

What date is Hallowe'en?

What was/is Esperanto?

From which country are Princesses Caroline and Stephanie?

Whose wife is Hilary Rodham?

Which British coin stopped being currency in January 1961?

DECEMBER 1994

Devised by JSK

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPER

51 – 54 Artists. What nationality are/were:

David Hockney
Michelangelo
Monet
Rembrandt
Eduardo Paolozzi

56 – 60 Fit the quotations to their speakers, real or otherwise:

"Veni, vidi, vici"	John Major
"Ich bin ein Berliner"	King George V
"Oh, dear..."	Macbeth
"Bugger Bognor"	John F. Kennedy
"Is this a dagger which I see before me?"	Julius Caesar

61 – 65 Which film:

put Robin Williams in drag and his face into a cream gateau?
starred Audrey Hepburn as a cockney flower girl and has just been re-released?
starred Julie Andrews, the same year, as a very English Nanny?
finally won Best Film and Best Director Oscars for Steven Spielberg?
from Mary Shelley's novel, made Boris Karloff famous in 1930?

66 – 70 Women. Which woman or women:

was a nurse shot by the Germans in the First World War merely for nursing?
was a nurse in the Crimean War known as the "Lady with the Lamp"?
is not exactly a woman, but is well known for her love call, "Hello, Kermy"?
formed a movement in the 1960s which burned its bras?
is a British percussionist, even though severely deaf?

71 – 75 Drama. In which plays might you find:

Claudius, Gertrude and Ophelia?
Cliff, Sally and the Emcee?
Dancing trains on roller skates?
Three men waiting for a man who never appears?
Algernon, Gwendolen and Lady Bracknell?

76 – 80 Famous pairings. Who/which goes with whom/which?

Laurel	Squeak
Darby	Stripes
Abercrombie	Joan
Stars	Hardy
Bubble	Fitch

81 – 85 People. Who:

got an arrow in the eye in 1066?
became famous/notorious for painting Campbell's soup cans?
reached the summit of Everest with Edmund Hilary?
is supposed to have said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume"?
was assassinated at the theatre by John Wilkes Booth?

86 – 90 Places. In which city would you find:

the Bourse?
Wall Street?
the Little Mermaid?
the Trevi Fountain and St. Peter's?
the Via Dolorosa?

91 – 95 Activities. In which sport, hobby or pastime might you:

be a whipper-in?
be practising philately?
tack, go about or put up the spinnaker?
revoke, redouble or bid no trumps?
use oils or gouache?

96 – 100 At Stowe...

What lies between the Temple room and the servery area?
Which Head of Department shares a surname with a British Antarctic explorer?
Which playing field shares a name with a rose and an American whisky?
Grenville's colonnade is also known as the north, south, east or west?
Whose house is Kinloss?

DECEMBER 1994

THE YEAR

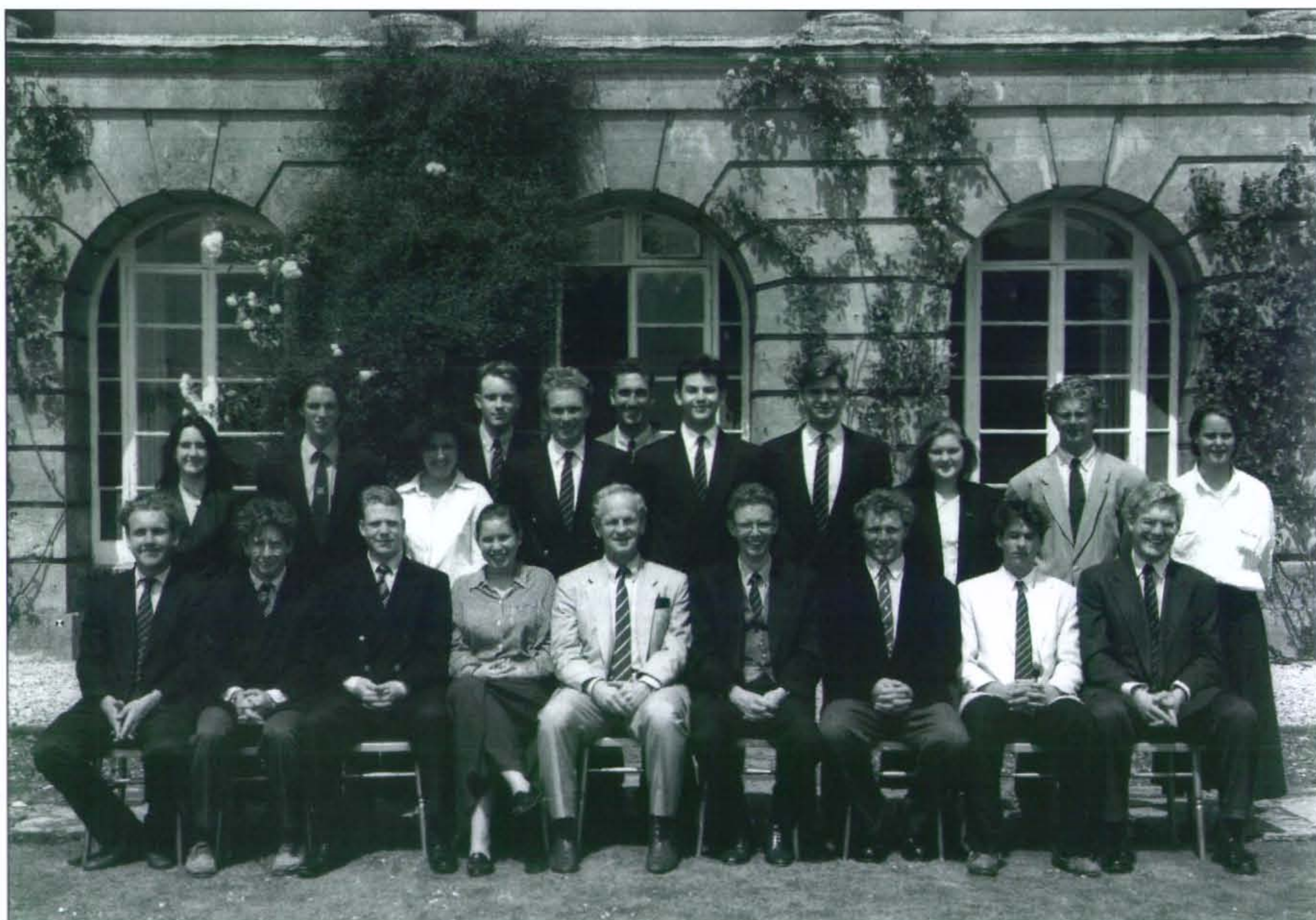


Photo: R & H Chapman ©

The Prefects, June 1994

Standing: Emma Clark, Tom Harper, Lucy Caller, Sam Milling, Giles Smith Walker, Nicolas Tissot, Owen Muir, Richard Parry, Emma Brown, Charles Clare, Susanna Benn
Sitting: Tom Foss-Smith, Robert Temple, Antony Pearce, Olivia Coy, JGLN, Robert Gooch, Edward Rogers, Robert Bush, Jan-Felix Polonius

The Senior Tutor writes...

Academic departments have been rearranging their schemes of work in order to highlight IT opportunities and European flavour, the twin pillars of Stowe's Education Plan. For the LVI in particular we have stressed the European commitment through the subsidiary programme. We have starters' Italian and continuation French as new language options and a set taking the European Community AS-level over two years. No less than five modern European languages were taken at A-level by Stoics this summer. Exchanges are making a big impact; we have had Fifth form exchanges to Spain and Germany, as well as the Third form weekend in France. The European Centre and new Careers Department opened in the refurbished Stanhope building in January 1995 and the old Careers area will soon provide a much needed base for the Classics department.

The success of the Headmaster's Essay Society and the Colloquium for Sixth formers prompted us to start the Twenty Club for mind-stretching lower down the school. The club meets once a fortnight. The autumn term's programme included Old Time Analysis (JMT), PictoLogic Pursuits (KFD), Solving The Times Crossword (JSK), a visit to the Royal Institution and an

evening of Lateral Thinking with Caspar de Bono. It has been mind-opening for the staff involved as well! The History Department is starting a new society, probably to be called the Pitt Society, to provide committed Sixth form historians with the sort of stimulation that has been available to scientists in Nucleus for many years. The established academic societies continue to flourish.

Last year eight of our Oxbridge candidates attracted offers, of whom six achieved the required grades this summer. This year we have so far had five offers. Emma Hornby (*Stanhope 1991*) started post-graduate work at Oxford in September. Over 60% of last year's MVI achieved the A-level grades for at least one of their chosen universities in the UK and another 20% of them have been making applications this autumn. One pupil has started at Georgetown University in Washington DC, and I look forward to telling of Stoics going on to Higher Education in Germany and Italy.

Our 1994 exam results show a continued gradual improvement at A-level and a most welcome 50% increase in the proportion of A grades at GCSE. At A-level there was a slight decrease in top grades, but our pass rate went up. The average UCAS points per candidate went up to an historic high of 18.9. The Art results were again outstanding with 15 A grades from 16 candidates – no less than three of our candidates were in the top five in Art A-level for their Exam Board. Rachel Beer was top candidate nationally in her Economics and Politics and William Wynne received a special mention for French for Professional Use. Chemistry was second only to Winchester in the Rugby Group of schools with 50% of A grades, all under JMT's guidance. Value Added between GCSE and A-level, according to the ALIS scheme, was just under 1 grade per candidate. The decrease from last year almost certainly reflects the increasing number of comparable schools that have now joined the scheme.

The Fifth form maintained last year's pass rate and then eclipsed all previous years with 30% of A grades, of which a quarter were the new A*. Please ignore the DFE's statistic which suggests that only 79% of the year group achieved 5 or more passes at C grade or above. The actual figure for our fifth form was 94%, as reported by ISIS! Fourteen boys scored seven or more A grades, three of them with seven of the new A*s in their portfolios. Angus McCarey achieved a clean sweep of ten A grades.

Brian Stephan has been celebrated elsewhere, retiring after fifty years' service. He has handed care of the Library on to Mrs Celia Collins, wife of RAC, but he is still to be found teaching there on occasions in spite of retirement. Typically his most recent Greek pupil scored an A* in the GCSE in June!

GMH

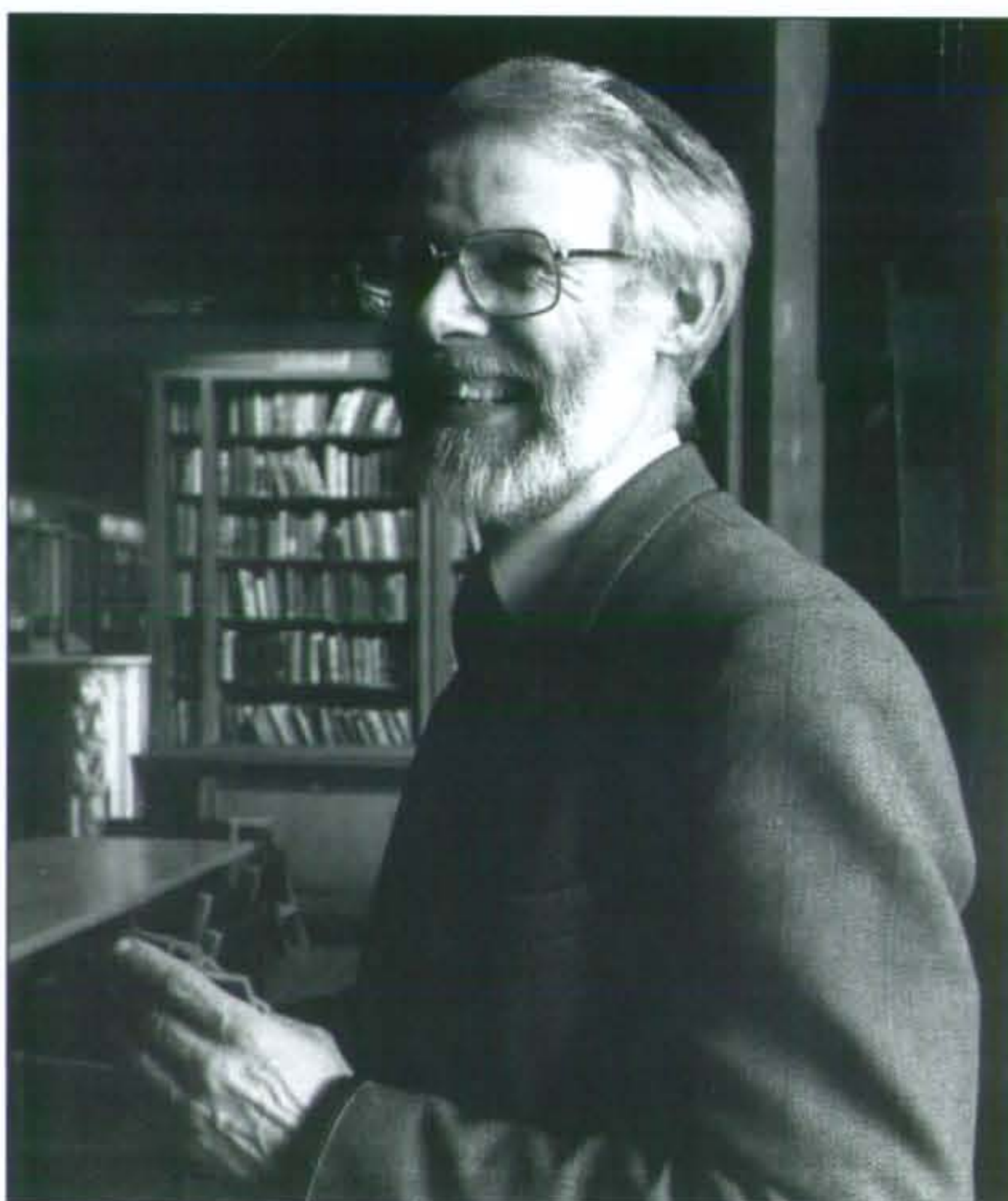


Photo: AGE

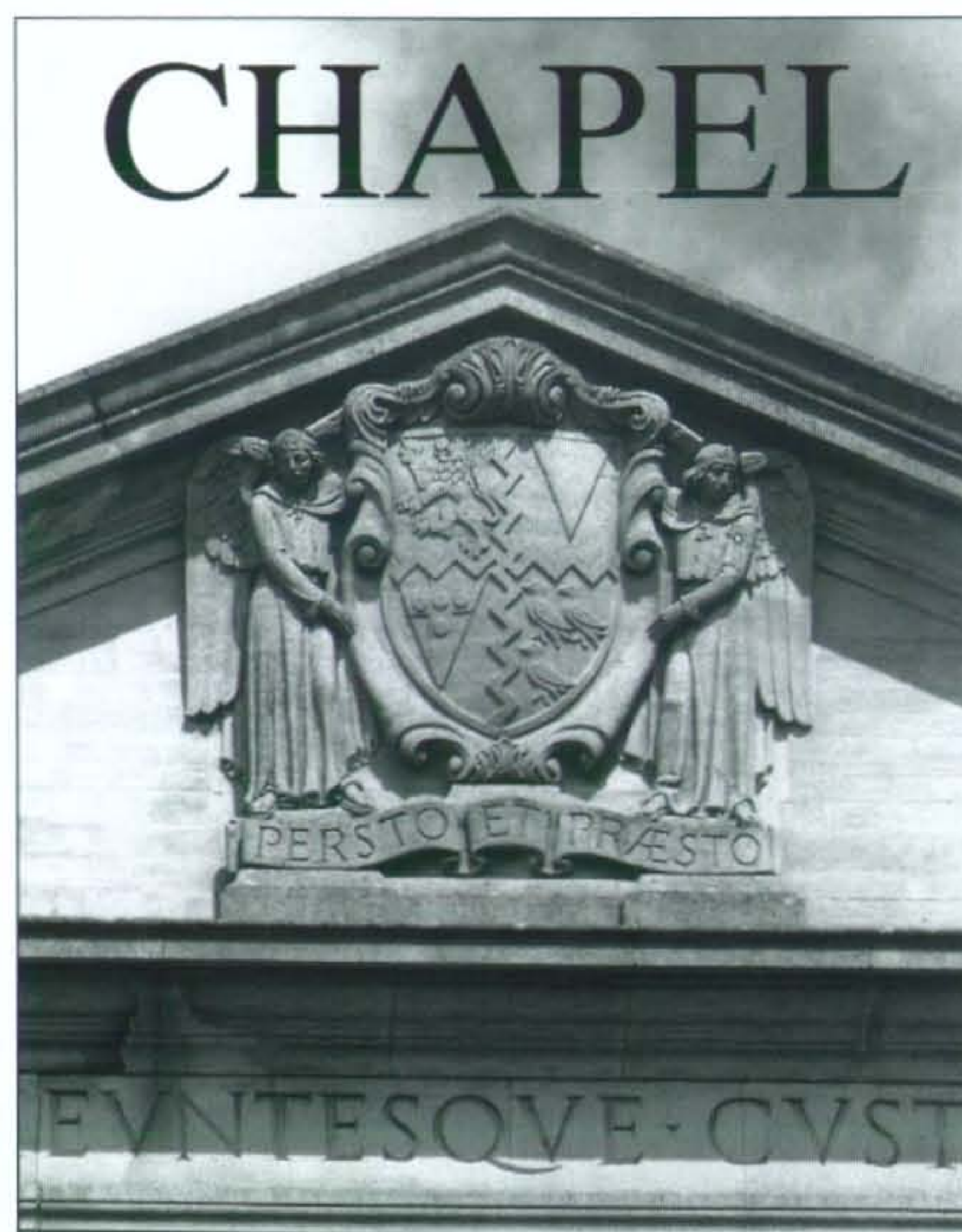


Photo: Henry Irving

“The new, young Chaplain is said to be packing them into the Chapel”, reports the latest edition of *The Good Schools Guide* about Stowe. Flattered still to be called young, uncertain after three and a half years as to whether I can really be called new, of one thing I am certain. *I* am not packing the Chapel! If there is an unprecedented amount of spiritual interest and hunger at Stowe at present, it is certainly not my doing! Although it may sound sanctimonious, it happens to be true that spiritual work is God’s matter not man’s! I take no credit (so for that matter no more!) for what God is doing at Stowe at present. And he certainly does seem to be doing a great deal!!

A Christian Union which attracts between 60 and 150 teenagers each week is certainly unusual. A vibrant Chapel that resounds with superb singing each week (while a credit to John Green and Jamie Henderson) is once again not the norm at most schools. To have Lenten Addresses that are attended by over half the school is also something of a phenomenon. To be fair, the team brought by the Revd. Andrew Wingfield-Digby (UK Director of Christians in Sport and embattled chaplain of the England cricket team) was fairly remarkable, with a former Chicago Bear (the Revd. Steve Conner), an Olympic oarsman (Pat Maclennan) and a former England cricketer (John Dewes) among its number. That their first day at Stowe was filmed by BBC Breakfast Time Sport (and shown three times on Maundy Thursday) also meant that they got off to an unfair start! Nevertheless their impact was real and profound!

I don’t think that any Chaplain could boast the degree of Common Room support that I have here at Stowe! Over fourteen members of Common Room *chose* to speak in Chapel this year. Eleven regularly help with Confirmation classes. Our Assistant Chaplain and part-time Commando padre, Rob Jackson, is a particular bonus to Stowe!

The giving in Chapel remains generous. Over £8,000 was given to organisations as diverse as Cot Death Research, Northern Ireland Children’s Holidays, The Leprosy Mission, the RNLI, SAMS, The Terence Higgins Trust, Cancer Research, the Carr Gomm Society and Age Concern.

The role of Stoics in Chapel remains tremendous. The Chapel Secretary, Andy Bates; the cat-walk trotting Chapel Prefects Tom Harper and Charlie Clare; the Chapel Monitors Rupert Elwes and Rachel Beer (the one who did all the work!); the elusive Sacristans Ed Rogers and Giles Smith Walker.

Particular services stand out: the Carol Service (inevitably), the Confirmation Service (unforgettably) and Alasdair Macdonald’s Memorial Service (joyously). Also two pupil-led services, one by Richard Parry, the Head of Grafton, the other by Middle Sixth-former James Goodwin-Hudson and Lower Sixth-former Tom Chambré, who spoke forcibly about the awesome power of words.

This has been a fine year, held together by a continuous thread of fine preaching (second to none in the country, it has to be said – consider the list on the next page) and plenty of prayer. *TMH-S*

PREACHERS

Among those we were privileged to welcome to Stowe's pulpit in 1994 were:

- The Baroness Cox of Queensberry
- Canon Peter Pilkington, Chairman of the Broadcasting Complaints Commission
- The Revd. Mike Lloyd, Chaplain of Christ's College, Cambridge
- The Revd. Keith Wilkinson, Headmaster of Berkhamsted
- The Right Revd. Patrick Harris, the Bishop of Southwell
- The Baroness McFarlane of Llandaff
- Frank Field, MP
- The Venerable Norman Warren, the Archdeacon of Rochester
- Bruce Kent of CND
- The Right Revd. David Evans, Gen. Sec. of the South American Missionary Soc.
- The Right Revd. John Taylor, the Bishop of St Albans
- The Revd. Peter Southwell, Chaplain of the Queen's College, Oxford
- The Venerable George Cassidy, the Archdeacon of London
- The Right Revd. Bill Flagg, former Bishop of Peru
- The Right Revd. Peter Walker, former Bishop of Ely
- Emma Nicholson, MP
- The Countess of Limerick, Chairman of the British Red Cross Society
- The Marquis of Reading
- Baroness Perry of Southwark, President of Lucy Cavendish College, Cambridge

CONFIRMATION

The following were confirmed by the Right Revd. Maurice Wood, former Bishop of Norwich, on 1st May, 1994 in the Chapel:

Simon Branch, Nick Britten-Long, Guy Edwards, Henrietta Hensher, Antony Pearce (prepared by Emma Taylor); Tom Bell, Chris Dixey, Freddie Hall, Stuart Mun-Gavin, Andrew Smith (prepared by Tim Hastie-Smith); Leby Anafu, Philip Fitzgeorge-Parker, Richard Thomson-Moore, Charlie Wright (prepared by Michael Bevington and Simon Taylor); Alasdair Barne, Charles Floyd, Damian Hoare, Tom Morley, James Nairn, Simon Part, Charles Wood (prepared by Peter Farquhar and Karen Dore); Adam Carpenter Couchman, Tom Lloyd Owen, Martin Marston, William Stanton, Ed Taylor, James Wright (prepared by Andrew Rudolf); Ben Chandor, Mark Pearson, Harry Vernon, John Viney (prepared by Rosemary Masters); Robert Ashcroft, William Barratt, Chesney Clark, Jon Elkington, Tom Gamble, Ed Wainright-Lee, Toby Dixon, Simon Forster, Ben Janson, Rupert Jupp, Harry Speir (prepared by Tim Hastie-Smith and Stuart Ayers); Richard Mari, Matthew Nicoll, James Watson (prepared by Robert Jackson).

Being Confirmed

This year there was again a very large number of confirmation candidates, all embarking on the course which started in the Christmas term and ended with the service on the 15th May. This included a weekly hour-long class with members of staff who willingly gave up their time to aid us in our understanding of what the Church and Christianity is all about. However, this was not a case of boring people sitting around discussing serious, uninteresting religious topics; we had great fun and it was very nice to be confirmed with such a good group of people. The course also included a trip to Grendon Hall, Northampton for a weekend where we played football (I never knew the Reverend Jackson had such an amazing talent as a right back), British bulldogs and monopoly and we talked a bit about God too, with the help of Richard Coombs, Giles Inglis-Jones and Anthony Bewes, who gave us a series of short talks and were always available to answer our questions and help us understand a bit more about Christianity.

After a year of interesting debate, heated arguments and waiting for Mr Hastie-Smith to turn up to classes, we came to the confirmation service with family in tow and the dynamic former Bishop of Norwich, the Right Reverend Maurice Wood ready to oversee the public declaration of our beliefs and to welcome us fully into the Church of England. It was an extremely important event for me, and, far from being the moment when I sign off from Church attendance, I see it as a milestone in a continuing spiritual journey.

Chris Dixey

Andrew Wingfield-Digby, embattled chaplain to England's embattled Cricket team, was Stowe's Lenten speaker.



Photo: Digby Oldridge

SERMON DELIVERED BY THE REVD. MIKE LLOYD

Chaplain of Christ's College, Cambridge on 6th February, 1994

2 Kings 5: 1-14

I want to start with a story, but in order to understand that story there's something you have to know. In this country, we have a number of words to refer to our bottoms – of which the commonest and one of the more polite is probably 'bum'. But in America, they don't talk about 'bums' – they talk about 'butts', which is a little odd because if you look up 'butt' in the dictionary, it'll tell you that it means "a mark for archery practice" but obviously nobody told the Americans that!

Anyway that's what they call it, a butt. And they're always talking about "kicking butt" and delicate expressions of that kind.

Well, unfortunately, one English vicar who was going to preach in the States didn't know about this cultural difference. He was asked to preach on the passage we've just heard read – the story of Naaman. And he took as his text the verse which read: "Now Naaman was a great man in the sight of his master and highly regarded, because through him the LORD had given victory to Aram. He was a valiant soldier, but he had leprosy." And the vicar began his sermon, "Naaman was a great man, *but*... I want to focus on that little word 'but'. And I want to make three points about it. First, we all have a 'but' don't we? Secondly, everybody's 'but' is different. Thirdly, we can always see everybody else's 'but', but we can never see our own!" (He couldn't understand why everyone was having difficulty controlling themselves!)

Now Naaman was your typical average hero. He had everything going for him. He was the sort of person who is captain of the school football team, cricket team, rugby team, swimming, boxing, tennis and water polo teams. He was the sort of person who had muscles in places where most of us don't even have places. He would have made Arnold Schwarzenegger look like Mr. Bean. He was the complete macho man. Nobody messed him around. Nobody kicked sand in his face. (Well, not twice anyway.) He was good-looking, he was popular, he was a nice enough guy; only he was used to getting his own way. As long as you did what he wanted, he was charming. But he was definitely into control. As commander of the army, he was used to people jumping to it and doing what he told them.

I have a friend in the army – just an ordinary soldier, not an officer or anything. And one day, he was on parade, and some big-wig general was inspecting the squadron. And he stopped my friend and pointed his baton at him and said, "There's a nasty bit of vermin at the end of this stick." To which my friend replied, "Not at this end, Sir!" Did that go down well? No it didn't! Nor would it have done for Naaman. Look at the way he flew off the handle when Elisha snubbed him and sent a servant to meet him rather than coming himself. No, Naaman

was into control.

But (with one 't') **But**, there was one thing he couldn't control, and that was his leprosy. It wasn't what we call leprosy today, but it was debilitating and disfiguring nonetheless, and ultimately it would force him to be cut off from all human society and human contact.

For once in his life, he'd come across something he couldn't buy his way out of or fight his way through. That's what he was used to doing to every problem, but now, for once, he'd come across something he couldn't control – indeed, something that was controlling him. And he didn't like it. Who would? But in his frustration and his anger and his fear, he was beginning to learn the important lesson that, for all his success, and his popularity, and his ability, and his strength, and his intelligence, he, like every other human being, was dependent. He cannot stand alone – he needs others. He is dependent on others.

He's dependent on the little slave girl from Israel, who tells him that there is a prophet in Israel who could heal his leprosy. He's dependent upon the King of Aram giving him leave of absence and a letter of recommendation. (Rather like you being dependent on your housemaster for getting an exeat, and on your teachers for a really good reference for your Cambridge application, or an *okay* reference for your Oxford application or whatever!) He was dependent on the King of Israel, who was a touchy individual and nearly made an international incident out of the affair. He was dependent upon Elisha, the man of God, for his healing. And, of course, ultimately he was dependent upon God. A whole chain of people upon whom he is dependent – and at the end of the chain is the God who made him and who loves him. It's *always* true, of *all* of us; but Naaman had never noticed it before and often we don't either. Often it's only when something goes seriously wrong as it did with Naaman and his leprosy: it's only when we come across something we cannot control, that we realise how totally dependent we are upon others, and upon God.

He resents it, he doesn't like it. He's used to *giving* orders, not *receiving* them, and his instinctive reaction is to go off in a huff and enjoy a good tantrum. But eventually, with the help of his servants, he realises that if he keeps his pride, he'll keep his leprosy too. He comes to realise that the way of pride is the way of death, but the way of humility is the way of healing. So he lets himself *take* orders instead of always *giving* them. He hands over his control, and lays aside his pride and goes down into the waters of the River Jordan; and there he not only has his leprosy healed, but he meets with God and discovers what life is *for* for the first time.

I wonder who your heroes are? Who are

your role models? Who are the people you look up to, the people you'd like to be like? Who do you look to for an inspiration and an example?

Is it the Naaman sort of hero? Is it the Arnold Schwarzenegger or Clint Eastwood type of hero who always wins, always gets their way, always succeeds? Because if so, how will you ever cope with failure? How will you ever cope with illness? How will you ever cope with not being able to cope?

We cannot control life, and at some point in our lives, we will come up against something we cannot control – disease, injury, death, whatever it is. And what will the successful, all-conquering kind of hero be able to do for you then? They've never been there. They've always been in control, always been able to cope, always won, so when you *don't* win, when you're *not* in control, such a hero can offer you no help and no hope.

So may I suggest that you take a *failure* as your hero, as your role model. Someone who didn't hit back, didn't get even. Someone who ended up on a cross. Someone who didn't fight His way victoriously through the Roman legions ending lives and bereaving people as He went, but who died at their hands.

And I recommend this failure Jesus to you as a role model – indeed, as the only hero worth having – for two reasons.

First, He's been there, He's been through it. He's known failure. He's known rejection. He's known betrayal. He's known death. He's known all these experiences which make up *real* life but which the successful heroes and false gods never seem to be touched by. Well, He has. He's been through it.

But secondly, I commend Him to you, not just because He's been through it, but because He's been through it *and out the other side*. These things happened to Him, but they did not hamper Him. They threatened Him but they did not thwart Him. Even death did not hold Him.

What better hero could we mortal people have than someone who has been through death and out the other side? Someone who has resources even in failure, even in death. That's the sort of hero we need.

The irony is, follow a successful idol and there is always a 'but': follow the failure Jesus and there are no 'buts'. Not even death is ultimately a 'but' – it's a bit of a bummer, but it's not a 'but'!

Follow a successful idol, and it'll let you down, at the very point where you most need help; follow the failure Jesus, and nothing, *nothing* will finally throw you or thwart you. Not even death. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, for You are with me."

CROSSFIRE

Over the year we have been fortunate enough to welcome a large number of excellent guest speakers. The talk is the central element of Crossfire, set within the context of singing, open prayer and "fellowship" over coffee; and it is that which continues to make Crossfire the most popular "society" in the school, attracting 60 to 150 Stoics every week.

One week ex-Hell's Angel, Brian Greenaway, is explaining to almost half the school how Jesus Christ changed his life. Another week the Duke of Edinburgh's equerry, Old Stoic and channel swimmer, Giles Inglis-Jones, is talking about surviving as a Christian in Walpole! Little wonder that Stoics come to Crossfire from every House and every year group.

It made a real statement at the start of the Winter when new boys and new girls, nervously approaching

the school Christian Union on the first Friday of term and wondering if they would be the only people there, found the Music Room full of the Colts rugby team, prefects, members of various "posses" and Stoics from every walk of life. And the same is true of the various House and Year Group Bible Study Groups that meet around the School during the week. Over 60 varied Stoics meet to study the Bible and pray.

The whole Society is run by a Committee of 16 Stoics under the watchful, guiding influence of the Revd. Hastie-Smith. It is he who invites speakers as varied as ex-Merseyside cop, the Revd. Charlie Royden, ex-drug addict Tony Ralls, international evangelist among New Age Travellers, the Revd. Vic Jackopson, and many, many others.

Andy Nicoll (Secretary)



Above: SCT and ACNB

Below: Hugh Stewart-Richardson, James Mahon and Tom Chambré.



Photos: TMH-S

IWERNE MINSTER

August 1994

This summer about forty five Stoics and recent Old Stoics attended a Christian activity holiday in Dorset in the village of Iwerne Minster for ten days. It might seem highly unlikely that we all went on a Christian holiday. However, everyone that went had a brilliant time, taking part in many different activities, learning about Christianity and making new friends in a superb atmosphere. Members of the Common Room included Mr and Mrs Taylor, the Revd. T. Hastie-Smith, Mr Bewes and Miss Dore.

Stoics from every year group were there, from Ben Chandor and Tom Smith Walker to Ed Rogers and Rob Gooch. Every day there were activities in the morning and afternoon. Activities on site included tennis, golf, shooting and hockey, to name just a few. Other activities included jet-skiing, at which Harry Speir flourished. A memorable occasion was the canoeing trip, dominated by Stoics, including Tom Chambré and Hugh Stewart-Richardson, which made "Undersiege" look like a children's tea-party. Climbing, caving, windsurfing and a day at the beach were some of the other activities. Hunt The Leader caused a certain amount of amusement, especially when Mr Hastie-Smith was seen pushing trolleys around the Safeway car park and helping old ladies with their shopping, while dressed in an arresting outfit including slicked-back hair and ear ring.

On the Christian side, every morning and evening there was a short talk, similar to Crossfire, and then we met in groups to study the Bible together before bed. All who came to Iwerne thoroughly enjoyed themselves and learnt more about Christianity and how to live as a Christian, and made lots of new friends.

James Mahon

MUSIC

Enter the Roxburgh Hall to the chorus of *Bugsy Malone* or *Cabaret* being rehearsed in the theatre, walk down the corridors to hear Chopin's Ballade in G minor, a striking rendition of 'The Swan' and Fauré's *Pavane* mixing rather uncomfortably through the thin walls of the practice rooms; walk up to the Queen's Temple to the increasing resonance of Mozart's *Clarinet Concerto* and a percussion part for the Malcolm Arnold suite. You might say that it is all very typical of a Public School Music Department, obviously choosing to ignore the walk between sites, but there is a great deal happening here for which Stowe can be rightly proud. Recitals every Tuesday evening which cater for beginners, advanced grade players, budding young soloists and composers; a performance of Handel's *Messiah* and Celebrity Concerts ranging from the 'Bootleg Beatles' to the English Chamber Orchestra under Robert Secret; a Choral Festival involving the Chapel Choir and over 400 Prep School children; so much music, in fact, that it would make rather heavy reading to cover it all.

There have been exciting new initiatives. The "Mozart Trio Prize", notwithstanding its title, presented an opportunity for advanced solo instrumentalists to play major repertoire before a public audience and an adjudicator. Roderick Swanston, Senior Lecturer at the Royal College of

Music and an Old Stoic, adjudicated the first competition in June and an encouraging standard was set for future years; for his performance on both the organ and the flute, the 1994 overall winner was Mark Holt (who also later won the summer vacation organ scholarship at Christ Church, Oxford).

Music Workshops have flourished, providing opportunities for young musicians of all standards to visit Stowe for a day of intensive training and rehearsing in several different courses ranging from Prep Schools' instrumental days and a course for "thirteen year olds and under", to a workshop for advanced players of diploma standard.

The House Singing Festival set even higher standards with winning performances from Chatham (part-song and overall winners) and Lyttelton (unison song for full house). And the singing in the Chapel is *even more* enthusiastic, nurtured and encouraged in weekly sessions with John Green!

So the practising continues; National Trust visitors continue to enjoy impromptu performances of 'The Lark Ascending' as they walk round the grounds, and Stoics continue to give concerts not only enjoyed by their own peers but also by audiences which increasingly consist of members of the public, who come to hear Music at Stowe.

The Prep School Choral Festival

Photo courtesy of The Buckingham Advertiser



THE ORCHESTRA

Two outstanding concerts were given by the Orchestra in 1994, one during the summer term (the Speech Day Concert) and the other towards the end of the Christmas Term. At the first concert, a variety of pieces was played, ranging from Vivaldi's Concerto for Two Violins in A minor (Caroline Ricketts and Henrietta Mackenzie) to the Karelia Suite by Sibelius. The concert was conducted by Mr Green, the orchestra led by Caroline Ricketts and, speaking as a member of the strings section, I felt that it was an excellent showpiece for music at Stowe.

The fine concert given by the orchestra just before Christmas was truly a great success.

Kabalevsky's Piano Concerto in D major was performed jointly by Katrin Buckenmaier (playing the slow movement) and Denise Patton, with the orchestra at their best. A highlight of the evening was the world première of "The Unhappy Aardvark", composed by Mr Harris and narrated by the Headmaster. The whole evening was conducted by Mr Harris, whose exemplary musicianship and energy – coupled with the orchestra's enthusiasm – accounted for the excellent performance given.

The orchestra has had a good year under the guidance of Mr Green and Mr Harris, and will undoubtedly continue to flourish in the years to come.

Jason Cheng

MUSIC FOR A SUMMER'S EVENING

by Sarah McBeath

This was the second year in which the weather allowed this highly enjoyable and professionally produced event to take place in the gardens of Kinloss. Structured around several of Stowe's smaller musical ensembles, the evening gave the Jazz Band, the Chamber Choir, the Clarinet Quartet and other mixed ensembles a good opportunity to display their considerable talents in semi-formal surroundings, appreciated by a mixed gathering of guests from within and without the school.

After an afternoon of cloudy skies and increasing concern, the weather turned in time and the evening was beautifully warm, perfectly suited to the light-hearted music and enjoyable atmosphere. Wine lists were available at the entrance, and the "bar" was deftly managed by several members of the Walpole Lower

sixth and their housemaster, Mr Weston, who provided additional entertainment to all who ventured near!

The music, which filled the entire evening, included a compilation of "Hits of The Beatles", an amusing arrangement of "The Teddy Bears' Picnic" by the Clarinet Quartet, "You're getting to be a habit with me" from the Chamber Choir with Fred Hall as lead soloist, and old favourites such as "In the Mood", "Misty" and "Blue Moon" (featuring Emma Brown's versatile vocal talent) by the Jazz Band. At the end, a small and select crowd remained either to chat or dance to the Jazz Band, who continued to play until the last of the glass-washing was finished and it had become dark.

Everyone who had attended the evening commented on how very enjoyable it had been – particularly in those relaxed and beautiful surroundings.



Caroline Ricketts, Henrietta Mackenzie and JCG conducting



Mrs Annie Nichols with guests in the Kinloss garden

Photos: Benedetta Sammartini

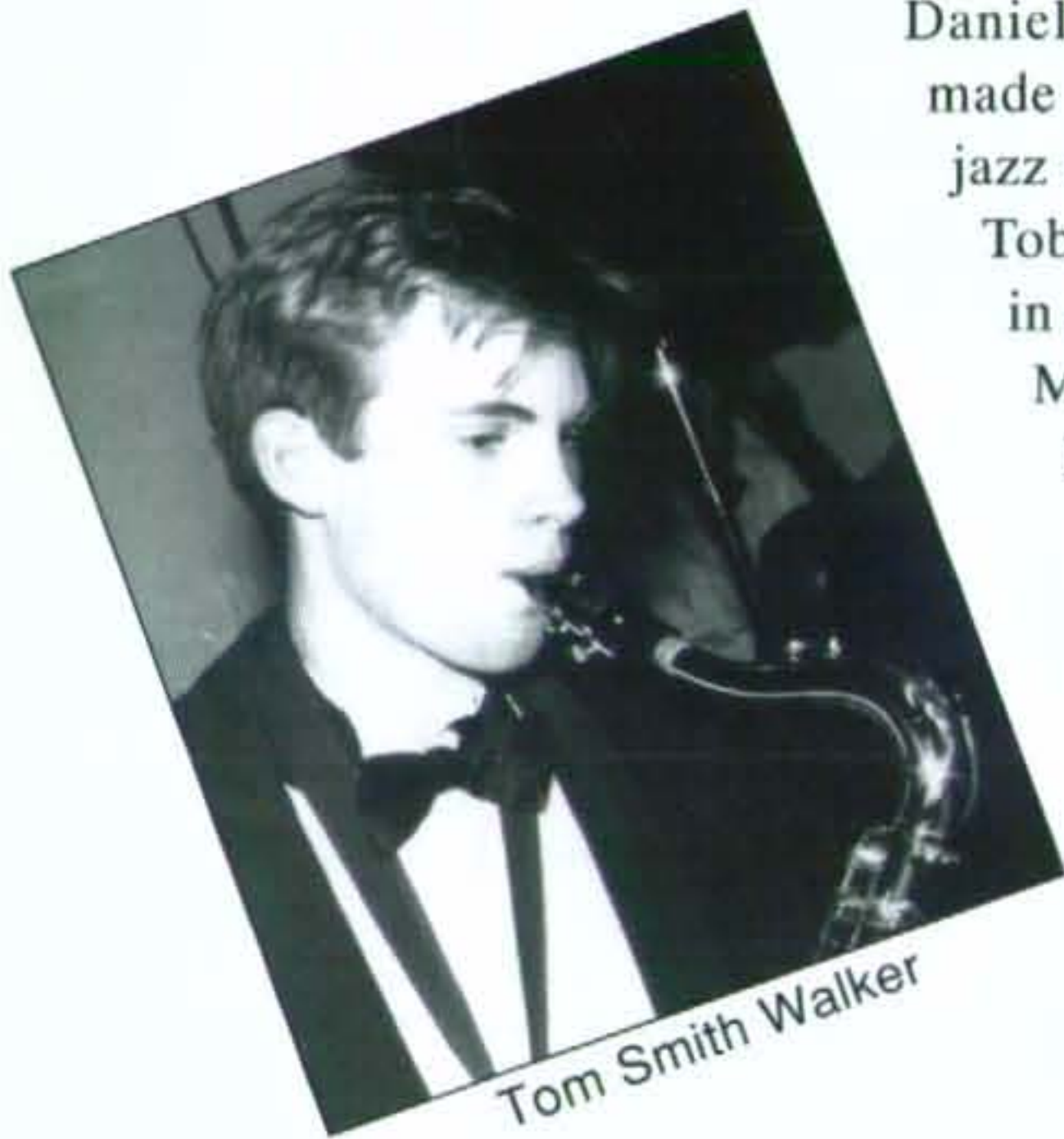
Photos: Digby Oldridge



Jason Cheng



Angus Havers



Tom Smith Walker

THE JAZZ BAND

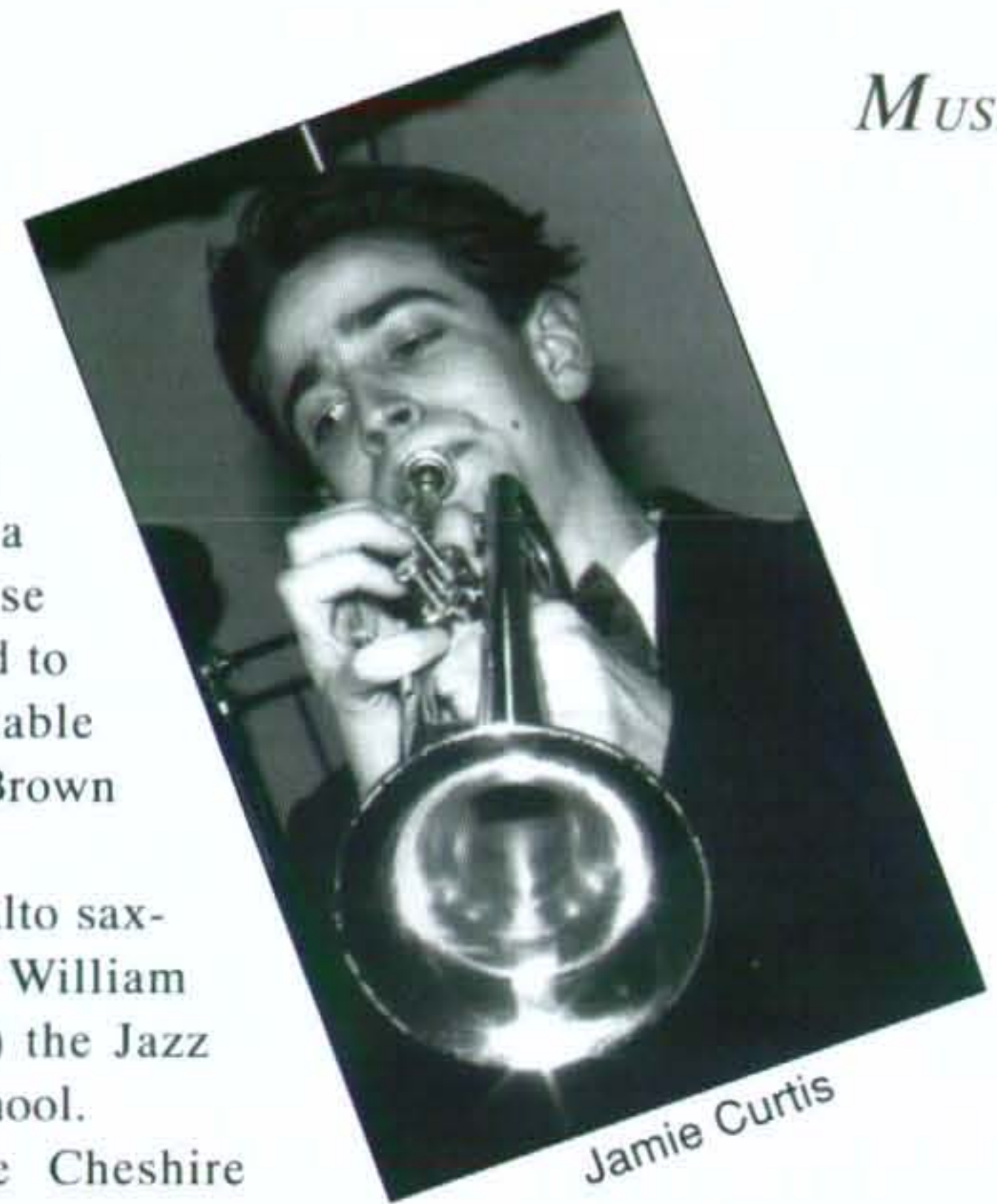
The Jazz Band said goodbye to many founder members in the summer; James Williams left a big gap as our brilliant lead trumpet, whose talent as an improviser we will find very hard to replace; Charlie Clare took with him our stable and reliable bass line and, of course, Emma Brown left us without a lead vocalist.

In welcoming new members Beth Ryden (alto saxophone), Oliver Nicholson (trombone), William Milling (trumpet) and Simon Forster (bass) the Jazz Band remains the most popular band in the school.

Performances at Brampton, one of the Cheshire Homes, and the House Singing Festival were very well received and prepared the band for the big occasion in the jazz diary, "Dinner 'n Jazz". The guest list in December was even bigger than previous occasions and I believe that all the tickets had been sold within two or three days of the beginning of term. Such popularity encouraged some members of the band to form a smaller "combo" group under the helpful guidance of Mr Paul Westwood, Daniel's father and a professional jazz musician, which made its first major public appearance at the dinner and jazz evening. Key soloists are Jason Cheng (piano) and Tobie Munthe (saxophone); Jason became interested in Jazz in the 5th form as a result of his lessons with Mr Drayton and has been playing with the Jazz Band for nearly a year, while Tobie, the star improviser of the group, says his musical influences include Charlie Parker!

The band as a whole would like to thank Mr Green and we hope that the Jazz Band will continue to grow from strength to strength.

Jamie Curtis



Jamie Curtis



Daniel Westwood and his father



Beth Ryden, Hugh Carling and Alex Bingham

TRAVELLING MUSICIANS

Stowe's musicians have travelled far and wide this year, giving recitals and concerts in other schools and abroad.

The Jazz Band visited Scitcliffe in March and thrilled an excited young audience, who were struck as much by the volume of the group as the sing-along tunes. Thank-you letters arrived in volumes, accompanied by drawings of the conductor (John Green) and Angus McCarey's tuba; band and audience enjoyed the occasion alike and it is highly likely that this tremendously popular group will travel more in the future.

An even greater quantity of thanks was elicited by several different Prep Schools following a tour undertaken by the Clarinet Quartet in the same month. Billed as the "Tour of Sussex and Kent", the Quartet visited Cottesmore School, Holmewood House, Ashdown House and St Aubyns. An arrangement of the overture to Mozart's *Magic Flute* mixed with the

quartet's more familiar arrangements of Porter and Gershwin. They have been invited back for more! This was the Clarinet Quartet's third such venture and I know that Paul Harris is drawing up an even bigger tour for 1995.

St Paul's Cathedral hosted the Chapel Choir on 28th February, for a Choral Evensong in which the anthem was Haydn's *Insanae et vanae curae*. There were many parents and friends at the service – so many, in fact, that some were forced to sit in the Nave.

Mark Holt and Fred Hall travelled to Canada over the summer, as organist and tenor respectively, with a choir from Christ Church, Oxford. They performed at venues in Montreal, Toronto and Ottawa; the opportunity to wear "Stowe Music Department" tee-shirts had sadly been overlooked, but there were plenty of references to it in the programmes!

Jeremy Dale

THE CHAMBER CHOIR

1994 saw the formation of one of Stowe's most popular and appreciated new music groups, the Chamber Choir. In the short space of two and a half terms, this group grew from something of a mixture of singers with varying talent and experience to a very reasonable choir and, in the summer term, to something really quite special. It was a great credit to the Stoics involved, several of whom were battling through exam years, that all the initial effort and hours of practice produced a group that must have exceeded even Mr Henderson's expectations. It seemed a long way from that first cold October evening, where some of the 'singers' were even uncertain which way round to hold the music, to a summer term which included appearances in the Speech Day Concert and at the Music for a Summer's Evening. Both performances produced a quality which evidently surprised the crowds!

From the original formation, Mr Henderson worked us hard to establish a coherent repertoire, ranging from music of the Renaissance period, such as Tallis and Byrd, to light-hearted and popular close-harmony arrangements such as *Swing Low*. Our first exclusive concert was one of the Tuesday evening recitals, and was both well attended and well received. Having proved to ourselves – and our friends – that we were capable of a high standard, we spent the following term polishing all the pieces in anticipation of bigger events.

The performance on Speech Day, the first time many of the school had heard the new choir, was a huge success. Encouraged by the compliments, the Chamber Choir joined forces with the Clarinet Quartet in a May Morning celebration along the lines of the Oxford tradition (with a less excessive liquid component) at the Rotunda. In beautiful 8.00 am sunshine, barbecued breakfast and Bucks Fizz were supplied in large quantities by the Chatham House matron, Mrs Tally Kettler, to members of the school who held tickets and the many golfers who stopped to buy food and listen to the music. The repertoire was varied, though Morley's *Now is the month of Maying* became familiar by the time the Bucks Fizz had run out! The event was such a success that many, I know, hope it will become a summer term tradition.

Following the inevitable halt in progress caused by leavers, the Chamber Choir is now again confident that a similar standard can be reproduced and we hope that the group will grow in stature both within and without Stowe; perhaps a CD would be the next step. In any case, the first year has provided experience and enjoyment in vast quantities to a group who, in many cases, might otherwise never have considered themselves singers at all.

Angus McCarey

The Chamber Choir, directed by JECH at the Rotunda, on 'May Morning':

Emma Brown, Rachel Beer, Catherine Sheppard, Juliet Crisp, Yerin Lee, Olivia Coy, Tom Gentry, Emma Clark, Fred Hall, Angus Havers, Andrew Bates, Robert Temple, Tom Adams, Charles Clare, Angus McCarey



Photo: Digby Oldridge

SELECTED HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE DIARY



LATE NEWS

Mark Holt (above at an organ in Ottawa) has been awarded an Organ Scholarship to the University Church at Bristol for September 1995.

Jeremy Dale (below left at the Rotunda) has been awarded the ALCM diploma for his examination performance on the clarinet and in written papers.

The WIND & BRASS PRIZES on Sunday 6th March were adjudicated by Scott Mitchell. The winners were: Senior Brass: ANGUS McCAREY, Concerto Class & Best Performance: JEREMY DALE, Khurody Cup: EDWARD ROQUES, Senior Woodwind: MARK HOLT, Intermediate Brass: RORY VERE NICOLL.

The PIANO FESTIVAL took place on Sunday 22nd May and was adjudicated by Francis Pott. Leading performances, given again at a concert the following Tuesday, were by HENRIETTA MACKENZIE, KATRIN BUCKENMAIER and ANGUS McCAREY.

The MAURIZI ENSEMBLE gave a recital on Sunday 22nd May, which included performances of Ravel's Piano Trio in A minor and Fauré's Piano Quartet No 1 in C minor.

ROBERT SECRET gave a viola recital on Sunday 5th June with Denise Patton, which included a performance of Brahms' Sonata in F minor.

MARK HOLT gave an organ recital in the Chapel on Tuesday 27th September, which included Gigout's Toccata and Bach's Fantasia & Fugue in G minor.

The CHAPEL CHOIR gave a recital of Coronation Anthems by Handel and Parry in the Chapel on Tuesday 18th October.

JEREMY DALE gave a clarinet recital on Sunday 27th November with Scott Mitchell. The programme included Weber's Grand Duo Concertant and Schumann's Fantasiestücke.

The STRING ORCHESTRA gave a recital on Tuesday 29th November. The programme included a performance of Rutter's Suite Antique with MARK HOLT (flute), Bach's Suite in B minor with LIZZY DAVIES (flute), and Gluck's Dance of the Blessed Spirits with CLAIRE HARVEY (flute).



Photo: Digby Oldridge

The Clarinet Quartet, directed by PDH at the Rotunda: Jeremy Dale, Terezia Coxe, Alex Bingham and Katie Burke

THE ART SCHOOL

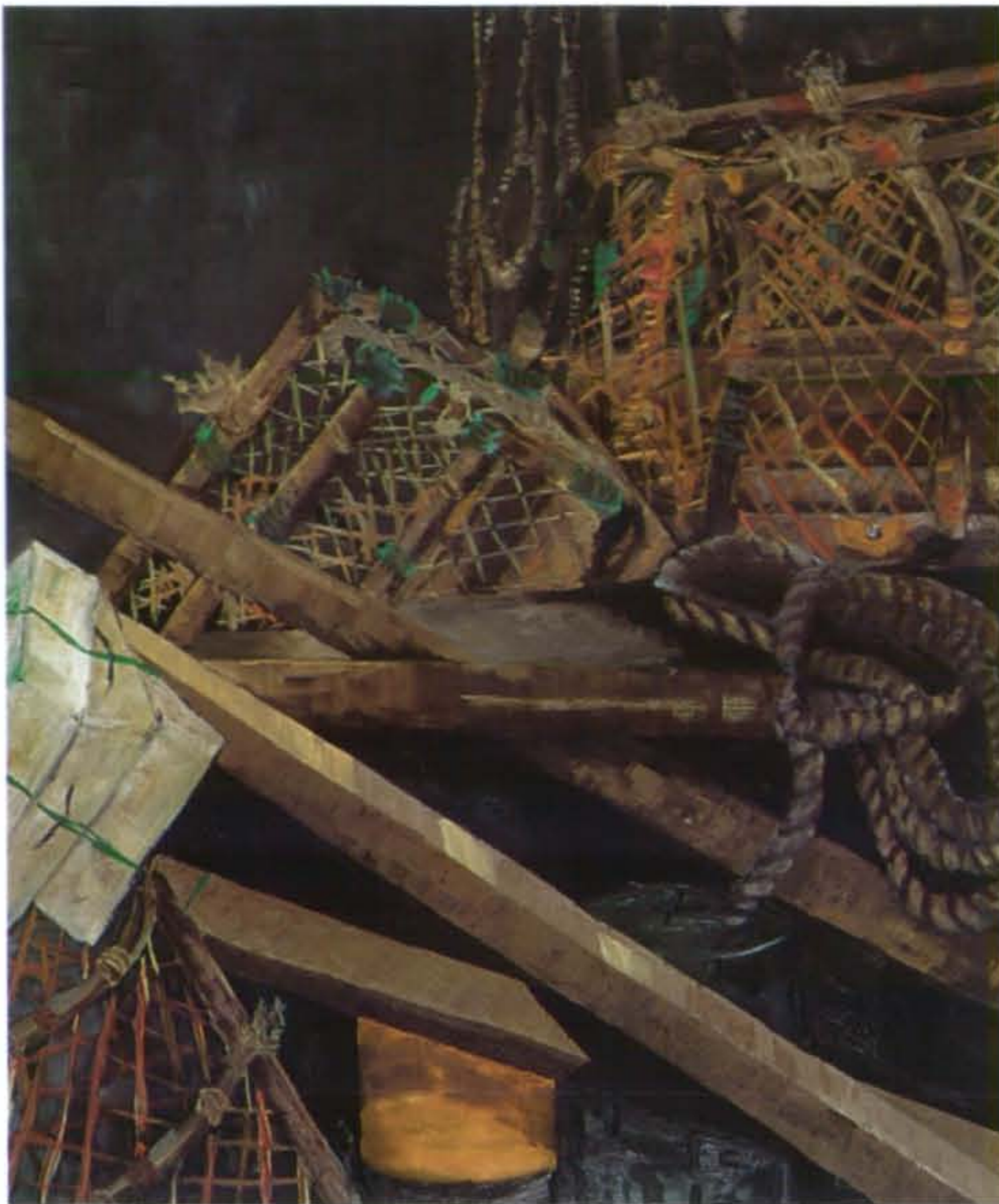
Guy Scott reviews the past twelve months

As colourfully and accurately illustrated in the last two issues of *The Stoic*, the Art School is in good health and producing work of the highest standard. In fact, three of our last year A-level students, Susanna Benn, Daniel Scott and Tom Harper, were deemed to have produced paintings which put them in the top five in the country – last year Kate Finch-Knightley also achieved this honour.

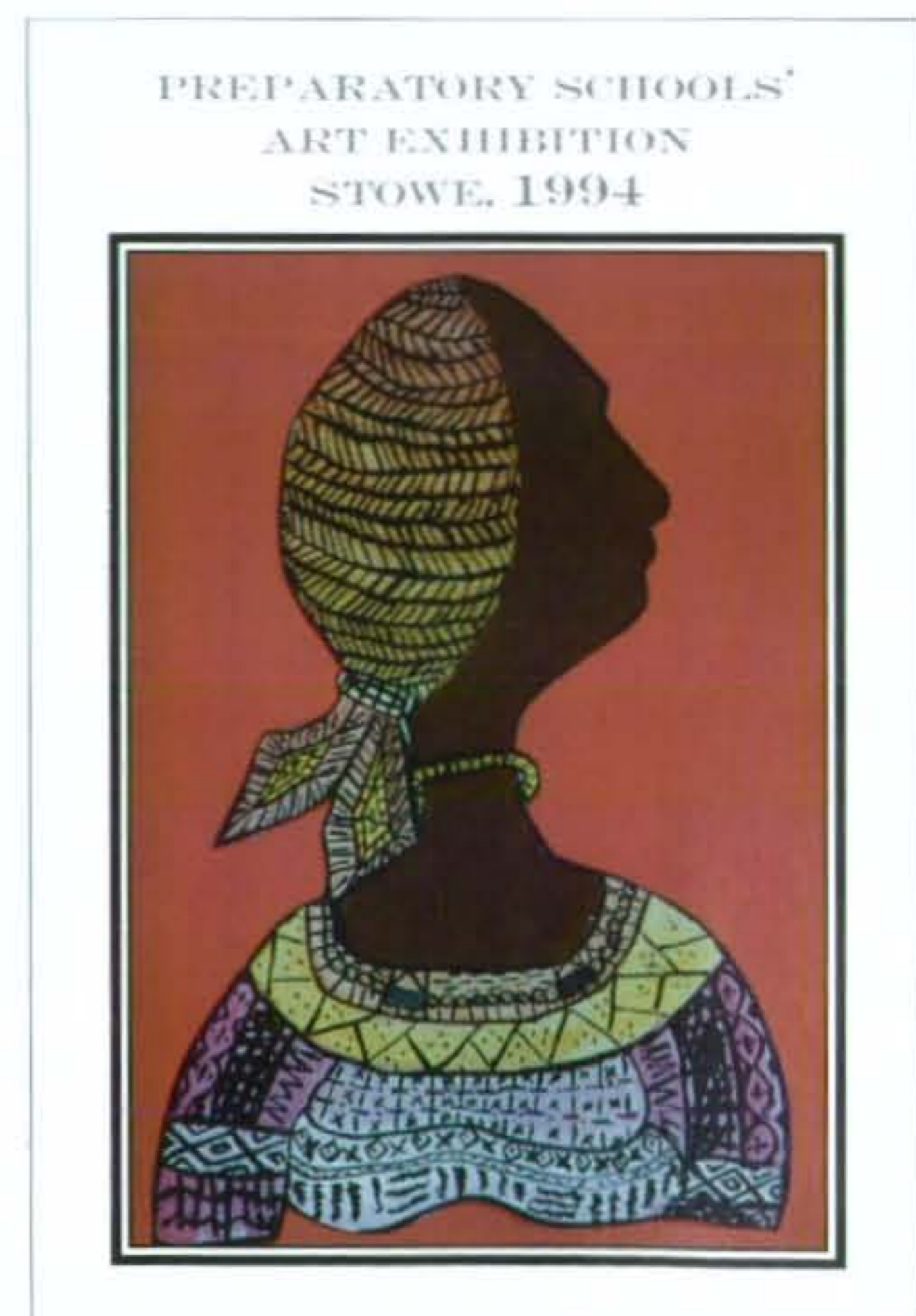
Standards are improving all the time and to obtain admission to the top Art Schools students have to produce portfolios which a few years ago would have almost been of degree standard. We were therefore delighted when 15 out of our 16 A-level students achieved 'A' grades and the other candidate, far from failing, achieved a 'B' grade as a *fourth* A-level.

But to achieve success in any activity, one has to have strength and depth and this year our 5th year GCSE artists achieved very creditable results, with five obtaining A* grades, and are now part of a very strong Lower sixth form group of 28 students, which is probably our largest intake so far.

Down the school we also have some outstanding younger talent. In fact, one of our Art Scholars from the 4th year, Charlie Bingham, had the honour of designing the programme for this year's Carol Service.



A still life by Jimmy Lane (MVI)
on the theme of boats and fishing gear



Three of the eight postcards commemorating the 1994 Prep School Art Exhibition at Stowe



Large painting in blue by Andrew Pearce, part of a Lower-sixth project on the content of boxes



A painting in green and white by Tom Harper (MVI)



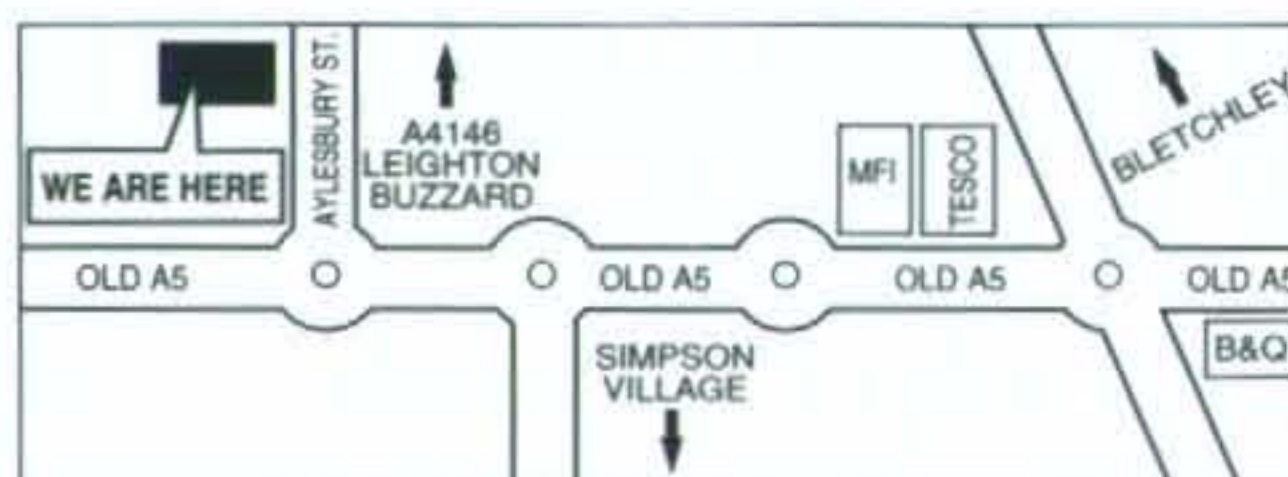
A preliminary painting for the Stoke Mandeville Hospital mural by Tim Hope-Johnstone (LVI)

The 1995 Lexus range. The relentless pursuit of perfection continues at Milton Keynes Garages.



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 **LEXUS**
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Talking of even younger artists, I am happy to report that the Stowe Prep School Art Exhibition, attracted a record 35 Prep schools last year. Over 300 young artists, plus their teachers and some parents, visited the exhibition and also had the opportunity to look at the work on display in the Art School. What started as a one-off exhibition is now a major event in the Prep School Calendar, thanks mainly to the enthusiasm and organisational skills of KM and his wife.

Our own major exhibition, centred as always around Speech Day, this year saw a vast array of drawings, paintings and textiles, as well as the prints of Dan Scott, who won the Simon Alper (OS) Print Award. This award, which has been in existence for three years, is worth well over £1,000; the winner is given free range to print his or her own designs, using the expertise and facilities in possibly the most famous Fine Art Print Studio in the country.

As sculpture is no longer taught, since the late William Dady left, the Art School has exhibited only a small amount of ceramics and three-dimensional work, due to the limited facilities available. But this year has seen the first stage of the refurbishment of the Art School with a completely new roof being installed during the summer. This in turn will facilitate the moving of the Sculpture Studio down to the ground floor, which will allow a wide variety of sculpture techniques to be taught. This development will also link up very logically with the design and model-making aspect of the new A-level Theatre Studies.

This year also saw some wonderful full-size theatre designs from IJM and his team, who created amazingly complex sets for both the junior Congreve production of *Bugsy Malone* and more recently the very exciting production of *Cabaret*. It is hoped that very soon an A-level Theatre Studies candidate will not only design but create, in the Roxy, a complete Congreve production.

Another subject which has been introduced into the curriculum has been Art History as a separate A-level; under the guidance of CR this very exciting subject is now into its second year. In the European context the Art School has always been a front runner and for a number of years has organised Art History trips to Paris, Florence and Venice. Most recently we liaised with the History Department in a visit to St. Petersburg to see the amazing pictures in the Hermitage.

To further this development the Art School and the History Department, who share that interesting 'art deco' building at the rear of the chapel, are looking into ways of linking the two departments both academically, through Art History, and physically, by sharing facilities such as a large common library and resources centre, thus maximising the limited space available. These are exciting times, especially when one appreciates the potential of using our new CD ROM for research, which allows the youngest student to create on screen every painting in the National Gallery and then print them in full colour.

ANSWERS TO THE GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPER

(See pages 43 and 44)

- 1 – 5 John Smith, Israel, Jackie Kennedy, Ayrton Senna, Boris Yeltsin
- 6 – 10 Brazil, Brian Lara, Conchita Martinez, Golf, Boxing
- 11 – 15 Schindler's Ark, War and Peace, Winnie the Pooh (*MBE), Exodus, Gone with the Wind
- 16 – 20 Andrew Lloyd Webber, George Orwell, Harold Wilson, The Beatles, D-Day
- 20 – 25 Orange, Fish, Opera, Magazine/Publication, Ball(s)
- 26 – 30 Beethoven, Piano, Ballet, The Sorcerer's Apprentice, White
- 31 – 35 Logan(berry), Carbon Monoxide, False, Rabbit, Blue
- 36 – 40 Taj Mahal, a belt of stormy seas (south of Equator), Loire, Iceland, Vesuvius
- 41 – 45 General/Politics/Civil War, Art/Painting, King, Sport (not Golf or Tennis), Music/Composers
- 46 – 50 October 31st, International Language, Monaco, President Clinton, Farthing
- 51 – 55 British, Italian, French, Dutch, British
- 56 – 60 Veni VV = Caesar, Ich BEB = Kennedy, Oh dear = Major, Bugger B = George V, Is TADWISBM = Macbeth
- 61 – 65 Mrs. Doubtfire, My Fair Lady, Mary Poppins, Schindler's List, Frankenstein
- 66 – 70 Edith Cavell, Florence Nightingale, Miss Piggy, Women's Lib(eration), Evelyn Glennie
- 71 – 75 Hamlet, Cabaret, Starlight Express, Waiting for Godot, The Importance of Being Earnest
- 76 – 80 Laurel & Hardy, Darby & Joan, Abercrombie & Fitch, Stars & Stripes, Bubble & Squeak
- 81 – 85 (King) Harold, Andy Warhol, (Sherpa) Tensing, (Henry) Stanley, Abe Lincoln
- 86 – 90 Paris, New York, Copenhagen, Rome, Jerusalem
- 91 – 95 Beagling, Stamp collecting, Sailing/yachting, Bridge, Painting
- 96 – 100 The State Dining Room, Scott, Bourbon, East, the Headmaster's

STOIC PHOTO QUIZ (2)



Is the man behind the shades:

- a) Eric Cantona on holiday somewhere near Crystal Palace?
- b) The Chairman of the National Lottery?
- c) An Elvis Presley look-alike signing a contract for a remake of *Viva Las Vegas*?
- d) Paul McCartney playing a cameo role in *The Sound of Music*?

Answers please, to Tim Hastie-Smith, Stowe School, Buckingham

DRAMA



An unlikely choice of school play, you may think, especially if you're thinking of the film, or of its source in Isherwood's Berlin stories, but the programme was very careful to distinguish the stage musical, which was the blueprint for this production, from not only the film and the stories but also from the play *I am a Camera*, and certainly this particular stage musical has the undeniable attraction of being one of the few that can justly be called a play as well – unlike *Bugsy*, for instance, which the Junior Congreve did so well: *Bugsy* is quite a musical and show, but it could never be called a play...

The more sombre note was struck immediately by the image beamed onto the curtain as we took our seats – the Nazi eagle reminds us that this is a play about serious things, not just some musical. I nodded towards it and explained to my neighbour, "It's been sponsored by Barclays Bank." Sign of the times, I suppose, that he thought I was being serious. Sorry. OLR and others in the orchestra pit donned their blonde wigs and the overture began. It was a superb band, put together by Jamie Henderson, and remained as solid as could be behind the

show all evening – Jeremy Dale's jazzy clarinet and Simon Post's percussion were particularly pleasing.

And then we were there: startling set, large cast, dance, glamour, glitz: the Master of Ceremonies, the girls, the waiters, entries down the stairs... and despite the careful programme notes the doubts return: wow, impressive, stunning, daring, but... should those sixth form girls be doing that up there? Aren't those lads enjoying themselves a bit too much posturing like that? Isn't there something a bit tacky about it all? The school context recreates some of the necessary sense of risk: is it fun or is it immoral? The Kit Kat Klub girls went through their routines with practised skill (and they were good!) and ghastly frozen smiles, smeared large in livid lipstick, held as masks over the sheer effort of all that exercise under hot lights, and the boys, vain in the spotlight, were perfectly at ease and completely confident in their control of the eyes upon them, before falling to serving drinks... and then Sally Bowles does her Don't Tell Mama number and that bad-tasting mix of naive and knowing is in the air, so that the fabulous telephones number, which could be

Cabaret

*Senior Congreve
production*

Miranda Raison and Matthew Pichel-Juan managed quite brilliantly the almost impossible task of teenagers acting middle-aged people who are behaving like teenagers falling in love for the first time. Both moved and stood and sat and spoke as the decent, almost-but-not-quite-yet old, hard-working, narrowly solid citizens they portayed; we laughed at their romantic excesses with real affection and belief that such good things could happen. The farce they play to maintain her respectability in the face of Fraulein Kost and her sailors was beautifully maintained, as was their invulnerability from any charge that could be made against the honesty and integrity of their affair. Miranda made the most of some wonderfully comic moments with Natasha Ivanova's sensuous, slatternly, mischievous and finally frightening Fraulein Kost, and Matthew communicated very strongly Schultz's homely, warm, positive and reassuring Jewishness at the engagement party. When Fraulein Schneider's age and sense prevail over the hope of happiness as she realises she cannot, in the face of an ascendant Nazi party, marry a Jew, we were affected by a real sense of age that can control and contain tragedy. These performances were extraordinary, and their effect a testimony to good casting – tempting to see Miranda as Sally, perhaps, rather than get her to sing right at the bottom of her range in an apparently dowdy part, but she was well used where she was.

And there was another Sally Bowles, after all, for Henrietta Hensher, fresh from *Bugsy* as Tallula (or whatever her name was) was more than up to the task of belting out another show-stopping dame. It's a very difficult part – even Liza Minelli hijacked it rather than

Vicky Casewell-Lunn, Kate Stephens, Henrietta Hensher, Amber Nuttall, Sanja Küffer & Kate Maxted



Photo: Stuart Isaac

The Kit Kat Klub

from *Bugsy*, let's face it, is almost a relief because it's good and it's safe... But when we get to the first scene change we are reminded again that what we have been watching so far is not the school play, but the Kit Kat Klub Cabaret – the show within the show, and yes, it is tacky and tawdry and dubious and risqué and rather bleak and that's the point: the film, in elevating the cabaret almost into an art form and movie-ising it so that it becomes impossibly better than could really be the case in some Berlin dive, loses the point in a way that a school production does not. Here, as the performers radiate just too much health, and look just too well cared-for, we retain a sense of the real person under the cheap act, and the superficiality and pointlessness and tacky detached sexiness of the brittle fun of the Kit Kat Klub is revealed and then underlined again and again, but especially when we get on to the pineapple scene, in which nice old Herr Schultz gives Fraulein Schneider a piece of fruit in an exchange so charged with desire and passion as to render all the black suspenders and fishnets and tongue-wagging of the Kit Kat quite sexless by comparison.

Photo: Alex Swainston



perfecting it – and Henrietta, in her element with the big numbers in the Kit Kat Klub, managed much of the domestic petulance and fear as well, temporarily being quite cowed by a more-than-usually substantial Clifford Bradshaw, played by William Kemble-Clarkson with genuine mastery and presence. This was a writer who certainly was not just a camera, but wasn't just bluster either, and managed to move from initial uncertainty and reticence to convincing assertiveness without losing his vulnerability. Will Bloomfield as the Emcee was exactly right as the lasciviously revolting and anarchic clown who could be hiding anything behind his painted mask. Mastering more ceremonies than were immediately apparent, he moved and squirmed slickly from the one who holds the stage with such ease in order to deliver such inconsequential juvenilia as the "Two Ladies" number to the satirist who ridicules the goosestep and somehow gets away with singing the humanitarian "If you could see her through my eyes" to an increasingly Nazi-dominated club. His movements combined with the skill of the wardrobe to make him appear sinuously a fraction of his actual physique.

Posture and costume combined well on others, too: the Nazi symbolism remains as chilling as ever, and the gradual encroachment of scarlet and swastika and black was skilfully suffused through the fabric of the stage, but was nowhere more chilling than in the transformation of the attractively slovenly Fraulein Kost into the still-sexily red-dressed puritan, and of the amiable, overcoated, charming Ernst Ludwig into the dark-suited and utterly menacing Nazi that Jimmy Lane conveyed so well, appearing to grow at least a foot in height as he did so. Particularly impressive this – we are used to Jimmy's remarkable ease on stage, and the effortless warmth and charm of the early scenes saw his familiar skills well-employed, but his tense, offended menace was a revelation. It was also a highlight of the play: the obvious decadence, the jettisoning of worth and dignity, the downward spiral of spoilt self-indulgence that we have seen in the Kit Kat Klub almost justifies the desire for strong purist government, but of course that is not where the scorn and reforming zealous hatred of Ernst Ludwig is provoked: instead, he misses the mark and takes as a spit in the face the heart-warming hard-working jewishness of the engagement party in Schulz's honour. The staging of this scene, as first one group then a different one is left outside the closed circle of sympathy standing on the

same spot, Jimmy's acting of hurt outrage, Natasha's beautiful singing of the "Tomorrow belongs to me" song (that had been equally beautifully introduced by Fred Hall earlier), portraying Fraulein Kost's successful swinging of the mob sympathy from Schultz to swastika, the lighting shift from warmth to spot, the gradual falling in to the Nazi salute, the freeze, and the appearance of the Emcee with his skull mask... all combined to make this a scene of rare dramatic power: may it often be done so well, and that chill of horror retain its force.

No, if it's black-shirted ruthless efficiency you want, then look no further than McKillop's technical crew. Armies of them swept across the stage, each knowing

exactly what he was doing. This play was written to torment the stage crew... then another big number in the nightclub... two minute cutaway scene in a railway carriage... back to his seedy bedsit... then there's the three-door farce bit in the hallway before we go into the big scene in the Jewish fruit shop... yes I know we could usually just bring the lights up on a section of the thrust stage permanently set as a train, but we need the orchestra pit you see... oh, and I need their blonde wigs visible, yes... so everything's centre-stage, no thrusts or tricky bits, just full scene change every time, oh, and of course there'll be about thirty actors who are in the chorus who'll be in the wings with you most of the time of course... But it all happened, scene after scene (was it twenty changes?) with astonishing speed and quiet, and each time with spectacular results, the flow

never interrupted. And those thirty actors were all there too, changing costume, invisible and inaudible on and off stage when they needed to be, perfectly occupied as part of the set, having their moment in the spotlight and passing on to become living scenery again without once showing a join.

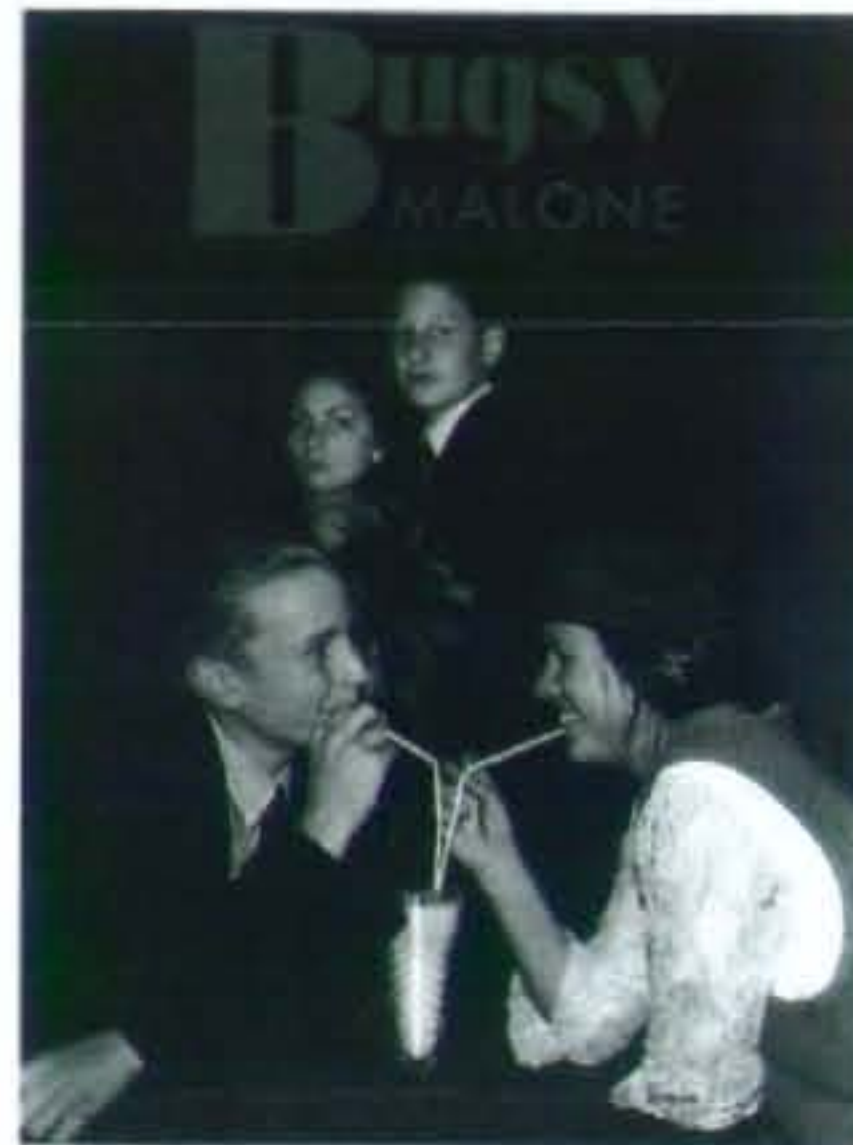
The tremendous energy, experience and expertise of Tony Meredith was clearly the force that elicited from each of the thirty as well as the major actors such assured and effective performances, and I congratulate and thank not only Jamie Henderson and Jonathan Kreeger but each and every one involved in this remarkable production for enabling him to realise his vision so stunningly. Life must have been less of a cabaret and more extremely hard graft, but something of greater worth and more profound satisfaction than any cabaret was achieved by the *Cabaret* production, and we all got a share of it. Thank you. *SGAH*



Henrietta Hensher (Sally Bowles) and Will Kemble-Clarkson (Cliff)
Photo: Alex Swainston

Bugsy MALONE

Junior Congreve Production



Bugsy Malone followed in the musical footsteps of *Pot of Gold* as this year's Junior Congreve Production, bringing two exciting new departures with it. The first was the inclusion of Lower sixth girls in the cast list, which brought about a broader sense of reality within the context of the play and set new standards for the future. The second was the direction of the play by two Sixth formers, Tom Chambré and Jamie Pelly, albeit with the help of Mr Hastie-Smith's overview and Mr Henderson's musical direction.

For the first time the Junior Congreve cast of 3rd-formers and 4th-formers was augmented by LVI girls.

Photo: Digby Oldridge





Photos: Digby Oldridge

Dominic Taylor, Sebastian Solomon, Armand David, Toby Dixon, James Wright



Henrietta Hensher

As far as I know, this was the first ever Congreve production to be directed by Stoics and I was certainly very impressed by what was the most dynamic Junior Congreve I have ever seen.

The musical is set in and around New York during the prohibition era. Gangland Boss Fat Sam Stacetto (Will Bloomfield), proprietor of the Speakeasy Bar and co-ordinator of numerous illegal rackets, is in trouble. His rival, the stylish Dandy Dan (Richard Mari), has discovered an exciting new weapon which will wipe out Fat Sam's entire gang – the splurge gun! Not even the incompetent and amusing (in this case *very* amusing) policemen Smolsky (Toby Dixon) and O'Dreary (Kristjan Byfield) can save the situation, so our hero Bugsy Malone (Tom Gamble) is called onto the scene. The fighting begins and ends in an exciting flurry of splurge, reminding us of the amazing technical ability of Mr McKillop's stage-crew, who remove the mess and change scenes within seconds.

The many sub-plots in this relatively straightforward gangster story presented opportunities for several Stoics to hold moments of "centre-stage" during the performance. Alex Bingham was particularly convincing as Blousey Brown, the young actress ever hopeful of Hollywood fame, singing a tear-jerking rendition of 'I'm feeling fine' from a suspended swing at the front of the stage in a single spotlight. Henrietta Hensher as Bugsy's girlfriend, Tallulah, stole the show with "My name is Tallulah" as she seductively curved through the audience (with the help of a radio microphone), finally perching on the lap of an unsuspecting

father! Lebbby Anafu played the amiable Leroy Brown, the boxer who saved Bugsy from a mugging and then beat Knuckles (Tom Honeyman Brown) in a fight at Cagey Joe's gym; Lebbby's portrayal of the comically expectant Champion of the world was particularly enjoyed by the audience.

As the irresistible do-gooder and hero of the show, Tom Gamble's characterisation of Bugsy was superb. Suitably cool and certainly very restrained, Tom was at home with the age old "problem" of men like Bugsy – the constant attention of girls! Equally at home, but in the less charmed and more underworld atmosphere of the Speakeasy, was the talented Will Bloomfield as Fat Sam, who had an impressive mastery of the American gangster accent. Special mention must also be made of Will Skidmore as Fizzy, the sorrowful and tuneful cleaner of the Speakeasy, whose singing in 'Tomorrow' was first-rate.

The show ended with a predictable shaving cream battle with the famous splurge guns, custard pie style, between Fat Sam's men and Dandy Dan's motley crew. All ended up friends, however, as the whole cast joined together to sing a very moving 'You give a little love and it all comes back to you', a happily transformed version of an earlier song called 'Bad Guys'!

The show was an outstanding achievement which, in my opinion, shows some real potential for future Congreve productions. It looks as if Stowe will carry on in its proud acting tradition, at least for the foreseeable future!

Mark Meredith

HOUSE PLAYS

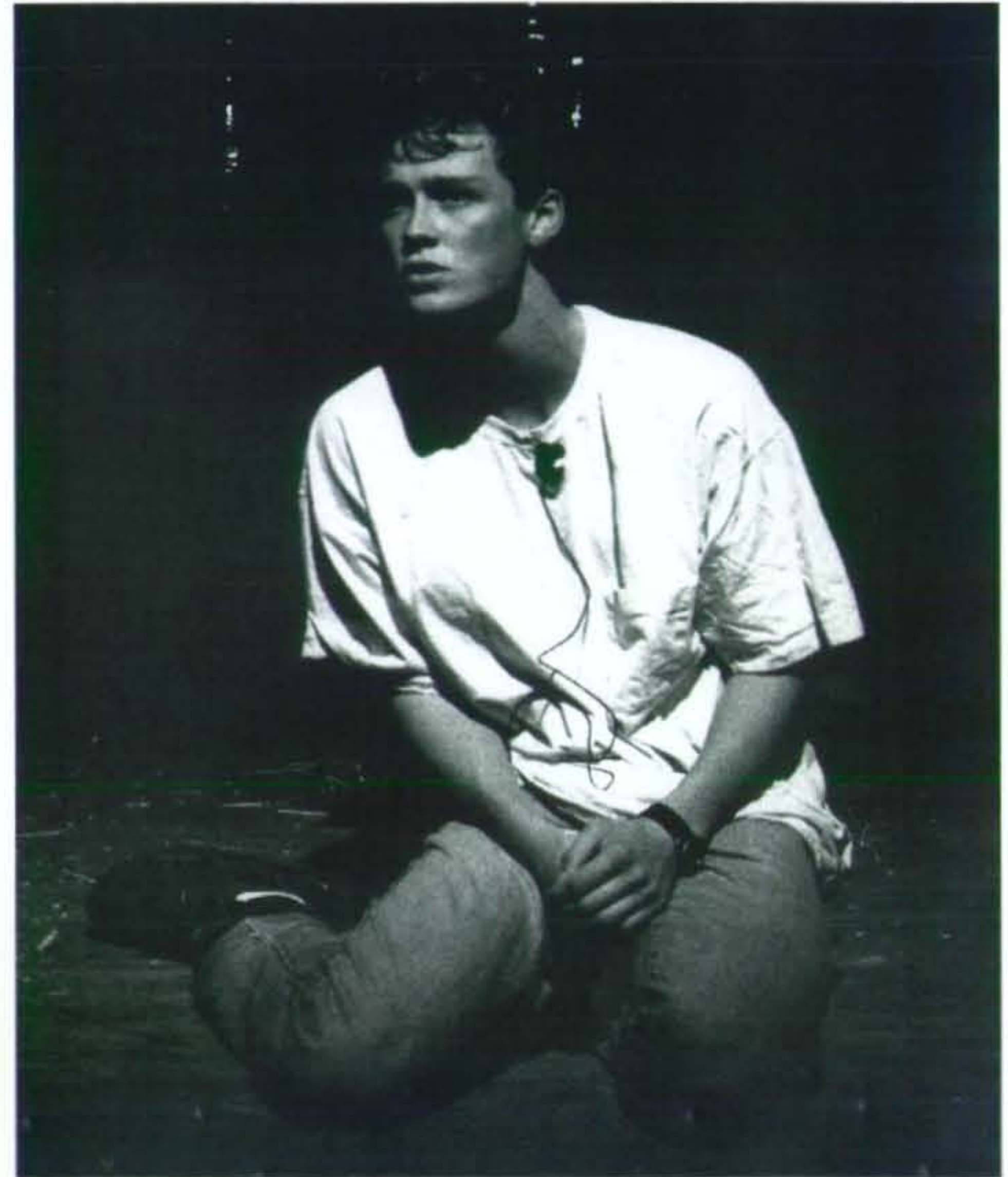
COBHAM HOUSE: Joseph and his Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat

“A little bit ambitious”, you may be attempted to think of Cobham’s choice of a House play last summer. But, no, far from it! Not if you take into account the enthusiasm of the actors and the immense amount of hard work put in by the Director and Producer, Mr Green.

After many practices and much furious line-learning an unlikely bunch of singers performed the play in a packed Paul Dobinson Theatre. Wayne Carpendale played Joseph brilliantly, backed up by Toby Milbank (Jacob), Tom Harper (Pharaoh) and Paul McSweeney (Potiphar). The brothers consisted of 3rd-formers and 4th-formers. There were auxiliary singers for the female parts who sang brilliantly.

The play was, as the name suggests, very colourful, with the brothers dressed in different shirts and Joseph in a psychedelic coat. With the help of very few props but bales of hay, the play ran well from beginning to end. Congratulations to all the actors, who succeeded with such a challenging enterprise, and many thanks to Mr Green.

James Biddulph



Wayne Carpendale as Joseph

Photo: Digby Oldridge

GRENVILLE HOUSE: The Real Inspector Hound

The joy of Tom Stoppard’s play lies in both the exaggerated caricatures of the stock characters, from the genre of the Agatha Christie mystery, and the playwright’s skilful command of language. The group of actors and backstage crew who presented the Grenville House Play were successful in drawing out these elements, handling well the short, snappy puns and the overflowing verbosity of the critics. This resulted in a very funny and enjoyable performance.

The directors, Charlie McMaster and Alessandro Swainston, should be congratulated for dealing so well with the rather complicated structure of “The Real Inspector Hound”: two critics watch a play and end up becoming involved in its events themselves. It would be easy for the action to become muddled in the minds of the audience. Clarity, however, was maintained, first by the set which put the critics on a raised platform, separate from the drawing room stage below them, and secondly by the clear enunciation of the actors. There were a few cases of stumbling over lines, but these were redeemed by the generally strong level of speech among the cast.

The two critics were played well. Jamie Pelly gave a fine performance as Moon, with his inferiority complexes and his overblown critical appraisals. Jamie has an ear for Stoppard’s language, full of absurd climaxes and parentheses. Sam Emery portrayed Birdboot’s manic defences of his adulterous affairs with a certain slyness.

George Pendle provided a bolt of energy when he was thrust onto the stage in his wheelchair by a lobotomised Willem van Lynden. He acted Major Magnus Muldoon with a gruffness and vigour that was suitably over the top. Mrs. Drudge was given a degree of campiness by Alistair Remnant. Richard Hoskins, Sarah McBeath, Alexandra Bingham and Serrol Osman as Simon, Felicity, Cynthia and Inspector Hound all played their characters well. A final word must be said about Rupert Connell, whose stamina as The Dead Body was praiseworthy.

All in all, a fine and humorous evening, brought about through a well-planned set and vigorous, good acting.

Damian Spruce



GRAFTON HOUSE: Oh! What a Lovely War!

Oh! What a Lovely War! is a dark and complicated piece of drama that swings from music hall romp and drawing room farce to the blackest of humour and most sinister of invocations with terrifying speed and frequency. Covering a vast, sprawling landscape, over a period of five years, and peopled with a regiment of characters, it is a highly demanding show.

For that reason alone Grafton must be praised. To even attempt such a show demonstrates a light hearted bravery worthy of Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig himself! But Grafton did more than merely tackle the difficult. They combined the attempt with a determination to make this truly a House play that involved every member of the house, without exception, from the most senior to the most junior, and this with almost no Common Room assistance. Received wisdom would suggest that this is the theatrical equivalent of going 10 rounds with Lennox Lewis, with both hands tied behind your back!

Three quarters of the house appeared on stage, many of whom had never acted before; the remaining members of the house worked tirelessly in the band, or the technical side, with Front of house or on set construction.

Thus, not only did Grafton take on a most challenging production but they did so having bound themselves by seemingly impossible constraints. Yet, in the face of this, displaying the true spirit of the Somme, they triumphed and what a triumph of team work it was! A truly dazzling show that shocked, entertained, provoked and amused the audience in turns as it chronicled the horror of the First World War.

Furthermore this achievement was given added lustre by the advent of a near disaster on the second night, that the House turned into a spring board for even greater success. Just as the curtain was about to rise, a gas leak was identified which should have shut the show down for good; the gallant Graftonians, however, were undaunted and singing 'Gassed last night and gassed the night before' decamped from the Roxburgh Hall to the Temple Room, where they proceeded to show that a well rehearsed and well organised cast of performers have no need for props, set, costume or fancy effects, all of which they had to abandon to the Roxburgh Hall. The audience were enthralled by this seemingly impromptu, workshop-like performance, and could not believe that this was not how the show had been intended.

It is a tribute to the whole House that they snatched victory out of the jaws of what threatened to be total defeat. Their spirit and commitment to one another ensured that the whole enterprise was a success at more than just a dramatic level.

Although it might seem invidious to name individuals in what was so completely a team effort, I do so on the understanding that these individuals stood for the team as a whole. The Adam Carling, James Goodwin-Hudson double act as Sir John French and Sir Henry Wilson was masterful, as they portrayed the arrogance and self-confidence of a bygone era, with verve and energy. Hugh Carling's Drill Sergeant was a fine piece of carefully moderated caricature, while Tom Chambré's brave but confused Irish Sergeant was an excellent example of how the horror and pathos of war was emphasised rather than blunted by the clownlike humour of the piece. Cameo roles like Jamie Curtis and David Shelton's portrayal of the French nation, Vineet Gupta's Medical Officer, James Walker's British General, Tim Pearce's young subaltern and Buddy Wheatley's kind-hearted British Sergeant stand out, not because they were so much better than other parts of the play, but rather because they were all woven together so carefully to create such a rich tapestry of complementing and conflicting shades.

Jeremy Dale did a superb job as musical director, assisted by Paul Harris and a fine band, while the technical expertise of Charles Blake and Graeme Delaney was stretched to the limits, but to great effect, as they were forced to adapt to a new theatre in under 30 minutes, equipped with none of the normal backstage gadgetry.

The greatest plaudits must surely go to the Commander-in-Chief of the production, Director Tom Chambré, who, by sheer determination, grit and unflagging energy succeeded in motivating an entire house into producing a piece of drama of a standard far beyond anyone's expectations and of a far higher quality than the sum of the individual parts. This is true team work, and it requires a very special gift to make this happen.

Grafton's *Oh! What a Lovely War!* was a moving and chilling experience for all those who saw it; for those who took part, it was probably an even more important experience, teaching lessons that the First World War failed to teach!

TMH-S



LYTTELTON HOUSE: Daisy Pulls it Off

This year's Lyttelton House Play was *Daisy Pulls it Off*, written by Denise Deegain.

The story line revolved around Daisy Meredith. Daisy, superbly played by Miranda Raison, is a new girl at Grangewood School, where clichés, pigtails and hockey sticks rule supreme, but because she is a scholar and "Miss Perfect" from a state-run school, she receives a lot of stick and trouble from the super bitches of the institution, Sybil Burlington and Monica Smithers, both intelligently played by Vicki Clarke-Payton and Sophie Calvert.

Enter next, Trixie 'Jubilate' Martin, the adventurous, bubbly second heroine, played with fantastic aplomb by Claudia Rooney, who befriends Daisy, and together they set out to find the Beaumont Treasure, but to cut a long story short, Sybil and Monica do everything in their evil power to get rid of Daisy to prevent them from finding the treasure.

There were fine performances from Jessie Childs, who played head girl Clare Beaumont and captain of sports. Henrietta Magan was the benevolent Alice,

always ready to support Clare; Henrietta managed to keep a very creditable Irish accent throughout the play. Jenny Ridge played the formidable Miss Gibson, the headmistress, whisky bottle and all, with authority and confidence.

Other creditable performances came from Michaela Zimmer and Nicky Reith-Hennessy, who were Miss Granville and Mr. Scobrowski respectively, the strict Geography teacher and the eccentric Russian Music teacher.

At the end of the play Daisy wins over Sybil and Monica through her own heroism, her dead father returns – a brief cameo from Tom Chambré – and he along with Daisy finds the Beaumont Treasure.

A special mention has to go to Miranda Raison, who not only played the star role as Daisy Meredith but also directed this delightful and amusing play with great imagination. Miranda and Claudia were the backbone of the play, both putting in fantastic performances with their faultless acting.

Charles Inglefield



Photo: Digby Oldridge

Daisy and friends: Miranda Raison, Henrietta Magan, Sophie Calvert, Jessie Childs, Claudia Rooney



NUGENT HOUSE: Bazaar and Rummage

The situation is a bazaar and rummage sale staffed by a group of female agoraphobics who until now have been housebound for fifteen years. These are the characters and they won't – and don't – develop further than that, but, like a good TV sit-com, lively entertainment is produced by sharp dialogue with the revealed quirks and oddities of human behaviour. The Nugent girls made us enjoy the companionable bitching of their characters. Gwenda, played by Henrietta Hensher, had most of the best one-liners. The role was consistently projected; Gwenda's unappetising, but nonetheless amusing, tensions were continually on display: religious zeal authorises sexual repression, 'daddy' being associated with God and 'discipline' (a nice association for Freudians); and, of course, Gwenda is a raging Tory. Her superior, arch observations and

feverish neurosis came across effectively. Interestingly, Gwenda's sense of irony was stimulating, but it did not take her quite far enough above her prejudices.

Fliss (Caroline Shasha), the dysfunctional social worker had a few one-liners of her own – "I've got a headache due in five minutes" – ; Katriona (Katrín Buckenmaier) is, in contrast, perfectly relaxed about being repressed, and expresses a monumental self-absorption and inertia without even trying. Margaret, on the other hand, is feisty, lower class, with a mouth like a sewer. Marusya Boxell played this role spiritedly. Chelser Clark was Bell Bell, an apathetic one who slots into the middle of the spectrum of personality; and Amelia Reed as a WPC raised a laugh as soon as she appeared on stage.

At times, though, the desultory gossip seemed all too desultory, the inconsequentialities were in danger of making the play seem inconsequential. This is easy to say. In fact it is very hard to achieve highly alert and attuned ensemble acting for this sort of play with so little time to prepare. (Saturday night had a more polished presentation). Cast, directors, technical crew and JLH deserve our warm thanks for providing so much entertainment in the Dobinson Theatre. *EST*

CHANDOS HOUSE: Lone Star

James McClure's *Lone Star* observes three young men who are trying to make some sense of their lives

Hugh Stewart-Richardson played Roy, an embittered veteran of the Vietnam War. Failing in his marriage and unable to attain any degree of personal satisfaction, Roy finds his only pleasure in life in a bottle of beer. As he sat on a picnic table amidst empty kegs and chewed a Babe Ruth candy bar, Stewart-Richardson convincingly portrayed Roy's frustrations with, and cynicism towards, life after 'Nam, displaying dramatic versatility to capture his extreme mood swings, from melancholic introspection to blind rage.

Mark Meredith played Roy's obtuse brother, Ray. This character lightened the dialogue with flashes of humour. Although he has trouble relating to Roy's despondency, Ray is a loyal friend and trusted confidant to his brother. Meredith's keen sense of timing provided a number of amusing moments.

Finally, Edward Morgan played Cletis, a friend of Ray's. Although Cletis idolises Roy, Roy despises Cletis. His shirt pocket stuffed with pens and a calculator, Morgan successfully depicted McClure's jittery and naive character. Most memorable was a scene in which Cletis tells Ray that he has crashed Roy's car, a prized possession.

The audience was drawn into the dry plains of Texas and the lives of these three characters. Chandos is to be commended for a wonderful performance.

MNK



Edward Morgan and Hugh Stewart-Richardson

WALPOLE HOUSE: The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole aged 13³/₄

The play centres on a teenager's fumbling, unsophisticated attempt to negotiate the universally potholed path of adolescence and to make some kind of sense of adult obsolescence and hypocrisy. Adrian Mole is excruciatingly self-conscious and socially inept and his neurotic naivety generates the humour of the play.

Simon Ridley, as Adrian Mole, transformed a bland script into a slick, sharp and witty performance. His unerring instinct for dramatic timing intuitively created space into which he dropped devastatingly honest confessions regarding Mole's burgeoning sexuality, and cynical comments on bizarre adult antics. Ridley, like a puppetmaster tugging strings, craftily elicited the requisite chuckles from the audience.

Sound supporting performances by Gavin McIntyre as the relentlessly insensitive, hip Mother Mole and Christopher Dixey, in loud check trousers, as the hangdog, spineless Mister. Both actors sustained their suburbia accents and delightfully vulgar attire throughout. Daniel Westwood as the gruff and surly old pensioner was vaguely reminiscent of the morose Al Pacino in *The Scent of a Woman*. Omar Khan made an austere monolithic appearance as a Stalinesque schoolmaster. Skilful and creative directing by Benjamin Mount and James Lane. *TMDB*



CHATHAM HOUSE: A Midsummer Night's Dream

A great deal of time and effort went into this ambitious production for a House Play and, more than others, it did benefit from adult inspiration and experience.

That having been said, AGM and JECH must be congratulated upon a quite sumptuously stunning presentation of the play which captivated the audience in the Dobinson Theatre. Though the play was severely cut, it still came across like a seamless garment, with AGM rightly choosing the Mechanicals and the magic for emphasis.

The pace and the enchantment were enhanced by the special significance awarded to music and JECH's composition brilliantly stated the seductive delight of the spell which is the spring of the play. The modal key-signatures of the incidental music suggested an appropriate timelessness, the Lullaby a haunting tenderness and the 1920's jazz style of Puck's song vivacious and teasing comedy. All the musicians did well but special mention might be made of Angus McCarey's fine double act on the tuba and the 'cello.

The sustaining of a magic spell on stage demands the highest calibre of co-ordination and the excellence of the music was amply complemented by the choreography of the dancing fairies. These were made suitably ethereal, dressed in vests and shorts in red or white, depending on whether they were of Oberon's or Titania's party. Here the lighting, well done throughout, was particularly effective. One would scarcely have guessed that these fairies were members of rugby teams and the like, as they flitted around the entire auditorium with such precision. Wonderful moments included the forest trees (which were beautifully carved and



Rupert Calvocoressi (Flute), George Dallas (Snug), Max Konig (Starveling), James Dewar-Durie (Snout), Hugh Fossick (Quince).

painted) joining with whimsical symbiosis in the enchanted dance and a strong-nerved Titania (convincingly played as a beauty of the Southern Seas, clad all in white, by Armand David) being spun round on her bed in the forest by four deceptively muscular dryads.

There were some outstanding individual acting performances. Matthew Pichel-Juan's Puck was full of intelligently energetic bustle and, although this is primarily a bright and jolly magical jape, the potential mortal threat of Puck's supernatural power, when dispensed irresponsibly, was not lost sight of. Miles Walsworth-Bell presented a dignified, benevolent and authoritative Oberon whose performance was the more impressive because the actor had to double up as Theseus. Daniel Oscroft coped admirably with the somewhat unrewarding part of Lysander and Tom Smith Walker was an unnervingly pretty golden-haired Helena.

With such high standards, the marvellous Mechanicals had to work hard to steal the show and they certainly were extremely funny, with Robert Curtis' large, chaotic, blundering Bottom and Rupert Calvocoressi, managing to maintain a consistently vacant and zany smile as Flute, providing particularly memorable comic performances.

Indeed, there were no weak links. Everyone spoke Shakespeare's words clearly and with evident meaning. No-one needed prompting and no-one seemed to make any false move on the stage. It was a magnificent achievement for a single school House and wholly enjoyable. Well done indeed!

PASF



Photos: George Merry

Tristan Hoare (Demetrius), Miles Walsworth-Bell (Oberon), Matthew Pichel-Juan (Puck), Tom Smith Walker (Helena), Daniel Oscroft (Lysander), Chris Wethered (forest creature)

SPEECH DAY

28th May, 1994

Chapel Court was used this year for the speeches and prize-giving in a return to an open-air setting. With the bold abandonment of the now traditional marquee on the South Front, the day's weather was awaited with an extra interest.

Confident forecasts proved totally justified! There were cloudy skies but it stayed dry throughout. Chapel Court had been chosen instead of the South Front steps because of building work going on there. However, many were of the opinion that Chapel Court made an extremely good setting in its own right.

The speeches were the final occasion on which Sir Edward Tomkins spoke as Chairman of the Governors. His frank and witty introductions over the past few years have set a pleasantly light touch to the occasions and will be much missed.

In his Headmaster's address Jeremy Nichols adumbrated the importance which was now being attached at Stowe, in all spheres of its life, to Information Technology and the necessity for Stoics to "be at ease in the modern world of communications". He was committed to a further upgrading of our facilities and the importance of keeping abreast of current technology. The other major tranche, he said, in Stowe's new Education Plan was a commitment to Europe and the world beyond. He was anxious that Stowe should give pupils a confident sense of ease with which to enter the world outside these shores. There was a need for those with ability for leadership, business and domicility in the overseas world of the future. He then outlined the many different ways in which Robert Dillow, who was in charge of heightening Stowe's European awareness, and the Head of Modern Languages were addressing this programme: "We already have some good things in place: A Euro-resources centre is being set up in the old Stanhope building. Exchanges have been established with a school in Germany and two in Spain. Exchanges are in the pipeline with a school near Paris and

one in Belgium. Links based on joint departmental projects and visits are being established with a school in Greece for Art, Classical Civilisation and Classics, in France for Biology, Maths and IT, in the Czech Republic for Economics and Politics, History and Geography, in Italy for Business Studies and Economics, in Russia for a range of subjects with three separate schools. There are also links afoot with Slovakia, Poland, Holland and Denmark. A Pan-European Science programme is currently underway. There is a 3rd form French trip ready to go and the Lower Sixth have a one-day European Conference early in December 1994, led by the Federal Trust and supported by the European Parliament's travelling exhibition..."

Guest of Honour was Dame Elizabeth Butler-Sloss, DBE. She began arrestingly:

"According to the legal page of *The Times* I've had a sex change. I'm actually now allowed to be called Lady Justice..." After some trenchant advice to all parents whose children had not yet left school ("It doesn't get easier as they grow up, it just gets different"), Dame Elizabeth turned to the need for all girls to be ambitious in today's world. There was no longer, she said, a glass ceiling. "There's no job a girl can't do, even the Archbishop of Canterbury is up for the future, and go for it! Don't be intimidated by the thought that this is not a job for a woman!" At the heart of Dame Elizabeth's speech was a plea that, in keeping with Stowe's admirable commitment to communication skills, should go the ability to understand the other person's point of view. The age of instant communication held exciting possibilities, yet the world was still a place where people were failing to communicate with

Music and speeches in Chapel Court



Photo: Henry Irving



Photo: Digby Oldridge

The Headmaster and Mrs Nichols during the CCF demonstration



Photo: Henry Irving

A cheerful Dr. Waldman

one another: "You have a very real opportunity to explain to people not only what you think but also to try to understand the other person's point of view. There is a shocking failure of the understanding of other people's point of view and, until you understand what they say and what they do and why they do it, there's no chance of you finding out that they might be right, and you might be wrong, or indeed that there might be an accommodation between your point of view and the point of view of other people..."

The final speech of the day came from Robert Gooch, the Head of School, who, in thanking Dame Elizabeth, also managed to quote Henry VIII and Mr McCrea and pay tribute to the prefects and especially Head Girl, Olivia Coy.

Overall, the day proved the usual happy miscellany of music, exhibitions and sport, with one lively addition in the form of a CCF demonstration on the South Front in which Mrs Annie Nichols very gallantly allowed herself to be kidnapped and rescued, amidst a flurry of balaclavas, guns and helicopters... There was also an extremely good Speech Day issue of the school's newspaper, *The Voice*.

Duncan Hyslop

Rescue on the South Front



Photo: Digby Oldridge

NORTH FRONT CRICKET

*Simon Gerard,
captain of cricket, writes:*

As had become the custom last summer when Saturdays arrived, so did the rain! However, we were able to play on Speech Day, albeit in wet conditions.

After losing Ed Rogers early on in a particularly unlucky way, we turned the match our way with a magnificent partnership of over 200 from Giles Smith Walker (102 not out) and Paul Denning (108). Both played brilliantly and dominated the bowling without ever looking in trouble. Eventually we declared at 254-2. The Old Stoics lost two early wickets, but two of their top order batsmen played really well and prevented us from winning. But, thanks to wickets from Max Konig, Ed Rogers, Paul Denning and Simon Gerard, we made some inroads and, in the end, only failing to get out their last batsman stopped us from recording victory!

All in all, a very good Speech Day for the 1st XI!



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SOCIETIES



Clay pigeon shooting at the Bourbon Tower



Photos: John Credland

ANACREON

We have enjoyed three meetings a term on average, with many hosts including the Nichols, the Hastie-Smiths, the Chittys, the Westons, the Johnsons, Mrs Smith, the Hornbys, the Hirsts, the Taylors and the San – the latter for a meal not because of one! To all of these we express our grateful thanks; without your help and your kitchens nothing would be possible.

Gina Moore, and, later, Badri El Meouchi were most efficient Secretaries. A small group left the Society during the year, and their places were quickly filled. Gastronomic highlights were recorded as Salade César, Boeuf Bourguignon, Lemon Chicken Rice, Banocchi Pie (again), Gateau aux Citrons and another amazing concoction based on bananas and cream. A civilised development is the habit of trying several different wines from the same region. We taste as we eat.

With Amber Nuttall as Secretary the new season has started well. Our latest meal was a delicious Italian extravaganza, largely shopped for in Bassano:

Bresaola condita con prezzemolo, olio d'oliva e scaglie di parmigiano.

Tortellini ripieni di ricotta e spinaci con besciamella.

Pandoro con gocce di cioccolata e crema pasticciera.

GMH



Photo: Richard Hoskins

The spirit of Anacreon: Caroline Shasha

BRIDGE CLUB

Minibridge attracted a few more young recruits during the year and we always had two tables. The team, captained by Robert Bush, lacked strength in depth and lost its matches against Radley, Bedford and Oundle, albeit narrowly on occasions. The House Pairs competition was won by Bruce (R.Bush and F.Wallis). When Robert Bush left in the summer his family most generously donated a cup. Thank you very much.

This autumn, numbers have swelled to three tables and in our most recent match, against St Mary's, Ascot, we raised two teams, winning with both under the captaincy of Francis Wallis. We have also instituted team practices in the Library after Sunday Chapel which should help to sharpen the team further. GMH

CHESS CLUB

A small group of enthusiasts is providing the continuity that a club like this requires. Around that, numbers fluctuate as new faces appear and disappear, as different pursuits beckon. The beginners of last year are much less green now and positional and tactical awareness is increasing. Particularly helpful is knowledge of chess notation – so that games can be recorded and analysed; chess books studied; master games enjoyed – and the use of chess clocks in games. Chess clocks, of course, allow one to play several short games, but the pressing need at the moment is for greater understanding of the position on the board at any juncture.

Our best player at present is Moritz Polonius who won last year's Aylesbury Rapid Chess Congress. Another party of Stoics played in the tournament this February. EST

COMMUNITY SERVICE

Imagine yourself in sixty years' time; your spouse has died, your children have left home, the young man living upstairs plays his music too loudly; you have complained to the local council about the draught in your flat but nothing has been done – there seems to be no response from anywhere and you feel unwanted and forgotten. You long for some company, but do not want to be a burden on anyone. Life can be dull and depressing when most of your friends have died.

A grim yet possible lifestyle for some elderly people these days. The problem of how to look after the elderly will not go away; in fact the "demographic time-bomb" is ticking away while the population increasingly becomes more aged.

The neglect of the elderly is a major social problem which we cannot resolve. However, we can attempt to redress the problem within the local community, which is exactly what Stowe C.S. tries to do.

Four times a week, minibuses take Stoics down to Buckingham where they are dropped off at people's homes and where they chat informally to the elderly or do any chores which they might be asked to do.

This does not sound like much, but when you realise that, in extreme cases, you may have been the only visitor all week, in perspective, it is definitely worthwhile. The point I would like to make is that it is appreciated – the warmth of our welcome is proof of that.

The whole voluntary service system is very precarious because it depends on goodwill. I think Mr. Barr deserves to be congratulated for his very hard work and able management of Stowe C.S. which also depends on goodwill. Community Service is an incredibly worthwhile contribution and is really appreciated; I applaud anyone who is involved. We are grateful too to all those in Buckingham who kindly invite us into their homes and lives. Jessie Childs

CLASSICAL SOCIETY

Within the last year classicists at Stowe have enjoyed a wide range of events. Dr Paul Millett gave his long-awaited talk on aspects of Homer, and this was followed up by a good number attending a day conference on the epic poems in Birmingham. Robert Bush and Milo Corbett, two of our sixth-form classical linguists, entertained in differing styles some younger scholars on aspects of Greek and Roman education and Mrs McCrea gave an illustrated talk on some of the superb sites of ancient Greece.

Several visits to productions of Greek plays were made, the most outstanding being the acclaimed performance of Diana Rigg in the *Medea*; others saw the Oedipus plays at the Young Vic and this autumn the Actors of Dionysus produced their version of *Antigone* to a full house in the Dobinson Theatre at Stowe. Further visits have included the Romano-British sites at Bath and Chedworth and their associated museums.

Finally, at the end of the summer term, a gathering of current Stoic classicists paid tribute to Brian Stephan's forty memorable years of teaching Greek and Latin at Stowe. It was pleasant to note that two of the four teachers in the Classics Department are his former pupils. MJB

CREATIVE WRITING CIRCLE

We have here a group of eight writers, some of whom have been coming to the society since it started in January, while others have joined only recently. All of them, however, share a seriousness in their writing, a determination to explore the powers that words may possess, a delight in using language and in trying out the techniques of poetry, prose and drama, in finding the perfect rhythm, rhyme, image or piece of dialogue to express what they feel.

Three of the boys also share a wonderfully imaginative sense of imagery. The psychedelic, surrealistic symbols that inhabit the writings of Ross Atherton, Jonathan Morrison and Alex Hobbs are twisted to different purposes by their different creators. Ross's mind produces slightly bizarre, unexpected metaphors that give his poems a quirkiness and humour in the midst of energetic downpours of language. Jonathan, like Ross, enjoys the feel of the surreal in his mind, and uses its energy to power his poetry and prose, making them very exciting pieces to read. He has a humour in his writing, expressing general astonishment about the absurdities and wonders of life. Alex too, uses his dream-like images to humorous effect, juxtaposing wild flights of fancy with mundane domestic scenes, a sort of Walter Mitty effect.

But do not let my comments limit you in your appreciation of these young men's writing – it has a life of its own and a complexity that can only be experienced in hearing the writing itself, as was possible in the Creative Writing evening held in the Library after the Carol Service on Sunday, 11th December. Damian Spruce

DEBATING SOCIETY

Senior debates were held twice per term on Sunday evenings in the Music Room. Topics ranged from serious national and moral issues to the existence of Father Christmas and, predictably, to more local concerns like smoking at Stowe. A more detailed report is included below of the debates of last autumn term.

Standards were again high and the attendance regularly exceeded 100. A highlight of the year involved a debate on military conscription with Lincoln College, Oxford.

The Junior Debating Society made a brisk beginning this year to what we hope will be an auspicious career.

Barnaby Williams was the Chairman of the Debating Society and served with particular excellence. *PASF*

Senior Debating

Things got off to a good start this autumn with the motion "This house believes that punishment for criminals is inadequate in England." The Chairman, for the evening, was *PASF*, sitting in for Ross Atherton. The Secretary for the evening was, again, not the usual Secretary but Jonathan Morrison, sitting in for William Kemble-Clarkson. The speakers for the proposition were Ross Atherton, Jacki Ives and Mr Bennetts. The speakers for the opposition were Hugh Carling, Charlotte Jones and Mr Stunt. All the speeches were good, but Ross Atherton's and Mr Stunt's speeches stood out as exceptionally good. It was Hugh Carling's speech, however, which brought the house down in laughter. The floor also responded well. Notable speeches from the floor came from Hugo Reoch and Chris Dixey. The motion was not carried.

The second senior debate was "This house believes that modern life is rubbish." Thanks to the punchy poster the house was much fuller on this evening than it was in the last debate. The speakers for the proposition were Chris Dixey, Gabriel Wick and Miranda Raison. For the opposition the speakers were Ashley Cahill, Kate Stephens and Simon Ridley. Again all the speeches were good, but perhaps the more notable came from Gabriel Wick, Ashley Cahill and Simon Ridley. The floor again responded well,

directing most of the questions at Chris Dixey who replied well and, usually, very wittily. Notable speakers from the floor were Hugh Carling, Mrs Taylor and Mr Stunt. The motion was not carried, with a staggering 77 votes opposing the motion and 27 votes supporting the motion. I fear that the motion was a little too sceptical and therefore one-sided from the beginning.

All in all the two debates were both interesting and fun. I hope that the senior debates continue to be as high in overall standard as these first two were.

Ross Atherton

Junior Debating

On the 27th November the Junior Debate was in action. The word had got around that at 8.30 pm the debate would commence and that the motion was to be "That Capital Punishment is Unjust." Although this was highly unoriginal, there was a turn-out of around 100. Proposing the motion were Armand David, Tom Smith Walker and Rupert Jupp. Opposing the motion were Tobie Munthe, Alex Clempson and Chesney Clark.

The atmosphere could only be described as "electrifying". There were a large number of questions from the floor, which were mostly returned by the speakers with wit and confidence.

The time for voting had come and the House believed that capital punishment was not unjust. There was great enthusiasm shown and keen anticipation for more debates. Next term we are debating the motion that "Parents who send their children to boarding schools are irresponsible."

Rupert Jupp & Tom Smith Walker



Tom Smith Walker puts his case



Armand David, Tom Smith Walker and Rupert Jupp



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- 8-10 Sept.** The Park Lane Antiques Fair, Park Lane Hotel, Piccadilly, London.
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Holiday Time:	Monday - Friday	9.00am - 5.00pm
	Weekends	11.00am - 5.00pm

We look forward to meeting you on Speech Day when we will be open from 9am - 5.30pm.

FLY-FISHING

As one was driven in through the gates and over the Oxford Bridge at the beginning of term, one looked down onto the water and surprisingly saw its new-found clearness. This has been a new addition to Stowe School fly-fishing, which now enables the more experienced fisherman, or woman, to stalk and actually catch their fish using skill, rather than simply chucking a Montana into the water and waiting for a tug.

It is pleasing to see the number of third-formers and new fishermen added to the fishing body of Stowe, even though their casting, at times, is somewhat erratic.

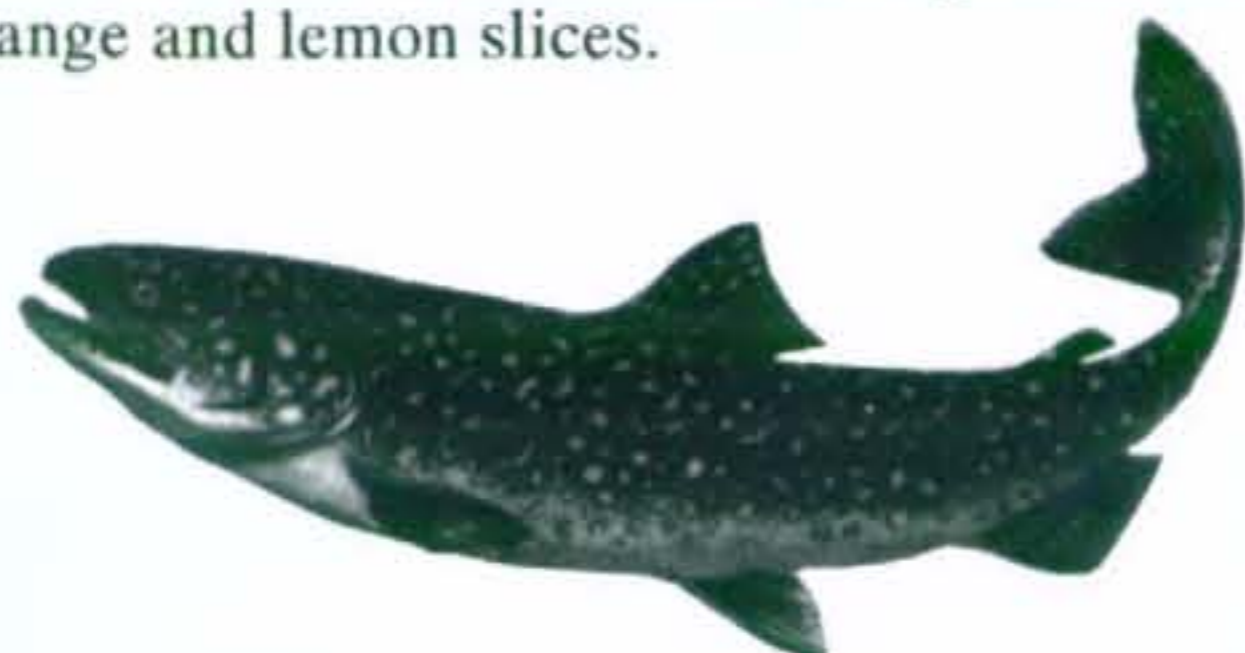
As the term goes on, the number of fish inevitably decrease and are therefore more difficult to catch. This is where the more hardy fishermen amongst us start to enjoy the challenge. Speaking personally, we only fish on a sunny day for two reasons. One is that when the weather is warmer, there is a bigger hatch of fly and one can try the purest way of fishing, with a dry-fly. The second is that walking from Walpole to the Oxford Water in the rain is highly melancholic and disheartening to a fisherman's soul!

To finish this off we would like to thank two boys who have managed to keep peace and order down at the Oxford Water (Ben Waldman and Merton Croisdale-Appleby). Also all those mothers who are lumbered with freezers full of trout!

Here is a recipe for you (the readers):

1/2 pint court-bouillon (water, vinegar, flavoured with seasoning, eg. herbs and vegetables).
 4 x 1 lb trout
 4 tbs frozen orange juice
 4 tbs lemon juice
 2 oz butter
 2 tbs arrowroot
 1 heaped tbs chopped parsley
 Garnish : slices of orange and lemon

Boil together the ingredients for the court-bouillon in a fish kettle or a large saucepan. Put the trout into the boiling liquid, then lower the heat and poach the fish very gently for about 10 minutes. Lift out trout, drain them and transfer to a warmed serving dish to be kept hot. Strain the court-bouillon and add the liquor to the orange and lemon juices. Melt the butter in a saucepan and stir in the arrowroot. Gradually add the bouillon and juice mixture, and stir in the chopped parsley. Pour the sauce over the trout and garnish with orange and lemon slices.



Jimmy Lane & Richard Thorneycroft

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

This year's Historical Society has seen a great variety of talks. In January Dr. N. Smith of Buckingham University gave a lecture on "The Archaeology of the Country House", in which she discussed the various methods used in archaeology. The summer term saw two meetings. The first was led by Dr. I. Archer, of Keble College, Oxford, entitled "Why were there no wars of religion in 16th Century England?", which was of great value to the 16th century historians, as it opened up a new viewpoint of the leadership and nature of reformation rebellions. The second meeting was "The Revolution from Above? Maria Theresa and Joseph II" by Dr. R. Evans of Brasenose College, Oxford. In this Dr. Evans suggested that Joseph II was less enlightened than previously thought, and gave a most positive description of Maria Theresa.

In September, under the new guidance of Mr. Cottam as Head of History, the Society met to hear Dr. P. Jarvis of Bletchley Park on "Aspects of Enigma, Computing and Codebreaking". This was an informative talk on the development of codebreaking and computers during World War II at Bletchley Park. Mr. Cottam took the next meeting, and talked on "Northern Ireland: Some Historical Reflections on the Present Situation". This was an interesting talk on the history of the conflict, on the troubles of recent times and on the possible future.

Members of the Historical Society are most grateful to Mr. Rudolf for his past organisation and we look forward to Mr. Cottam's new leadership.

Marusya Boxell

LITERARY SOCIETY

There was a full programme again this year. Speakers generally addressed the Sixth Form in the Music Room, having met Stoics over supper in the Blue Room beforehand.

A highlight involved the visit of Jim White, Features Editor of *The Independent* newspaper, who told us "The Truth about Journalism" with candour and humour.

Mr. Andrew Mayne, from Manchester Grammar School and Dr. Helen Barr from LMH, Oxford, spoke respectively on *The Great Gatsby* and *The Franklin's Tale*.

In the Summer Term, Mr. Peter Farquhar spoke on *Measure for Measure* and Mr. Steven Thompson, together with the Literary Society secretaries Adam Carling and George Pendle, provided a presentation on *Antony and Cleopatra*.

In the Michaelmas Term 1994, Sam Edenborough (O.S.), from Brasenose College, Oxford, introduced the Sixth Form specialists to the new criticisms via *Hamlet* (both Shakespearian and Punk versions). Dame Iris Murdoch came to talk on her novel, *The Black Prince* (set for A-level), Prof. John Bayley revealed the mysteries and explained the machinations of the Booker Prize. The Flipside Theatre Company presented *Antony and Cleopatra*.

Excellent support was provided by the two secretaries throughout the year. Adam Carling will be reading English at Birmingham University and George Pendle at St. Peter's College, Oxford. PASF

NEIGHBOURHOOD ENGINEERS

Once again the Neighbourhood Engineers group has been very active and supportive throughout the year. The purpose of Neighbourhood Engineers is to support the host school in any way possible and to promulgate the profession as an innovative and creative problem-solving discipline. Our group takes a very broad view of the contributions of engineering to society, which is reflected in the wide range of our initiatives. Our engineers have all been, or still are, project managers, with control of budgets up to millions of pounds. Planning, decision-making, organisation, man management and public relations and marketing are but a few of the skills at our disposal, as well as their more technically specific expertise. We have been working hard to develop activities which expose Stoics to these very broadly useful life skills.

Our link engineer, Donald Robinson, Eur. Ing., represents us on the school's Industry Committee. He has been instrumental in developing resources for use by Sixth Form tutors, with their tutees, to encourage effective time management, leadership, communications and decision prioritising.

Neighbourhood Engineers have supplied speakers for the popular and successful "Opening Windows on Engineering" presentations to the third forms in the

summer term. This year the boys learned about artificially intelligent machines and they have been involved in the planning and development of the Stowe and National Trust Educational Resource Centre, with particular reference to the Water Management and Control Systems. We are immensely grateful for all their help.

The highlight of the year was the Challenge Conference '94 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. This year two new purpose-designed exercises were developed. In one exercise a tall, free-standing tower and a strong platform had to be designed and built in ten sheets of flimsy A4 paper and a Pritt stick! The various groups of boys, having worked on their projects, had to make a sales presentation and the prototype product had to be demonstrated for effectiveness. The groups enthusiastically tackled their problem and most reached a successful solution – a great credit to the young Stoics and to the work of the Neighbourhood Engineers group.

SOC

The school's "link engineer", Donald Robinson, handing his booklet *Decision Making: the Stowe Guide* to James Mullineux.



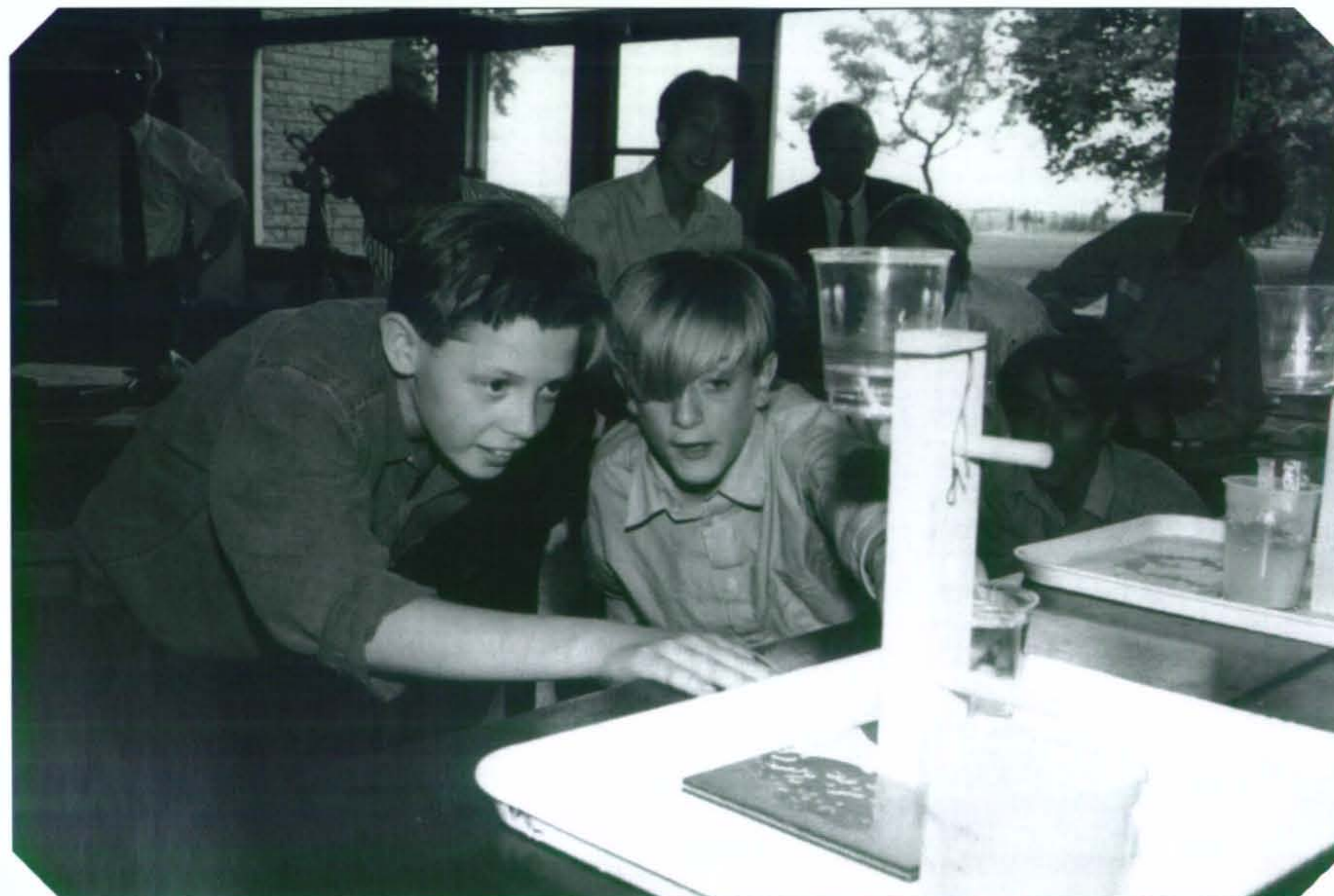
Photos: Digby Oldridge



Neighbourhood Engineers Day

Above: Ashley Smatt, Giles Hayward, Tim Clarke-Payton and Tim Kitney survey the items given to them from which they must manufacture a timer.

Below: Michael Hyslop and Sam Morley with their successful creation of a water-operated device, capable of timing an interval of sixty seconds.



SCIENCE SOCIETY

We are amidst another active year in the Science Society. Many enjoyed Roy Lankester's famous presentation on "Fireworks". Dr C. Brierley gave a fascinating insight and practical demonstration on the theme "Home-grown Diamonds and their properties". We were surprised to learn that, although diamond is a very good electrical insulator, it is a much better heat conductor than copper and consequently a thin diamond wafer makes an excellent knife for ice cubes! Diamond's infra-red transparency and extreme strength are also crucial to its use as the window material in thermal-imaging cameras mounted in planes and satellites. A fine demonstration of this technique enabled us to "see" an after-image of our hand print on paper for several seconds after contact.

Ms M. Hoyle delivered a wonderful nosegay of a lecture on the topic of "Fragrant Molecules".

The experiment for the Junior Science Society to meet on some Sunday afternoons this year was sadly not successful and their timing has reverted to the second prep slot. A video presentation on Planetary Astronomy and a consideration of "Cellular Automata and the Game of Life" by SOC have been enjoyed by small but very keen audiences. The universe, particularly the environs of our Solar System, is not short of either energy or material. From this astronomical fact the possibilities of 'Father Christmas Machines' was developed. These are computer-controlled, automatic robot spacecraft, which could be sent out into, for example, the Asteroid belt to mine material and use solar energy to manufacture – well, anything we care to programme into the devices. These could later be shipped back to Earth or elsewhere in the universe.

This theme was then developed to Alan Turing's concept of the self-replicating machine. A concept not particularly difficult for us to believe in now that Turing's brainchild, the digital computer, is to be found in so many homes; but think of his insight, to be able to prove mathematically that such a device was a real possibility! Hence to the game of computer life, developed by John Conway at Cambridge in the late sixties. A 2-dimensional universe is governed by a simplistic set of rules concerning the states, alive or dead (in binary logic on 1 or off 0). We are free to decide the rules or physics of interaction of our universe and from an initial start-up condition see how our universe evolves. Too few live neighbours and this cell will die from loneliness; too many leads to death from overcrowding. In Conway's life three live neighbours is just right for birth of new life.

From these simple rules we can demonstrate that many forms of life are possible. Some shapes change and then disappear, some form stable still life patterns: the boat, block, beehive or loaf. Some pulsate with unerring regularity, oscillators or timekeepers: the blinker, traffic light or pulsar. Others move silently and relentlessly across the 2-dimensional realm: the spaceships and gliders. Do any reproduce themselves to populate their own universe? This question remains open to practical proof, but theory tells us – yes! Certainly we can demonstrate that two spaceships

colliding between fixed blocks produce an infinite stream of gliders. So the glider gun is a Father Christmas Machine, so long as you want a glider for Christmas!

SOC/BHO

THEOLOGICAL SOCIETY

The Society has gone from strength to strength this year, attracting large audiences for a range of speakers of the highest calibre. It is hard to imagine any other school being able to put together a programme of speakers of the quality that we have been privileged to enjoy. We remain grateful to TMH-S for writing enormous numbers of letters to his seemingly endless list of contacts!

Our speakers ranged from the gregarious raconteur, broadcaster and author, Dr. David Cook, who spoke on "Noddy does Ethics" to heavy-weight European Law Lord, The Right Honourable Lord Slynn of Hedley, who spoke to the title "What is Justice?" We were challenged by a plethora of views and ideas.

There was the visit of the Earl of Longford, whose strident views about prison reform and the case of Moors' murderer, Myra Hindley, were matched only by those of former General Secretary of CND, Bruce Kent, who delivered an outspoken attack on the concept of the Just War and called for total pacifism. Both speakers inevitably elicited powerful responses from their conservative Stoic audiences, and both were greatly impressed by the quality of the questions and debate that they encountered.

We welcomed back a number of old "friends" of the Theological Society, including Sir Michael Quinlan, GCB, Director of the Ditchley Foundation and former Permanent Secretary of the Ministry of Defence, who argued that the use of nuclear weapons was moral; Viscount Brentford, who spoke about Christian influence in an increasingly Secular Society; Sir Michael Colman Bt, Chairman of Reckitt & Colman and First Church Estates Commissioner, who spoke about God and money; and the Revd. Dr. David Atkinson of Southwark Cathedral, who spoke about Embryo Research.

Author the Revd. Dr. David Wilkinson addressed a packed Blue Room about "God and Chaos Theory", while James Bethell of the *Sunday Times* tackled "The Morality of Journalism".

The Society aims to cover (and indeed seems to succeed in covering) a whole range of ethical and theological issues, while at the same time some meetings seem quite specifically to encourage Stoics to consider how a Christian faith might be put to work in "the real world". To that end a number of trips to London allowed Stoics to meet and talk to influential Christians who put their faith to work. Baroness Cox of Queensberry, a Government Deputy Whip and a leading member of Christian Solidarity International, hosted a tea party at the House of Lords when she spoke about Human Rights issues. Octogenarian Lord Soper invited a group of Stoics to his home for tea, where he spoke about his life in politics. David Alton



Photo: Nick Pinkney

Oliver Nicholson, Rupert Calvocoressi, Jodie Ives and Tom Chambré with four members of the Parliamentary Christian Fellowship: Alistair Burt, David Alton, Donald Anderson and Michael Alison.

MP twice invited Stoics to the House of Commons; on one occasion no fewer than seven members of the Parliamentary Christian Fellowship came together to speak about faith and work. With Conservative new boys Michael Bates MP and Gary Streeter MP came Labour's heavy-weights, Frank Field MP and Donald Anderson MP, David Alton himself, Junior Minister Alistair Burt MP and former PPS to Margaret Thatcher. Sir Michael Alison MP also spoke. It was indeed a privilege to be given time by so many very busy men. As Frank Field remarked, it says something for the name of Stowe that seven MPs from different parties found time on a busy Tuesday lunchtime to meet a dozen sixth formers!

James Lee-Steere was a very able Secretary for the year 1993/4, whose wit and political balance ("I'd like to introduce David Alton who is O.K. even though he is a Liberal") will be hard to follow.

TMH-S/Tom Chambré

The XX CLUB

The Scholars' Club, or XX Club, as it is fondly known, has now been active for a term and a half, during which time we have passed some enjoyable Tuesday evenings expanding and stretching our minds in a number of directions. We have looked at the possible significance of the Great Pyramids, some definitely non-GCSE practical Chemistry and how to solve *The Times* crosswords. Miss Dore has invented some boggling combinations of Trivial Pictionary, as well as the logic problems we are given before every meeting.

Later this term we have a visit to the Royal Institution and an evening of lateral thinking with Caspar de Bono. Our thanks go to all the staff who help to make the Club so enjoyable and here's to its continuing success.

Oliver Trethewey

STOIC PHOTO QUIZ (3)



Is the seated gentleman:

- a) Last year's losing finalist in *One Man and His Dog*, putting in some secret pre-season training?
- b) A Tibetan monk encountered on a recent D of E expedition in Peru?
- c) An educated Sherpa snatching a quiet read at Base Camp before another ascent of Everest?
- d) A confused walker, checking his map references with anxiety, some days after the start of the Stoke to Stowe Stroll?

Answers, please, to William Vernon, Stowe School, Buckingham.

"...a different world where disorder is spreading"

" An effort comparable to the years after 1945 is needed ...and Britain will be expected to play a worthy part"

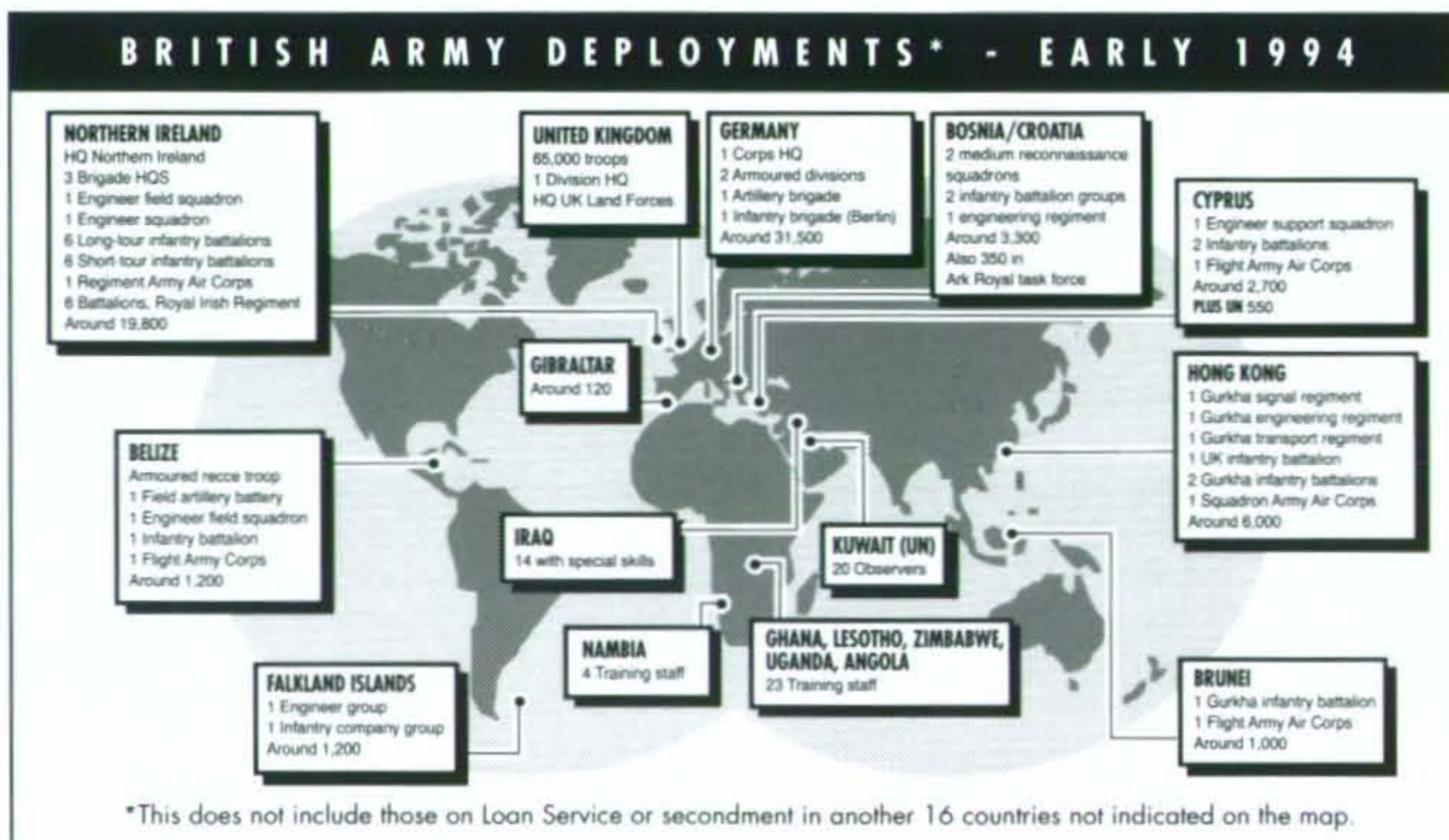


Those quotes are from a speech by the Foreign Secretary at the Royal Institute of International Affairs in January 1993. They highlight the importance of the role to be played by the Army. The variety involved in fulfilling this is indicated by the map below and the fact that the Army exercises overseas in some 60 different countries.

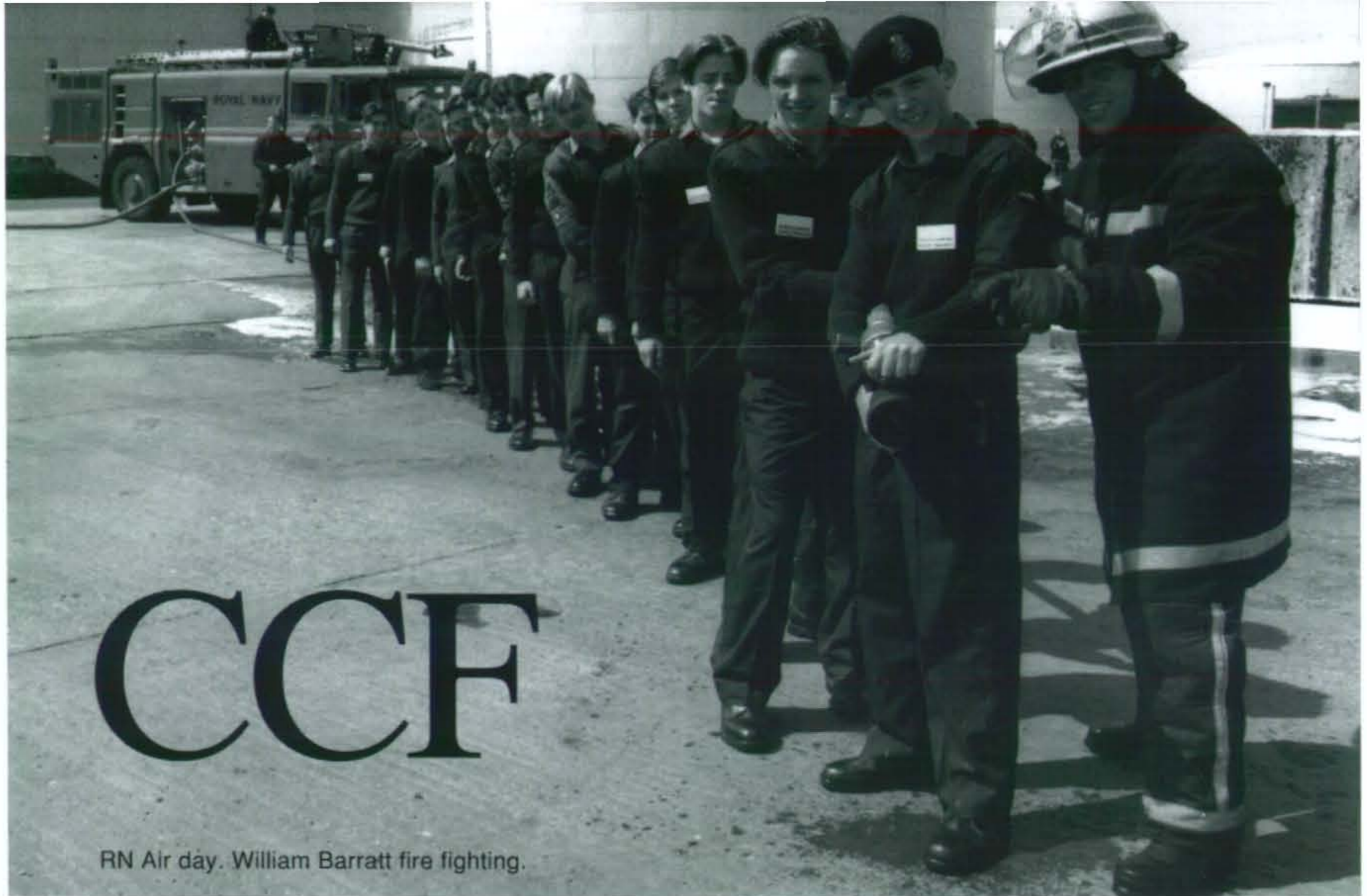
There are a number of ways of becoming an Army Officer. At 16 you could compete for an Army Scholarship, which is tenable whilst you study for 'A' levels (or equivalent). You could enter Sandhurst at 18 - or University on an Undergraduate Cadetship where you, and your fees, are paid by the Army; or as an Undergraduate Bursar and

receive £1500 a year while you study. Or you could join just for your GAP year before University.

To find out more about these and other ways of becoming an Army Officer, contact your Army Schools Liaison Officer through your Head of Careers or write to him at the address below.



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RN Air day. William Barratt fire fighting.

In the past year the CCF has continued to grow unceasingly with an ever expanding wealth of activities, competitions, camps and Field Days.

The Winter Term 1994 started with training for the Nijmegen Marching Competition, which takes place every year in Holland during July. A squad, much larger than the one that would actually be marching for the competition, was selected and training started almost immediately. The team had a set course on the roads around Stowe which was 15 miles long per circuit. As we were coming closer to the competition we ran into difficulties; many members of the squad started to drop out, and UKLF who are responsible for selecting the British Teams for the competition were not convinced that we had done enough training for it. We were therefore asked to complete a 50 mile march over two days; we managed the first 25, but, due to several injuries, people had to drop out and the team was then too small to enter the competition.

The Easter holiday brought with it the first adventurous training in two years. (It was held at Scarness near Keswick on Lake Bassenthwaite. As is typical in the CCF the activities on offer were many and varied, Orienteering, Canoeing, Sailing, Watermanship, Rock Climbing and Mountain-biking, not to mention the excellent entertainment dreamt up by the SSM. An excellent time was had by all and a great deal was learnt about the activities and living in a sleeping bag for a week.

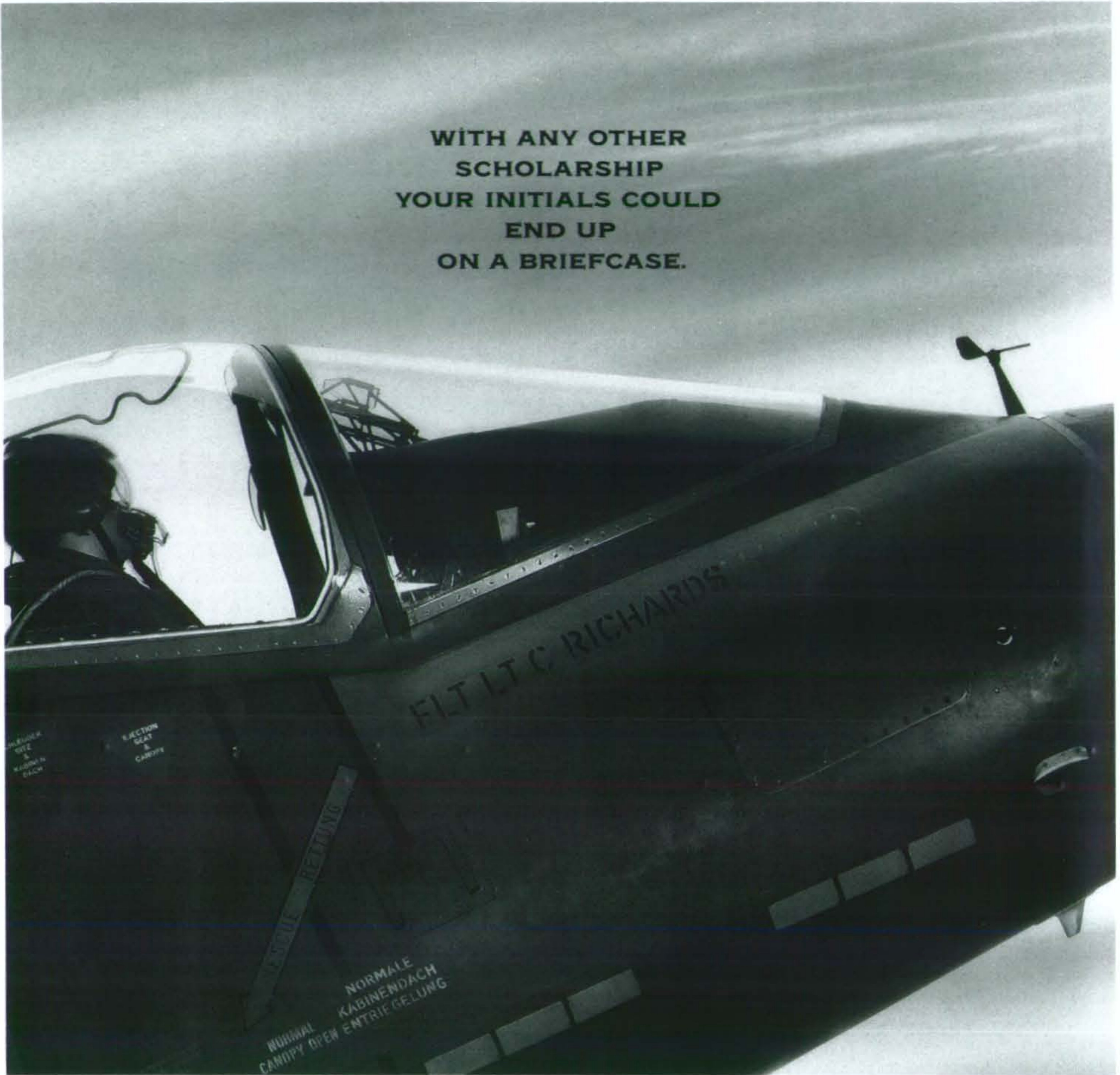
The summer term started with The Cadet Patrol Competition; this competition is held annually at Longmoor Training Area in Wiltshire; it is a competition in which CCFs and ACFs from around the country compete. This was the year Stowe took part and we sent a team of Advance Infantry NCOs. Due to short notice we had not been able to do sufficient training for it and we rushed a week's training at the start of term in hasty preparation. In view of the lack of training we were extremely pleased to come about half-way in the final rankings. The competition itself lasts two days and comprises assessments of a wide variety of military activities from a March and Shoot to First Aid.

The annual Coldstream Cup Competition is of an ever-increasing quality; this year the March and Shoot was changed as the outdoor Shooting Range was out of use and the route was redesigned so that it finished at the indoor range. Walpole won the competition due to their higher standard of drill, and Temple came a close second.

The end of the Summer term brought with it the customary Annual Camp. This year's was held at Folkestone. After final Chapel a group of 24 cadets and 4 members of Staff set off for the military experience of their lives. The week started with two days walking on the North Downs to relax from the busy term gone by. On the third day we were thrown into a wealth of military activities starting with infantry skills and that evening we climbed on an artificial rock wall and shot on a 30m range. Other activities included Watermanship, Orienteering, Signals Training, Range Practice, an overnight tactical exercise and an Inter-School Assault Competition, which comprised an Assault Course and a Shoot. Since the camp lasts a month in all, the result cannot be announced until all the schools have competed. Whilst we were there we were leading the competition with a total of 498 points out of 500, (we had broken the 16 year-old record) and were reckoned sure winners; unfortunately another team went one better and got 499.

This year the Biennial Inspection took place and we welcomed Vice Admiral Sir Hugh Thompson KBE. The whole CCF paraded on the North Front before lunch, and afterwards showed off its vast spectrum of activities. The Army showed off the new assault course in use; REME showed their newly re-established headquarters and Advanced Infantry showed what a platoon attack looked like in Armoury Field. The Navy happily played about in their vast fleet of boats including dinghies, canoes, windsurfers and "home-made" rafts, whilst the RAF performed a rescue from Monkey Island in the Octagon Lake and showed off Computer Simulation in the computer room.

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NAVAL SECTION

1994 has been a very busy year for the Navy and the 46th year that Stowe has had a Naval Section in the Corps. In February, thanks to generous support from the RN, we chartered four Bennateau 36's from Sunsail and had a marvellous weekend in the Solent. We rafted up on Lymington Town Quay for the night and raced back to Portsmouth the next day. Each boat was skippered by an RYA Yachtmaster with a member of Stowe staff as his mate and six Stoics the crew.

For most of the Summer Term we concentrated on water sports, particularly sailing. In May some of the Section came away with me to take part in the RN Air Day at Portland. We drove to the Navy Air Base at HMS Heron (Yeovilton), teamed up with Harrow, and were flown in Sea King helicopters down to Portland, landing on an RFA (Naval oil tanker) and brought ashore on a "P2000" (today's equivalent of an MTB). The rest of the day was packed with events from fire fighting to "wet survival" and watching the RM parachute display team and Air Show of various Naval aircraft, past and present. We finished by 'beating the retreat' with the Band of the Royal Marines and then headed back to Stowe, via a Little Chef! On the same weekend RBJ took the remaining cadets for a fun, but rather windless, weekend on the Tall Ship *Morning Star*. *TS Morning Star* is a 63' ketch based at the old dockyard in Chatham.

Unfortunately the Navy could only find room for a few of our cadets on the various camps that they offer in the Summer but Daniel Wills enjoyed his time at HMS Culdrose, Charles Gargent qualified as both a Novice and Sports Diver, Peter Mackay-Lewis and Simon Oldridge gained RYA level 3 (sailing) and James McDonagh and Christopher Vane-Tempest spent a week at HMS Raleigh and came back clutching certificates.

With sixteen new recruits in the Autumn the section swelled to thirty-eight, the largest for some years and I was very glad to enlist the help of KFD... now Sub/Lt



Rory Vere Nicoll and Simon Oldridge brandish their certificates.



Landing by Sea King helicopter on a Royal Navy tanker.



Portland Regatta

Dore (CCF) RNR! The new cadets immediately set to work on the Able Seaman syllabus to ensure that they were fluent in 'Navy speak' by their Field Day. We went down to Portsmouth, staying on board HMS Bristol (a type 82 Destroyer of Falkland fame) and were able to spend some time with our affiliated ship HMS Endurance. The new Endurance has everything from private cabins for all the ship's company to an air conditioned weight training 'suite' with a musical telephone. Very different from Bristol and a cause of considerable pride to Stoics. The Fifth Form group spent their Field Day being assessed for their RYA Sailing awards, as they had missed the opportunity in the summer. Most achieved RYA level 2.

For the second year running Stowe competed in the CCF Regatta at HMS Osprey in September. James Mullineux and Stephen Spencer were in the Bosun dinghy class and Charles Gargent risked all and took out the Topper solo. They all did very well in some tricky conditions.

I would like to thank our visiting Chief Petty Officer, 'Dusty' Rhodes, who has been a wonderful ally over the last four years and the main architect behind the complete re-clothing and re-equipping of the section, including the long loan of a new 13' Dory rescue craft with a decent engine! (a several thousand

pound refit). He has now retired from the Service and our new Chief, 'Pony' Moore, has been appointed as his successor.

1995 looks a year full of promise. We now have the funds to buy a compressor and aim to introduce sub aqua as part of our normal training. The Marines have said that they will put us through our paces at RM Poole, the home of the Special Boat Service, and we have been allocated a week on a fleet tender on the Clyde (some of the cadets still think it's a cruise on the Scottish Riviera!). I look forward to all these activities.

WEHV

James Mullineux and Stephen Spencer in bosun class at Portland



DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S AWARD

The Stoic tends to emphasise our expeditions, so it might be appropriate, therefore, to start off by pointing out that the expeditions are only one part of a much wider commitment. All participants of the bronze award scheme have, in fact, to undertake four things.

First, they are taught basic First Aid and have to pass the St John's Ambulance exam in "Essentials of First Aid". Secondly, they are expected to choose a recognised "skill" and pursue it in their own leisure time. The choice of skill is very wide. It might be as general as "reading" or as specialised as "model aircraft construction". Whatever skill is chosen has to be monitored carefully by a supervisor. Thirdly comes a physical activity. Again, the course has to be recognised and supervised and the key thing is that over a period of time an improvement in performance is expected. Finally there is the expedition! On Field Days in the Autumn and Spring terms there are practices for the real

thing which takes place in the Summer term. The minimal requirements for this are a walk of 24 kms over two days with one overnight camp.

After successful completion of the bronze award, one can progress to the greater challenges of silver and gold. The whole emphasis of the scheme is one of personal challenge, commitment and initiative - it is not a competition against other individuals. The award, says the rubric, "should introduce participants to a range of new opportunities, allow them to learn from their experiences and enable them to discover unknown capabilities."

Of course it is the preparation for, and execution of, the expeditions which probably give the greatest challenge. Below are included just a few extracts from various pupils' log books, which may give a small indication of the spirit engendered by the D. of E. award scheme. AKM

The gold group left in the afternoon and it was a lot quieter without them. We sat talking for ages, discussing which saddle we should go up. The fog had covered the top of the mountains and there were so many river tributaries that we couldn't be one hundred per cent certain. ...Overall, I felt as though we had really pulled as a group and I felt very proud..." Kate Mullineux

"We contoured along the track, but unfortunately didn't realise that we should have taken the right hand fork..." Andrew Hyslop

"After two hours of trying to plod along next to a river, we went up a vertical rock face, down the other side, down waterfalls and back up them again. (We had gone the wrong way)..." Amy Collins

"We finally reached the camp-site, near a bothy, and put up our tents in the pouring rain. When we got settled I realised my sleeping bag was quite damp and all my clothes were wet. We thought of giving up, but felt that we had come this far so it was pointless.

We followed the river down, but the sides of the valley became extremely steep and we walked along sheer paths at a 60 degree angle. We had to hold on to the heather to support ourselves. Normally I don't get vertigo, but in this instance I did. We set off and walked the first hill, along the side. We carried on, following the river. But unfortunately we walked too far along the river and we were off the map, which caused difficulties..." Anna Huckvale (silver 1992)

"I fell into a bog up to my thigh and watched Mr Ghirelli fall in too... The views later on were magnificent. From the hill-tops you could see for miles..." Debbie Webster

"Mr McCrea appeared and he asked us if we were mice or men. We replied, "Mice". Rebecca Smith

"We realised now that in fact we had walked too quickly and had walked off the map... All that was left was to beat the masters at soccer..." Stuart Nicholson



Photo: AGE

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Photo: George Eves

AIKIDO

Aikido is purely a defensive sport which has proved to be a very necessary part of education for the present generation. It covers the most effective methods of self-defence for personal safety. Stowe added Aikido to its games programme at the beginning of this year in the form of an activity on Tuesdays; it was open to all Stoics in all years and taught by Mr. Reid.

It started off very well in January with only a handful of people using a temporary location in the Dobinson Memorial Theatre. In the first term the basic hand and leg moves had been covered. Moreover, Aikido had proved itself, in this short time, to be a successful activity which was enjoyed by all. In the following term it really blossomed with numbers

exploding from little more than fifteen to almost one hundred. A room in Stanhope was made available for Aikido which meant that the new equipment could be set up and so more could be learned. A voluntary session was added, open to all, on Thursday evenings and Aikido was gaining immense popularity.

It was not until the beginning of this present academic year that Aikido really encountered its main problem. The old weights room was provided as its next location, but, unfortunately, was not approved by the health and safety inspectors, so Aikido again needs relocation.

Andrew Black

ATHLETICS

The 1994 season did not start as smoothly as intended and, with a plethora of away fixtures, results were mixed. Sports Day, by contrast, was as successful as ever, once again proving a splendid occasion and drawing a very large crowd of spectators.

The senior team was more successful on the track than elsewhere. The sprints were dominated by Joe Nicholson, who throughout produced a clean sheet. Olly Selway produced some superb performances over 800 and 1500 metres, coming back from illness and proving that training and dedication are truly the key to success. Other superb performances came from Jonathan Anderson, Charles Frampton, Simon Ridley, Haytham Zahid, Benji Mount and Dan Wills. The senior age group was, however, not as strong as in previous years and the most outstanding performance came against Eton, Radley and Marlborough when only six athletes performed, two of these doing six events each, and winning!

The intermediate team was again reasonably weak. Crispin Marsland-Roberts led the attack, performing exceptionally well both in high-jumping and also over the short distances. The most encouraging athlete from this age group was Alex Clempson, who showed real guts and determination over 400m. Moritz Haesen performed well in the field events and looks set to do

well in the future. Other notable performers included Robin Creek, Serrol Osman and Ivan Pearson.

The junior team, consisting of only 3rd-formers, showed promise. The outstanding athlete in this age group was undoubtedly Tim Kitney, who threw the javelin consistently well throughout the season. Other fine performances came from Dominique Dumaresq (sprints) and Harry Vernon (800m).

The school yet again entered boys for the county trials and many achieved good times and distances. Joe Nicholson, Crispin Marsland-Roberts and Tim Kitney managed to qualify for the English schools, where they all did well.

A special mention must go to the following girls who this year came to the county trials and did well: Genevieve Choo, Victoria Clarke-Payton and Henrietta Mackenzie.

Our thanks must go to Messrs. McDaid, Taylor, McCabe and Behilil, who coached the team this season and offered support and advice. Thanks also to all those who helped at Sports Day (the overall House cup being won by Walpole). It may not have been one of the school's best seasons, but it has shown that the future is bright!



Tristan Hirst, having won Uncle Lionel's Handicap race, starts one extra lap.



Olly Selway



Jonathan Legge

SPORTS

*In due course came the awaited day; the shining
Sun's team brought a ninth and cloudless Dawn.
Acestes' influence roused the neighbouring folk,
And now in happy groups they thronged the shore
To see Aeneas' men, or to compete.
But first the prizes were set out on view...*

So starts one of the most famous of all sports days, the games in Virgil's *Aeneid*, which take us back a few years. Not all the events then, of course, were the same as those in our 1994 sports day. Stoics have no boat race, the Trojans no hurdles.

And instead of trumpets to open the competitions, we have only whistles and pistol-shots. But the same excitement of competition obtains, and this year, with JGLN as Acestes and AMcD Aeneas, the Stowe sports day was again memorable. It is arguably now the most prestigious inter-house event in the school calendar.

It attracts a good crowd of Stoics and their parents; competition is open to everyone: girls and boys, juniors and seniors; indeed, even the very junior.

The setting too is splendid. The Trojans, Virgil tells us, left the shore after the boat race and repaired to:

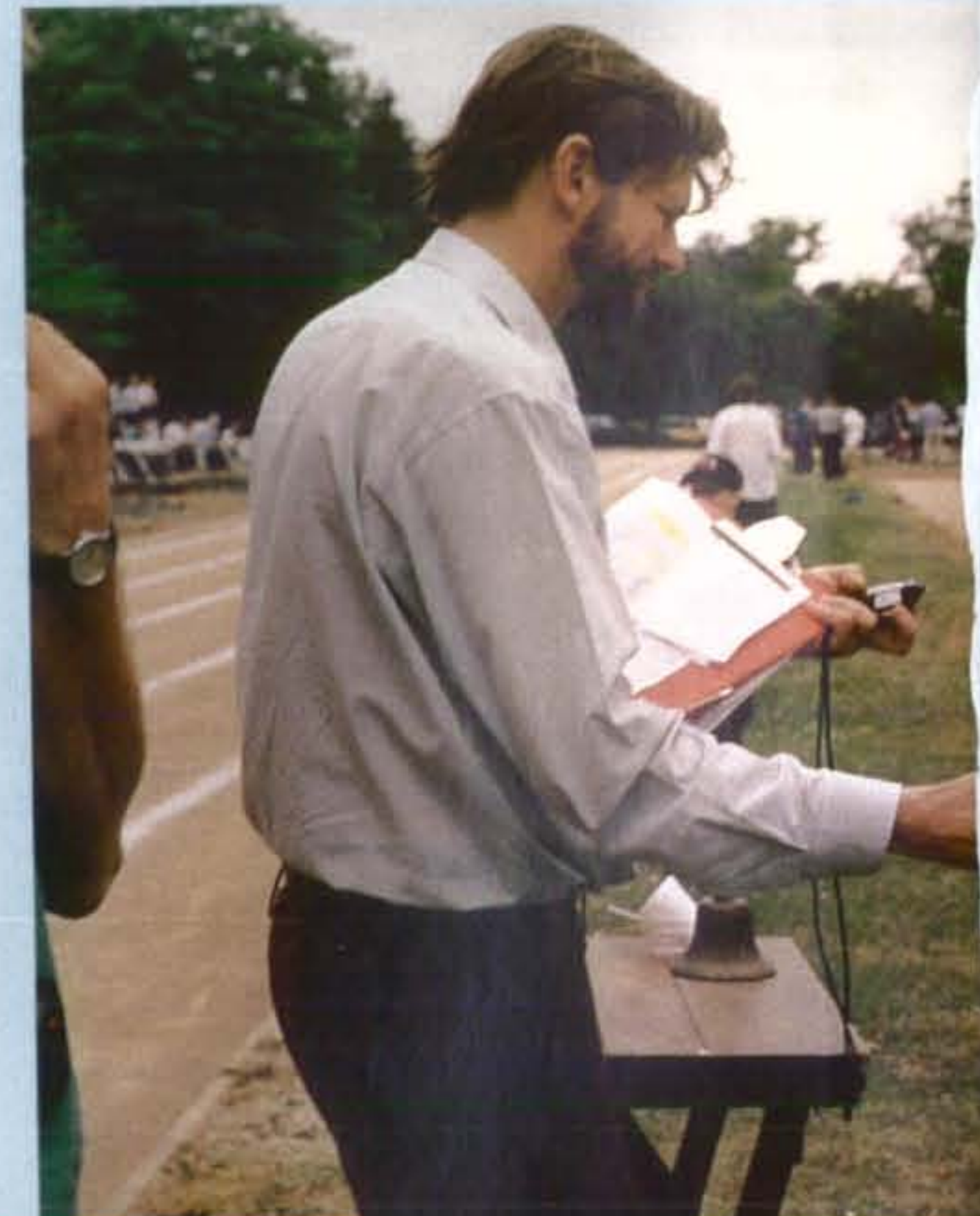


Tea-time deliveries

At the tape: Robin Creek, James Webster, Crispin Marsland-Roberts and Adrian Howes



King-pins in the results:





Gavin McIntyre



Nic Tissot races past AGE

DAY

*a grassy field that wooded hills
Curved all around: a vale and an arena.*

Doubtless this arena was bigger than Stowe's running track, for it was said to accommodate thousands, but it is hard to believe it outstripped our splendour of setting. This year the "sun's team" may not have brought a "cloudless dawn", yet still, even without a balmy summer's afternoon to set a gleam on "the prizes set out on view", there was the traditional sunny aura of ease and contentment to complement the struggles on the track. Walpole won the overall cup, Nugent won that of the girls. Joe Nicholson and Oliver Selway were foremost amongst the prize winners (no sign of "tripods", "weapons" and "slave girls" this year). Not many of us, of course, were winners and yet, in a way, we *all* were.

For we had shared a pursuit as old as the civilised world. We had created our own excitement, joy, laughter and tears (with no help from the professional entertainment industry). And Miss Pratt had yet again provided the teas. DH

OLR and NEB

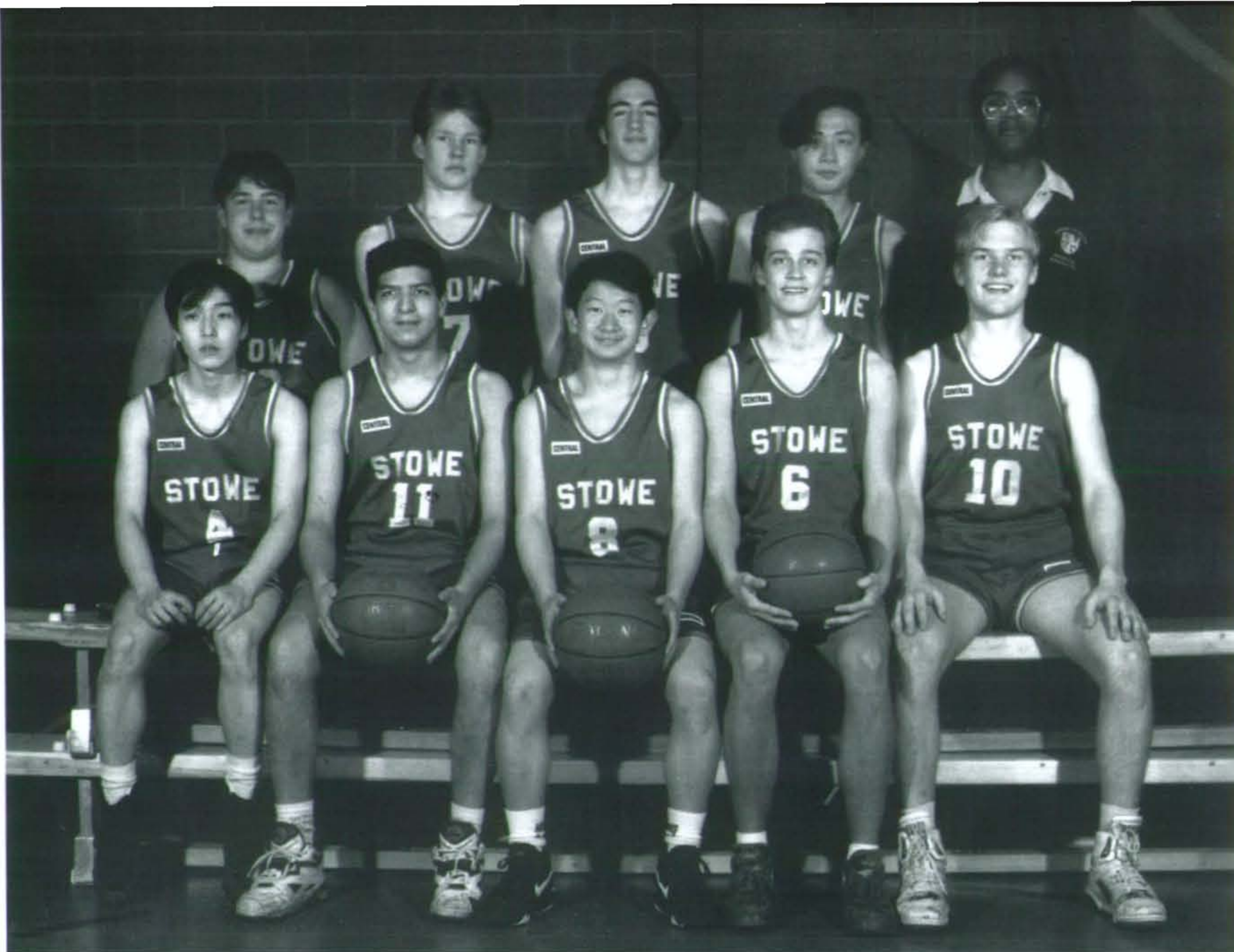


Photos: Henry Irving and SOC

A brief moment of relaxation for BHO, NEB, KM and LEW

The timekeepers ever vigilant: CPM, REM, AGM and MW





Photos: R & H Chapman ©

U19 BASKETBALL. Back row: Alex Swainston, Philipp Uthoff, Tim Hope-Johnstone, Joon-Kyoo Park, IM.
 Front row: Hak Jung, Nikilesh Dadlani, Lumen Lek, Wayne Carpendale, Jan-Felix Polonius.

GIRLS U19 BASKETBALL. Back row: Frances Newbery, Camilla Benoy, Jodie Ives, IM.
 Front row: Caroline Hillyard, Juliet Jarvis, Philippa Gordon-Duff, Amelia Reed, Sarah Bruce.



BADMINTON

I am pleased to report that Badminton continues to thrive at Stowe with the girls now fully integrated into our programme. Linked to the increased pupil participation there are more staff sharing the responsibilities for week day practices and matches.

GSR and SOC have shared the boys' and girls' matches, BHO and AKM have assisted in practices and IM has looked after team coaching.

As four senior boys were still with us this year we were expecting a good season. As match after match was being won it became apparent that they could go the whole season unbeaten. The first really tough game came against Uppingham, but once Rugby had been defeated they knew they were capable of going all the way. The next hurdle was Mill Hill and at 4 – 4 going into the last match all the pressure was on Uraaz Bahl and Arvin Datwani. They came through victorious in a very tense match. Now there was only one to go against Abingdon, who are normally one of our toughest opponents and this year they were not going to disappoint. The 'writing was on the wall' when our 1st pair Nikilesh Dadlani and Vineet Gupta lost to Abingdon's 2nd pair. All was not lost, however, as in the contrasting game Bahl and Datwani had beaten Abingdon's 1st pair. Again, it all rested on the last match as the scores were level 4 apiece. Not only did Dadlani and Gupta have to win the match but they also had to win for the team to have an unbeaten season and they were playing Abingdon's 1st pair. What a way to end their competitive badminton at Stowe! They held their nerve, won the match and thoroughly deserved their success this season.

The Colts were exceptional and only Rugby got close to them as they overcame team after team. In their final match of the season against Abingdon the display of Alex Hobbs and Allan Clayton epitomized the character and determination displayed in Stowe badminton all season when they came back from 1 – 12 down in the final game to win 14 – 12, helping in the team's 7 – 2 defeat of Abingdon.

The girls performed well in their matches especially as they are very new to competitive badminton. Genevieve Choo was an excellent captain and her encouragement and organising skills definitely paid dividends.

The 1st VI had two good victories against Bloxham and Rugby whom they crushed 9 – 0. The 2nd VI avenged an earlier 3 – 6 defeat by Bloxham by beating them 6 – 3 in the return match and they helped complete the double on Rugby by beating them 5 – 4.

Badminton Senior Squad:

Nikilesh Dadlani (Capt), Vineet Gupta, Uraaz Bahl, Arvin Datwani, Wayne Carpendale, Tom Winter.

Colts Squad:

Alex Hobbs, Allan Clayton, Andrew Au, Scott Elliott, Oliver Trethewey, Ritesh Dadlani, Douglas Wong, Simon Oldridge, Simon Maude-Roxby

Girls Squad:

Genevieve Choo (Capt), Terezia Coxé, Jodie Ives, Annette Muller, Fenella Hunt, Natasha Ivanova, Daisy Rosemeyer, Sanja Küffer, Chelser Clark, Jessie Childs, Chaerin Lee, Oksana Kushnirenko, Henrietta Mackenzie, Dilka Emmanuel, Eva Granderath, Marusya Boxell, Alexa von Kunsberg, Emma Cottrell

IM

BASKETBALL

Stowe basketball has come on in leaps and bounds in 1994. Their dedication to practice and enthusiasm for the game have meant that our pupils have improved enormously in the last year.

The U19s had comfortable wins against Uppingham and Buckingham. Their poor transition game gave Harrow and Bradfield far too many fast breaking opportunities, hence the large margins of defeat. They made it much harder for Winchester to fast break as the defensive intensity was stepped up. Although Winchester came back towards the end, Stowe won through to upset the form book.

The U16s had a very talented, balanced squad with the ability to play both the perimeter and inside game. Only Winchester and Harrow posed them any real problems. They hung on against Winchester and lost to Harrow in over-time in a very exciting game.

The U15s had two coaches, Guy Harrison-Williams (Australian) and Matthew Kane (American) who inspired them to an unbeaten season. There were 30+ in the whole

squad and they have all worked hard at their game.

The linking of the U14s and the girls in the same practice sessions proved most fruitful. They were well-matched for speed and aggression and this helped prepare the girls for their two matches against Bloxham and Bradfield. Although their offensive game was not quite sharp enough, they played some excellent defence and thoroughly deserved their two wins.

As the House competitions increase in popularity, so does the quality of basketball. In two well contested competitions team-work and a touch of coolness under pressure saw Cobham take the Junior trophy and Walpole beat Bruce in over-time to take the Senior 'Pearl' Cup.

An excellent way to end an excellent season and we look forward to more of the same next year.

Winners of the "Pearl" Cup 1994: Walpole

Junior Champions 1994: Cobham

IM



1ST XI CRICKET. Back row: Tom Foss-Smith (scorer), Jayant Pathak, Matthew Smith, Max Konig, Adam Carling, Nick Roberts, Simon Branch. Front row: Giles Smith Walker, Ed Rogers, Simon Gerard, Paul Denning, Paul McSweeney.

YEARLINGS CRICKET. Back row: Rupert Hayward, Simon Post, Kristjan Byfield, Giles Hayward, William Keeler, Tom Willis, IM. Front row: Tom Sleater, Charles Saunders, Robert White, Mark Bowman, Mark Denning.

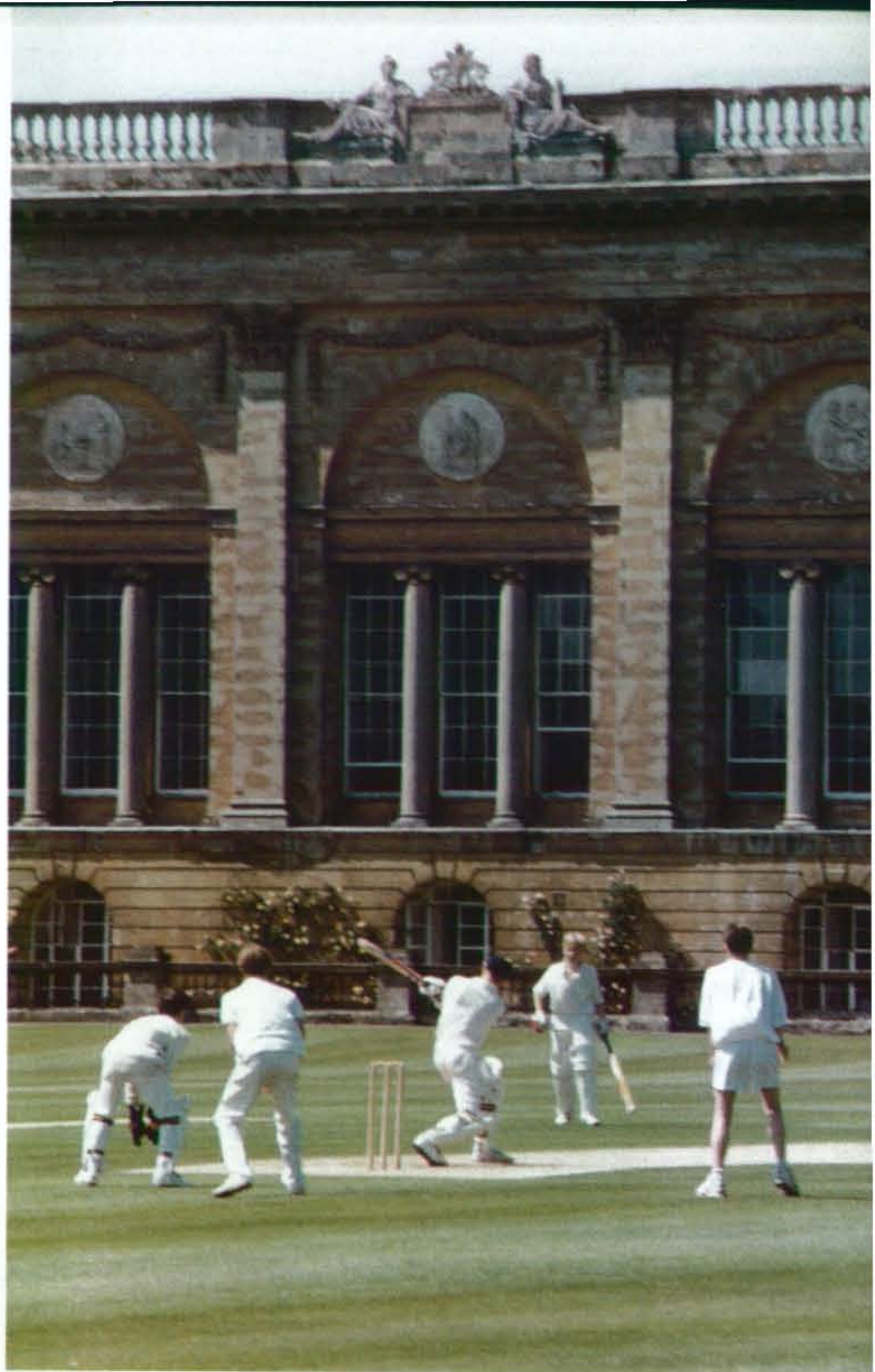
Photos: R & H Chapman ©





The tranquillity of a summer's afternoon:
a Junior House match semi-final
is fought on the South Front

Photos: B. Tree



CRICKET

1st XI

In a summer dominated by the weather, we lost three early games to the elements. One other match was abandoned. The 1st XI ended their season having played 11 games, winning 1, losing 5 and drawing 5. This was an overall disappointing outcome as very positive cricket was played with the bat.

The side, well captained by Gerard, lacked penetration in the bowling department, particularly with the absence of Konig through injury for the majority of the season. The leading wicket taker was Rogers with a 16 wicket tally. In only three games did they bowl to their real capabilities. Against Free Foresters Konig took 4 for 26, against Bradfield the score was 60 for 4 when rain intervened and in the match against the Old Stoics their last pair survived 10 overs. One of the pair was Dixey. I hope he bats like that for Stowe next season. Our spin department of Gerard and Branch, having both bowled over 100 overs, took 19 wickets between them. They were not helped by poor catching despite the competent performance of wicket-keeper Roberts, who improved immensely as the season progressed. Despite the poor catching the ground fielding was of a very high standard. The poor weather did not affect the excellent batting wickets that our games were played on at home. Three batsmen made hundreds – Smith Walker scored 102 not out and Denning 108 against the Old Boys, while Smith scored 102 against Bedford in the Festival in 55 overs. McSweeney made 3 scores of over 50 and

went from strength to strength as the season progressed. Carling scored a good 72 against the Free Foresters and Denning 72 against Wellington in the Festival and 70 against Bradfield. In comparison to the last two years the batting proved to be far more solid.

The results certainly did not reflect the positive way in which the team played their cricket nor the hard work they put into their practice sessions. 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 (Derbyshire and England), Jack Bond (Lancashire), Allan Jones (Somerset and Middlesex), and George Sharp (Northamptonshire).

My grateful thanks must go to those who help make the season run so smoothly: Clive Cross, Keith Timpson, Peter Gladwin, Mel Smith, and Ken Harper who umpire our matches. Tom Foss-Smith who for the last four years has recorded the match details. The caterers and office staff, to all teaching colleagues who give up so much of their time and effort in coaching and guiding our young cricketers. We duly welcomed Steve Curley, our new Grounds' Superintendent, who with his staff has prepared marvellous pitches and playing areas for our games.

Finally many thanks to Mr Cottrell who took over when I was incapacitated.

MJH

Colts

The Colts Cricket season is always a short one, ending as soon as GCSEs begin. It was therefore all the more frustrating that the weather rained off half our fixtures. As a result we never really got going and that resulted in a rather depressing season's play. That said, there were still some memorable moments, although, given that we managed to lose our scorebook at the final match of the season, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the details of this report!

The season got off to a disastrous start at Winchester, after the Bedford match was rained off. Chitty arrived in CCF uniform having come off-exercise in Hampshire without having had any sleep the night before, and judging by the performance of the team, neither had they. Our over-confident batting was brought to heel by Winchester's disciplined bowling attack, moisture in the air and a huge amount of swing. Having been bowled out for 46, in about as many minutes, spirits were at rock bottom, but rose briefly as William Milling took an early wicket. However, 46 was never defensible and sloppy fielding, weak leadership and a lack of team spirit combined to enable Winchester to win the match decisively.

The Bloxham match was rained off and our next match, against Bradfield, was altogether different. Bradfield won the toss and elected to bat – a mistake

(Milling 4 for 27 off 13 overs; Searle 2 for 25 off 12 overs). Angus McCarey collected a couple too with his tweekers and we had them all out for 126. As the clouds gathered, Rupert Searle and Chris Dixey took their guards, but minutes later it was all over as the heavens opened and match was abandoned.

Northants, as I recall, was an excellent game. In delightful weather, on the South Front, we had a full day's cricket that was in the balance until the very closing overs of the day.

The Oundle match began well (we had them 7 for 95), but we then allowed their tail-enders to put on over a hundred and our entire team could only muster some 80 runs in reply.

In addition to those mentioned above the following also represented the team this season: Alexander Bodikian, Angus Campbell, Hugh Carling, Charles Consett, James Cracknell, Andrew Macdonald-Lockhart, Stuart Mun-Gavin, Adam Riley, Christian Ringsby-Burgess and James Webster.

That the team has talent is not in question. However, they failed to operate as a cohesive and supportive unit thanks to one or two self-satisfied and sadly over-influential 'prima donnas' who were not prepared to work for the team and gave up when things weren't going their way.

MOMC

Junior Colts

The Junior Colts as a team worked hard and improved significantly throughout the term. It contained two batsmen with proven track records but no one else with a consistent past. However, it was nice to see that some of the lesser lights could also perform. We were never treated to the two top batsmen in full flight and in fact one lost form just as the other found his. This meant that we were always having problems scoring regularly, thus making it difficult to win games.

The bowling was shared between seamers Elliott, Harris, Stables and occasionally McDonagh and spinners Honeyman Brown and Part. No one was exceptionally penetrative and, as all were prone to bowling at least one bad ball an over, it was difficult to tie down the opposition. They must learn that rhythm is essential for a bowler!

McDonagh and Harris both produced a few good scores but did not always do themselves justice.

Consequently Barne, Smith Walker and Wainright-Lee often found themselves playing major roles and the latter two often accepted the challenge. The former tended to be too worried about getting out and consequently became strokeless. With less worry he will do better.

Heath, Part and Hobbs often produced tidy scores, while Stables and Elliott promised much but tended to play too many loose shots. Wheatley never lasted long enough to make an impact with his proven hitting, but with patience his time will come.

McDonagh was an excellent keeper who tried hard at his captaincy, while Wainright-Lee was a sound replacement keeper. The fielding tended to be erratic with a tendency to lower concentration at times. However, as they mature I am sure that this will improve. DCM

Yearlings

After wintering in the Drayson Hall cricket nets under the guidance of our cricket professional, it was apparent that we had the makings of a very good Yearlings side. However, good in the nets does not always transfer to good in the middle.

They got off to an excellent start thanks to Robert White, as he hammered 109 not out in a total of 184 for 2 declared against Oxfordshire schools. We hoped then it would be his first of many tons for Stowe and he did not disappoint as he demoralised Oundle (102*) and Ardingly (154).

But this was far from a one-man team with 'Deano' Saunders, Tom Sleater and Rupert Hayward making major contributions with the bat throughout the season.

Yes, this side could bat, but if they were going to win any matches they would need the fire power to bowl sides out. 'Bob' Willis lived up to his namesake as he generated genuine pace to finish the season as an extremely useful strike bowler and middle-order stroke maker. He needed some support medium pace bowling and got that from Tom Sleater, who was accurate if not a prolific wicket taker. William Keeler and Giles Hayward made great strides in their outswing bowling and would have taken several more wickets with a little more accuracy. 'Bozza' Bowman was the secret weapon with his leg-spin, as he bamboozled many an opposition batsman (and Mark Denning his wicket keeper) with his spin. Robert White had a lot of success with his off-spin in the first half of the season but once 'Bozza' had had a few overs under his belt and both he and his wicket keeper knew more or less where the ball was going to land, the wickets started to come. This confidence and success was instigated by 'Coach' as he was cleverly bowled round his legs by a 'Bozza' special in the nets. Mark Denning grew in confidence as the season progressed and claimed many a victim stumped and caught behind.

The ground fielding and catching remained sharp throughout the season with the highlight being a magnificent diving one-handed catch by Tom Arkwright against Ardingly at the Festival. Proof that this side

was getting better and better was their performance at the Ardingly end-of-term Festival. The key in these games is to use up all 55 overs when batting first, and this we managed to do both times we went in first, against Ardingly and Wellington. The psychological battle was on when Stowe amassed 257 for 7, with an opening partnership of 107 from White and Saunders, and White going on to make a season's best of 154. Once Ardingly lost their first three wickets there was simply no way back. Merchant Taylors' were next, having comfortably beaten Wellington by 7 wickets on the first day. After Willis had had their No. 1 caught behind off the second ball of the match, it was the spin of White and Bowman which did the damage with three wickets apiece as Merchant Taylors' were bowled out for 109. We were looking very vulnerable at 37 for 3 but a hard hitting 39 from Willis and a measured 26 not out from Denning saw Stowe home. Wellington's second day win against Ardingly had boosted their confidence. Their captain and opening bowler was huge and menacingly quick, with the ability to throw in the odd bouncer or two. We were certainly made to work hard for our runs as Sleater hit a dogged 55 runs in 51 overs; his ability to anchor the innings enabled Saunders (32) and Rupert Hayward (37) to play their shots and help the team to a total of 209. Although this was very gettable we once again had the psychological advantage of scoring over 200 runs. At 134 for 4 in the 33rd over it looked as though it was all going Wellington's way; then the accurate medium pace of Sleater (3 wickets) and Rupert Hayward (2 wickets) broke the back of the Wellington middle order which left Willis (3 wickets) to clean up the tail and clinch the match and the tournament for Stowe.

This side has reached the final of the County stage of the Lord's Taverners Trophy and has the ability to go a long way in the National section of the competition which continues in their Junior Colts season. They have been a superb group to be in charge of and I wish them all the best for next season.

IM

CROSS-COUNTRY

Yet again the club has enjoyed a successful season. The seniors were victorious in all inter-school matches, enjoying the first unbeaten season for some years.

They also won the County Championships and finished sixth in a field of 30+ at the Northern and Midland Schools Championships. This was a creditable performance and provided good experience for the younger members of the team, Richard Smith (an intermediate) coming home second for Stowe. The intermediates did not enjoy a particularly successful season overall, though Gavin McIntyre (a 4th-former) put in some exceptional personal performances.

The performances of all the seniors were clearly very good, but special mention should be made of Olly Selway, who regained fitness to fulfil his exceptional potential and dominate nearly all his races. He and Nic Tissot, who was unfortunately injured for most of the season, also helped greatly with the running of the club, encouraging all squad members alike and both setting a fine personal example of behaviour at home and away matches.

We are short of a couple of top-class runners for next year, but the enthusiasm, which is the hallmark of cross-country at Stowe, is there and hopes are high for another successful season. *SMcC*

This season has maintained and surpassed the immensely high record of success traditionally achieved by the cross-country team. This year saw the 1st VIII unbeaten in school matches with precious few defeats across all age groups. In the senior team, races were led from the front by O. Selway, who won seven matches outright and was awarded the GLP Cup for the most outstanding runner of the season. B. Mount similarly proved not only his indisputable talent, but also his remarkable moral resilience, running half the season on what amounted to a broken leg! Unfortunately N. Tissot, an outstanding runner of previous seasons, was confined to captaincy from the sidelines, hampered by injury. S. Ridley continued to improve all season, turning in consistently useful performances, especially when it really mattered. Tom Harper and Al Gemmell, both relative newcomers to the team, produced some incredible runs and made up essential places. Edward Hunt won the Hugh Cairns Trophy for the club's most loyal runner, bearing witness to the fact that he has run in every school match since his arrival in the 3rd year. Special thanks must be extended to the latter runners who really make the team. Without their gutsy determination and loyalty the performance of "the stars" counts for nothing.

The 1st VIII beat Radley, Oundle, Harrow, Rugby, Stamford, Bradfield (twice), Dr Challoner's, Oakham, Bloxham, Royal Latin and Chesham High. They ended as County Champions too.

O. Selway was the 1st Stoic to become County Champion.

The intermediate team similarly had an outstanding season, losing two and winning six matches. Richard Smith ran superbly, winning four matches outright and beating a good number of the 1st VIII when called upon to move up an age group on important occasions. He was ably backed by G. McIntyre (a very good prospect for the future), S. Emery, S. Osman, C. Wethered, C. Musker and others who have shown complete dedication in their support of the club.

The junior age group had a comparatively average season but it included convincing wins over Rugby, Bradfield and John Lyon. John Legge showed the greatest promise for the future, winning two matches, qualifying for the Nationals and beating a number of the intermediates on occasions. He was backed up by H. Vernon, H. Granville, J. Hazell, W. Berry, W. Morley, W. Skidmore and O. Harrison. They should not be despondent and should realise that their results are in no way a reflection of limited potential. They did cope with remarkable goodwill when asked to compete in intermediate races.

The season was long and took its toll, forcing the captains to put a large amount of effort into ensuring the team stayed together as the closely-knit, friendly unit that has always been the team's strength. Injuries and increasing external commitments threatened but were overcome. Thanks must go to coaches SMcC and RAC, without whose enthusiasm, humour, commitment and help we could not have managed. Good luck to the club in the future! May it continue in the spirit it has always enjoyed!

Oliver Selway/Nic Tissot

CROSS-COUNTRY 1ST VIII.

Back row: Richard Smith, Alastair Gemmell, Benji Mount, Simon Ridley.
Front row: Tom Harper, Olly Selway, Nic Tissot, Edward Hunt.



Photo: R & H Chapman ©

ETON FIVES

The 1994 season has proved to be successful throughout all the year groups. The seniors were well led by Milbank and Stevenson, who won most of their games against schools including two wins over King Edward's. The Colts, Junior Colts and Yearlings all won and lost a similar number of games. I hope the hard work that they have put in will lead them to more success in the future.

Many thanks to Toby Milbank and Toby Stevenson for all their help and co-operation throughout the season.

Team Players:

T.A.J. Milbank, T.C. Stevenson, T.W. Morley, W.M. Bathurst, H.C. Gordon-Lennox, C.N. Bingham, J.R. Browning, P.G. Mann, J.D. Starkey

MJH

GOLF

The team this year has been very strong in depth. The squad has consisted of fifteen very able players, including two girls, Sandra Leummen and Anna George, who have handicaps of 7 and 10 respectively. The team has been under new management, that of Mr Scott, who has kindly and efficiently arranged many practice sessions and lessons for the team as well as numerous fixtures.

We started off with a victory against Stowe Golf Club in the "Belltower Trophy". This was the second time the school had won the trophy in two years.

Further victories followed against Ellesborough Seniors (4-0), Malvern, Rugby and Harrow. It was decided at the beginning of the year that all home matches against other major school teams would be played at Buckingham. This is because the course is a much harder one than our own course at Stowe. The result against Rugby and Harrow was probably the best of the year as both the opposing teams had supposedly much lower handicaps than ourselves.

Every term Stowe plays a triangular match against Cheltenham and Radley. Last year we were undefeated against Cheltenham and had some exceptionally close matches against Radley. Unfortunately on both occasions we just lost to them. Other defeats were away to Eton and Northampton County (which is possibly our strongest opposition).

The school's golf has improved dramatically. We have lost only one player from last year and there are an increasing number of juniors reaching a very high standard of golf in the school. The golf course has been in fine condition all year round thanks to our new groundsman, Steve Curley, and his staff and this year it has been decided that all Stoics who play golf will have an official badge, as well as having their golf clubs labelled, to help make the players more professional.

Finally, special congratulations go to Angus Campbell, who got a hole-in-one at Stowe against Buckingham Golf Club and will receive a tie to mark the achievement.

At the end of March the team will be travelling to Woking for the Micklem Trophy and any support would be much appreciated.

Matthew Newnham



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HOCKEY

Hockey has continued to be successful with some very exciting results and inspiring prospects. As has become traditional, the Yearlings and the Girls played their hockey in the autumn, whilst the Spring term remained the main hockey term, the school fielding ten teams on most Saturdays. As the overall statistics show, it is clear that our success rate is improving.

DCB

1st XI

An improvement on recent years saw the 1st XI achieve victories over Oundle, Mill Hill, Pangbourne and Bedford Modern by convincing scores and held to draws by Haileybury and St Edward's. The narrow defeat by Radley did not reflect the team's dominance of the game, but deserved losses at Rugby and the magnificent Bromsgrove show the improvement that can still be made.

The team was built around the excellent skills of Giles Smith Walker at sweeper, Felix Polonius at central midfield and Moritz Polonius at centre-forward, who scored 14 goals in only 10 matches. Smith Walker was a splendid captain both on and off the field, ably supported by Rob Temple, whose development this season was outstanding. In defence Max Konig's enthusiasm saw him develop into an extremely skilful back, while Jojohn Collins was reliable and combative throughout. Our goalkeeper, Robert Margossian, played a full part in the team's success, making a series of crucial saves and maturing into a fine team player. In midfield Patric Jarchow and Jonathan Anderson worked tirelessly in support of Polonius, while up front Matt Smith's stick skills and composure under pressure were a delight and Dan Scott's stunning speed on the left frequently terrified opposing defences. All those mentioned received colours.

	PLAYED	WON	DRAWN	LOST
1st XI	9	4	2	3
2nd XI	8	2	2	4
3rd XI	7	5	2	0
Colts 1st	9	4	0	5
Colts 2nd	8	4	1	3
Colts 3rd	2	0	0	2
J Colts 1st	9	1	2	6
J Colts 2nd	9	3	0	6
J Colts 3rd	4	1	0	3
Yearlings 1st	9	5	0	4
Yearlings 2nd	8	7	0	1
Yearlings 3rd	3	2	1	0
Yearlings 4th	2	0	0	2
Girls 1st XI	6	2	2	2

Throughout the season team spirit was excellent and real enjoyment was evident even in defeat. The fact that all but two matches were played on artificial surfaces contributed markedly to the improvement in skills and tactical thought seen this season. Stowe 1st XI is now a force to be reckoned with on the circuit and we hope to maintain this improvement over coming seasons. Certainly with the return of four colours this year and the existence of real talent in depth in this year's Lower Sixth, we can look forward to a good 1995.

RSD

U19 HOCKEY FESTIVAL,
King Edward's School, Bath

Lost to R.G.S 1 - 3, Beat Kelly College 6 - 2
Lost to Knutsford HS 3 - 4 Beat Clayesmore 1 - 0

1ST XI HOCKEY. Back row: Jan-Felix Polonius, Patric Jarchow, Matthew Smith, Moritz Polonius, Max Konig, Robert Margossian. Front row: Jojohn Collins, Robert Temple, Giles Smith Walker, Dan Scott, Jonathan Anderson.



Photo: R & H Chapman ©

2nd XI

The season was characterised by sustained determination and the ability to convert a tentative, fragile start to the season against St Edward's into a convincing show-window game against Pangbourne on the South Front in the final match. The team was suddenly confronted by the stunning speed and surgical accuracy of Astro hockey at St Edward's. Though hesitant in attack, they defended bravely and Nick Britten-Long emerged as a reliable, stalwart back.

We played well to contain Bromsgrove at home and Barnaby Read was tireless and sturdy in defence. There was sound supportive midfield play by the relentless Tristan Hoare, the ever-consistent Bill Boyd-Carpenter and the cool-headed Guy Wheeler. In the away game against Rugby the team began to determine the pace of the game. Richard Barber played an inspired and persistent game in centre midfield. Nick Roberts scored a superb goal, indicative of his magic touch. Tim Hope-Johnstone was unremittingly industrious and Jeremy Dale showed his true colours as a creative and courageous goalkeeper. The game against Haileybury saw sparkling play from Philip Uthoff and Simon Gerard and the team as a whole, finally finding its rhythm. Gerard netted two scorching goals and Barnaby Read was brilliantly alert and agile as sweeper. The draw against Mill Hill elicited solid defence play from Haslam Preston, a scintillating backstick goal from Philip Uthoff and dynamic stickwork from Oliver van der Hagen. Against Radley and Old Stoics the midfield line-up was bolstered by Tom Chambré. George Pendle's animation and charisma in goal were memorable.

The Pangbourne showdown had Ray Hudig and Rupert Elwes look threatening up front, with Gerard and Hope-Johnstone finally finding the net for a climactic end to the season.

Three second team players represented Stowe in the Bath Festival. Both Preston and Read justified their inclusion in the side with goals against Kelly College, while Dale made some dazzling saves, a reflection of his enthusiasm in goal throughout the season.

TMDB

3rd XI

We had a successful season, losing only the first two matches (against St Edward's and Rugby). Five victories came in an unbeaten run stretching from mid-February, with a most enjoyable 6-0 away win at Haileybury, until 19th March, with a very tight win at home over Pangbourne.

Great tenacity as well as constructive use of the width provided by Ridley and Pinkney enabled the team to overcome oppositions who generally had a higher level of individual skill, such as Oundle and Radley. Notable scalps indeed!

Skipper Nick Mason led from the front and occasionally from the centre of midfield and was amongst our goal scorers, as were Milbank, Pinkney and R. Dobbin, all of whom must take second place to

one memorable bullet shot from Hardwicke.

A solid defence was provided and marshalled by Newnham, Mackay and Stevenson, ably assisted by James Stewart and Preston and the battle in midfield was under the watchful eyes of Goad, Milbank, Bates and Dobbin.

A most enjoyable season; my congratulations to all squad players.

SJBA

COLTS

The 1st XI played particularly varied hockey this season, mostly reflected in the emotions of the day, unfortunately highlighted with our crushing defeat at Rugby, the match being played at the end of mock examinations. However, the season began well, once we had settled; we lost only 1-3 to St Edward's, beat Bedford Modern 3-0 and outplayed Bromsgrove magnificently on astro, 3-1, with goals on that occasion from captain Tom Bell, Hugh Carling and Christian Ringsby-Burgess. This was a new fixture for Stowe and I feel we certainly gave them "food for thought".

As the season progressed (with excellent steering from Tom Bell), George Alcock, Adam Riley, James Walker and Christian Ringsby-Burgess controlled the midfield brilliantly, taking their opportunity to score goals as well. The defensive line-up of Tom Adams, who made some spectacular saves in goal, Angus McCarey as centre back or sweeper, Oliver Gregson, Mark Wates and William Milling worked particularly hard on several occasions to keep the attack at bay.

The quickness and variation of pace of Hugh Carling in the centre often confused the opposition and with ample support from James Webster and Rupert Searle made several holes in the opposing defence. James Walker seemed to improve with every match he played and by the end of the season was beginning to consolidate the efforts of the rest of the team.

GGJD, BLM and I were very pleased with the Colts as a year group by the close of the season, not least in that many boys had played for either the Colts 1sts or 2nds, a token of the strength in depth which any club needs.

1st XI Squad: T. Bell, T. Adams, A. McCarey, O. Gregson, G. Alcock, A. Riley, J. Walker, J. Webster, H. Carling, C. Ringsby-Burgess, M. Wates, R. Searle, W. Milling.

DCB

JUNIOR COLTS

What a charming bunch of lads I had the pleasure of coaching this year. To a man they were enthusiastic, determined and cheerful... which was just as well considering the setbacks we encountered during the season (played 9, won 1, drew 2, lost 6)! Yet, despite these somewhat mediocre results, I honestly believe the season to have been successful.



BATH FESTIVAL. Above: The Festival squad.
Right: Felix Polonius in control.



Photos: Troy Blacklaws

Defensively we frustrated many considerably more skilful teams, letting in just 12 goals in the entire season. Much of the credit for this must go to our fearless goalkeeper, Thomas Honeyman Brown, and his team of defenders, which variously consisted of Edward Wainright-Lee, Alasdair Barne, Lorien Pilling, Simon Walker and Richard Harris, who all tackled and cleared the ball to great effect.

In the midfield, Charles Floyd captained the side from the centre and was joined by the terrier-like Alexander Hobbs and the gazelle-like Kassim Lawal. Hobbs' aggression was awe-inspiring in one so slight and as long as he can continue to direct it within the rules of the game, he has a bright future!

As the statistics show (we scored only four goals in the season) our weakness was up front. While there was no lack of enthusiasm, effort and commitment on the part of Sunny Moore, Chesney Clark on the wings, and Buddy Wheatley and Scott Elliott in the centre, there was a desperately obvious lack of penetration. We lacked the killer instinct, the desire to blast through the opposition defence and drill the ball into the back of the net; in short I fear that we were too nice!

Overall then our successes were in defence and in the positive spirit with which we approached both training and matches. My thanks to them all for their enthusiasm and dedication, but in particular to our devoted and loyal parental supporters who, come rain, hail, sleet and snow, followed the team valiantly around the country.

MOMC

Stowe 1st XI
defending a short corner in their
victorious match v Pangbourne.

YEARLINGS

September 1994, and the new third form are ready to show their skills and hockey ability! One of the main problems of this term is to identify as quickly as possible the boys likely to play in the various teams. Selection is especially difficult as the amount of hockey each boy has played previously will have varied greatly. But we were lucky in using the Astroturf pitch in Milton Keynes once a week and accordingly the general skill level of all players, whatever their previous experience, improved enormously.

Movement between our three clubs also was very noticeable. For example, James Defty and Ton Choomduang began in Club III and worked their way to Club I by the end. This was only possible with close liaison between all our coaches, BLM, ANCB, PVC, RSD and MOMC and also Max Konig, the school hockey captain, who was able to be available for most of the training sessions. The budding goalkeepers, James Lyon, Alfred Bagge, Timothy Hook and Andrew Pitcher, were able to improve due to help from senior goalkeepers Jeremy Dale and Robert Margossian.



Photo: B. Tree

The general enthusiasm shown by all the boys for all the games was outstanding and terrific parental support created a special atmosphere each time we played. The weather and the pitches were kind to us and we were only unable to play one home fixture, that with Mill Hill, owing to water-logged pitches. In all, we managed fixtures on nine Saturdays, playing a total of twenty-two matches. The commitment and general standard was shown in a record of 14 wins, 1 draw and only 7 defeats.

The A XI had wins against Loughborough GS both home and away, RGS High Wycombe, home and away, and Mill Hill (away). The defeat by Uppingham at the start of the season was repeated later, though in a closer game, and there were two very narrow defeats by Oundle.

Our B XI had the best overall results of the four teams, winning on seven occasions and losing but once. Wins were achieved over Oundle, Loughborough, High Wycombe and Mill Hill. The C XI had two wins and one draw, their victims being Oundle and Uppingham. The D XI only played two matches, and without a victory, but overall the depth of talent in the year group has been tremendously encouraging.

In the hockey club we aspire to teach the boys not only how to play the game but also how to react under different circumstances. A few are able also to gain experience in the requirements of captaincy. Rory Scott and Henry Gillingham did an excellent job in the A XI and Toby Adams did likewise in the Bs. The club ended the term in an excellent position with several boys who had played in the Bs coping just as well in the first team.

The House seven-a-side competition was very exciting with Temple the eventual winners, 3-1, over Bruce in the final. The contest was played brilliantly with several teams winning through sheer team-work and determination.

Overall, this Yearlings group has the potential for great improvement and more fantastic results in the future, especially with the new astroturf pitch next year.

Thank you to the coaches, for their dedication and enthusiasm throughout the term, and to Steve Curley and his staff for the superb pitches.

DCB

YEARLINGS HOCKEY. Back row: Alex Garbe, Henry Gillingham, Robert Bell, Adam Cottrell, Leo Fenwick, Peter Mann, Stuart Healey, Mark Webb. Front row: Gideon Ashworth, Rory Scott, James Lyon, William Browning, Tim Barker.

Photo: R & H Chapman ©



GIRLS' HOCKEY



Back row: Catherine Browning, Charlotte Jones, Fenella Hunt, Becky Post, Fiona Forsyth, Sophie Hicks, Beth Ryden, GAC.
Front row: Amber Nuttall, Claudia Rooney, Jodie Ives, Juliet Crisp, Chelser Clark.

Photo: R & H Chapman ©

At first glance, two wins and one draw from eight matches might not appear to represent either a good performance or a significant improvement on that of previous seasons. However, six of those matches were played on astroturf, as opposed to one last year, and two of the opponents, Cheltenham and Uppingham, have not featured on our fixture list in recent years. In addition, Stowe competed in the Bucks U19 Cup, also on astro, and in 20 minute matches against the top five girls' teams in the county, recording two draws and a 0-1 defeat, plus being outscored (but not totally outplayed) by two teams containing county, divisional and some international players. A considerable leap forward for 1st XI girls' hockey can therefore be claimed, even though it will require the advent of our own astro facility, promised for September this year, to consolidate this progress and enable the exciting promise shown by our players to be fulfilled.

The keenness and commitment of the squad was set by the captain, Jodie Ives, who played with skill, dash and penetration on the right wing. Enthusiastic and determined support came from Claudia Rooney, Chelser Clark, Amber Nuttall, Juliet Crisp and Jenny Ridge, while new girls Charlotte Jones, Catherine Browning, Becky Post and Fenella Hunt played with considerable flair and ability, and promise to be the backbone of an even better team next year. Space precludes the mention of all who contributed, but it

must be recorded that morale remained high amongst the thirty-four girls who played hockey this term, that the second team drew three of the four matches they played and that all the players made significant improvements in their individual and collective skills during the term. As a group they were responsive and mutually supportive and their spirit was epitomised by Anna George, a 2nd XI back, who volunteered to keep goal for the 1st XI when injury befell the regular keeper and played two exacting matches without the opposition realising she had so little experience.

Stowe is currently blessed with an enthusiastic and competitive group of sportswomen and they are a credit to themselves both on the hockey field and also in their other varied fields of interest. It is hoped to undertake a short tour of Holland with the boys' 1st XI this Easter.

1st XI: Juliet Crisp; Amber Nuttall; Fenella Hunt, Jenny Ridge, Chelser Clark; Catherine Browning, Charlotte Jones, Claudia Rooney; Jodie Ives (capt), Fiona Forsyth, Becky Post. Also played: Annette Muller, Beth Ryden, Sophie Hicks, Kate Stephens, Jenny Taylor, Anna George.

2nd XI: Nicola Reith-Hennessy (capt), Daisy Rosemeyer, Victoria Casewell-Lunn, Sarah Farrow, Alison Marston, Marusya Boxell, Nisa Godrej, Emily Going, Tara Kennedy, Nicola Lange, Lucy Rogers, Natalie Stopford.

GAC

LACROSSE

Lacrosse is generally regarded at Stowe as the alternative for those who do not or cannot play hockey. That chain of thought ought to be dismissed immediately! In actual fact, the game, originating way back with the Canadian Indians, requires a great deal of skill and athleticism.

Here, at Stowe, lacrosse is the priority of the Autumn term when fixtures are arranged every single week. On top of these matches, we have also played in the Senior Midlands Tournament, where we narrowly failed to reach the semi-finals, and the Buckinghamshire County Trials, in which Terezia Coxe was selected – congratulations.

Coached by Mrs. Gamble and captained by Alex Bingham, the team is no doubt inspired, but the players are also very talented! Two Kent county players – Fiona Walker and Jasmin Westinghouse – have joined the team this year and Louisa Crisp and Rachael Jones also deserve mentioning.

The Easter Term is a more light-hearted state of affairs, when the boys become involved in mixed lacrosse. It is very interesting, at this stage, to record how many people admit to the intensity of the game!

Jessie Childs

Back row: Alex Finch-Knightley, Jasmin Westinghouse, Una Laffan, Rachael Jones, Tessa Braithwaite, Henrietta Bolland.
Front row: Louisa Crisp, Fiona Walker, Henrietta Magan, Terezia Coxe, Sophie Calvert, Jessie Childs, Davina Brennan.

Photo: R & H Chapman ©



RUGBY

1st XV

Surprisingly enough, the pre-season 'bleep test' gave the coach a very clear picture as to who did or did not do their holiday training. Those who did not train soon wished they had, as Richard Kinsey of Wasps put them through their paces at pre-season training and the preparation practices for the first match against St. Edward's.

After taking the lead we threw the game away with two costly errors and once St. Edward's got their noses in front there was no stopping them.

The team showed enough on that first outing to suggest that the season would not be all doom and gloom. The very next match saw them bounce back and beat a very competent and confident Abingdon side. This win was all about team commitment and sheer determination from all the players who kept their nerve and held on to a 7 – 5 lead, although under severe pressure in the dying minutes; James Webster's successful conversion of Nick Roberts' try did help!

Team confidence was sky high going into the next match against John Cleveland. Two great moments of team support play saw Crispin Marsland-Roberts and Benji Mount go over for tries as Stowe eased to a 21 – 3 win.

After two wins in a row one would have expected the confidence to be even more apparent, going into the next match, but the fact that it was against the Latin brought anxiety into the players. The fear of losing was too great for them and with Stowe leading 3 – 0 with 5 minutes to play, the inevitable happened. Yes, a missed tackle on the wing saw our opponents go over in the corner for a try. That defeat took some getting over but it was not long before the team was focussed on the challenges ahead. When an unbeaten Oundle side

visited the North Front, I suppose pessimism was the prevailing emotion. But after conceding a try in the first 10 minutes, Stowe really rallied. From 8 – 0 down at half time they pulled back to 8 – 6 and when an Oundle parent, coming from another match which had just finished, asked for the score and heard 8-6 he had rather a nasty shock, especially as Stowe were finishing very much the stronger of the two teams. It is not very often one sees Terry Cobner shaking in his boots!

The season continued in very much the same pattern with Stowe pressing hard and surprising its opponents with powerful rugby and resolute defence but going down by the narrowest of margins. The only other win came from a bruising match against Bloxham.

We owe much of our success this season to the inspirational coaching of Richard Kinsey, who has helped develop in our players a greater awareness of what they are trying to achieve on the pitch and a physical and mental toughness to cope with the ever increasing demands on players at this level. However, it's the players themselves who have come through this season with most credit. Countless opposition coaches have commented that this was the best Stowe 1st XV for many years. Rugby results and performance are very important, but more important is enjoying the game and playing it in the right spirit and this year's 1st XV would be top of any table for team spirit and commitment. As I come to the end of my first term in charge of rugby and the 1st XV I look back on the one hand with much relief that there were no serious injuries and on the other quietly confident that Stowe will surprise even more people next season.

IM

1st XV. Back row: IM, Richard Dobbin, Stuart Mun-Gavin, James Webster, Angus McCarey, Olly Gregson, Tom Bell, Moritz Polonius, Crispin Marsland-Roberts, Andy Pearce, George Alcock. Front row: Carlo Selzer, Benji Mount, Grant Elmes, Nick Roberts, Tristan Ralston, Heytham Zahid, Simon Ridley.

Photo: R & H Chapman ©



2nd XV

Those who judge winning as the “be all and end all” of a rugby team would not class this season as a successful one. However, the commitment, determination and spirit of the team this season has been admirable, even though this is not reflected in the results. Although the team has only won a handful of its games, it has won, through its overriding sense of fair play and good sportsmanship, the admiration of its opponents.

Throughout the season a young team was fielded, comprising mostly Lower sixth. After initial defeats against St Edward's and Abingdon the side matured and began to realise the merits of team work. Lessons were learnt and the three games that followed were the high point of the season, games which saw the drop goal kicking skill of Lane and the high tally of points attributable to Wates' and Pinkney's tries. The side won 15 – 7 against John Cleveland, which raised the side and showed its true potential, lost narrowly 20 – 22 to Royal Latin and beat Shiplake 20 – 3. Harrington's skill at scrum half and at penalty kicking greatly aided the side, his being the vital and effective link between forwards and backs. Partly due to the team being riddled with injury, including the injury of skipper Chris Hardwicke, and to the speed and agility of the opposition's forwards, there followed a string of defeats, heavy ones against Oundle and Eton, and a draw against Mill Hill.

The season ended on a high note with a 22 – 5 victory over MCS, Oxford, when the team played good, solid rugby, the forwards dominating the line-outs and scrums and the backs passing the ball swiftly down the line. The team did not really fulfil its true potential over the season and inconsistency was evident. But with the emphasis being not on whether one won or lost but how one played the game, the 2nds have done themselves proud.

A very special mention must go to SJBA for his support and coaching of the team.

Squad: Albuquerque, Atherton, Bateman, Biddulph*, Corbishley*, Cunningham*, De Silva, Dixey, Hardt, Hardwicke*, Harrington, Kemble-Clarkson, Lane*, Macdonald-Lockhart, Moon*, Milling, Morgan*, Pinkney*, Ringsby-Burgess, Smith, van der Hagen*, Wates. (* denotes colours)

Edward Morgan

3rd XV

Although 1994 will not go down as the team's greatest season of all time, it will remain a memorable one, on account of two quite outstanding matches. Both ended in defeat for Stowe and yet both witnessed some of the best tackling and team work that I have ever seen at 3rd XV level.

The 1 – 19 defeat at the hands of a very strong Bedford side was a tremendous match and the 0 – 48 defeat by the best Oundle team in years should be set in the context of one Oundle parent's remark “This is the best side that we have come up against!”

Other matches were less memorable! Heavy defeats at the hands of Pangbourne, Eton and Abingdon did enormous damage to the final points total (For: 94 pts Against: 226 pts) but they were exceptional. Most of the ten matches were close (7 – 5 victory over Shiplake, 3-12 defeat by Bedford Modern).

In the end the 3rds won three, drew one (an unusual 0-0 with Mill Hill) and lost six (two very narrowly). Although the 43 – 0 win over Bloxham was a boost, in all honesty the final results were disappointing, given the talent of some of the team. Hugh Carling, the main points scorer, Joe Stevens, the solid hooker, and Andy Macdonald-Lockhart, the cool, calm and collected scrum half, were predictably good, while Jamie Pelly, Toby Booth, Tim Hope-Johnstone and Jeremy Dale provided some rugged experience.

Tom Chambré proved to be an excellent captain, urging the team on with grit and determination in what were not always the most auspicious of circumstances.

Jeremy Pemberton, Alistair Johnson, Ben Hennessy, Dan Collier, James Fortescue, David Edwards, James Dewar-Durie, Henry Titley, James Johnson, Serrol Osman, Chris Wethered, Richard Barber and Danny Fontaine were the other regular members of the team.

As always they were a pleasure to coach and to train with and I am convinced that we have the makings of an excellent 3rd XV next year!

TMH-S

4th XV

Fresh off the plane from the United States, I was asked to help with the 4th XV. I didn't know what sport “Fifteen” was, but I was darn sure willing to learn. When thirty boys showed up, I remained confused but undaunted. The shape of the ball seemed familiar, but it had no laces and proved too big to throw more than twenty yards. But before long I had stopped calling the scrum-half “quarterback”, boots “cleats” and the lads “guys”.

Mild-mannered David Shelton looked a sturdy man, and his captaincy from the prop position was Arthurian. Lanky locks Hugh Stewart-Richardson and Adam Riley cemented the pack, while compact stalwarts Alex Downing and James Craik-White consistently propped the front five. Backing this stellar group was a rotation of three flankers: bony Steven Davies high-stepped his way to many a try, while Richard Barber's fierce boot-stomping exuberance sent the opposition begging for mercy, as did Sam Emery. Number 8 alternated between robust Charlie Inglefield's masterful leadership and Igor Pavlov's Stalinesque ferocity.

Supplementing the front eight's monolithic, bruising attack was a corps of backs with unprecedented finesse and savoir faire. Tom Barker, despite my greatest efforts, displayed true flair as a scrum-half who insisted on passing the ball with one hand. Regardless, fly-half Ben Styche could depend on solid deliveries, which he could translate into runs, passes or kicks at will. Centres Alex Bodikian and Toby Stevenson jinked and pounded their way forward. On the wings Ivan

Pearson zipped past hapless defenders, while Vikram Tellis-Nayak and Mark Meredith halted (almost) all-comers by putting their very lives in tackle after tackle. Lastly, the golden-footed Tom Kappler effortlessly racked up 24 of the team's 34 points, with two tries, four conversions and two penalties.

With one game to go, we had an unprecedented 4 – 4 record, and were headed to Pangbourne. By this point these boys had shown their true colours (more royal blue than yellow) and their winning spirit was perfectly evident. They had endured illness, injury and promotions to the 3rd XV, in addition to countless passing and tackling drills of dubious value and questionable refereeing decisions. So the outcome of that last match, you see, is not really important, for the 4th XV had already proved themselves to be winners... Good job, guys! JS-N

COLTS

The Colts had a much better season than is suggested by their results and were not far short of having a good season. Unfortunately they took too long to learn that sheer pace is not the only way to score tries, but by the end of the season had learned their lessons. The tactic of rolling slow maul ball and then setting up one or two quick rucks before releasing the backs, using dummy runs to pull opposition players out of position, proved successful in the latter part of the season.

The season started with an undeserved narrow defeat by St Edward's in a match dominated in the latter part by Stowe. A poor display up front led to a defeat by Abingdon, followed by a gritty display, going down eventually to a good John Cleveland side. Roade intimidated physically and eventually scored a late try to draw, while we were taught a few lessons by a superb Bedford side, but played well despite being heavily beaten. Oundle won by twenty points a match we could well have won with a little more awareness and which was played totally in their 22 for the final twenty-five minutes.

After half term an abject second half display handed Eton the game, but things changed against Mill Hill. Here the backs ran the ball in a positive way, using dummy runs to create confusion and to win the game. Bloxham saw quick ruck ball used by the backs in the same manner to swamp what looked quite a useful outfit. If only the backs and pack could both play well at the same time more often! We lost our nerve and the game against the physical intimidation of Bedford Modern and a depleted pack lost its way against Pangbourne. The season finished on a high with a good all-round performance against Magdalen College School to secure a deserved win.

The props Wheatley and Honeyman Brown both made the South Western Region trials and the former could have gone further had he not attempted to continue playing when nowhere near fit and consequently was sidelined for three weeks just before the trials. Barne, another County player, has developed into an outstanding forward at no. 8 and was unfortunate not to progress further. His display against Bloxham was one of the best I have ever seen by a Stowe Colt. De Butts continued to improve and showed

great dedication, becoming much more streetwise in the back row, while Elkington played his best games before half term, but lost form towards the end of the season. As a back row player Haesen tended to be lazy, but he did exceptionally well as a stand-in tight head prop in the second half of the season. Floyd improved with every game after joining the side at half-term and could develop into a useful player in the future, while Lloyd Owen always did well in matches as a utility forward, but is a coach's nightmare with his attitude in training. If only...! Smith Walker was prone to some awful lineout throwing and must make it a priority to get this right all the time, but otherwise worked tirelessly in the loose and in open play. Clark switched from wing to back row at half-term with success and will be even better with more experience.

At full back Moore struggled and eventually lost out to Oldridge, who proved that small could also be useful, catching almost everything and joining the line effectively. Creek never settled and eventually lost out to Heath, who, although rather slow, tackled superbly, but Creek on his return against M.C.S. was more his old self. Dobbin and Lawal combined well in defence all season and in attack in the last few games, the former playing for the County. Forster proved aggressive both with the ball and in defence and with experience will improve his positional sense. McDonagh, when he stopped kicking, proved a good distributor and made telling breaks, using dummy runners in the final few games. Wainright-Lee captained the side well and was a good, probing scrum-half whose ability to cover was often vital, but he needs to improve the speed of his pass. However, he was often devastating at the back of the opposition scrums at spoiling ball.

I have enjoyed taking this side for the last two years and congratulate them on their progress. They now play an open and entertaining game which they are equipped to win. Special mention should go to Dobbin, Smith Walker and Wainright-Lee who have played every game over the two years and De Butts who missed just one. Given the physical nature of the games they have played, this is no mean achievement, especially as one of them is the man in the middle of the scrum! DCM

JUNIOR COLTS

The season began well with two victories and ended even better with two more – however, the patch in between rather spoilt the statistics! The lack of confidence was evident when the opposition seemed fearsome and determined and this manifested itself in an unwillingness to tackle positively. So often we gave tries away early in the game, which tested our resolve and made it impossible to follow any game-plan. "Catch up" rugby is very difficult to play and even more so when your team is not blessed with too many speedy match-winners. We were not often in a position to take the initiative, therefore, and this was a great pity as the boys worked very hard in training on team ploys and skills. We were all too often playing a rearguard action because we had allowed the opposition to score too easily. In a number of games we



YEARLINGS RUGBY XV. Back row: G H-W, Giles Hayward, Tom Willis, William Austin, Harry Vernon, Ben Bloomfield, Rupert Hayward, Kristjan Byfield, Dominic Dumaresque. Front row: Simon Post, Charles Saunders, Tom Sleater, William Keeler, Kunal Kapoor, Dominic Taylor, Oliver Ringsby-Burgess, Mark Denning.

played a very evenly scored second half – frustrating!

Mark Denning, as full back and captain, maintained his vigour and tactical awareness all through, keeping the team together with some forceful play. So often, though, he, Rupert and Giles Hayward, Dom Taylor and Harry Vernon were left as the main tacklers in the team. Indeed, when these boys were in possession of the ball or in positions to make tackles, something happened to our advantage. Not quite so with other members of the team, though gradually Dom Dumaresque, Kris Byfield, Tim Kitney, Ben Bloomfield, Jon Legge and Mark Pearson all began to gain confidence in their ability.

Will Keeler as fly-half improved in leaps and bounds as the season progressed, his tactical awareness and eye for a gap causing problems for the opposition on many occasions. We were only able to see Charlie Saunders and Kunal Kapoor during the last couple of matches due to injuries, but it was noticeable how the fluency and solidity of the side was enhanced with their inclusion: Simon Post, Tom Sleater and John Viney all played with conviction throughout the term.

The team will develop into a good senior XV as they have the skills in many positions. If they can build up confidence next season, developing more consistency in their play and realise that every member of the team needs to be a tackler, then results will get better and better.

LEW

SAILING

This year's sailing has been very productive thanks to many fair winds and the leadership of Tom Foss-Smith and Cameron Ross.

The juniors have shown much development and maturity in their matches, demonstrated by their efforts in the pennant trophy – won by P. Mackay-Lewis, and the good results in the junior inter-school match.

The main school matches have proved better this year than last, thanks to having a larger number of proficient helms. We were able to enter a 6 helm crew in every match. We won two school matches and lost two. We also gained 2nd position in the triangular and quadrangular matches.

Special praise is given to Rupert Musker and Edward Hunt who have "spiced up" the team and especially the inter-house competition, which Walpole won for the 2nd year closely followed by Temple.

Individually Rupert Musker narrowly beat Cameron Ross to the "Helmsman's Tankard".

Thanks to MJB, WEHV, DWJ and SACH for their help and advice.

Cameron Ross

SQUASH

The disappointing results, which the season produced, belie the effort and enthusiasm that the players put into their games. The Colts lost their places to the strong Junior Colts and won five and lost six of their games; they displayed a very good team effort throughout the winter. The Yearlings played two games and lost them both.

School Championships

Senior: P. Denning beat J. McDonagh

Junior: W. Keeler beat C. Bingham

Squads: Senior:

O. Selway, N. Roberts, M. Smith, T. Hope-Johnson, R. Carpenter Couchman, P. Denning, T. Hoare, U. Bahl, J. Lee-Steere, E. Morgan, A. Gebhard

J. Colts:

J. McDonagh, R. Harris, H. Speir, C. Tham, E. Wainright-Lee, S. Elliott, K. Lawal, T. Dixon, C. Wood, C. Floyd

Yearlings:

W. Keeler, C. Bingham, C. Saunders, T. Willis, R. White, K. Kapoor

MJH

SWIMMING

One can look back at the 1994 season with a mixture of pride tinged with a certain degree of exasperation. Pride, because the team continues to enjoy a fair degree of success, especially in the younger age groups. As these swimmers work their way through the school, the future looks bright. In the U16 category, for instance, swimmers like Bradley Smith (of that great Stowe swimming dynasty), Toby Dixon, Damian Hoare, Guy Portman and Adrian Howes continue to develop their talents and seem set in their winning ways. In this age group we raced against ten schools, beating seven. The junior age group also showed some promise with some fine performances from William Skidmore and Mark Pearson.

Against this promise, however, must be placed a certain degree of frustration. First because two of our major fixtures, against Haileybury and Cheltenham, were cancelled by the opposition. Also because, in spite of success lower down the school, the senior team continues to be weak even with the captaincy of James Butterfill and the services of much improved swimmers like Richard Dobbin and Andrew Nicoll. The clash with other sporting commitments prevented the girls from being a powerful force in the pool. However, swimmers like Jodie Harris, Nicola Reith-Hennessy, Susanna Benn and the Lee sisters certainly did all that could have been expected of them and a little more.

Juniors: Beat Merchant Taylors', Felsted, St Edward's, Uppingham, Rugby & Oakham. Lost to Harrow, Wellington & Haileybury. Drew with Aylesbury GS.

Intermediates: Beat Haileybury, Merchant Taylors', Felsted, St Edward's, Aylesbury GS, Uppingham & Rugby. Lost to Harrow, Wellington & Haileybury.

Seniors: Beat Merchant Taylors' & Rugby. Lost to Harrow, Wellington, Felsted, Haileybury, St Edward's, Aylesbury GS, Uppingham, Oakham.

The following represented the school teams in 1994:

Seniors: James Butterfill, Richard Dobbin, Digby Oldridge, Andrew Nicoll, Richard Thorneycroft, Andrew Bates, Wayne Carpendale, Charles McMaster, Oliver van der Hagen, Oliver Booth.

Girls: Jodie Harris, Susanna Benn, Yerin Lee, Chaerin Lee, Nicola Reith-Hennessy, Alice Woods, Terri Bell, Terezia Coxo, Tara Hay, Genevieve Choo, Marusya Boxell, Claudia Rooney.

Intermediates: Bradley Smith, Guy Portman, Adrian Howes, Daniel Collier, Toby Dixon, Damian Hoare, Stephen Davies, Matthew Turner, Charles Gargent, Joshua Lyle.

Juniors: William Skidmore, Alistair Rykens, Kristjan Byfield, Jonathan Hyam, Mark Pearson, Dominique Dumaresq, Dominic Taylor, Giles Hayward.

The following were awarded or re-awarded their Swimming colours:

James Butterfill, Richard Dobbin, Andrew Nicoll, Jodie Harris, Susanna Benn, Bradley Smith, Adrian Howes, Guy Portman.

CHJ

TENNIS

Senior

The 1st VI squad promised much, but lack of nerve and discipline led to a less than 50% win record (won two, lost four). Close matches, such as those against Bradfield and Haileybury, were lost and victories only came when we were far superior to our opponents. Three fixtures were cancelled due to "meteorological problems" and this undoubtedly spoilt the "flow" of the season. In contrast, however, the 2nd VI overpowered all their opponents, including a memorable 9-0 win at Harrow.

Colours awarded: Bates, Doxford, Gemmell, Hudig, Laffan, Wheeler, Yong.

U16

The U16 A team managed two wins out of their six matches - the first taste of victory some of this group have experienced in their tennis careers to date! Now the duck is broken, who knows what next year will bring!

U15

There was plenty of talent on show, but effectiveness was reduced by internal squabbles, naivety and points gifted to opponents at crucial moments. This squad has the potential to mature into a good 1st VI, but will have to be more gritty and consistent. Won three, lost three.

U14

A promising start, which could have been better if more opposing schools had managed to produce six U14 players! Several of the squad seem destined for senior A team tennis in the future. Won two, lost two.

My heartfelt thanks to TMDB, DRF and SJBA for their unstinting efforts and their ability to overcome all problems.

RRA

POETRY, PROSE & ART



I walked into my house. I was happy, exuberant, I was home! After a term at school, I was finally home. A completely new experience had temporarily ended and I could free my mind of all unnecessary tensions for three weeks. But now that I had moved out to boarding school, what was my family life to be like? It is said that leaving home can be one of the most difficult things to do, but what about coming back?

I had stepped into a completely new world, and I was not sure whether I would like it. My brother enjoys the attention he gets upon returning home and loves it to the last minute, but I was different: I had been with my family for longer, and in different times; my brother, five years older, had first gone to boarding school at twelve, and I only came to Stowe when I was thirteen.

I remember how my brother's life-style changed when he first went to boarding school; upon his return, he became a hero. Now he's at Oxford, he's even more a hero, and I was treading solemnly on in his shadow, as it had all been done before: boarding school, Oxford, everything. Had I picked up an English accent? That was another worry. My brother did pick up a slight accent, and although it was a trifling thing, my father thought it amusing. Would he now find me amusing too?

But, I was home! I was back in the same country I had lived in all my life before last September. Malaysia! This is the only country I can call home, and at that moment I could have taken on the world.

Unfortunately, I found things were different, as they could not fail to be otherwise. My family assumed that I had completely changed to adapt to my new environment, and felt it right to adjust to that in their way of speaking to me, acting towards me, living with me.

I awoke next morning at nine; all my life, my father had attempted to ensure my rising by at least eight-thirty, but I had gone to England, hadn't I? After a cold shower I trudged downstairs to find a hot breakfast of bacon and eggs waiting for me – again, a completely new thing to me, at home, anyway, as cereal is what I am accustomed to.

I received during the course of the day various phone calls from aunts, uncles and cousins, all of which sounded very superficial, as if they were speaking to a foreign visitor to the country, whom they had never met before, rather than to a nephew and cousin they had known since the day he was born! I found myself very confused and completely unsure of myself. I was stuck, so I resorted to calling my prep school friends to see how they were coping with having a friend in a different country, and, as none of them expected me to be returning home with a bowler, a three piece suit, and a requirement for a cup of tea at five in the afternoon, they treated me as they did before, as a friend, not a foreign consultant to an English public school...

I met a cousin with whom I had felt a brotherly closeness, but he too had changed; now our only topics of conversation were computers and boarding school.

"What's it like at Stowe? How are the girls there?" He was, however, unaware of the fact that girls only come into Stowe in the Lower Sixth.

But I was with family, I was happy. This alone I had been looking forward to for two and a half months. Now it was as unnerving as it was real. I did not want to become another Arvind David, I wanted my own identity – my own name, not just to be Arvind's brother, or David Dass' son. Even now, as I type the final words to this essay, my family's unspoken messages confuse and fascinate me as they pose me with the problem of myself.

Armand David (III)

The
**Gavin Maxwell
Essay Prize**

*The topic for this year's
Gavin Maxwell essay was*

**UNSPOKEN
MESSAGES.**

*Four variations
on this single theme follow.*

**WINNER
OF THE
JUNIOR PRIZE**

WINNER OF THE SENIOR PRIZE

“All my life,” whispered the old man, “I have been waiting for a calling; divine instruction; a holy message. Every day I pray to God to tell me what to do. Since I was saved, I have wanted to do my part for the Lord.”

The old man’s deeply creased face was half illuminated in the fierce, intermittent glow of the coal fire. The darkness behind and around him pervaded the folds of his deep red dressing-gown. Despite the warmth emanating from the blazing hearth, the high, airy room was sharply cold on my back as I stood staring at the mesmerising dance of flames.

“Since I was saved. Sixty-three years I have waited,” he continued, in a dry hoarse voice. “I don’t know what to expect, of course; a dream, I suppose. I don’t need a host of angels to tell me my purpose in life. But without a purpose, my life has been empty. You’re my only comfort, you know. Why hasn’t He told me?” he croaked desperately. The illuminated half of his face stared wildly at me. What could I say? How do you answer such a question?

I blushed, as I am prone to do, and looked back into the fire. I had known this old man a long time, and still I hated him. The way he stared and questioned made me sweat, and his resolute self-righteousness irritated me no end. But how could I abandon the poor, senile wretch?

Since he retired from the clergy, he had lived a lonely, expectant life; yet feeling disillusioned and abandoned by God. I had heard the story before – every night, in fact – but as his great-nephew (or something like that) I put up with it.

“I don’t know, uncle,” I admitted, opting out as I had done every night for longer than I cared to remember.

“If He had sent a message, I couldn’t have missed it,” he snapped bitterly, pre-empting an unspoken explanation. “A wasted life,” he quavered.

I turned my gaze back into the flames and tried to imagine how he really felt. But the grief and disappointment were real: as he said, a wasted life. Suddenly I was aware of how his breathing had become deep and ragged as he sat in his chair. I glanced back at him and saw that his eyes were wide and staring towards the door of the cold, musty room. A slick film of sweat had formed on his pale face and he gripped the chair-arms with bony, flecked hands so tightly his knuckles were white.

“Uncle?” I said, with an urgency that startled me. “Uncle, what’s the matter?” I cried, but his breathing became more uneven and he slowly lifted his right hand and pointed a spindly, shaking finger towards the door. Seconds later it dropped and returned to the green velvet of the chair-arm.

I had just made up my mind to call a doctor when he suddenly said in a clear, apologetic voice:

“I’m sorry, I tried.”

“Uncle?” I said, confused, returning to kneel by his chair. But he paid me no attention; instead he seemed intent on listening to something I couldn’t hear. He strained forward in his chair, still shivering and sweating, and his face looked like that of a geriatric schoolboy being reprimanded for his ignorance, or some innocent misdemeanour.

“B...but... my prayers...”

Again he fell silent, as if interrupted by a stern voice. I began to back away, a cold shiver running down my spine. He had been staring at the same point all this time, but now began to follow his unseen figure of fear around the room. His eyes swept slowly across the room, as if following one who paced across from the door towards where I stood. As his gaze came nearer, a feeling of unbridled panic gripped me and I backed away from... from what? The place where he stared was empty, but in the flickering half-light I saw shadows crawl, slink and pounce. In a flash of uncalculated self-defence, I grabbed a cobwebby umbrella and brandished it pathetically at the air in front of me. Realising the futility of the situation, I made a tactical withdrawal to the corner of the room.

Meanwhile, my uncle had risen out of his chair and continued to gape in awe at something I couldn’t see.

“He never sent any message!” he roared in anger suddenly. The rage and frustration of years burst out in that exclamation, but the reply shocked him into silence, and back into his chair. The room was silent then, for a few minutes, but I remained paralysed in the corner until the thumping in my ears subsided. I crept over to where he was slumped, clutching his chest and shoulder.

“A sign? An... unspoken message?” he gasped, questioning, to me this time. As his breathing stopped, I knew he had died with that most useless of human attributes: hindsight.

Ross Atherton (LVI)

It was the third time that week she had received one of those notes through the post, each one with the same ill-chosen envelopes and flowery paper. If that wasn't enough to make you sick, the choice of words was. To say it was comparable to a Mills and Boon novel was doing it undeserved credit; yes, it was obviously the work of a sex-crazed lunatic.

Juliet was in her early thirties and had just moved into a small cottage which lay at the end of a dark and sinister lane that resembled no less than a jungle track. It was an area which had not been frequented by a human for two years, not the place for a young woman in search of a vibrant social life.

After a tiring day churning out letters in the name of *Kidderminster Carpets*, she slumped back in her armchair and gazed at the hypnotic steam emanating from her cup of coffee. Suddenly the phone rang, jolting her. As she spluttered, withdrawing her cup from her burnt lips, she knew it could only be one thing – him. She paused, placing her hand on the telephone, pondering whether she should risk it.

"Hello! Hello! Who is it?" A deafening silence spread icily over the room. It wasn't any ordinary caller; it was as if the person at the other end of the line was watching her and was using the silence to send her messages, unspoken messages. Juliet slammed down the receiver, the following silence only being broken by her trembling limbs. Shocked and deeply troubled by this incident, she carefully placed herself in the armchair, ensuring all windows and doors were locked. She attempted once again to engross herself in a book, her choice being Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, an exciting and vibrant read, that should have kept her glued to every page. But her mind was elsewhere: every creak jerked at her ears and left her a mumbling mass of paranoia. Unable to take any more, she climbed the stairs, not daring to brush her teeth and leaving the door of her bedroom slightly ajar, so that a streak of light spilt into the room leaving her secure. She curled up and fell asleep.

"He rang again yesterday; I don't think I can take any more of this; it's beginning to affect my mental stability."

Slightly perplexed, her mother, who was visiting to check on her new life-style, interjected, "But how do you know it's a man, and a dangerous man at that?"

"Call it feminine intuition, call it what you like, I know I can tell. It's as if he's sending me telepathic messages. Besides, I have been receiving

some strange letters which seem to indicate that there is a man behind this – take a look for yourself."

Carefully withdrawing the letter from the envelope, her mother ran her eyes over the paper and emitted a subdued giggle.

"What are you on about, Juliet? This is a love note from an admirer, not a sordid message from a psychotic maniac. You're too paranoid."

"Then how do you explain the mystery telephone caller?" she replied in her defence. "I'm not mad."

"I'm sure there's a perfectly reasonable explanation."

They continued their conversation, exchanging news and gossip, and just as it began to grow darker her mother rose and exclaimed, "Listen, I really can't stay any longer, I promised Geoffrey I would be home an hour ago. You'll be all right." Without stopping to acknowledge any protest, she left.

Having managed to convince herself that she had an over-active imagination, Juliet switched on the television and turned her attention to the trials and tribulations of Coronation Street. By the end of it she had completely forgotten about the mystery caller and, with the help of a glass of sherry, a contented atmosphere settled over the room.

However, the tranquillity was soon drowned under the sound of a roaring motor approaching the house. That was when cold reality settled in; she had no friends or acquaintances, so this could only mean one thing... Grabbing a knife from the kitchen, she hid herself carefully by the side of the door, awaiting the intruder. The thud of his feet grew louder by the second. He knocked on the door twice. She didn't answer. Again he pounded away. No answer. Juliet stared in horror as the handle of the door slowly began to rotate. Unable to bear prolonging her fate, she slumped down and buried her head between her knees. Greatly perplexed by the sight that met his eyes, the man finally asked,

"Miss Watts, I presume?"

She slowly uncovered her eyes and, trembling with fear, acknowledged that she was.

"I'm a BT man. I'm sorry to have disturbed you at this late hour, but we have reason to believe your telephone is broken. We have been trying to get in touch with you, but on picking up the receiver there was silence. We were wondering, have you experienced any problems like this?"

Richard Mari (IV)



Portraits by Digby Oldridge.

Above: The Lens (Emma Brown) Below: When shall we two meet again? (Marusya Boxell and Caroline Ricketts)



“And the vicar said, ‘Not on a Thursday, love.’ Ha ha ha haaa ha ha.” I pretended to laugh with the man who was queueing up behind me, waiting to buy a train ticket. What I really felt like doing was getting a shotgun and blowing his head off. However, I had to make do with giving him a sarcastic, shallow laugh, the sort which said, *That really was a sad, pathetic joke and you are as sad, if not sadder.* The trouble was, he was too stupid to notice that I was trying to convey this message to him. At last the queue started to move and I prayed to God that the accursed man would not be on my train.

“Single to Baker Street, please.”

“That’ll be £2.10.” *You English pig!*

I stared at the Celtic fringes behind the counter. He hadn’t actually said “You English pig,” but he gave me that kind of look. And it wasn’t just a *You English pig* look. It was also a *You’ve always had it easy, haven’t you? Quite the little starlet with your fancy clothes and your fancy job and your fancy car. I bet you’ve never done a day’s hard work in your life. You make me sick you snotty-nosed, arrogant, public school brat* look. Not to be outdone, I gave him the *clear off back to your own country* look and left for the platform. I’m sure the unspoken conversation would have gone on all day, if I hadn’t stopped it.

One of the theories I’ve always based my life on is that everything is late. Everybody is late. And it’s not something you can control. The only way you can arrive on time is by aiming to arrive earlier and because you will be late for this time you have set yourself, you will arrive at the time that your mother, girlfriend, boss or God has set you. So when the train to Baker Street arrived exactly on time, I screwed up this theory and threw it in the proverbial wastepaper basket of life.

“This seat’s taken, mate.” The man who had said this looked at me in an unnerving way. He gave me the kind of look which said, *The next thing I’m going to do is bury my knee in your face.* Despite this, I stood firm. “I can’t see anyone who looks as if they’re going to sit here.”

“He’s getting on at the next stop.”

“Well, there are plenty of other seats which are free.”

“So why don’t you go and sit on one?”

“I prefer this seat; it’s got a nice view of the journey planner.”

I’m going to rip your head off. Again, another unspoken message and it was enough to send me packing. I sat down in another part of the carriage.

It took me another five minutes to notice the girl sitting opposite me. She was voluptuous, to say the least. She was reading a book, stroking her long blond hair and seeing with her sparkling eyes. The sun seemed to bow down before her and the moon gave her very expensive gifts from Harrods. The girl looked up and, smiling, she floated across a look of wanting to get to know me better. I returned a *the feeling’s mutual* look.

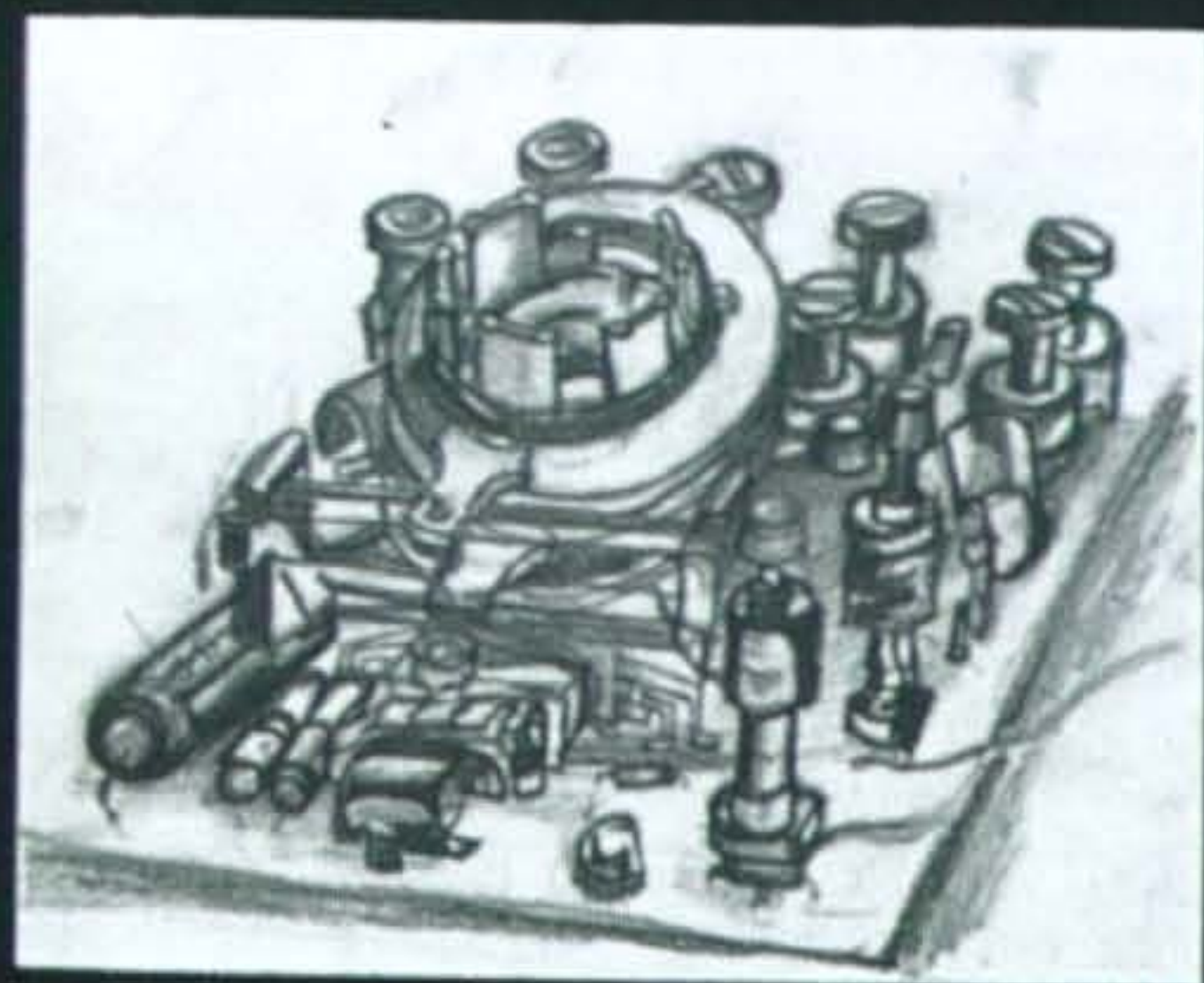
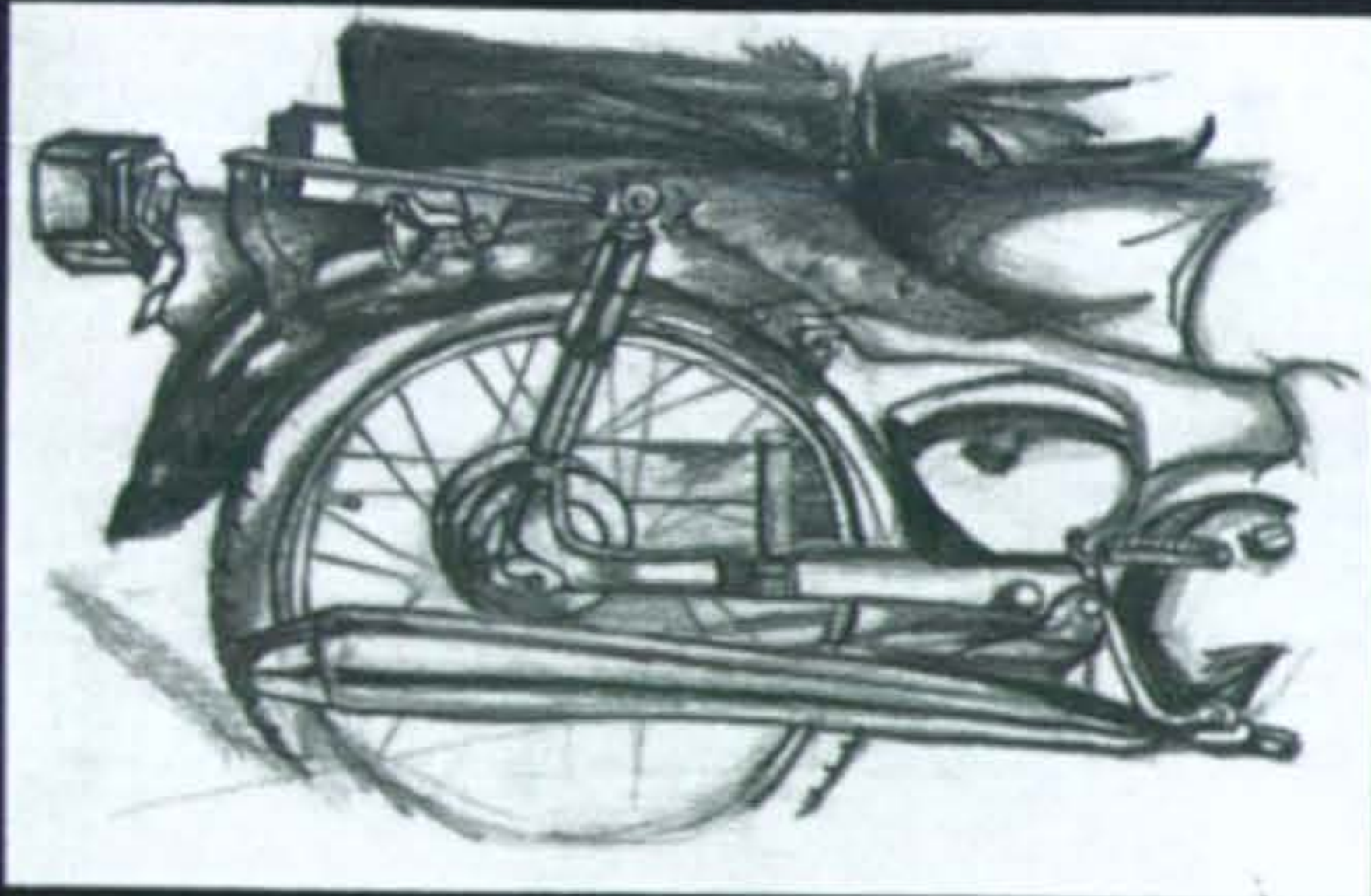
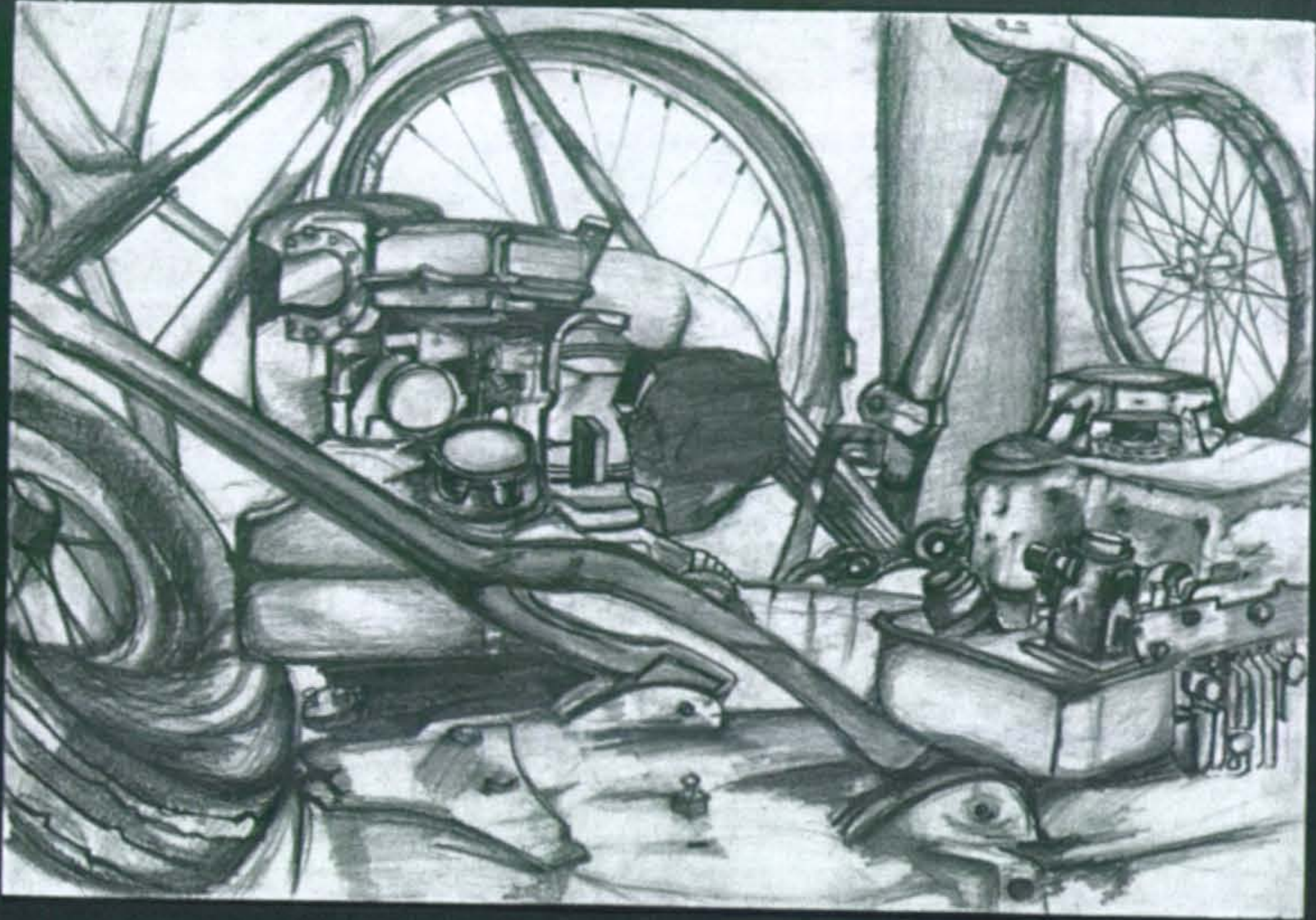
The train then came to the next stop. She got up and made to leave. I felt like jumping up and crying, *Don’t go! We have the rest of our lives to live together and you want to end it all now? Don’t leave me!* In fact I did jump up but, as the train jolted suddenly as it came to a halt, I fell flat on my face. I heard a slight titter reverberate around the carriage. Sheepishly, I went back to my seat.

After five minutes I noticed that a man had been staring at me, chuckling to himself. He gave me the kind of look which said, *You are an imbecile and you are weird.* I became enraged, incensed. How dare he! I was sick and tired of having these damn unspoken conversations. “Why don’t you shut up, damn you! I’d tear you limb from limb, if it wasn’t that I didn’t want to soil my clothes.”

Instead of just thinking this, I’d actually shouted it out at the top of my voice. Every passenger looked at first with shocked and bewildered eyes, which soon beamed expressions of disgust. I was trapped, with my back against the wall and no bullets in my six-shooter, so to speak. But then, suddenly, we arrived at Baker Street. I leapt off the train, readying myself to run home. I needed to be alone, away from these unspoken conversations. I needed to be free! But I stopped. I saw that girl, the one on the train, looking at me and smiling. Perhaps being alone could wait a little longer.

Being alone shrugged its shoulders and lit up a cigarette, preparing for a long wait.

Adam Riley (V)



Hak Soo Jung: G.C.S.E. project on Machinery

Deep down in my own private world, lost in my thoughts, I wandered down some of the busiest streets of London. I came to a zebra-crossing and, without looking to left or right, I started towards the other side. Suddenly I felt two massive hands grasping my shoulders and the next thing I knew, I was dragged back onto the pavement. As the man was talking, the muscles in his face were twitching, his eyes rolling. His grotesque hands were swirling dangerously close to my face, as if he wished to accentuate his anger. Complete silence.

I turned and looked at the road; a car was parked diagonally across it, a long skid mark trailing behind. I now realised what had happened. How could I have been so stupid not to pay attention to what was happening around me? The man on the pavement had saved my life. Almost automatically, my hands moved up and my fingers made a gesture that means as much as: *I-am-very-grateful-that-you-saved-my-life-but-I-don't-know-if-you-ought-to-have-done-that*. God, how I hated to be dependent on other people, especially people I did not know! The man stared at me in amazement for a brief moment, blinked twice, gave me an insecure smile and started to walk away.

Five minutes later, I reached my house and walked through the tiny garden to the door. As I shut it behind me, the familiar sound of nothing dawned on me. Somehow it was different in this house where my wife and I had lived for the past twenty years. My wife came in, carrying a tray. She put it down on a small table near the sofa I was sitting on, and then put her hands together, quickly moving them around, then using some individual fingers:

I-have-made-some-coffee;-would-you-like-some? I smiled gratefully. I understood her, and better still, she understood me. I made a gesture with two clenched fists: *Yes-please*. On the tray were two glasses, see-through cups, two small jugs with sugar and milk, two spoons and the can of coffee. The tray was decorated with flowers and illustrations of animals threatened with extinction. It had been one of our wedding presents. My wife loved it; I had smiled briefly at the donors and accepted the tray. My mind raced back.

God, the wedding. Everything had seemed perfect: warm summer weather, lots of friends and family around us in the enormous garden of my parents' house and, of course, the bride: the most breathtaking woman I had ever seen, whom I had the wonderful fortune to be marrying. Everything was as good as life could be, I remember thinking then. That was twenty years ago. Twelve years later, everything we had ever known, grown accustomed to and achieved together was brutally interrupted.

I had been ill for some time, vomiting for days with a blocked nose and blurred vision. I also had headaches; not the normal ones that everyone knows, but violent pains that would last for some minutes until I thought my head would explode. After two

weeks in bed, the pains became more severe and more frequent. My wife was almost in tears as she tried to persuade me to get a doctor. I recall telling her calmly that I would be just fine and that a doctor wasn't necessary. She hadn't left the room for five minutes when I felt my body give way: I lost consciousness.

When I came to, I expected to see the tedious light brown walls of our bedroom. Instead, everything was white and sterile: a hospital. I looked around the spacious room as soon as my eyes got used to the hellish white that reflected the daylight from the window. Next to my bed was a small table which had newspapers on it. I turned to look at them. For a moment I thought my eyes were blurred; I had been in hospital for four days according to the date of the most recent newspaper. I looked up again and saw that there were four beds in the room; one of them had curtains closed around it. Through the slightly opened window, I looked down on the heavy traffic hurrying to get to their destinations. Somehow I felt as if it was going to be a while before I would reach *my* destination. The next thing I was wondering about was why nothing seemed to produce any sound. As the door opened, a doctor came in and closed the door behind him; complete silence.

The doctor stopped at the end of my bed, looked and smiled at me, then started to write on his pad. I watched him writing for a minute or two until he finished. While he handed me the piece of paper, suggestions came to mind but only seemed to pass through. Not sure what to expect, I began to read:

"It is nice to see you have regained consciousness. It has been quite a while. Your wife phoned us, very distressed and in tears. When you were brought in, you were about two minutes away from death. We operated on you immediately, and in your brain we found a very rare disease indeed; its first symptoms are headaches, and a deterioration of some of the senses, which can ultimately be destroyed, and eventually death follows. We managed to save your life and your senses, apart from your hearing. I am truly sorry, but thankfully you are still alive."

I still remember that text as if I read it yesterday. And the shock, the shock was the worst, although I had had a suppressed idea of what my destiny would be when I woke up and looked around and could not hear anything.

I looked up; my wife was sitting on the sofa next to me. Her hands moved again: *Are-you-still-thinking-of-the-accident?-You-should-stop-thinking-of-that;-it-won't-do-you-any-good*. And after a short pause: *come-on-let's-drink-the-coffee-before-it-gets-cold*. Still absent-mindedly, I took a sip; the pungent taste returned me to the present. I gestured to her: *It-is-lovely-thank-you-very-much*.

Olivier van der Hagen (LVI)



Portraits by Digby Oldridge.
Above: Spot-lit in Cabaret (Will Kemble-Clarkson) Below: A Proper Pose? (Fred Hall)



The
Roxburgh Prize
for
Verse

TRAVELLER
SHELTERING
FROM A STORM

WINNER OF THE SENIOR PRIZE

*Howling tempest, rage, rage!
Tear yourself asunder with your rants.
Scream upon me, soulless banshee,
Hence dissipate my ignorance.*

*Fie, Fie! Your mock power
Grinds like an heir born bastard.
Behind that filthy canopy lies
Nothing but a hope marred.*

*Translate this heavenly fire, if you will,
Into something righteous, good and holy,
For the unknown soon becomes comforting
When tagged, stamped and coded.*

*So let man's mind stand at ease
Assured that each cry
From the ethereal sky
Is God's (and at that one of peace).*

*For man is a pitiful being
Cursed with mind from cot to wreath
To perceive the warty skin of space
And hopes to see a skull beneath.*

*So rage, storm, rage and howl!
I clip your divine wings, no benevolent cowl
Now softens this ancient, natural power:
Where once we were sheltered, now we cower.*
George Pendle (MVI)

*"Where can I go?"
He cried in desperation.
For days he had fought with himself
But his struggles were to no avail:
Hope and faith had been washed away
By the very rivers of life itself,
As if they were in full spate.*

*He knew where he was headed –
It offered a shelter from his storm.
He stumbled into a church, a world
Of tranquillity and sanctuary.
Here he could wrestle with his torment.
The peace and simplicity of the church
Washed over him like a healing spring.*

*As the clouds of worry parted,
The sun's rays of light pierced the darkness,
Revealing a new beginning.
Now he could see the way ahead,
He knew what he must do.
He left the church
And saw the world as it was before the storm.*
Matthew Turner (IV)

The Journey

*The fierce wind whipped up the driving rain
into whirl-winds, hurtling them towards
the pack of cowering travellers.
The rain smashed on the track like a shower of
glass beads falling from a broken necklace.*

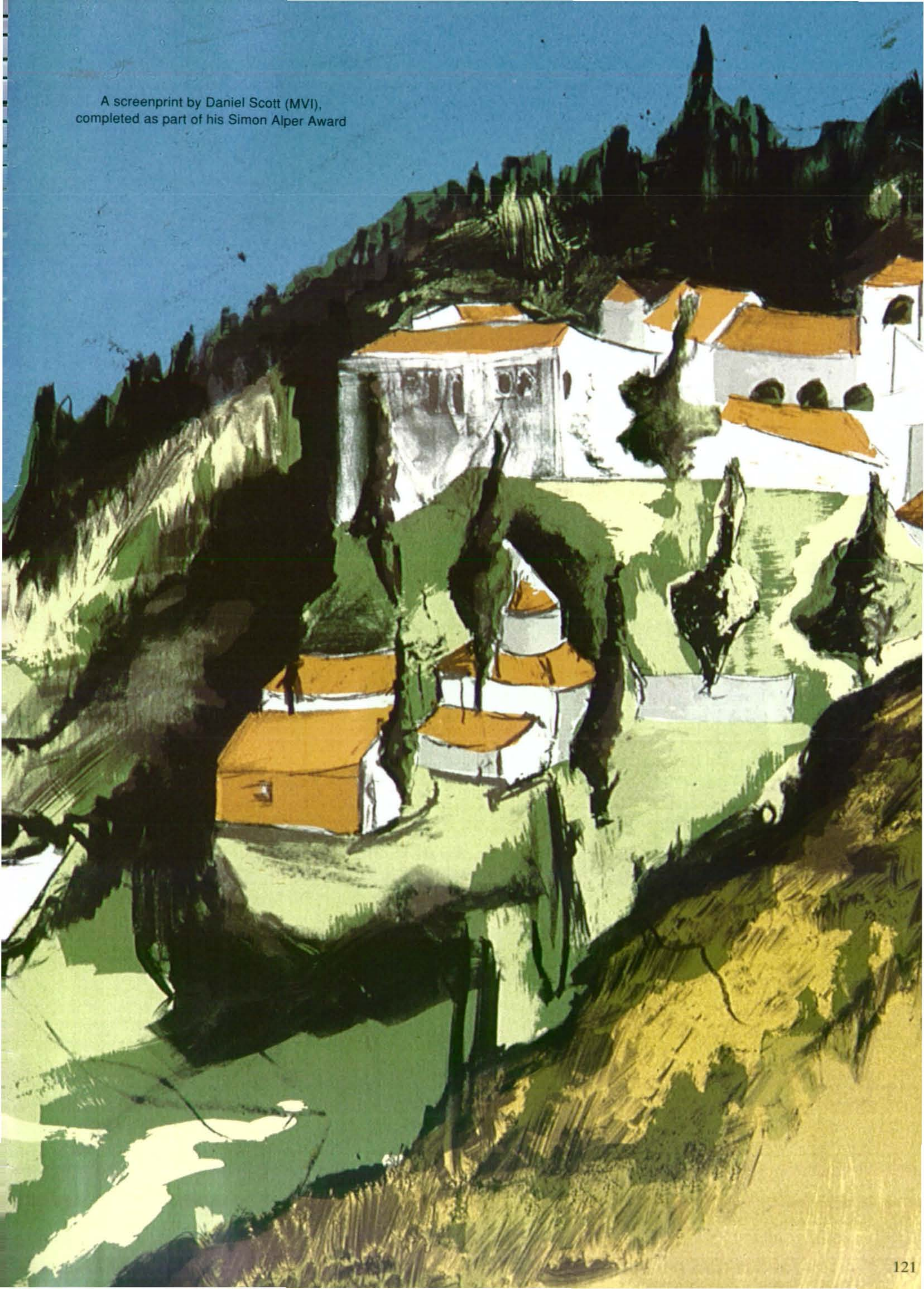
*The men, their heads tucked close to their chests, tried
to find comfort in their cloaks, but they served
as no protection against the onslaught
of the raging elements.*

*The path had become a river of mud
flowing steadily across the scenery,
causing the weary travellers to stray
from it in search of shelter.*

*Finding shelter in a gathering of trees
they tried to settle down for the night:
lighting fires, calming timid horses,
drying sodden clothes and scraping a supper
from their provisions.*

*Few words were spoken, as weary bodies
lay on the ground, minds filled with foreboding.*
Lorien Pilling (IV)

A screenprint by Daniel Scott (MVI),
completed as part of his Simon Alper Award



WINNER OF THE JUNIOR PRIZE

"The idea for this poem originates in a report of a tragic event on a beach which I read in a local newspaper."

A neurotic's blues

*She came in from the cold, the snow dragged on her feet,
"I'm frightened," she said, "and I can't stand the heat."
She collapsed on the floor, whimpers echoing lame
And her arms jerked about and her legs did the same.
She sobbed on my shoulder, could not understand
The nightmares released at the ends of her hands...*

*She opened her eyes, and crouched on the floor
In the corners of darkness she'd seen something more:
I could see nothing, but she screamed 'till she cried,
My heart turned to ice, as I watched Scarlet hide...*

*At the door stands a tiger, there are ghouls on the roof,
Her mind, playing games, creates its own proof.
Lie down now, I said, but she couldn't hear –
She was riddled with passions, saturated with fear.*

*Downstairs we heard voices, then a knock on the door
In came the doctors, she could stand it no more;
They cried out in exhaustion, "Is this your free will?"
"When will you learn that drugs really kill?"*

*They filled her with Valium to keep down the cries
But the fear she'll remember and the horror inside,
And I'll never forget what we do to mankind
And had she got shelter from the storm in her mind?*

Tobie Munthe (IV)

At the Seashore

*An earth shaking crash of thunderous noise.
Behind a beach shelter trembling boys;
Little they know of life's perils
Lightning strikes and torture heralds,
Heralds the end.*

*And caught in two minds over what to do:
To stay or run for people they once knew.
Screaming, alone they stay, that group of boys,
While the storm combs the beach smashing their toys,
Toys they knew.*

*From the beach hut's window in silence they see
Waves smashing over rocks and lightning on tree;
Suddenly charging, the sea crashes near.
Frozen rigid they stand with icy fear,
Fear of death.*

*With boiling fear pounding their breath
With vacant eyes staring their death
They bond close united by fear
They bond close united by tears,
Tears of innocence.*

*Satan's rain bullets smash the hut's feeble glass,
The bulldozing waves crash endlessly past
While one last rain tear falls into the flood,
Not knowing that sole tear brought broken blood,
Broken blood.*

*Those poor boys' fate, I cannot clearly say,
Only that their innocence with the flood washed away.
If now they live in lives sheltered and warm,
They utter the phrase "Travellers from a storm",
Travellers on a breaking wave.*

William Brown (IV)

Night

*I drank a fiery sky from a mountain lake
And watched the plastic ripples kiss the shore;
The dark waters churned to a starry wake,
Infinite as midnight, by the silent oar.*

*I walked through woods of burnished fire,
Through the flaming mists of a twilight breeze;
A globe was broken on a bloody pyre,
And teardrop diamonds burnt on charcoal trees.*

*The shadow of my soul grew with the twilight dark;
Icy stars, like vultures, circled in the sky
Or hung in rictus from fingers of wizened bark,
And in their glow I grew afraid to die.*

*I swam through chasms of urban orange light;
The infinite chaos of life, gone neon-blind,
And sensually stumbling into the eternal night,
Called me to blaspheme this pilgrimage of mind.*

*The void is cold: it would not set me free
As the watery lemon light of dawn became the day.
It is not sleep I fear but obscurity,
It is not death I loath but slow decay.*

*With the advent of shadows, more valuable is the light,
For only at dusk do we really fear the night.*

Yet with dawn my fear is somehow less severe.

Jonathan Morrison (V)



EXPEDITIONS



Photo: Digby Oldridge



Ed Morgan and Digby Oldridge (McElwee Travel Scholars) search Romania for signs of

Prince Dracula and Vlad the Impaler

Photos: Digby Oldridge



Statue of Vlad in Tirgoviste



Danny Vlad, a descendant



En route to Bran Castle



Vlad's courtly tower at Tirgoviste

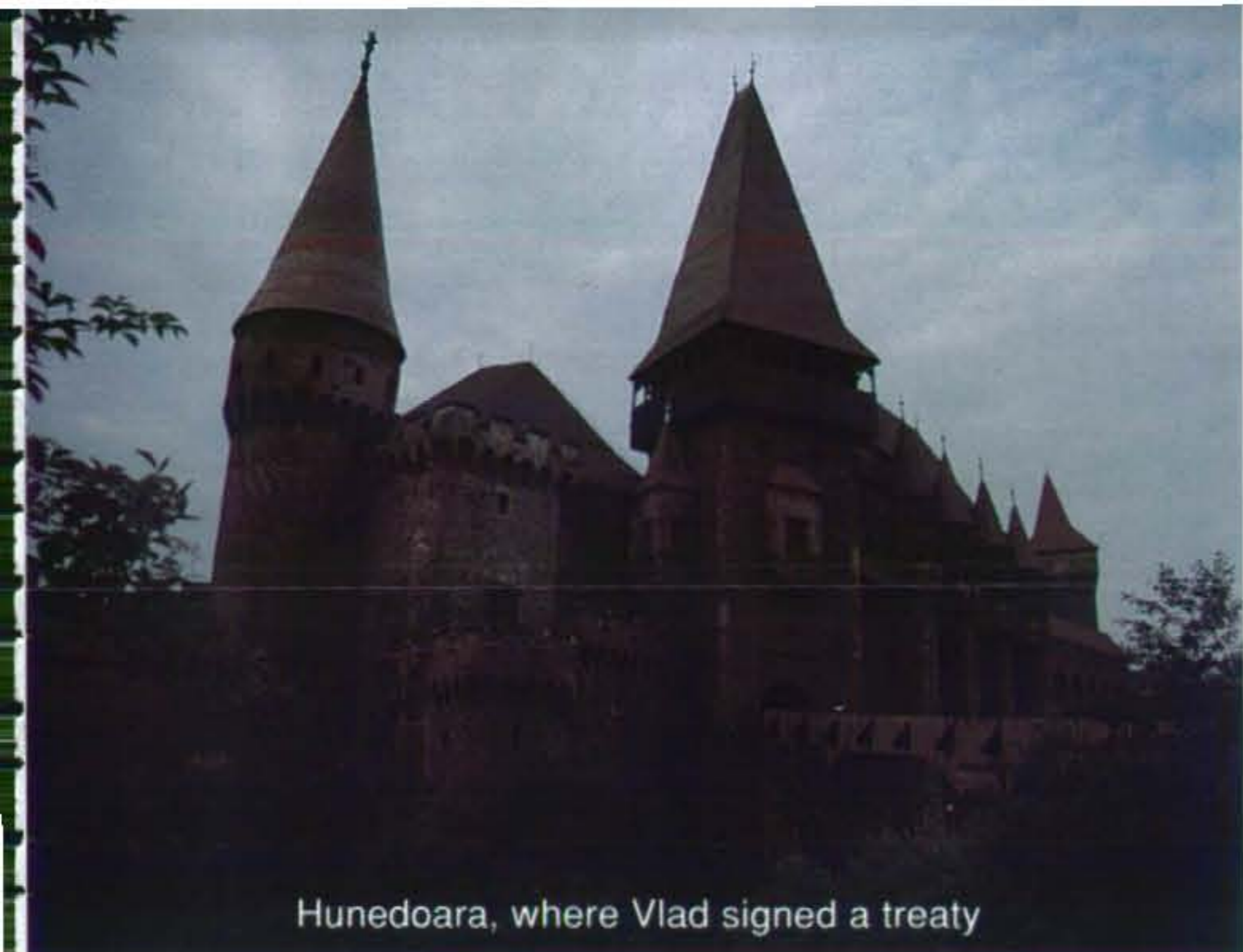
"Most visits to Romania are accidental", our candid guide to Eastern Europe informed us. The responses from others were equally blunt, usually consisting of less than three words accompanied by a gasp. The words "mad" and "You're", although not in that order, were a common reply to "We're off to Romania in the Summer!".

Our aim was to search for remains of the true Dracula. Dracula was not in fact a Count, as Bram Stoker portrayed him. The true Dracula, on whom Stoker modelled his creation, was a Wallachian prince called Vlad the Impaler (1431-76), whose infamous reign proved short. He was a psychopath, his tortured and depraved mind delighting in killing and maiming others. The age, sex or race of his victims mattered little to him. He was greatly feared. A Romanian, taken prisoner by the Turks, refused to divulge any information about Vlad because he feared death less than the wrath of the prince. Vlad's reputation has lasted through the centuries, giving inspiration to the likes of Ivan the Terrible.

We arrived at Bucharest. Once called the Paris of Eastern Europe, it is now a desolate place, with impossible roads and children playing in pools of spent oil with toys made from steel scraps and rubble. One of the people we met said "Today we live in a nightmare". It is, in the most part, reduced to crumbling ruins and dilapidated tower blocks; it was in one of these tower blocks that we were to stay on our last night in Bucharest.



Coffins at Bran



Hunedoara, where Vlad signed a treaty



The sign outside outside the house where Vlad was born, Sighisoara

We travelled mainly on trains, although it seemed that our time was spent waiting for them rather than actually in them. Other modes of transport varied from buses and taxis to mules, carts and dog sleds. Our first stop was Brasov, a beautiful medieval town, the residence in Vlad's time of the Saxon merchants who were partly responsible for his downfall. From here we ventured to Bran, an imposing, almost fairy-tale mountain-top castle, whose foundations since our visit have been declared unsafe! It was here we visited a museum of Romanian peasant history.

In Sighisoara, a hilltop citadel and one of the best preserved medieval towns in the world, we visited Vlad's birthplace, now a rather fine beer hall. In Tirgoviste we discovered what remains of Vlad's own courtly residence, in Snagov the monastery where he is said to have been laid to rest.

Travelling round Romania, we were able to see many remote towns and villages. Meeting locals, we could get a clear picture of what the country is like today and the problems it faces. The revolution remains clear in most minds and we were able to see for ourselves the extravagance of the fallen Romanian leader. Here was the modern Vlad? Dracula's story seemed only of faint interest to Romanians (though various newspapers and products were still named after him) and it is easy to see how he may have been forgotten as they face up to the huge task of rebuilding their country. In the meantime, for the Romanians, both Vlad and Ceausescu are just bad memories.



Snagov Monastery, where Vlad is buried



John and his mother, our hosts at Brasov



Brewing up



En route to Copsa Mica

STOKE TO STOWE STROLL

*Sarah McBeath recalls the walk
one Sunday last September.*

The Stoke to Stowe Stroll was the sponsored walk, organised by Mr. Lionel Weston, to raise money for the Andy Birt Trust. It followed a specially planned course which went mainly across country from Stoke Mandeville Hospital to Stowe, which amounted to twenty-five miles; but it was split up into five mile sections so people were able to choose how much they thought they would be able to manage. There was a surprisingly large group of people who opted for the full twenty-five miles, some of whom were new to the school, and therefore either already full of love for Stowe that they were willing to do this, or else mad!

Breakfast, full of half-asleep Stoics, is not usually the most exciting place to be. However, when this is the North Hall at four o'clock in the morning, it does become rather more interesting! It quickly filled up with a weird and wonderful assortment of yawning bodies, some emitting groans, as they vaguely recalled how far they were going to walk. Everyone stumbled onto the assortment of buses waiting to carry them far away, well, to Stoke Mandeville, some people waking up faster than others, as a variety of rugby songs showed.

When the coaches arrived at Stoke Mandeville everyone was greeted with a hot cup of coffee and told that breakfast was available, after the first five miles! This seemed to act as a stimulant to some, and the group moved off, tip-toeing through a housing estate, before reaching the open fields and the thought that they would not be seeing light again for another couple of hours.

For a while, the group remained whole, but as time passed, the faster group, with Mr. Weston accompanying them, moved away, not to be seen again before returning to the South Front, a considerable amount of time later. Among this bunch, were the "Rev's Ravers", an intrepid splinter group, who apparently indulged themselves in the art of tree-climbing, amongst other things, just for a bit of light refreshment. For the rest, however, left behind, life was not quite so jolly, as they soon found themselves lost, and with the irritation of having to go back to find the correct path. But spirits were kept up at the back by the Tail-End Crew, who were there to catch any stragglers, some of whom then stayed with them for the rest of the walk.

A breakfast of coffee and bacon butties was to be found on a village green and was gratefully received by all, as they reached this stop, though now we were well spread out through the countryside. Despite the great effort which had been made to indicate clearly the walk, many signs had fallen down or had been blown away by the wind, and so there were further losses of direction with some people walking an extra seven

miles (so they said) and some people using the mini-buses which were available for lifts to the next check-points, of which there were many, with orange juice on tap. It was strange how the nearer people got to Stowe, the better the sign-posts became, especially during the last five miles!

There were soon some familiar landmarks approaching. Mr. Tearle certainly appeared to have settled into his check-point extremely well, as he happily waved at the exhausted groups of Stoics and Old Stoics who were "just passing through". But it was Mr. Murray's appearance at the last check-point which just about did it for some, having passed him earlier in the day, appearing very busy as he ran around with his mobile telephone.

The Tail End Crew, now somewhat expanded, managed to increase the number of its followers even more, on the way up to the Corinthian Arch, and it was a large group which finally ran up the South Front having chosen to go around the lake, instead of through it, unlike certain others who shall remain nameless (Mr. Pelly & Co.)! This was definitely the only piece of running some had managed to do all day (although there was a reasonable amount of dancing which went on in some groups!) but other brave people had run fifteen miles, after walking the first ten. The last group were greeted by the rest of the school, tired, dishevelled but triumphant as they signed in, to the chorus of "We've been back for ages!" from other quarters, as they limped off to a nice hot bath before attempting to fall asleep in the evening Chapel service!

It was all great fun, but there was a serious purpose behind it. The day went very well and could be said to have showed Stowe and Stoics at their very best.

"Mr Tearle certainly appeared to have settled into his check-point extremely well..."



The Pizza was Good Too!

*Tristan Hoare and Daniel Oscroft
write of their visit to Italy on a McElwee award to investigate*

RENAISSANCE NARRATIVE CYCLES

If by any chance you are not sure what a "Renaissance narrative cycle" is, read on, though you may be disappointed if you thought it a new Mountain Bike. Likewise, if you don't know who Ghirlandaio or Carpaccio were, read on, though you may be disappointed if you thought they played for Juventus. No, very simply, a narrative cycle is a series of pictures telling a story, whose subject can come from any source. Often in Renaissance times it would be biblical, classical or historical. The narrative cycles of the Italian Renaissance are amongst the most famous paintings in the world and our purpose, in visiting Florence, Venice and Rome, was to examine these masterpieces in their own environment. Whilst doing this, we were also able to explore other aspects of the Renaissance which interested us.

Our first morning in Florence was sunny and hot and we walked through the city centre early, in order to beat the many tourists. We were soon at the famous Duomo, Florence's cathedral, a masterpiece of Renaissance architecture. Its dome was designed by Brunelleschi in 1418 and spans no less than 182.5 feet, a magnitude which had not been achieved since Classical times. You can get an idea of the sheer scale from the people standing on its summit. From there you can see the whole of Florence, and to the left stands Giotto's Campanile, which, as we discovered, likewise requires a certain amount of energy to ascend, but also gives a magnificent view over the city.

There were three fresco cycles we particularly wanted to see in Florence. The first was in the church of Santa Maria Novella: Ghirlandaio's depiction of the life of the Virgin Mary and John the Baptist. We spent some time working out the individual stories, which was not difficult as the frescoes have been recently cleaned and the original narrative power projected clearly. The cycle was commissioned by the Tornabuoni family, who were placed amongst the biblical characters, which demonstrates the power of the merchant classes. It seems they had more of a social than a religious motive for having themselves painted next to the Virgin Mary. We could not leave Santa Maria Novella without a good look at Masaccio's Trinity, a painting which is famous for its innovative use of perspective. One felt that one could reach out and touch the cross.

Our second narrative cycle was at the former convent of San Marco, where Fra Angelico lived. He decorated all the friars' dormitory cells upstairs with

frescoes of Christ on the cross, with a different saint at the base of the cross. It was a very personal experience to enter each cell to admire the paintings. We were struck by their simplicity, which surely reflected the simple devotional life of the artist himself. Our final Florentine cycle was Masaccio's life of St Peter in the recently restored Brancacci Chapel (which was meant to be finished in time for the World Cup, like the roads, car parks and the stadium, but never was!). The famous Tribute Money fresco dominates the Chapel. It is far bigger than we expected and shows Christ central to the story and in the painting. Masaccio's use and understanding of perspective is very striking.

There is a new narrative power in these paintings as Masaccio has used continuous representation, meaning that St. Peter is seen three times in the fresco, which clarifies the story. The cycle fits the bright chapel well. It blends perfectly into the architecture and the paintings positively glow with colour. Before our four days in Florence came to an end, we saw much else including the great collection of paintings in the Uffizi. Another highlight was the Pazzi Chapel, designed by Brunelleschi, which we thought the perfection of Renaissance architecture. The city was particularly beautiful in the evenings and from surrounding hills we enjoyed wonderful views of the skyline of Florence and the Tuscan landscape.

Our next stop was Venice. It was easy to see how the artists were inspired by the glittering canals and buildings which, though now in decay, still retain their splendour. We agreed with Byron's description: "Everything about Venice is, or was, extraordinary – her aspect is like a dream and her history is like a romance."

Our first Venetian narrative cycle was at the Scuola di San Rocco (the meeting-place for an important guild, built in the 16th century). The interior is covered in a series of fifty-six paintings by Tintoretto. The rooms which house the cycle are vast and have gilded, carved ceilings. The cycle is complex and startling. The compositions consist of oblique dramatic angles. Tintoretto's brush work is wispy and rapid, creating elongated figures. As we emerged from the San Rocco we tried hard to establish what it was we most liked. The theatricality, perhaps, not just of the compositions but of their setting? Or the mellow colours and bold use of light and shade? We had been told to look for "the form of Michelangelo and the colour of Titian". Perhaps that held the key? At all events, the contrast



between Tintoretto's cycle and Fra Angelico's in Florence seemed to represent not just a 100 year difference of technique but a wholly different approach to spirituality.

The next day we took a crowded vaporetto down the Grand Canal to the Accademia gallery where our second Venetian objective is housed, Carpaccio's St Ursula cycle. The rather plain museum room was a contrast to the elegant Scuola, but it was much lighter and made viewing easier. The paintings tell the story of St. Ursula and her eleven thousand virgins who went wherever she did. Carpaccio used a dark palette and for backgrounds used real and imaginative landscapes.

Later we visited another Scuola, that of San Giorgio, to see our third Venetian cycle, also by Carpaccio. As in San Rocco, so in the Scuola of San Giorgio there is the great pleasure of seeing the cycles in their original setting. Episodes are depicted in the lives of not just St George, but also St Jerome and St Tryphon. The most famous picture is that of St. George slaying the dragon while all around are the gruesome remains of the dragon's victims. Bones and half devoured bodies litter the floor! The scenes are strangely static, yet Carpaccio's paintings are free and spacious with enormous background detail, often flooded with intense colour and light. The problem with Venice is there is so much to see! We enjoyed the Frari church (near our hotel), with Titian's Assumption radiating warm colours which carry the length of the church.

We walked virtually everywhere and found a new pleasure in getting lost. When we weren't losing ourselves in the labyrinth of canals and streets we were jumping on the vaporetti, the cheapest means of transport along the canals. This was a wonderful way to view the buildings on the Grand Canal. San Marco square was buzzing in the evenings and we enjoyed sitting and listening to the various ensembles outside the fashionable Cafés and Restaurants. All too soon we had to leave.

We had five days in Rome and there was much to see, including two of the greatest of fresco cycles, both in the Vatican: Raphael's Rooms and Michelangelo's ceiling in the Sistine Chapel. The Vatican museum is vast. We spent a morning viewing all manner of pieces, ranging from Egyptian mummies to modern art. Eventually we reached Raphael's Rooms. His paintings are not so much narrative cycles, but more like scenes taken from early Christian history, showing the power of the papal state. They are beautifully painted. The first of the four rooms has a decorative theme of three great principles of the human spirit: truth, beauty and goodness. The ceiling and wall painting all illustrate subjects linked to this topic. A very good example of propaganda, painted specifically for visiting ambassadors, is the Liberation of St. Peter from Prison. Finally we arrived at the Sistine Chapel, named after a Pope called Sixtus, with not only its ceiling decorated by Michelangelo but the wall behind the altar, featuring

The Last Judgement. The Chapel had recently been unveiled after restoration. Before, it was a melancholic view, by a dark, brooding Michelangelo, of a cycle from the Creation to the Flood. But now the changing colours in the figures' clothes are clearly seen. The narrative too is now much clearer. Michelangelo has put into visual form stories which are difficult to imagine.

The Last Judgement had also just been restored, revealing parts which were never believed to be there. There is a new fiery glow visible from the mouth of hell where the dirt, dust, soot and oil have been removed. Michelangelo used a new technique which created fresh, deeper colours (in comparison to the ceiling which is more acidic in tone). The use of lapis lazuli, which is incredibly expensive, demonstrates the wealth of the papacy at the time. This work was exceedingly powerful and demonstrated how much the Renaissance had developed. Our last days were spent visiting the various ancient Roman sites around the city. The Forum, the Pantheon, the Coliseum and the Baths of Caracalla gave an idea of what Rome was like in all its glory. Seeing the huge columns and arches in the Forum was very interesting, as they showed us clearly how the classical world influenced the Renaissance.

It had been a marvellous holiday. There is no comparison between seeing paintings in books and seeing them in reality! We were often surprised by how much bigger and more vivid the paintings were, whilst seeing them in their proper environment gave new clarity to our ideas of the Renaissance as a whole.

The three cities differed in climate, atmosphere and, above all, art. Florence was the heart of the Renaissance where the bulk of the great painters and scholars lived. Venice was a very special city during the Renaissance, extremely powerful, a state both feared and respected by the rest of Italy. Its art was especially colourful and was used much in the service of the state. Rome by contrast represented art in the service of God and his ministers. Here art seemed to be used to impress and overwhelm.

We are grateful to the McElwee Trust for inspiring and aiding our Italian visit. We look forward to returning to all three cities and learning more about them.

PHOTOS ON OPPOSITE PAGE:

Top left: Daniel Osocroft in the Roman forum.

Top right: St Peter's, Rome.

Centre: On the Grand Canal, Venice.

Bottom left: A side canal, Venice.

Middle: Florence: Brunelleschi's dome

Right: Florence: Giotto's tower

Photos: Tristan Hoare

From Coylumbridge to Cuilltemhuc



John Collins' log of a Duke of Edinburgh Gold Award expedition

DAY 1

Things started with a very pleasant walk through some sweet-smelling pine woods. As the path began to leave the woods, the terrain became more barren and we began to climb more and more. The view became increasingly spectacular as we climbed to the higher end of Lairig Ghru. We passed several other walkers on our ascent of the valley, who all looked fairly cheerful! Now the walking became much more taxing, and we all felt the pressure. We set ourselves a target for a stop, the Pools of Dee, more or less where the valley begins to descend. As we reached the highest point we would reach in the day, we sensed the altitude and felt the air temperature drop sharply.

When we reached the crest of the valley, the Pools of Dee, we stopped. But the wind was blowing hard and it was far too exposed, so we put off our much-awaited lunch and soldiered on. At this point the terrain became very rocky; the "moonscape" of terminal moraine, over which we were walking, was hard going. Eventually, after a short burst of rain, we did stop, scoffing our lunches like ravenous vultures! The walking from this point down, the last 8 km or so, was easier on the feet, and we were now so eager to reach the camp-site that we forgot our sore feet and rushed onwards. But this last stretch seemed unending. We were all overjoyed when at last we saw the camp-site in the distance, 3 or 4 km away. The distance evaporated as we pushed on and finally, after crossing a meandering river, we reached the site and were pleasantly surprised to find a huge heather mattress awaiting us!

We erected our tents in a heavy wind, after which our thoughts turned to cooking! It was a question of eating the heaviest foodstuffs first, to lighten the weight we would be carrying the next day. As soon as I had finished, I retired to my tent with a cup of warm, sweet coffee. I was utterly exhausted and it was only 6 o'clock!

DAY 2

We awoke to the sound of Tom Foss-Smith's alarm-clock at 7.00. The night's sleep seemed small, we had been so exhausted. After breakfast - a sachet of Alpen, a pot noodle and a cup of coffee - we set off, at first walking over easy terrain without any problems. When we crossed a river at White Bridge we left a marker for our examiner to pick up. We felt slightly apprehensive about doubling back on the other side of the river, but the route card decreed it. So we strode on. We stopped at 12.30pm and I finished the last of my pre-packed school lunch.

We still had a fair distance and a fair climb to the next camp-site. As we progressed the scenery became more and more barren and the 4x4 track suddenly dissolved into a path. It was at Geldie Lodge that we left civilisation behind and it dawned on me that this was the point of no return; we had to be self-sufficient. 5 km later, the heathland seemed to appear out of nowhere and we saw our camp-site in a sharp bend in the river. We left the virtually non-existent pathway and walked in a straight line across difficult heathland down to the site. We set our tents to open onto the river, for the view of the babbling waters and towering mountains in the distance was stunning. We collapsed early after supper (after meeting the examiner!) with the daunting thought that tomorrow would be the most difficult day of all.

DAY 3

We woke early (6am) to start walking. We climbed the first hill at a good pace, surprisingly at a comparable pace to the route card. The air was cold and three-quarters of the way up we were shrouded in mist. It was a tough section. We made our way over false horizon upon false horizon, trudging on through the mist. It felt as if this huge hill would never level up! Finally, however, we saw a cairn at the top of the hill.

This was such a relief that we almost ran to greet it! Visibility was about thirty yards and there was a strong wind. Suddenly out of the freezing mist came the examiner, wearing what looked like a T-shirt!

After being quizzed on our route, we continued up towards the next hill. As the mist broke, the view suddenly opened up, and how spectacular it was! We could now visualise just how high we had actually climbed. The next stretch of walking was down along a ridge, but we could all see the daunting next hill we had to climb. We had to use bearings and wear as many layers of clothes as we had, because it was just as cold and wet as ever. After reaching the second cairn and placing our stones on it, we continued downwards. Shortly after we came out of the clouds we saw a herd of deer on the hill opposite! This was something I had never seen before and I was stunned by the wonderful sight, deer in their own habitat!

The ascent of both Cairn Meall Tionail and Beinn Bhreac were very similar. We were tired by the first hill and the walking was now truly painful. We were having to make regular short stops, giving encouragement to each other as we did so to keep going as a group.

We began our descent of Beinn Bhreac along many twisting tributaries, which gave some light relief to the feet, as the soft peat absorbed the shock of impact. However, it was amongst these tributaries that one member of our group, James Paravicini, twisted his ankle. He could manage merely to limp along, so we let him set the pace and continued at reduced speed. We were hungry, but more anxious to get some shelter, for we could see angry rain-clouds in the distance. This was a stage in our walk which had become somewhat desperate. I for one was very tired, very hungry and very wet.

It was just at this time we saw the bothy in the distance. There the examiner and two others were sitting with steaming hot drinks in their hands! When we reached them, we collapsed on the concrete floor. Boiling some water, to make coffee and soup, was a pleasure all the sweeter for being long anticipated. After resting nearly an hour, we continued, climbing and descending yet another hill to reach the camp-site in the rain. We had been walking nearly eight hours. We had to cook in breaks in the rain, but what we did manage to cook tasted wonderful.

Afterwards we slipped away, comatose, into deep sleep.

DAY 4

We wanted to get back to base camp and civilisation very much. We had been pushed to our limits out here in the mountains. So we woke at 4.00am, just before dawn broke. All our clothes were wet and the tents were twice as heavy because of the rain. We cooked our last Scottish breakfast and packed our rucksacks

for the last time. We left the camp-site at around 6.30am.

Our first and only really substantial climb of the day was up Creagan Breac, which we could see from the base was covered by cloud at the top. We reluctantly started this climb, through long, wet grass. As we neared the top of the hill, the visibility got worse and worse – eventually, at the first cairn, it was less than fifteen yards. So, from here on, we were walking on bearings along a ridge top which had severe drops on either side. For this reason we were all slightly tense, but we were as meticulous as possible with our map-reading and we walked in close formation.

We finally descended out of the clouds, relieved to find that we were in the right place; our careful navigation in blindness had paid off. It was at this point that we saw another herd of deer, very close. The reason for the closeness was that they were downwind of us and they could not smell us. As soon as they saw us, however, they darted off around the corner of the hill. The descent was swift and soon we found ourselves walking on heather with good views all around. We hit the river at the bottom of the valley, where there were some spectacular rapids wheeling into it. We joined up with a 4x4 track, which would take us up to Cairn Meall Dubh.

We had to climb two more hills, cross a valley and walk a ridge. Then, at a much reduced pace, we went down into a deep valley, up what was said to be our last hill and onto a ridge. There, down in the valley, we recognised a river with a dam; we could see Cuilltemhuc, our base camp, the end of our trail! This revelation increased our speed and we very nearly ran the last part of the descent. It was noon when we stumbled into the bothy and sat by the fire and told our story to the masters present. The feeling of relief was complete and we relaxed with the thought that it was all over.



Photo: James Mullineux

In Scotland for the Duke of Edinburgh

James Mullineux in the wilds of Scotland during a Silver Award expedition

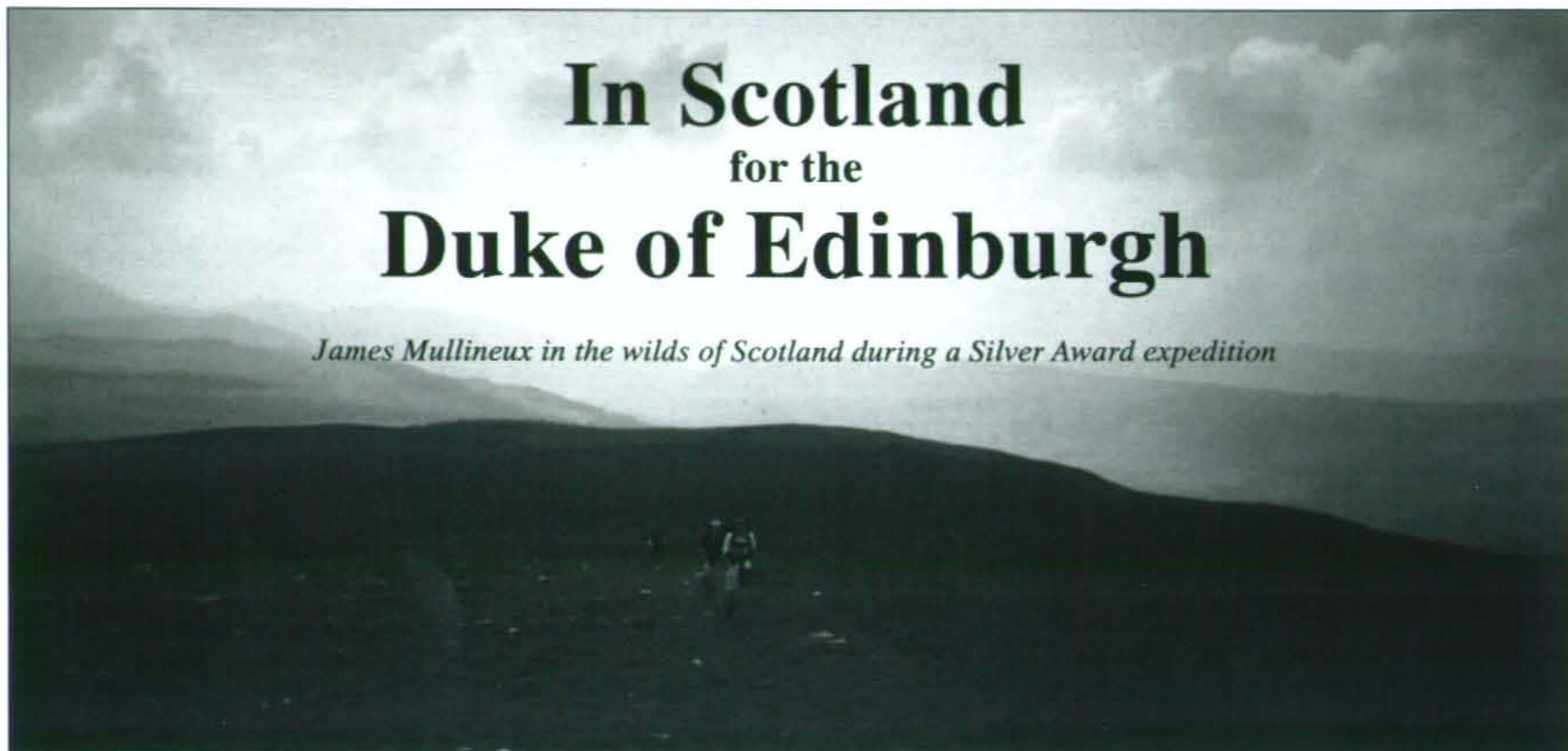


Photo: James Mullineux

We arrived at Blair Atholl in the evening of the 6th July and we had a meal at the Blair Atholl Arms Hotel. Then we walked up to Cuiltemhuc, taking longer than we had hoped. The next day was spent in preparation with my group: William Rudge, Nick Mason, Andrew Nicoll and Richard Hedges.

The walk started at about eight o'clock. Although it was not actually raining, both the tents were wet and packed in that state. It was relatively easy going to start, although we missed the track down to the dam, resulting in the need to descend a relatively steep hill; we crossed the river at the dam and found the walking to be as easy as on the other side. At this point we were well ahead of schedule. We soon arrived at the bothy and after making our additions to the visitors' book and taking a short rest, continued on our journey. We easily found the route and restarted at the pace of the previous section. We were again at this point travelling faster than the route cards suggested, not surprisingly as we were walking on a track. It was not long before we reached the next waypoint, a sharp change of direction necessary to ascend the hill. This, although fairly steep, was easy going, as we were well rested and there was a track. After this short hill we looked across the valley and saw our next climb, which we at first thought was through the gap between the two peaks, Carn a'Chiaraidh and Elrig 'ic an Toisich, and going through grid reference 876780. After a quick look at the map we discovered this was not the case but that we must go over the peak. In the valley looking up to the top of this hill, at grid reference 869774, we pondered as to how we would scale it. We reached the top quicker than we had expected.

On the far side we stopped in the shelter of the rocks and had lunch. Almost as soon as we had sat down the cloud, which had been steadily descending, started to

drizzle. We quickly put on our waterproofs and started to eat. By the time we reached the bottom of the valley our spirits were lifted by the sun breaking through and our meeting with the silver 2 group, who were on their way up the valley to a nearby camp site. We rested and had a brief chat before continuing up the other side of the valley. The descent to the camp-site was in sunshine which kept the spirits up but the next section was tiring both physically and mentally, as we were at the source of the river and there were many little streams to jump. With the extra weight of a rucksack, this often proved an interesting affair. Once the river had made itself large enough, this section became easier and we soon reached the camp site (923784). As the sun was still shining, we quickly put up the tents to allow them to dry, while we all took a bathe in the river, which although very cold, was refreshing. Our meal this evening was to consist of spaghetti bolognese, D. of E. style. It was very good, considering the limited cooking facilities, and was followed by rice pudding with extra raisins. Our tents soon dried and as the evening arrived, the need for Autan fly repellent, increased. We soon retired to bed, ready for an early start.

We woke to a cloudy morning, and started cooking our breakfast of pancakes and porridge. Having packed up our tents and cleared up the camp site, we departed. The sun appeared and the walk along the side of the river was pleasant and not difficult. It took us three quarters of an hour to reach the tributary where we were to leave the river. We walked for a few minutes up this tributary before we met peat bogs. They were very slow going and used a lot of energy. There was, however, one event to keep us going; this was Andy Nicoll stuck in the peat. Richard Hedges jumped in to the nearby water to aid him, soaking him. He succeeded in removing Andy's rucksack, which then was

thrown towards the bank, but it immediately rolled back into the water. Eventually we reached the Loch Mhairc, a milestone in our journey. We plodded away till eventually we reached our point of crossing from the previous day. From here to the camp-site was all fairly easy going with no fear of getting lost, as we were following the river all the way to our camp-site. There was only one harder point to this stretch and that was at 887758, where we met a large change in height. We eventually found a safe descent by looking further afield from the river, descending the right side of the valley, southwards. We arrived at Gilberts Bridge very tired, having taken a lot longer than the hoped for five and a half hours. We all washed and some swam in the river. This place was infested with flies and the use of Autan was essential, and it really does work!

The next morning we rose to sun. A look at the map showed that today we would have to carry water, as the route was over the peaks with no water until just before the bothy we visited on day 1. Breakfast was pancakes, although today's did not work nearly as well as yesterday's, and we eventually resorted to using Nick's non-stick pan.

We set off, with full water bottles and a quick pace on a track for the first part of the journey. We left the wood (868677) and started our ascent. We realised, after walking for five minutes, that we were heading in

the wrong direction. We altered course and regretted our previous error as it led to an unnecessarily steep climb. Once on the correct route we were infested by flies, which we discovered later attacked every group which crossed these peaks. We decided, because the heat was affecting Richard Hedges slightly and the going was difficult, to spread out, regrouping at every point on the route cards. The advantage of this was that the flies preferred Richard to the rest of us, so we could walk freely until the meeting point. After much upping and downing we reached Carn Dearg Mór (851732), the highest point of the day's walk, where we stopped for lunch. The sun was shining and we did not get cold. From here we decided that it was just possible to see the area in which Cuilltemhuc base camp was situated. We set off, with our spirits high, down to the valley, and we quickly ascended the ridge on the other side. From here we could see the bothy where we had been two days earlier. We started down the hill, but had to stop when Richard twisted his ankle. We rested for a few minutes until he was able to continue. We got up, reached the bothy and rested. Having made our additions to the book, we set off on the already familiar route, towards Cuilltemhuc. We soon crossed the dam and this time found the track we had missed on the way out. Once on the track it was a very easy walk back to Cuilltemhuc and rest.

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From the summit of the “Lost Mountain” to the sea: AN ODYSSEY

*Richard Hoskins and Andy Nicoll explain
THE MYLES HENRY EXPEDITION, 1994*

Photos: Richard Hoskins and Andrew Nicoll's father

We planned to climb the highest limestone peak in the Pyrenees and then canoe approximately 140 miles down the Gave de Pau to the sea, on the western coast of France.

Our Easter holidays were spent training at the international white water course at Holme-Pierrepont, Nottingham, perfecting our canoeing skills and honing our fitness in preparation for the expedition.

At the beginning of the summer holidays we packed our rucksacks, which with all our equipment weighed over 24 kilograms. We had to carry ice axes, crampons, climbing ropes, tents, a gas burning Trangia, protective clothing and enough food and fuel for eight days in the mountains.

So on the 10th of July we departed from Grantham station. The train took us eventually to Dover where we slept the night in the youth hostel. We took the ferry across the Channel and then from Calais we went to Paris. With an overnight stay in Paris we left the next morning for Dax by TGV and arrived at the small Pyrenean town several hours later. Then we went on to the holy town of Lourdes, and from here we hitchhiked our way deep into the heart of the Pyrenees. We ended up spending our first night in the wrong valley!

The next day we eventually managed to locate our-

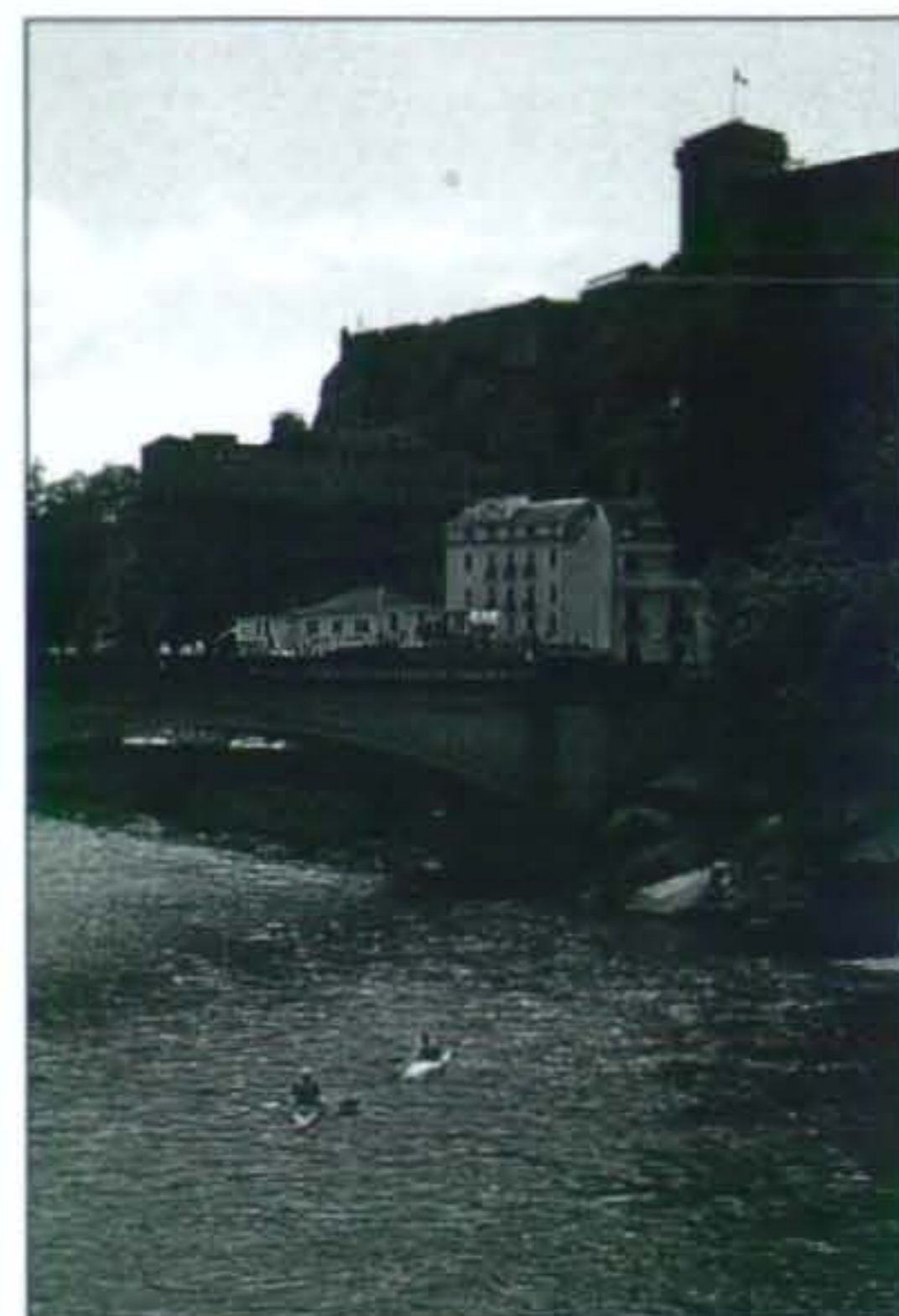
selves and struggled back into the correct valley, the valley of the cirque de Gavarnie leading to the Ordesa national park in Spain, which is a large wildlife sanctuary and very remote indeed. We set off from the campsite in the ley of the cirque de Garvanie and trekked up nearer the cirque. We rested for water at the base of the cirque showering under the highest waterfall in Europe, the grande cascade. These glacial waters were refreshing, to say the least! We pressed on up into the snowline and soon had to put on our waterproofs as we experienced the first of many Pyrenean storms. It is quite a frightening experience the first time, as the rain is really torrential and the thunder echoes very loudly around the amphitheatre-like cirque. As we got higher into the mountains it got colder and the terrain became more rough and our crampons were proving their weight in gold. We were very much on our own despite having been advised to take a guide with us. After a long arduous day the extreme altitude began to get to us, making climbing very difficult. We set up our tent in sight of the Brèche de Roland, a huge cleft in cliffs 150 metres high, which were impenetrable for many miles. The Brèche is said to have been hewn into the rock by a giant who was trying to break a magical sword.

Andy Nicoll on the Gave de Pau





Andy Nicoll abseiling down a cliff on Mt. Perdu.



Approaching Lourdes

We re-packed and set off through the Brèche and into Spain. We spent the day very physically, traversing crevasses and glacier fields. The paths, on rock, were very treacherous, in places less than a boot's width. It demanded great concentration to avoid a potentially fatal slip. Progress was slow and exhausting. We collapsed at the end of the day with a view of Mt. Perdu, the "lost mountain" which we were to ascend.

The sound of two gazelles running down the cliff woke us with a start the next morning. After packing we continued to trudge to the mountain. It took only a few steps to exhaust us and the ascent path was now almost vertical and involved numerous sections of roped climbing. We arrived at the top after almost 9 hours of solid climbing and we had a well-earned break on the summit.

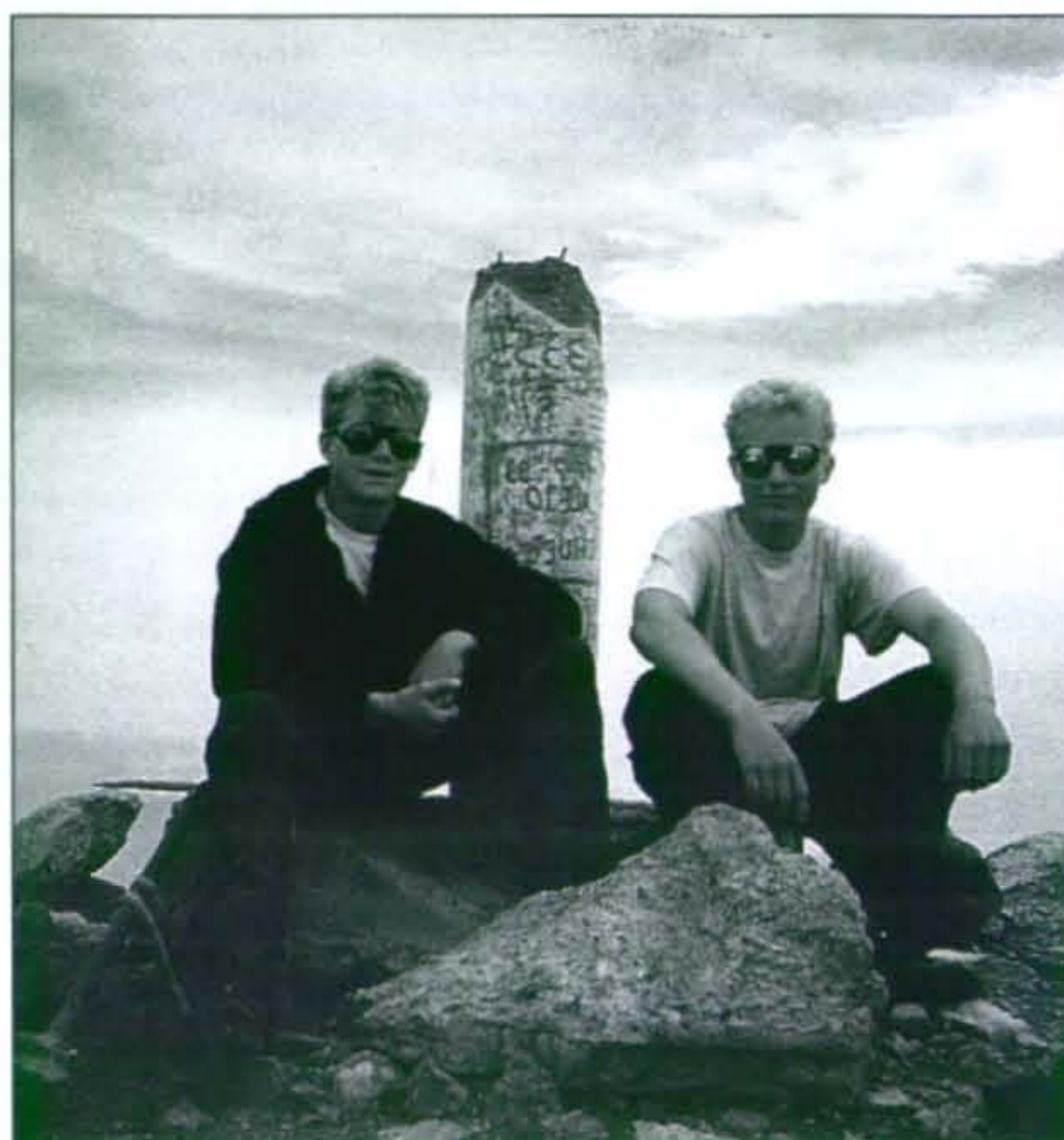
As we descended from the summit we had many days to go on our journey before we would be back in civilisation. The descent was arduous and involved a lot of abseiling over the sheer limestone cliffs. A 6 mile hike brought us to the frozen lake, which was cluttered with icebergs. We were conscious, whilst circumnavigating the lake, that a slip might be fatal. The next ascent was over two ridges in white-out conditions that would get us back into the right valley. We eventually arrived back in Garvanie a few days later.

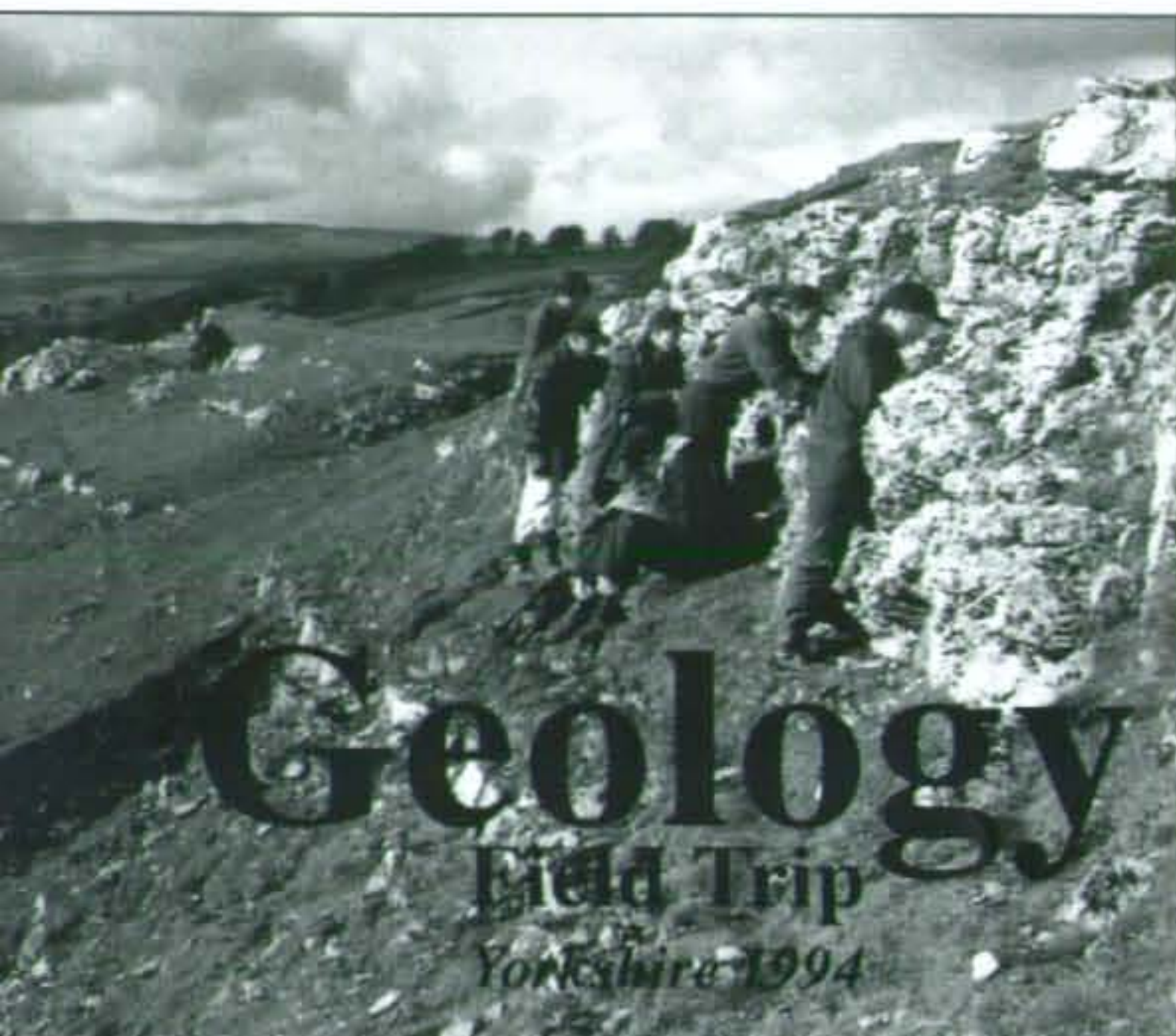
We met up with the support team and spent a few days resting and reconnoitring the upper sections of the river. As we got onto the river for the first time we were quite nervous as the water looked very big and wild indeed. After four days of some of the wildest water we have ever paddled, there were numerous waterfalls which we went over. The rapids rarely calmed and were most of the time swelling higher than our heads and it required all our skill to find a good route through them. When we arrived at the holy waters of Lourdes we paddled through the town and through the sanctuary of Bernadette to the greeting

smiles and waves of the tourists, nuns and cripples, who had come to be healed by bathing in the holy waters.

From Lourdes, we came to the French national water course. We had a chance to perfect our slalom skills for the coming season! It was great fun to canoe on the French rivers as they cater for canoeists. All the weirs on the river have special sluices for the canoeists to go down. The river got calmer as we canoed on for days down the river. Eventually, 14 days later, with 140 miles of wild water having passed under our boats, we arrived at the Atlantic Ocean, at Bayonne, with two dozen blisters on our hands. We had time for a few days' surfing in the Atlantic breakers before returning to England, with only the worst part of the expedition yet to come. The lecture in front of the whole school!

On top of Mt. Perdu (3,355 metres up)





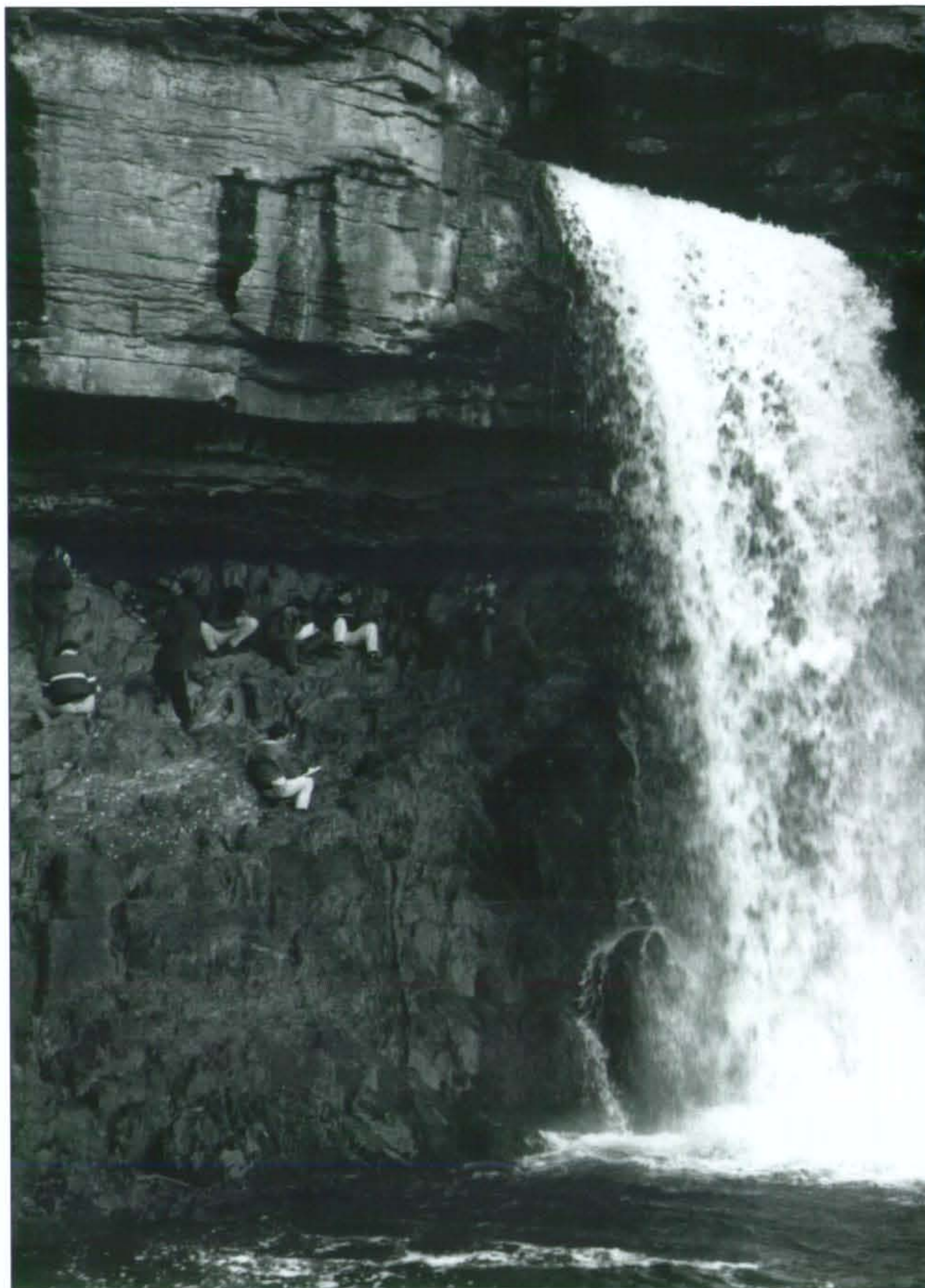
Above Wensleydale

Under the command of Dr. Waldman and Mr Ghirelli, eight intrepid middle sixth form students assembled late in October ready to depart from Stowe for their assault on the Yorkshire Dales. The plan was to leave at 2.00 pm but in accordance with “the best laid schemes o’ mice an’ men” the reality was otherwise. Having finally packed the food, loaded the bags, piled up boxes of maps, compasses and hammers, waved goodbye to our Alma Mater for the umpteenth time, fed the cat, and put the dog out, we finally got away at 4.00 pm, arriving in the dark, to discover the comforts and delights of Dr. Waldman’s stone cottage huddling in an ancient village deep in Herriot country.

Bright sunshine woke us next morning. From our bedrooms, we had fine views towards the grey frowning crags that are formed from what geologists call the Yoredale series. We lingered over a superb breakfast prepared to perfection by the expedition chef – self-effacing modesty forbids me to name him – and then we were away for the work of the day.

There is a variety of sites of geological interest in the area. Thornton Force, for example, is a waterfall whose local torrent thunders dramatically over a precipice formed where flat beds of Carboniferous Limestone lie over the more steeply inclined strata of the Ordovician Ingleton slates. Here is what geologically speaking is termed an angular unconformity: and here, before our eyes, took place a remarkable transformation: for we were standing on a green hillside in the north of England, in bright autumn sunshine, yet, as Dr. Waldman spoke, we became aware that before us, at the junction of those two grey masses of rocks, there was displayed an ancient tropical shoreline where once waves pounded the beach and weird creatures, never seen by human eye, were locked in the eternal struggle for life.

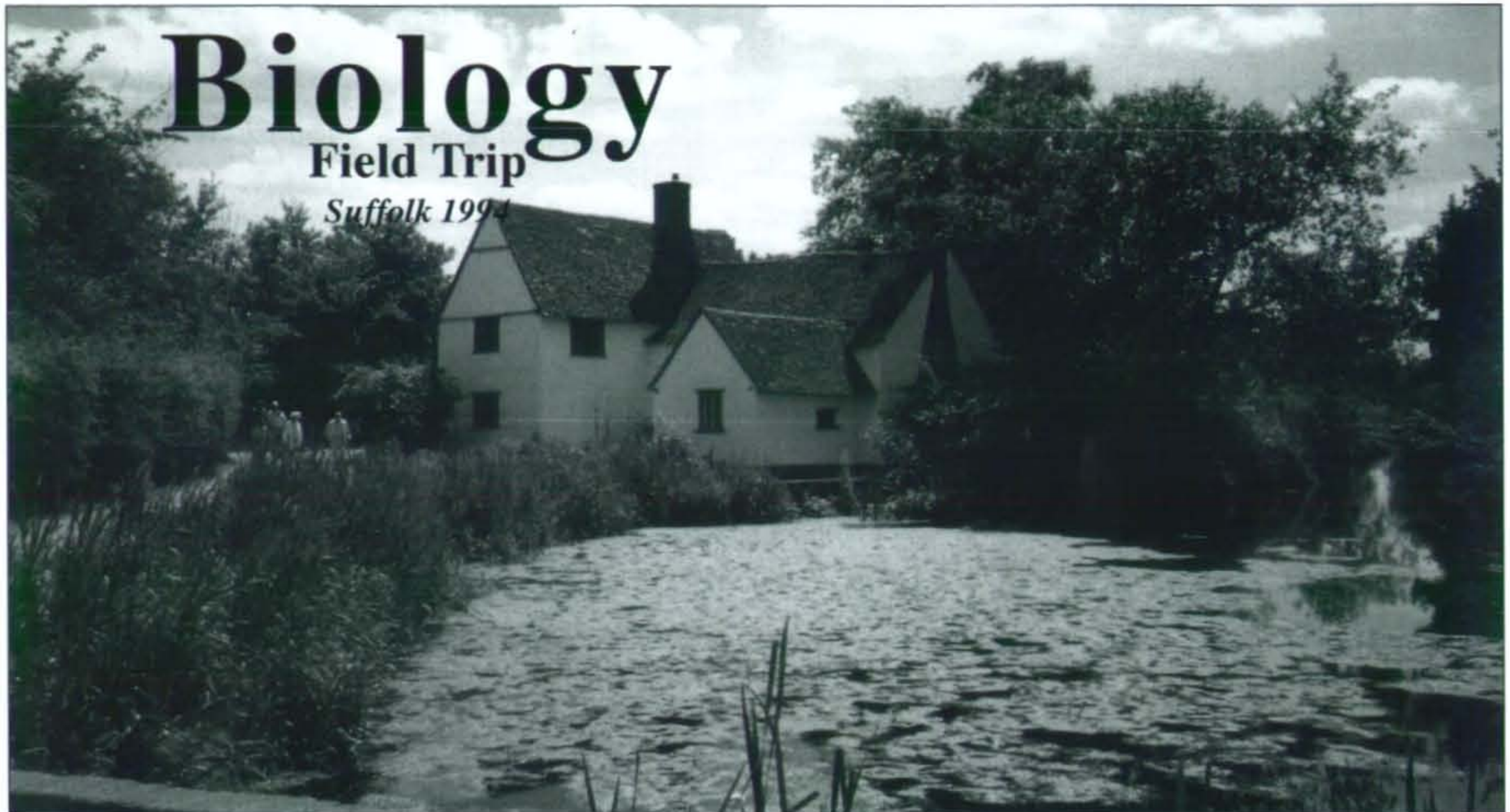
Photos: MW



Geologists at work, Thornton Force waterfall

Geology is a science in which field work is essential. The trip was valuable experience: we were given insights into the vast and titanic forces that have shaped our planet. We worked hard, and enjoyed doing so: it was real “hands on” experience. The success of the trip, of course, owes much to Dr. Waldman. A fragment of rock is no mere dull bit of stone in his hands; it becomes a book, a source of truths and ancient wisdom. His learning is vast, and we were privileged to be able to share his understanding. To him we offer our thanks, both for his expert tuition and for the use of his delightful cottage. And perhaps, too, we should thank each other, for it was a week of good humour and camaraderie. We returned a wiser but merry band.

Andy Nicoll



This year the biology field trip was held at Flatford Mill in Suffolk. The course, although extremely demanding and tiring, was made bearable by the scorching weather which held for the entire week and the beautiful "Constable" countryside in which we worked.

The course involved learning about techniques used in fieldwork and included samples of four types of ecological habitats. These were woodland, river, heathland and grassland. A day was spent on each of these with a further two days on a specific site to gather data for our A-level projects.

The centre is owned by the National Trust, although it is leased to the Field Studies Council and used primarily for students with needs such as ours.

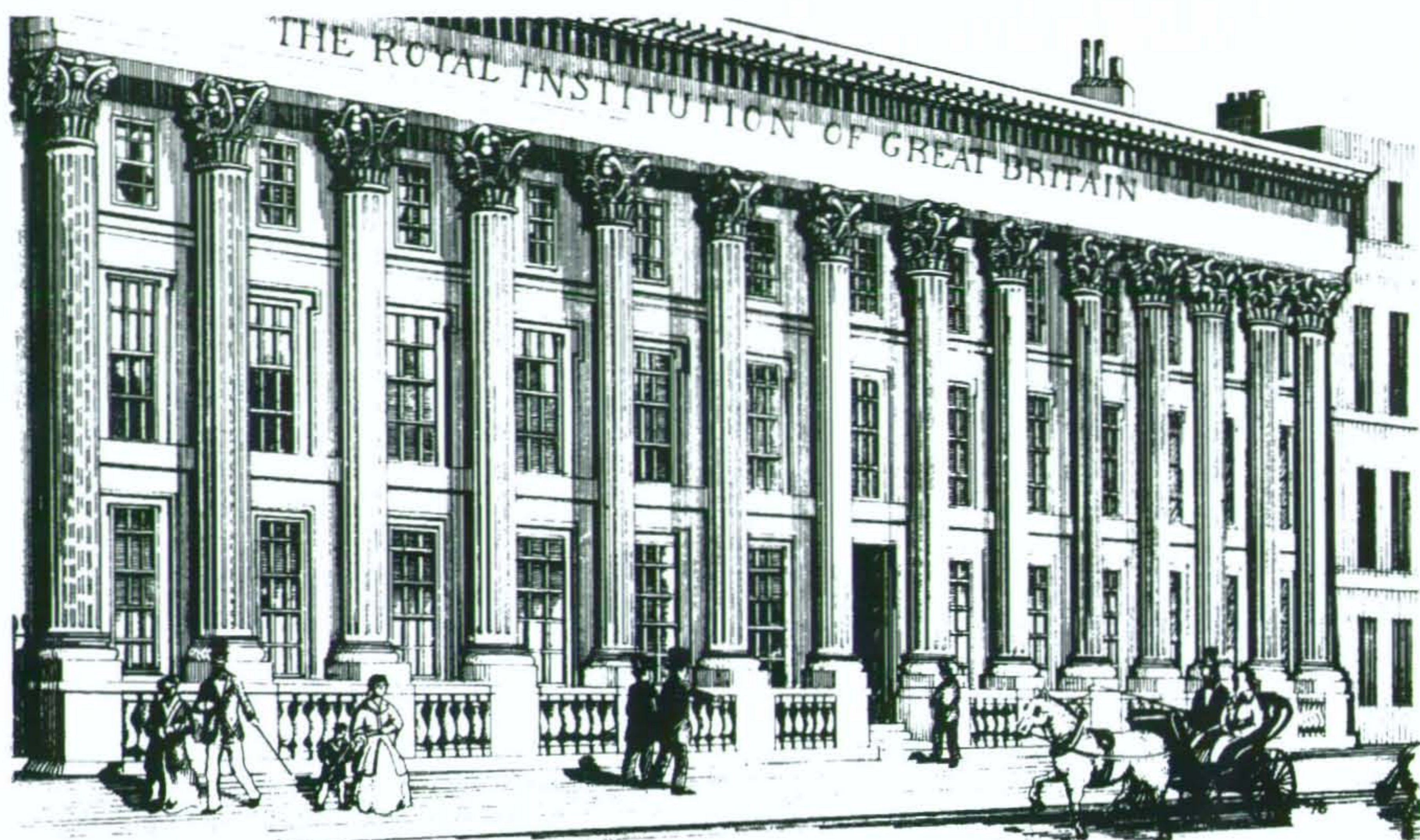
Our accommodation was in Willy Lott's cottage. The cottage was extremely old and had very low beams, as the taller people amongst us found out!

The field centre was very well equipped with all the apparatus necessary for all the types of field work undertaken and was well situated for the specific sites of study, two being within walking distance with the other two a short drive away. It was also within striking distance of Colchester, which enabled us to escape the centre for one of the evenings. The other nights were spent working or watching Wimbledon.

This was a very enjoyable week and well organised by the Biology department. Our thanks must go to DWJ, WEHV, RRA and Mrs. Bellosevich.

Above: Willy Lott's cottage. Below: Flatford Mill





Stoics enjoy 'Chaos'

at the Royal Institution

Royal Institute? Royal Society? Royal... whatever! It's the place where the science lectures on television after Christmas happen!

In fact, tucked up behind an impressive columned facade at the top of Albemarle Street, lies the unique Royal Institution of Great Britain, sitting rather incongruously amongst the bustle of Bond Street, Berkeley Square and Piccadilly. For nearly two centuries the RI (as it is affectionately known) has given a home to some of the most distinguished scientists of the time and endeavoured to present advances in science in an attractive way to a wide audience, exemplified nowadays by the famous Christmas Lectures instituted by Faraday, the School Lectures and the formal Friday Evening Discourses.

As a School Subscriber, Stowe has been making increasingly frequent use of the RI's programme despite the distance, culminating last November in an expedition of 27 A-level scientists, staff and parents to a discourse on "Chaos". Stoics caused some chaos of their own amongst the dinner-jacketed and evening-gowned discourse-goers as the party assembled on the library staircase for a group-photograph with Faraday (his statue!) and the Stowe Wind Quartet playing below. (Photographs on opposite page.)

Part of the RI experience is the black tie and evening dress formality of the Friday Evening Discourses in the famous semi-circular, steep lecture theatre where

Faraday first publicly aired his thoughts on electromagnetism. It is worth reflecting that the discoveries which gave rise to the large scale generation of electricity were made here in a dusty laboratory only a few blocks away from the electrical glitter of the Regent Street lights. Now the Faraday Museum in the basement displays some of the equipment and materials Faraday and others used, as well as part of his original laboratory. Before the lecture, visitors can view the Museum or an exhibition in the Library, which usually illustrates the topic of the Discourse with material from the Lecturer's work and commercial application in the field.

At the stroke of nine p.m., when the audience is in place and members of the Director's dinner party have taken their seats, the lecturer makes his formal entrance and without ado embarks on his subject for, it is hoped, precisely one hour. Traditionally RI lectures are known for their demonstrations, often spectacular, engineered in recent years (until his death last year) by the famous 'Mr. Coates'. "Chaos", described elsewhere in more detail, was no exception, making the long trip from the wilds of Buckinghamshire worthwhile.

But what is the Royal Institution? Founded almost at the turn of the century in 1799, with philanthropic ideals, by Count Rumford (of cannon-boring fame), the RI rose quickly to great prominence in scientific London society, first under the Directorship of Humphrey Davy and then the spectacularly successful

Michael Faraday, whose head now adorns our £10 notes.

Passing through the Ambulatory behind the lecture theatre, where the work of the successive directors of the laboratory is illustrated, is like paging the Who's Who of great British scientists of the last 200 years, including several Nobel Laureates. Davy's work on electrolysis, leading to the discovery of the reactive metals, such as sodium, has its place in our GCSE syllabus still. His talent as a lecturer drew 'men of the first rank and talent, the literary and the scientific, the practical, the theoretical, blue-stockings and women of fashion, the old, the young.'

Faraday, a bookbinder's apprentice, was appointed by Davy and eventually succeeded him in 1827. Not only did he make significant contributions to chemistry (discovery and isolation of benzene, laws of electrolysis) and to physics (electromagnetic induction), but he also initiated two of the lecture programmes, the Friday Evening Discourses for adults and the Christmas Lectures for children, which persist to this day.



Tyndall followed Faraday and concerned himself principally with the absorption and radiation of heat and light by gases, the latter leading him to the explanation of the blue colour of the sky due to scattering of light by dust particles. Sir James Dewar took the RI into the 20th century with his work on the liquefaction of gases such as oxygen, nitrogen and hydrogen, producing the 'spin-off' of the insulating Dewar ('Thermos') flask for containing cold liquids.

A remarkable father and son association with the RI started in 1923 with the appointment of Sir William Bragg, who had been awarded the Nobel Prize for Physics, jointly with his son Lawrence, in 1915 for their work on the use of X-rays in determining the structures of crystals. The group of eminent researchers he gathered at the RI laid the foundation for modern structural chemistry, eventually leading to the determination of complex protein molecules by his son's group after the Second World War.

After the intermission of the war, Sir Lawrence Bragg followed his father to the RI as its Director in 1953, at a time when greater emphasis needed to be placed on the exposition of science by the RI using its unique lecture theatre and experimental resources. A programme of afternoon Schools' Lectures was initiated and has been extended to cover all levels from primary to sixth form. Several groups of Stoics, most recently the Twenty Club (Scholars), have enjoyed some of the presentations.

BHO

THE LECTURE

The topic of Chaos and the Butterfly Effect was not totally new to the Stoics who went to the lecture at the Royal Institution. For the film *Jurassic Park* contains references to this new and exciting branch of science. Moreover, a variety of my own lectures to the Science Society over the past four years have been around this theme.

The lecturer carefully guided us through the importance of non-linear elements in the determining equations for chaos to be possible and likewise the extreme sensitivity of the unfolding states of a complex system to their initial conditions – this being the butterfly effect. It is a sobering thought that a wingbeat on a Pacific island today might affect the rainfall at Stowe next autumn!

He showed, via mathematical models and particularly the logistic difference equation, the concept of an attractor state as solution prior to the onset of chaos, as growth parameters are tuned. The solution bifurcates into a period two state and then a cascade of further bifurcations leads on to the strange attractor state, which is the hallmark of chaos, demonstrating its link to fractal concepts.

Mysteriously, as growth parameters are further tweaked upwards, windows of ordered solutions reappear, "order within chaos". The implicit complexity hidden in such a relatively simple system is both beautiful and quite mind-numbing. Simple models, or local physics, can cause wonderfully complex outcomes or behaviours, hence the "new science of complexity".

The lecturer, himself an electronic engineer, was able to demonstrate all these features in some electrical circuits, using some mechanical analogues which completely delighted the audience and, not least, the Stoics. Certainly conversation on the late bus journey back appeared well-rooted in the ideas of Chaos. Altogether it was a fascinating and delightful evening, with another generation of Stowe scientists being introduced to the charm and splendour of the Royal Institution.

SOC

Diving Expedition to Tenerife

Last July six Stoics set off for the warm waters of the Canary Islands with their instructor, Ian McKillop, to take their first course in scuba diving. This was at the Los Gigantes Diving School on the west coast. The clear waters of the Canaries offer superb diving sites for beginners, whilst the more advanced have the chance to dive on the Atlantic walls, which drop to some 6,000 ft.

The group met at Gatwick with instructions to bring their tee-shirts, shorts, flip flops and suntan oil, but, in true Stoic tradition, the ever present Walkman was seen as a vital addition to the list, "Will it work underwater, sir?"

The boys were all fifth-formers. There was one girl, Jodi Francis, and one Old Stoic, Sholto Vaughan. They were all keen to experience the exciting underwater world, but first we had another experience, the usual frustrating delays at the airport!

Instructor Ian McKillop with sub aqua kit



Photo: Digby Oldridge









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We eventually arrived in Tenerife some five hours late, early in the morning. Nonetheless we were met by our hosts, John and Sheila, who had waited throughout the night to greet us.

A forty-minute drive along the coast led us to Los Gigantes and our apartment, right in the centre of town, only walking distance from the diving school. Suddenly our party woke up! Time to explore the scene! Yes, there was a beach, yes, there were bars, yes, there were girls and, yes, a reasonable night club... Paradise!!

In the first week all the pupils undertook their Open Water course, during which there were a number of classroom sessions, pool sessions and sea dives. The Oasis Club, right next door, provided a good pool for the confined sessions, whilst a short drive down the coast brought us to San Juan, where the Stoics got their first taste of visiting the marine world. Towards the end of the week a series of four dives from a boat took place; after a short run out, we anchored in a protected bay, surrounded by the mountains known as "Giants". It is impossible to describe effectively the pleasures of diving in the Canaries to anyone who has not yet taken that magical first plunge into the crystal clear water. As you glide down, a whole new vista opens up to you and you are all at once a guest in another world with strange sounds, strange and new sights and fascinating moments!

The party all passed the Open Water course and duly celebrated at the Divers' Cove, followed by a visit to the Piano Bar! Indeed, the Piano Bar became quite a focal point for relaxation and "revision"! The second week was spent going on dives, which again had been arranged as part of the package. This gave the students a chance to put into practice their diving skills and build up their log book. Octopus, borocas, trumpet, pipefish and eels were just some of the fish discovered. Inspired by what they achieved and saw, several of the pupils are hoping to return on the 1995 expedition to experience the deeper dives on the Atlantic walls.

The presence of a senior girl, Jodi Francis, did much to assist the expedition. Jodi, when she was not making friends in the bar across the street, was very much the organising angel. She proved herself not only a very good diver but also a very great asset, in that she managed to "herd" the party from one class to another, ensuring all were present when required. Naturally the boys found this annoying... but then, as Jodi explained, "That's just boys for you!"

In addition to Jodi the party consisted of Freddie Alston, who is now an Advanced Diver studying for his Rescue Course, Jeremy Thomas, another Advanced Diver, George Dallas, Sholto Vaughan and Christian Ringsby-Burgess, who will all be taking their Advanced this Easter.

IJM

DIVING AT STOWE

received a boost when Ian McKillop was asked to become the Diving Officer for the School's CCF. He has quickly taken up the challenge to provide various courses for the cadets, courses which will also be available to others, such as those taking the Duke of Edinburgh Award. In the holidays he will be taking expeditions away to various countries so pupils can explore the aquatic world. This summer, as mentioned above, there will be a further visit to the Canaries, allowing Stoics either to gain more diving experience or to take their first diving qualifications. There is talk of a Christmas expedition to the Red Sea and of diving expeditions for parents...



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Deep into Matter and back in Time

Stephen Spencer was the Stowe representative at a European Schools Seminar at CERN, Geneva, the biggest Particle Physics facility in the world. Here he writes of the experience.

CERN (Conseil Européen pour la Recherche Nucléaire), the European laboratory for particle Physics, straddles the Swiss-French border, just west of Geneva. It is financed by its nineteen European member states. The aim of CERN is to probe the innermost constituents of matter; to find out how our world and the whole universe work!

We left for the station at four in the morning to catch the early train to Gatwick. On arrival at Geneva we were greeted by the course organisers and given bus passes and told where we would be staying. By this time we were all very hungry so we quickly found a McDonald's and had "un big mac et des frites"! After six hours of walking round Geneva I came to know it quite well and became quite competent with the street map. After supper we went back to the youth hostel for a talk about CERN and what they are trying to achieve.

The next day at CERN, we were shown round the small injector accelerator. I thought that I was looking at the whole thing in this huge warehouse, but on being shown what I was looking at on the map I could see that this was only about one eleventh of it. We saw where the positrons were made and accelerated. The initial acceleration is provided by a fifty thousand volt electron gun in a Faraday cage to protect from electrocution. We were then shown round the control room and told that even though the accelerators were not working they were still using thirty megawatts.

The second half of the day was spent looking round the main accelerator ring in France, which is about twenty-seven kilometres long. It is called the LEP ring, the letters standing for Large Electron Positron ring and it is the world's largest scientific machine. We went inside the tunnel that the ring went through to have a look at the small pipe that carries the electrons.

At the time we were a hundred and fifty metres underground and could see up the shaft that the detectors were lowered down. We were also shown round the detector, ALEPH. This detector lies in a tunnel that has a diameter of fifteen metres. The detector itself is twelve metres in diameter and has a twelve metre length. It weighs about three thousand tons and cost about seventy million Swiss francs. ALEPH is one of four detectors around the LEP rings.

Beams of electrons and their anti-matter counterparts, positrons, are

whirled around the ring and accelerated to near the speed of light. In accordance with the theory of relativity, at this speed their mass is multiplied 200,000 times. Inside the tube in which the particles move there is a very high vacuum; electrons can travel about a third of a light year before colliding with an air molecule. At the four detector points the beams of electrons and positrons collide. Einstein's famous equation, $E=mc^2$, tells us that the energy released in the collision will appear as mass. This is the mass of new particles created. The detectors are designed to identify and measure the properties of these new particles. The information provided allows physicists to test their theories about the nature of matter. The energies are so large that conditions simulate the situation a fraction of a second after the big bang. The particles detected are those from which the protons, neutrons and electrons we are familiar with were formed.

Matter consists of three families of basic particles; each family has four members, two quarks (particles which are susceptible to the influence of the strong force) and two leptons (which do not feel the strong force). All members of the three families have been observed except the top quark, probably because its mass is too great to be created at the energies so far achieved.

CERN has just received the go-ahead for its next collider project, the collision of beams and protons. This collider will penetrate still further the structure of matter and will recreate the conditions prevailing in the universe just a millionth of a millionth of a second after the big bang, when the temperature was ten thousand million million degrees. It will reveal the behaviour of fundamental particles of matter that has never been studied before. The machine will be known as the Large Hadron Collider or LHC.

The detector enables the tracks of the particles produced to be displayed. Careful study led to the discovery of the vector bosons (W and Z).

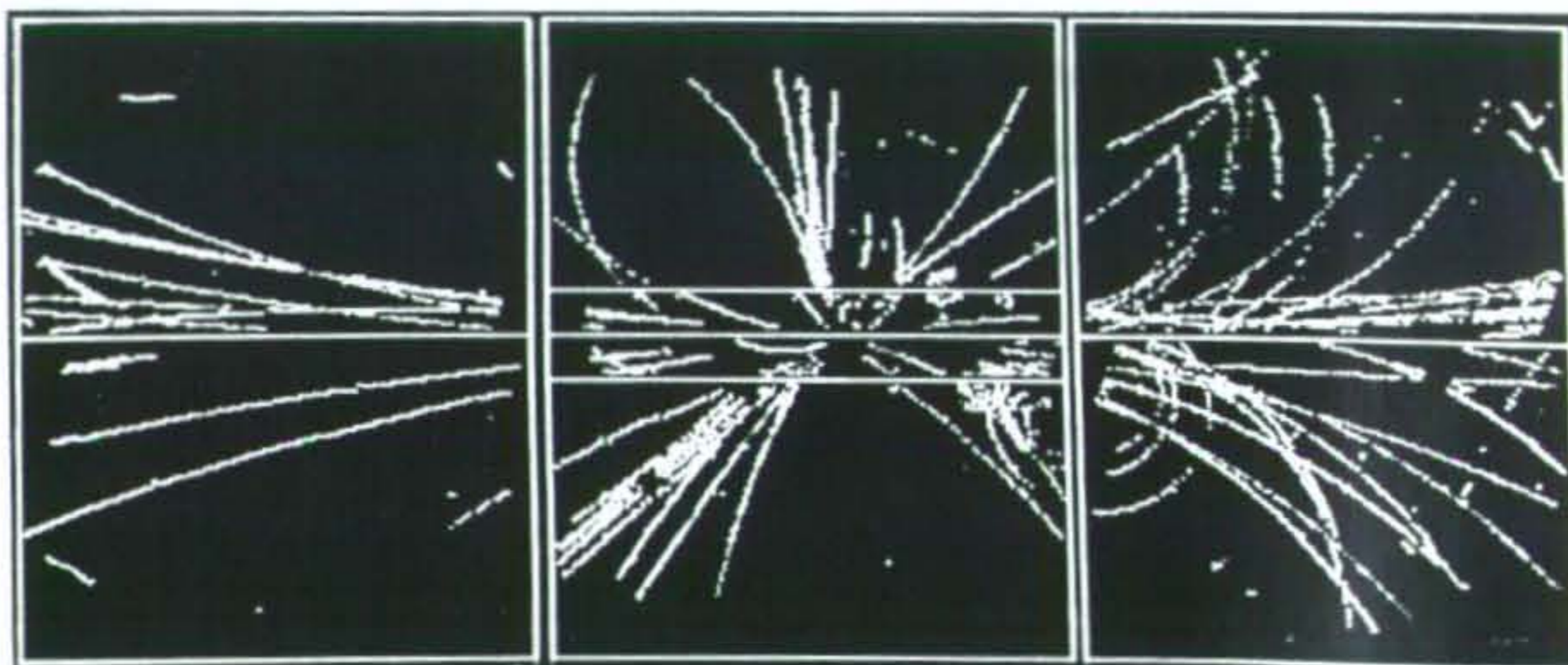
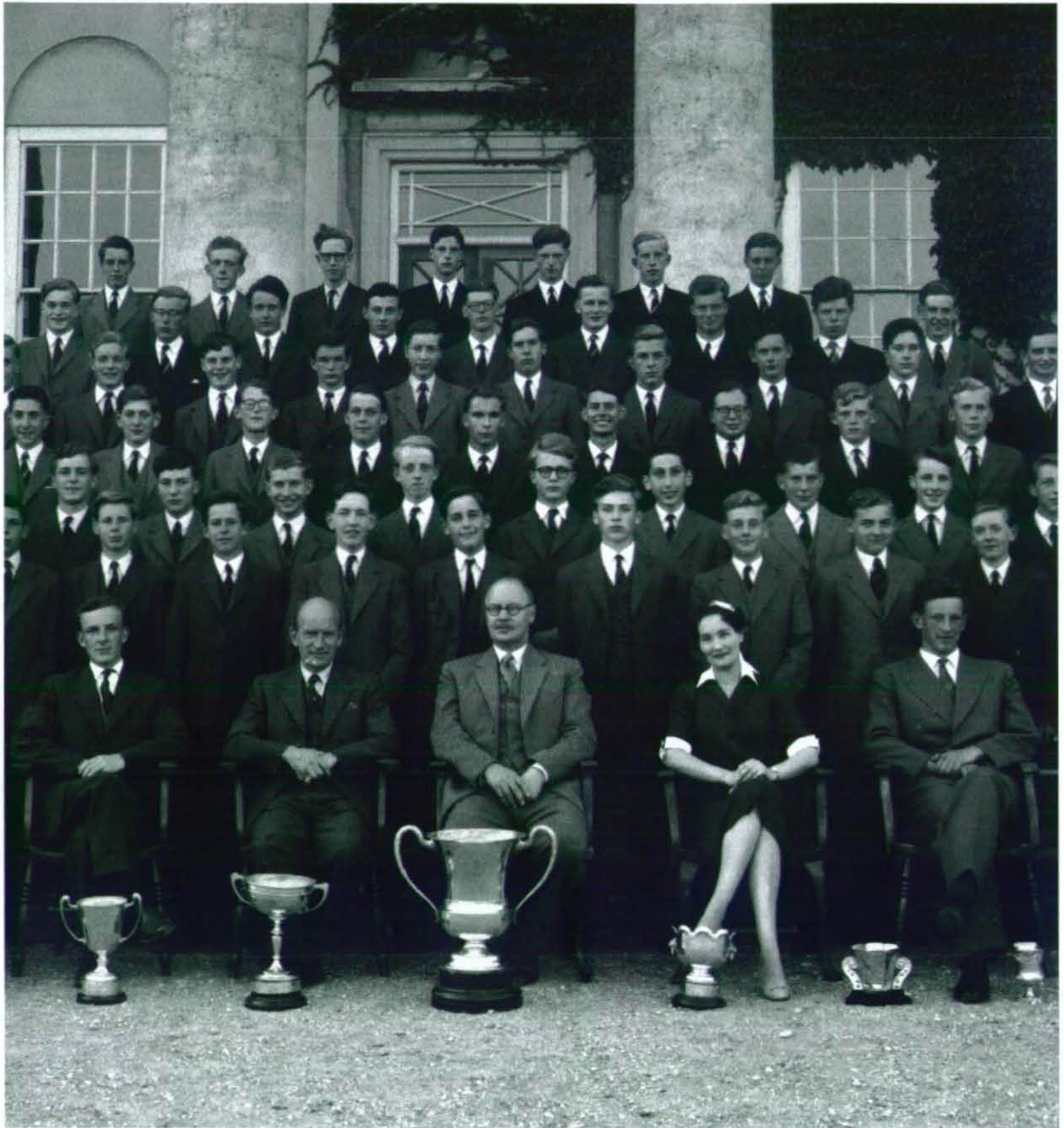
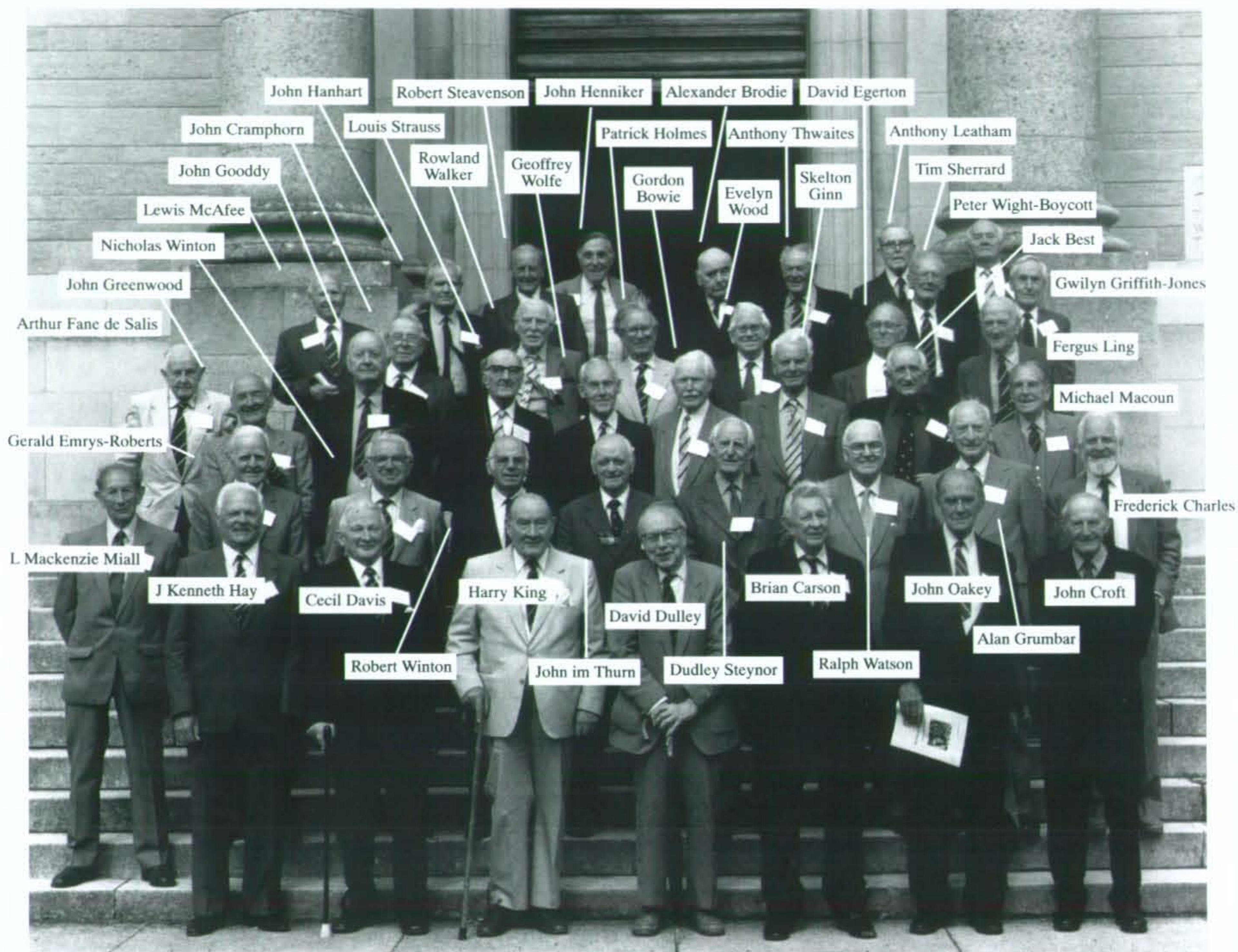


Photo: R & H Chapman ©



OLD STOICS





Some of the more senior Old Stoics who returned to Stowe for a grand 1920's reunion in September 1994. The busy day included Chapel, lunch with the Headmaster and a tour of the School and Gardens.

STOWE THROUGH THE DECADES

— 1925 —

- 1st Speech Day
- Field Marshal Lord Methuen is Guest Speaker
- 1st XI beat Eton by 3 wickets
- Old Stoic Society founded on 1st June
- A new House, Chatham, opens in September
- After only two years Stowe boasts 420 boys
- Winter Sports include Ice Skating on the Eleven Acre and Octagon lakes

STOWE THROUGH THE DECADES

— 1935 —

- The 'Modern Style' stucco Art School opens
- Building starts on the Cricket Pavilion in February and is completed by June
- Bachelor masters take up residence in the new Chatham Field Houses
- 49 Old Stoics go up to Cambridge
- Sir Thomas Beecham & The London Philharmonic Orchestra play to a packed Gymnasium on 8th December
- J.D.A. Langley (*Grenville 36*) wins the Boys Amateur Golf Championship

ERIC WEBB

Eric Webb, who died recently at the age of 91, came to Stowe in 1947 as Bandmaster after a distinguished career as an army musician. A former Senior Student and Medallist at the Kneller Hall School of Military Music, he had performed harp solos for King George V during His Majesty's convalescence in 1929.

He was an astonishingly versatile musician. Although he regarded the clarinet as his main instrument, he was a very good oboe player too. Indeed, he could turn his hand to most musical tasks: he played the violin in the school orchestra and no-one who was there will forget the Ceremonial Inspection when he personally took over the trombone playing. He brought the Military Band, which was central to his life at Stowe, to a very high standard and its concerts played to packed houses. Year after year he produced a stream of fine wind players.

Like all good teachers, he did not spare himself. He took great pride in the progress of his pupils, whether gifted or not, and was interested in their life beyond the Queen's Temple, as demonstrated by his generous retirement gift of a cup for athletics. Tea at Willow Cottage, Padbury was part of the Queen's Temple experience.

For sixteen years he was a colourful part of the Stowe scene. His former colleagues and pupils will smile to think of him walking to the Queen's Temple at exactly 120 paces to the minute conducting an imaginary band. Or they will remember the *Epicurean's* Webbed Wagtail (*Motacilla musicilla*) and its striking display of acrobatics when attempting to produce music of the birds. But above all they will remember him with affection and gratitude. Making music with Eric was fun.

CPM



STOWE THROUGH THE DECADES

— 1945 —

A total 1,918 Stoics fought in World War II
 – 264 Killed in Action
 – 242 Decorated

Blackout patrol ends – a whole generation of Stoics have only known the School with its 1,000 windows blinded

The first Old Stoic son enrolls,
 S. Coke (*Chatham 46*) son of
 A.R.T. Coke (*Chatham 28*)

102 Stoics are confirmed by the Bishop of Oxford in December

A group of Stoics visit the *Daily Express* to see a newspaper in production

DAVID JAMES FAWCETT RENWICK

1936 – 1994

David J.F. Renwick (*Grafton 55*), only son of Sir John Renwick, developed his lasting interest for ironwork in the workshops at Stowe. He founded Ridgeway Forge near Sheffield in 1965, producing wrought items from weather vanes to estate railings. David's extensive work included commissions at Renishaw Hall, the home of the Sitwells, wine racking for Lord Rothschild in the cellars at Waddesdon Manor, lanterns on the North Front, fencing for the Japanese Gardens and, his biggest achievement, the new Oxford Gates at Stowe for the National Trust.

He served on the Parish Council of Ridgeway and the Management Committee of the Sheffield Cheshire Home. In 1993 he received the Freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall and became a Liveryman of the Worshipful Company of Blacksmiths.



David Renwick in 1993 receiving the Freedom of the City of London

His son Andrew J.S. Renwick (*Grafton 83*), shares his father's love of ironwork and, having worked for five years as a project manager for Davy International, has now taken on the commissions of his father's business, including future projects at Stowe and hopes to take Ridgeway Forge into the next millenium.



Lord Amthill (*Temple 38*), having completed over two years as Lord Chairman, is Deputy Speaker in the House of Lords and was appointed a Privy Councillor in the New Year's Honours

T.B.R. Albery (*Lyttelton 69*) directed *Peter Grimes* for English National Opera, and also co-directed it for Channel 4

F.P.G. Aldrich-Blake (*Chatham 61*) produced "Realms of the Russian Bear" for BBC2

NEWS

T.P. Besterman (*Walpole 67*) appointed Director of the Manchester Museum, University of Manchester

J.G. Cahill (*Grafton 68*) became Managing Director of BH&M Architects (who designed the new Bruce House) and is currently working on buildings for Charterhouse and Radley College

C.D. Chance (*Chandos 74*) & **D.F. Andrews** (*Grenville 81*) are partners in a real estate business, Cayleys, in N.S.W., Australia

E.N. Coombs (*Chandos 84*) was ordained a deacon in the Scottish Episcopal Church in August 94

F.T. Erogbogbo (*Grafton 93*) is the current number one triple jumper for Birchfield Harriers, competing at the highest level in British Athletics

M.W. Fatharly (*Grafton 87*) was the Asia Pacific winner of the 1993 Lex Mundi Student writing contest. The subject was the Vienna Sales Convention

T. Gregson-Williams (*Chatham 76*) is Editorial Director of Education for Hodder & Stoughton

T.J.D. Hall (*Cobham 83*) published two books of photography, one on Vietnam and one on Cambodia

R.D. Hansen-Luke (*Temple 88*) rode a motorcycle from Madras in India, for charity, from July to October 94



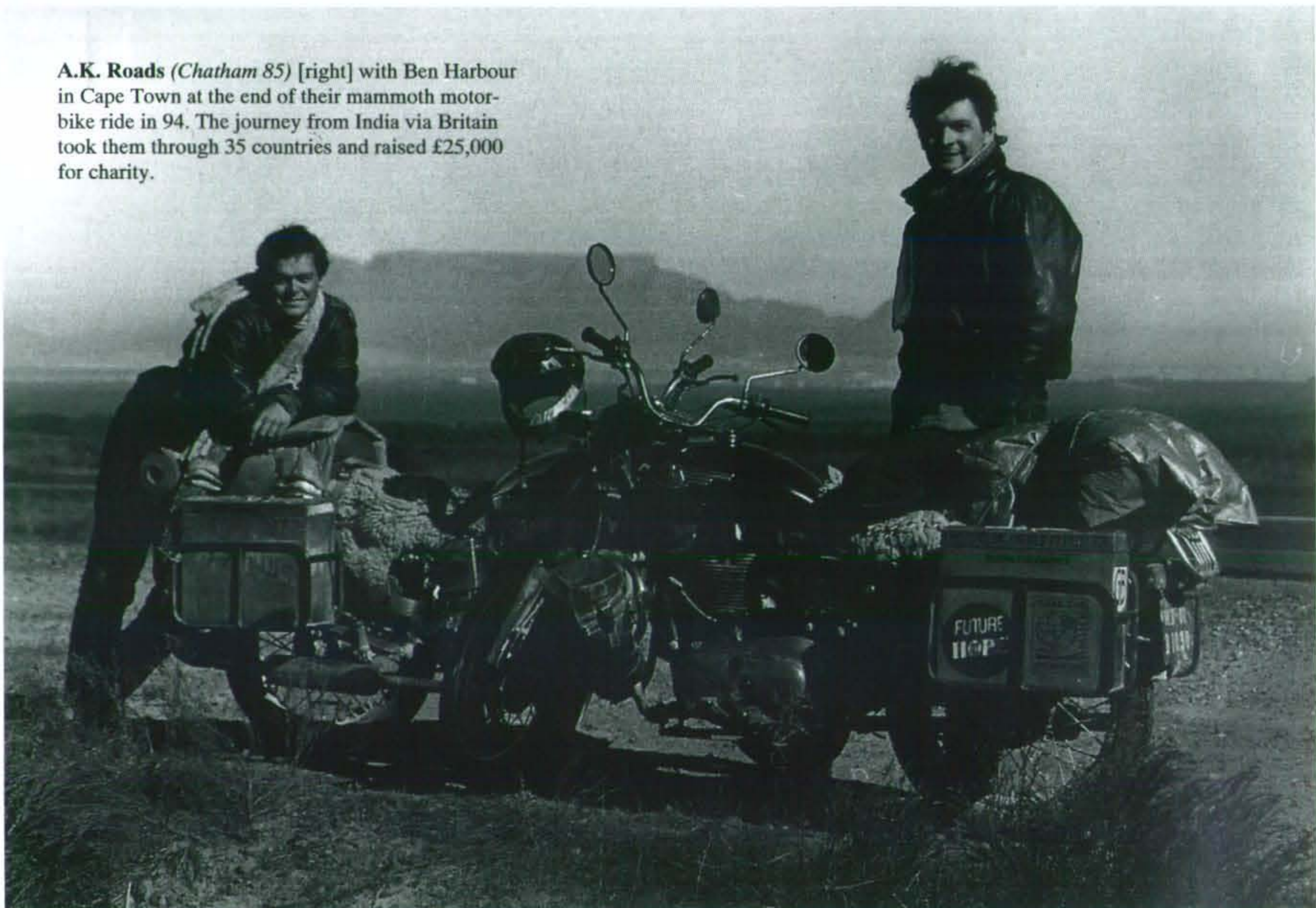
A.C.N. Bewes (*Chandos 89*) spent a year working in a London church and is now Assistant to the Chaplain at Stowe for the school year

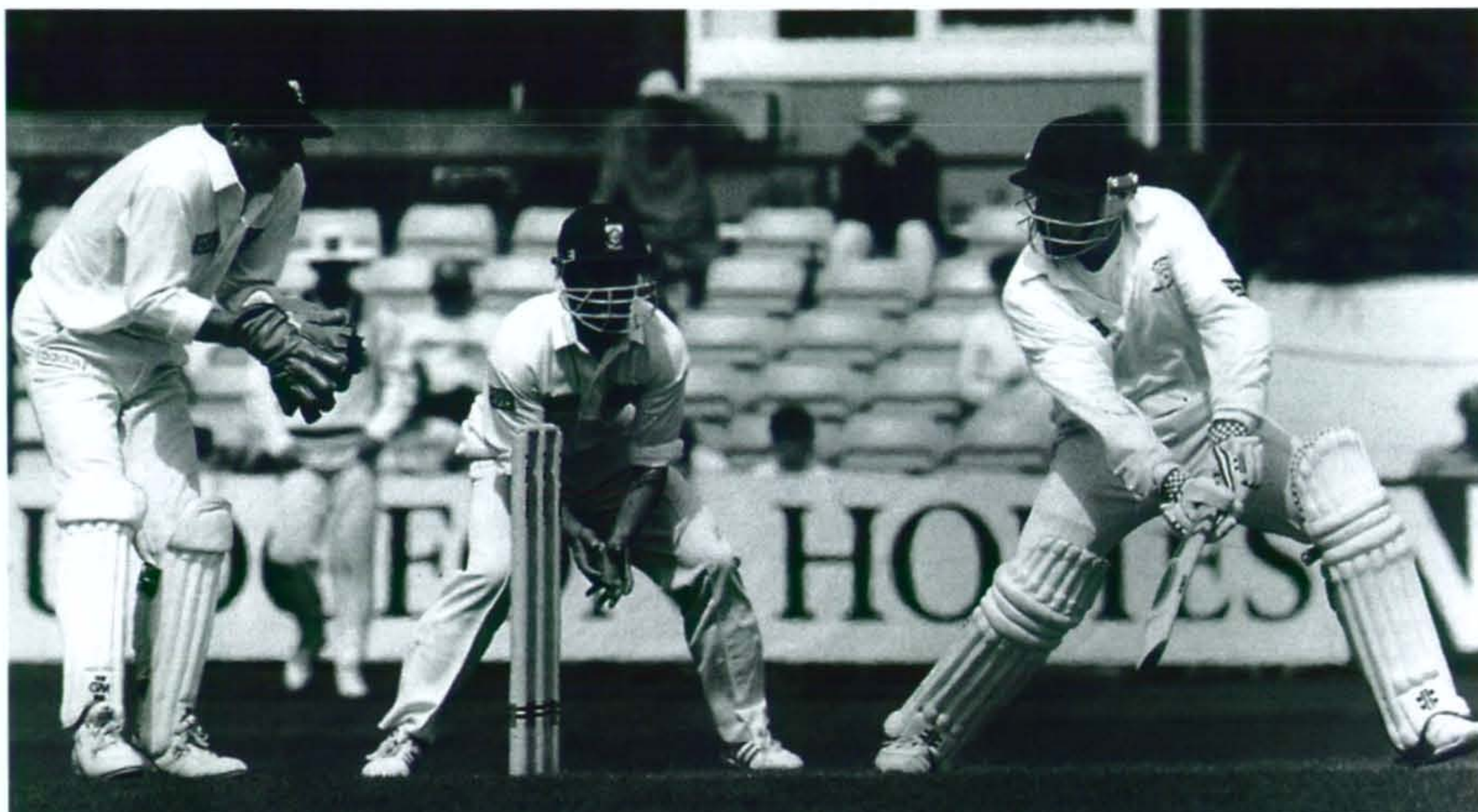
Sir Nicholas Henderson (*Grenville 37*) has published "Mandarin: The Diaries of an Ambassador 1969-82", Weidenfeld & Nicolson in August 94

Emma C. Hornby (*Stanhope 91*) was awarded a Proxime Accessit in Oxford University's Medieval Music Essay Prize

J.H. Hutter (*Lyttelton 90*) won the "Erasmus" Award to study at Eberhard-Karls Universität, Germany and the Book Prize for German achievements from the German Consulate while at Edinburgh University

A.K. Roads (*Chatham 85*) [right] with Ben Harbour in Cape Town at the end of their mammoth motor-bike ride in 94. The journey from India via Britain took them through 35 countries and raised £25,000 for charity.





R.S.M. Morris (*Walpole 87*) scored his first 1st-class century (174) for Hampshire against South Africa in June 94

Gen. Sir Frank Kitson (*Chandos 44*) published "Prince Rupert: Portrait of a Soldier" (Constable), in August 94

L.V.S. Lane (*Grenville 66*) joined **R.A. Weston** (*Chatham 65*) at Richard Weston Ltd., independent insurance intermediaries, in May 94

J.R.H. Lawrence (*Temple 78*) underwent a successful kidney transplant at Addenbrookes Hospital

Sir Peter Leslie (*Chatham 49*) became Chairman of Governors at Stowe in 94

Lord McAlpine of West Green (formerly **R.A. McAlpine**) (*Temple 59*) published "The Servant" in 92



H.H. Marshall (*Temple 60*) received an OBE in the Birthday Honours List for Public Service in West Scotland and was appointed Chairman of East Kilbride Development Corporation from 1st January 95

A.G.H. Melly (*Cobham 44*) was awarded an Honorary Doctorate of Letters at the University of Glamorgan, 94

F.D.G. Mezulanik (*Grafton 78*) has changed his surname to Fridrich

E.H. Millner (*Grenville 72*) had an exhibition of his sculptures and drawings at the Cadogan Contemporary Gallery in May and June 94

T.D. Mustard (*Bruce 62*) won the British Ferrari Racing Championship with the largest points score of 8 races

P.W.R. Pumfrey (*Chandos 52*) became Deputy Lieutenant of Lincolnshire in 93

J.M.J. Royden (*Grenville 82*) swam the English Channel in July 93 in 13 hours 40 minutes raising £100,000 for Cancer Relief Macmillan Fund and the National Hospital

D.M.W. Thomas (*Chatham 83*) and **T.J.D. Hall** (*Cobham 83*) met by chance in Danang, Vietnam, where they were both covering a professional Surfing Competition. Tim Hall is a freelance photographer and Dan Thomas a Senior Producer with Reuters Television; both are based in Hong Kong

S.P.E.C.W. Towneley (*Chatham 40*) was awarded the KCVO in the New Year's Honours

P.D.C. Vyvyan-Robinson (*Grenville 74*) has been appointed Director of Financial Services at ICL, April 94

J.K.H. Wales (*Temple 72*) became a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians in 94

R.A. Weston (*Chatham 65*) is Divisional Secretary of the First Division of the British Athletics League for the UK athletics clubs, a post he previously held from 76-79

D. Wynne (*Grenville 43*) was awarded an OBE for services to sculpture in the New Year's Honours

J.R.W. Young (*Lyttelton 84*) was appointed BBC Education Correspondent in the North



M.M.T. Paxton (*Chandos 46*) was awarded the OBE in the New Year's Honours for services to the community. A former soldier in the Royal Berkshire Regiment, he has courageously fought serious illnesses since 1984. Of the letter from Downing Street he told reporters, "When it landed on my doormat my wife Jean thought it was a tax return!" Despite now leading life from a wheelchair, Michael Paxton has been very busy within his local community. A contemporary of his and a fellow Chandosian, James Elliot, writes: "Here is an Old Stoic of whom we can all be proud. It is also a complete justification of the honours system."

BIRTHS

C. Allen (*Bruce 71*) a daughter, Caroline Grace in September 91 and a son, Edward Charles Roger in September 93

N.P. Armstrong (*Grenville 75*) a son, Joshua Joseph, on 22nd March 94

R.P. Aswani (*Grenville 79*) a daughter, Nadia on 31st July 94

A.E.G. Atkinson (*Grenville 83*) a daughter, Bethia Philippa Anne, on 13th December 94

A.H. Austin (*Grenville 80*) a son, Charles Llewellyn, on 6th January 94

A.R.M. Baker (*Grenville 66*) a son, James Nicholas on 9th March 94

M.J. Baker (*Grenville 64*) a son, Ben James on 26th May 94

N.W.A. Bannister (*Lyttelton 77*) a son, Harry Andrew Ayrton, on 8th June 94

A.P. Beney (*Grafton 80*) a daughter, Brigid Kate, on 4th May 94

V.T. Beresford (*Bruce 84*) a son, Ferdinand in October 94

N.C.J. Bewes (*Chandos 85*) a son, Thomas Edward Oliver, on 28th June 94

Caroline M. Booth (*née Bridgwood*) (*Stanhope 78*) a son, Titus John Henry on 23rd May 94

C.B. Booth-Clibborn (*Grenville 79*) a daughter, Edwina Loyse Vera Beville on 23rd December 94

A.R. Boyce (*Chandos 80*) a daughter, Olivia Alice on 12th October 94

Elizabeth J. Brown (*née Bird*) (*Stanhope 81*) a daughter, Ophelia Alexandra, on 17th May 94

C.B. Calkin (*Lyttelton 77*) a son, William George Bernard, on 29th June 94

C.D. Chance (*Chandos 74*) a daughter, Alice Louise, on 31st January 94

Belinda C. Chattey (*née Neale*) (*Stanhope 85*) a son, Edward Michael Kemp 'Ned', on 21st October 94

E.O.S. Cliff (*Walpole 76*) a son, Hugo Willam Frances, on 19th November 94

C.A.I. Clarke (*Cobham 79*) a son, Oliver Charles Douglas, on 12th May 94

J.G. Cluff (*Walpole 58*) a son, Harold Gordon Macartney, on 30th December 93

N.C.F. De Salis (*Temple 75*) a daughter, Kate, on 14th August 94

K.P.J. Deyt-Aysage (*Bruce 82*) a daughter, Olivia Hope, on 27th February 94

C.StJ. Dickson (*Temple 77*) a son, Albert George St.John, on 4th November 93

M.D. Downer (*Chandos 84*) a daughter, Tabitha Rosemary Iona on 23rd December 94

R.S. Drummond-Hay (*Chandos 86*) a son, Edward John, on 7th June 94

A. Falcon (*Chatham 77*) a son, William, on 24th December 94

J.W.H. Fitzherbert (*Bruce 76*) a daughter, Jessica Frances, on 4th May 92

R.J. Fullman (*Bruce 80*) two sons, Robert Cameron, on 25th February 93 and, Frederick Charles, on 18th May 94

J. Hartley (*Chatham 78*) a son, Daniel James, on 16th July 93

Caroline M. Haynes (*Stanhope 75*) a son, William Haynes Currivan, on 1st July 92 and a daughter, Alice Haynes Currivan, on 29th July 94

J.B.D. Henderson (*Chatham 81*) a son, James Samuel, on 3rd September 94

A.C. Keal (*Bruce 69*) a son, Alexander Anthony, in 89

R.D. Kleinwort (*Grenville 79*) and **Lucinda Kleinwort** (*née Shand Kydd*) (*Stanhope 82*) a son, Rufus Drake, on 16th August 94

C.C.F. Krabbe (*Bruce 81*) a daughter, Amelia Henrietta Alice on 29th August 94

D.J. Lamping (*Chandos 63*) a son, Alexander Hugo David, on 9th March 93

A.W. Lancaster (*Chatham 72*) two daughters, Clare Marie, in August 84 and Jennifer Susan, in May 87

Fiona J. Lees (*née Carmichael Wilson*) (*Stanhope 82*) a son, Jake Alexander, on 22nd May 94

C.R. Lloyd (*Temple 79*) a daughter, Anna Ellen Jill, on 26th December 93

A.W. McAlpine (*Walpole 77*) a son on 15th December 94

J.J. Macnamara (*Bruce 74*) and **Marcelle Macnamara** (*née von Schoenberg*) (*Stanhope 77*) a son, Carroll Charles Henry, on 21st September 94

I.S. Miller (*Chatham 77*) a daughter, Kathryn on 14th April 91 and a son, Graham on 17th February 93

Sarah J. Mitson (*née Hobday*) (*Stanhope 82*) a son, Jake Elliot, on 1st June 94

R.G. Nash (*Chandos 66*) a son, Richard William Grainger, on 3rd January 93

C.C. Neve (*Chandos 83*) a daughter, Polly Alexandra, on 9th October 94

R.S. Neufeld (*Chandos 74*) a daughter, Catherine, on 20th November 93

R. Olsen (*Lyttelton 85*) a son, Harry Oliver, on 11th October 92

C.R. Orr-Ewing (*Grafton 69*) a son, Giles Toby, on 17th February 94

R.M. Potter (*Staff 70-88*) a daughter, Oenone Hope Serena, on 22nd July 94

A.W.G. Reed (*Bruce 72*) a son, Charles William Weldon, on 6th June 94

A.H. Ritchie (*Lyttelton 79*) a son, James Alexander, on 11th April 94

J.W.H. Ritchie (*Lyttelton 77*) a son, Benjamin James Charlton, on 2nd April 94

A.C. Roxburgh (*Walpole 77*) a daughter, Rachel Arabella, on 6th December 93

J.M.J. Royden (*Grenville 82*) two daughters, Charlotte Alice Maude, on 30th March 92 and Lucinda Catherine Quenelda on 1st January 95

Rowena M. Rubb (*nee Marshall*) (*Stanhope 80*) a son, Henry Robert Charles, on 22nd January 94

C.B.A. Ryrie (*Grafton 80*) a daughter, Josephine Christobelle, on 25th December 92

D.H. Samuelson (*Lyttelton 76*) a son on 30th December 94

G.A. Shenkman (*Grafton 68*) a son, Christopher Gregory Nanno, on 18th April 94

S.L. Shneerson (*Temple 72*) a son, Michael Simon Edward, on 24th August 94

A.M. Sladen (*Walpole 69*) a daughter, Georgina, on 23rd March 94

M.D. Smith-Bingham (*Chandos 77*) a son, Barnaby Mark, on 16th December 94

N.P. Staheyeff (*Cobham 75*) a daughter, Sophie Ann, on 4th August 94

D.A. Steward (*Chandos 83*) a son, Christopher in September 94

D.M. Stewart (*Chatham 78*) two sons, Sam Mark, on 21st October 90 and, Harry Alexander, on 20th July 92 and a daughter, Chloe Rose, on 28th June 94

J. Steinmann (*Chatham 81*) a son, Jake, on 14th May 94

Caroline A.M. Style (*née Sparrow*) (*Stanhope 81*) a son, Toby James Anthony, on 6th December 93

A.L. Tarcy (*Chandos 80*) a son, Jonathan Andrew, on 4th January 94

M.C. Tresise (*Lyttelton 79*) a son, Oliver Robert, on 13th April 94

R.J. Upton (*Chandos 80*) a son, Felix Nicholas John, on 20th March 92

S. Wallace-Jones (*Chandos 79*) a son, Maxwell Owen, on 5th December 93

D.H.M. Williams-Ellis (*Temple 77*) a daughter on 16th January 94

R.M. Withinshaw (*Grafton 70*) a son, Charlie on 22nd October 90

STOWE THROUGH THE DECADES

— 1955 —

180 Stoics (one third of the School) go down with Influenza

Summer Exeat is cancelled owing to the Rail Strike

Stoics and the School Fire Engine assist in dredging and clearing the Oxford Water and the Worthies lake

5 Old Stoics stand for Parliament in the General Election

MARRIAGES

- R.P. Aswani** (*Grenville 79*) to Samyra on 8th July 91
- W. Barclay** (*Chandos 66*) to Salai Tait in 72
- Fiona D. Barnett** (*Stanhope 85*) to Mr. Hitchcock
- A.C. Bird** (*Lyttelton 80*) to Nicola Jane Jolley in May 94
- Alexandra H. Brown** (*Stanhope 87*) to Harry Martin Fairland Morton on 30th December 93
- J.A.P. Bell** (*Cobham 83*) married on 29th January 94
- S.W. Booth** (*Temple 84*) to Eileen Dolin on 21st August 93 in California
- J.M. Campbell** (*Walpole 82*) to Sarah Mackechie on 4th December 93
- M.D. Cobham** (*Grenville 49*) to Liza Goddard on 7th January 95
- K.P.J. Deyt-Aysage** (*Bruce 82*) to Lisa-Jo Hope on 17th October 92
- C.StJ. Dickson** (*Temple 77*) to Charlotte Emma Carolyn Jones in August 92
- Sandi L. Edington** (*Stanhope 82*) to Mr Bloomfield on 15th May 93
- T.D. Gauvain** (*Temple 89*) to Alexandra Dennis on 16th April 94; **J.G.A. Shillington** (*Temple 89*) was best man
- P.M. Ham** (*Grafton 79*) to Elisabeth Mellick Belshaw on 11th December 93
- R.J.H. Hopkinson-Woolley** (*Chandos 87*) to Rosemary Juliet Middleton on 31st July 93
- Elizabeth A. Ivens** (*Nugent 86*) to Stephen E. Markey on 11th June 94 in Marlborough; **Emma J.H. Stranack** (*Nugent 86*) was chief bridesmaid
- H.J.A. Joslin** (*Cobham 73*) to Avril Fox on 10th October 92
- J.H.D. Kemp** (*Walpole 79*) to Mingxian Zhu on 25th June 94
- H.T. Kinahan** (*Temple 83*) to Lisa Sturge on 26th February 94
- A.P. Kingsley** (*Cobham 73*) to Sally Sherburn on 14th May 94
- A.W. Lancaster** (*Chatham 72*) to Heather Greggin in 80
- Sonya Mackintosh** (*Stanhope 84*) to Donald Paul Kahn Jnr on 5th February 94 at the Groucho Club, London
- T.I. Macmillan** (*Bruce 85*) to Deborah Hamilton on 11th June 94
- D.E. Miller** (*Grenville 81*) to Annette Muir on 23rd October 93
- I.S. Miller** (*Chatham 77*) to Carly Donald
- J.W. Ogden** (*Walpole 79*) to Caroline Mackie on 10th September 94
- R. Olsen** (*Lyttelton 85*) to Bronwen Mary Rowlands on 4th January 92
- Sarah A.J. Power** (*Stanhope 84*) to Gilles Pacaud on 17th July 93 in Vichy, France
- R.H. Pyne** (*Bruce 71*) to Helen Burton on 10th September 94
- A.K. Roads** (*Chatham 85*) to Nichola Bonham-Carter on 14th October 94
- Denise Thwaites Lastra** (*Stanhope 83*) to James Hickman on 9th September 94
- R.J. Upton** (*Chandos 80*) to Julie Bosworth in 90
- P.D.C. Vyvyan-Robinson** (*Grenville 74*) to Elizabeth Guy on 15th October 94
- Shuna L. Walker** (*Stanhope 83*) to Stephen Spencer-Tatnall in August 91
- J.G. Wheaton** (*Grenville 81*) to Alison T. Washington in Buffalo, USA on 27th February 88

DEATHS

- A.R. Amberton** (*Chatham 34*) in June 94
- A.S.F. Anderson** (*Grenville 35*) in October 93
- P.T. Ashton** (*Chatham 35*) on 2nd April 94
- A.T.V. Aspinall** (*Grenville 26*) on 15th May 94
- R.A. Atthill** (*Chatham 31*) on 12th February 94
- R.N. Barclay** (*Chandos 37*) on 26th June 94
- H. Barry** (*Chandos 27*) on 23rd February 91
- R.T. Basset** (*Grenville 31*) on 3rd January 95
- P.M. Beech** (*Grafton 31*) in 93
- J.McK. Binney** (*Bruce 31*) on 3rd September 93
- J.G.V. Bolton** (*Chandos 32*) on 10th December 94
- J.R. Bond** (*Bruce 27*) on 20th January 94
- T.F. Cooke** (*Temple 29*) on 20th February 94
- H.P. Croom-Johnson** (*Temple 29*) on 22nd March 94
- A.E.S. Crossley** (*Grenville 38*) on 1st August 93
- D.A.T. Dawson** (*Temple 34*) on 4th December 93
- P.P.L. Dillon** (*Grenville 30*) on 2nd October 93
- R.J. Dunsmuir** (*Temple 29*) in 90
- H.J.N. English** (*Grafton 79*) on 14th October 93
- R.B. English** (*Chatham 65*) on 13th April 94
- H.O. Eversole** (*Bruce 30*) in October 91
- D.L. Farmer** (*Staff 61-64*) on 26th August 94
- A.G. Flavell** (*Grafton 37*) on 2nd February 94
- H.L. Fletcher** (*Cobham 45*) on 23rd January 94
- J.R.O. Folkard** (*Grafton 54*) on 12th September 93
- C.T. Fossil** (*Chandos 54*) on 14th July 93
- C.H. Frean** (*Temple 29*) on 24th July 93
- P.B. Gallegos** (*Grenville 60*) on 5th December 94
- T.J.L. Gauvain** (*Temple 60*)
- B.W. Gibbon** (*Grenville 29*) in December 89
- K.P.P. Goldschmidt** (*Chatham 35*) on 29th April 94
- J.W. Gooddy** (*Grenville 30*) on 10th October 94
- R.F. Gregory** (*Bruce 28*) on 7th October 94
- J.H. Hancox** (*Grenville 51*) on 15th January 94
- T.F.S. Hetherington** (*Grenville 33*) on 31st January 94
- H.R. Holden** (*Chatham 34*) in 87
- The Lord Huntingfield (formerly G.C.A. Vanneck)** (*Bruce 34*) on 1st May 94
- H.H.C. Ingram** (*Chandos 28*) on 12th January 94
- R.A. Jeavons** (*Grenville 69*) in 88
- T.A. Jocelyn** (*Bruce 60*) missing at sea off Rhodes, January 91
- C.K. Jopson** (*Grenville 46*) in 93
- H.D. Kemp** (*Chatham 31*) on 2nd September 94
- S. Kilpatrick** (*Cobham 33*) on 25th February 93
- L.R. Llewellyn** (*Bruce 33*) on 4th November 88
- T.F. Lloyd** (*Chatham 46*) on 18th June 93
- D.W. Llowarch** (*Walpole 51*)
- W.P. Lunn-Rockliffe** (*Chandos 36*) in September 94
- K.O. Mackenzie** (*Chatham 31*) in March 94
- A.G.H. Marr** (*Grafton 30*) on 11th June 93
- I.M. Martin** (*Grafton 30*) on 24th January 94
- G.C. Maxwell** (*Grenville 36*) on 2nd January 95
- B.R. Mitchell** (*Temple 33*) on 19th July 94
- A.J.B. Moore** (*Temple 71*) on 12th December 93
- Sir John Muir (formerly J.H. Muir)** (*Bruce 28*) on 31st May 94
- N.C.O. Napier** (*Bruce 31*) on 6th March 94
- J.R. Newman** (*Cobham 33*) on 14th December 94
- G.F. Noxon** (*Cobham 26*) on 7th August 90
- N.J.D. Penrose** (*Walpole 70*) on 11th May 93
- D.L. Pike** (*Grenville 45*) on 8th July 94
- J.D. Pooley** (*Walpole 82*) on 19th September 94
- D.J.F. Renwick** (*Grafton 55*) on 13th April 94
- E.G. Reynard** (*Chandos 40*) on 31st July 92
- M.J. Salaman** (*Chatham 28*) in March 87
- R.H. Sampson** (*Temple 34*) on 14th July 94
- O.B. Sayer** (*Temple 48*) on 6th March 94
- S.R.G. Scott-Gall** (*Grenville 39*) on 10th March 94
- J.F.C. Scuse** (*Chatham 72*)
- E.D.W. Selby-Lowndes** (*Grenville 37*) on 10th April 94
- R.M. Sellers** (*Walpole 42*) on 11th October 94
- Georgina J. Sober** (*Stanhope 84*) on 16th April 94
- J.B. Sopper** (*Chatham 31*) on 3rd October 94
- P. Spencer Thomas** (*Grenville/Walpole 38*) on 12th September 94
- B.A. Stewart** (*Chandos 38*) on 13th June 94
- H.N. Straker** (*Cobham 38*) on 21st January 94
- R.G. Temple Harris** (*Bruce 27*) on 31st December 94
- E.J. Webb** (*Staff 47-63*) on 7th August 94
- H.A. Wheeler** (*Grafton 34*) on 21st November 93
- J.L. Whitehouse** (*Cobham 35*) on 17th July 93
- K.A. Wilson** (*Temple 27*) on 14th May 94
- P.R. Yorke** (*Bruce 25*) (one of the first 99) on 28th December 93
- C.E. Woodbridge** (*Grafton 31*) on 26th June 94

à la recherche du passé HEARSAY AND MEMORY

In our world of television kitsch the initials JR have lately meant more than JF, but for nearly thirty years after Stowe's foundation in 1923 JF symbolized for many people, of different generations, many of the qualities most admired in humanity – devotion to an ideal, concern and generosity (especially towards the young), warmth, good humour, as well as less fundamental qualities such as wit and elegance. When I first met him the heavy losses of Old Stoics in the war had taken a severe toll; in fact, I never knew the *joie de vivre*, the magnetism which had fascinated so many before the war. The basic qualities were still there, but diminished.

And if JF had changed, so too had Stowe, not least, as far as I could make out, in the nature of the teaching staff. Before the war the School had its fair share of eccentricities; whether they were attracted by the new liberalism of the place or whether JF engaged them to foster such liberalism I cannot say, but I remember Noel Annan saying to me that in pre-war days the general conformity could carry such unconventional individuals; in the grimmer post-war years it could not. Hence one heard of such characters as T.H. White, who after a night's heavy carousal appeared in class one morning, put his feet on the desk and said, "Write me an essay on the evils of drink". He it was also who appeared on the North Front on his horse when the Oundle match was being played; now the Oundle match in those days was Stowe's nearest approach to the activities of Paradise; you need only read Alasdair Macdonald's loving, superbly written and detailed accounts of them in *The Stoic* to appreciate this. On this occasion T.H. White called to a small Stoic and nonchalantly asked, "What's going on over there?" Twenty years later he might have been lynched, or at any rate ostracized, for such disrespect. One heard also of the 1st XV coach, John Tallent, who was also a member of a distinguished London club, who would play for his club on Saturday afternoon and then roundly berate his 1st XV team if it had lost. One heard more affectionately of G.G. Gilling-Lax, killed in the war but his memory enshrined in music prizes, who as a Form Master would take his form off for a day on some cultural expedition without a by-your-leave to anyone; it would be a rash spirit who tried that nowadays. Another unusual man was Leslie Huggins; I doubt if any other school has had a man of his calibre, who was not only an inspiring Music Director and composer of some best loved hymns in *Cantata Stoica* but also Master of the Grafton Hunt. It is an interesting reflection of changing views that the once regular meeting of the Grafton Hunt on the North Front was eventually forbidden.



Brian Stephan in 1937

In the less relaxed post-war years Bill McElwee was perhaps the only surviving perpetuator of the pre-war liberalism and eccentricity. A brilliant, dynamic man, highly respected both for his war record and for his intellectual powers, together with his wife Patience he kept what almost amounted to an independent court, as History Tutor, at Vancouver Lodge. Idolized by his tutees, regarded with some misgiving by various colleagues who disliked his methods and perhaps in some cases envied his success, with some help from others he undoubtedly kept the lamp of wit still burning in the place. Of a vastly different type was the humour of "Ratters" (C.W.O. Ratcliffe) whose acerbic comments were legendary, as: To a Stoic seeking his Maths set ("Is this L, sir?") "Some people think so". To an Old Stoic ("I'm thinking of going on the land, sir") "As manure, I presume". To a member of HM Inspectorate ("And what are we doing here?") "Minding our own business". To Bruce Barr, a new and eager member of staff: "Isn't this a bloody place?"

For some time the School had the services of two men of very high intellectual calibre: G. Wilson Knight later became the better known, but Roy Meldrum was probably JF's equal as a scholar and his superior in versatility, as in addition to his talents as a teacher he was a brilliant painter and a leading authority on both

cricket and rowing. He it was who at a Masters' meeting was unwise enough to observe "It all depends on what you mean by education", which elicited from the great man "Oh my dear Meldrum, how very *Socratic* you are." JF's humour was (I believe) usually of this type, sharp but without malice; perhaps because the exception proves the rule I remember a less kindly remark; in a discussion about an appropriate Cambridge College for a Chandosian, the name Sidney Sussex was mentioned. "Oh yes," said JF, "quite good enough for his accent."

The time would fail me to recount the various tales which linger in the memory of the activities, comic, impudent, outrageous, indulged in by the junior members of the community. A mild example of the cavalier clubmanship which still to some extent survived after the war was Toby Robertson's cocktail party for the staff (without any permission, I suspect) on the East Colonnade. All harmless enough, perhaps, but – the staff were divided for the occasion into the sheep and the goats; the sheep were invited: the goats fumed privately at such social discrimination. More daring escapades involved carrying an Austin 7 up the Chapel steps and driving expensive racing cars (without oil) round the Silverstone track. The ghost of Saki, if not that of Alec Waugh, still haunted the precincts of the School in those days.

The physical amenities of Stowe were vastly more primitive at that time. Before the appearance of the Roxburgh and Drayson Halls most of the functions now housed there – plays, even operas, finely produced, too, Saturday evening cinema, end of term meetings, public examinations – took place in a small, wooden, ramshackle building known as the gym, roughly on the site of the present Swimming Pool – and what a fire hazard it must have been. As for swimmers, they had to steel themselves for immersion in a bug-infested corner of the eleven-acre lake; the changing

rooms still stand. Such limitations, however, Stoics took in their stride, perhaps because they knew nothing better. The interesting thing is that the Stowe boy, as I remember him, has not changed fundamentally over the years, despite even the upheaval of the Sixties. In so far as there is an "average" Stoic, he is much as he has always been: confident, pleasant, kindly, able to get on with most people, often possessed of hidden resources which may not emerge until later. Such qualities have produced an impressive record of success in many walks of life; I am privileged and proud to have been associated with it for so many years.

Brian Stephan

STOWE THROUGH THE DECADES

– 1965 –

Lyttelton House foundation stone is laid on Speech Day by Viscount Chandos

3,500 attend the Stowe Fair whose celebrities include David Niven (*Chandos/Grafton 28*) and James Bond's Aston Martin

The most successful Cricket XI in School history – 10 wins, 1 loss, 1 draw

G.R. Burman (*Lyttelton 67*) & S.R. Barnes (*Grenville 68*) win the Thomas Bowl for U16 Pairs at Wimbledon

The Old Stoic Dinner is held in the House of Commons on Guy Fawkes Night

Brian Stephan and Chandos, 1948



Back Numbers:

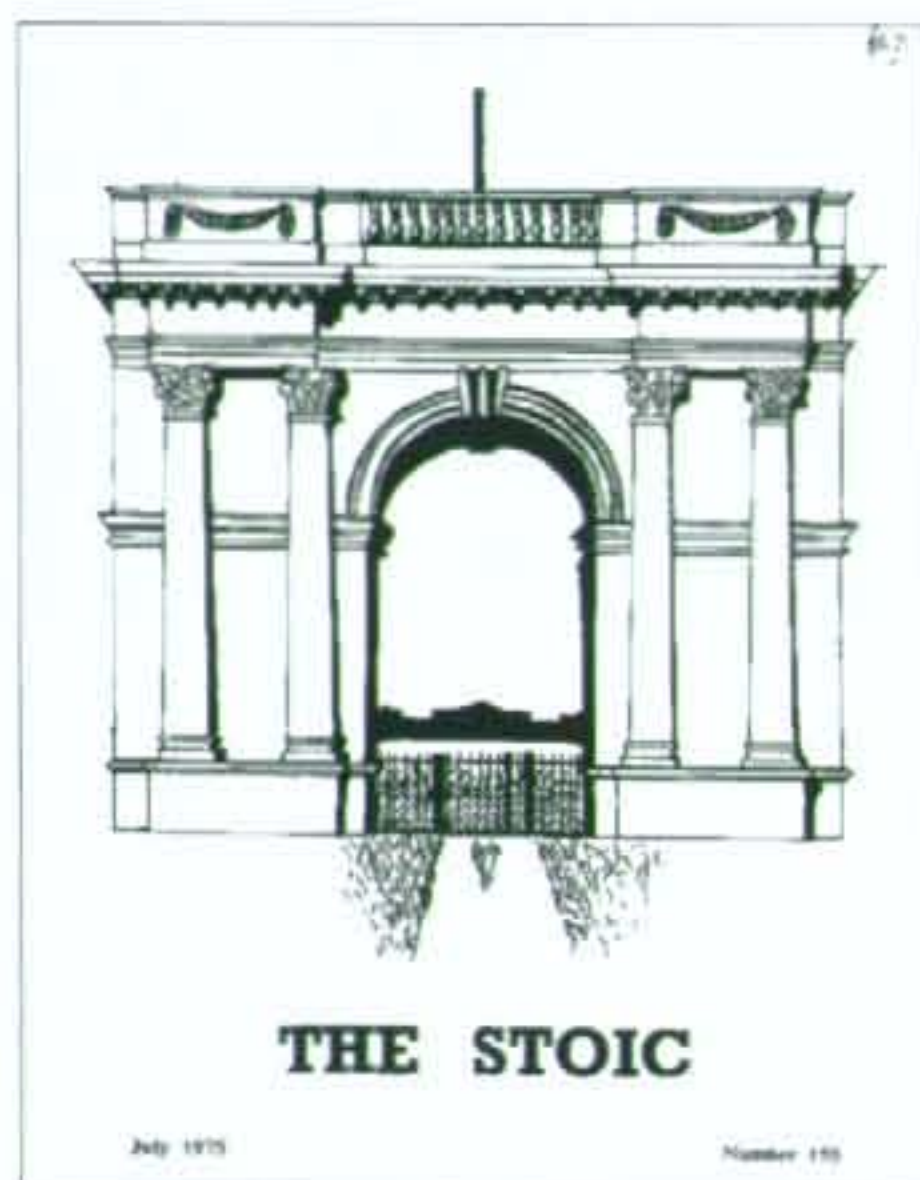
The Stoic twenty years ago

The issue of July 1975 began with a hard-hitting editorial by Rory Knight Bruce, now a well-known name to readers of the *Evening Standard*. What was wanted, claimed the editorial, was an authoritative and confident lead from the staff and, above all, the instillation of motivation through encouragement.

Meanwhile on Speech Day 1975, the Headmaster, Bob Drayson, was saying things which were not inappropriate to Rory Knight Bruce's exhortation:

"There has been a welcome change away from permissiveness in education in favour of a formal, structured teaching. Young people prefer to know just where they stand; there is far too much woolliness in education nowadays. Let us be more definite: let us make decisions. We care about our young people and we have a responsibility to give them clear guidance...."

His speech attacked the materialistic, commercial and emotional pressures of the media and a society becoming ever more discordant and violent ("What happens on Saturdays with Manchester United is merely an extension of the urge to violence which is all around us"). The Headmaster told parents that both at home and at school a strong moral lead was required: "They expect things of you; they expect things of us. They expect to be given the opportunity to learn; they



Gordon Porterhouse reflects on the two issues of 1975

expect to have the fullest opportunities to obtain qualifications because they live in the real world and it is a tough world. They expect a lead from you their parents and from those who teach them. We must not let them down." This speech, therefore, seems to complement Rory Knight Bruce's editorial in that it suggests that Stowe twenty years ago was not uncritical of itself, but aware that the ethos of the past was no longer satisfactory for the present or future. There were no league tables in those days, of course, so it is difficult to assess academic performance, but fifteen places were won at Oxford and Cambridge, with awards gained in Classics, History, Chemistry and Natural

Sciences. The presence of Europe was acknowledged with school trips to France, Spain and Russia. Visiting speakers included several distinguished politicians: Lord Carrington, chief guest at Speech Day, Reginald Maudling, Edward Heath and a promising young MP called Douglas Hurd. This all suggests a certain vibrancy.

But there was sadness too. *The Stoic* records with sorrow the deaths of Martin Aran and Hugh Hodge. The former, killed in a motor cycle accident, was only seventeen and a most popular member of the community. The latter, vicar of Stowe and a wise friend to many, was a man whose whole life quietly radiated a profound faith and inner peace.

The school's sporting record seems to have been satisfactory in 1975. Perhaps the highlight of the year was the golf team's winning of the Micklem Trophy, with fine victories over Eton, Harrow and Winchester. The 1st XV were deemed by the editors only to have had "an average season so far", but this did include victories over Eton, Oakham, Radley, Royal Latin and Old Stoics, whilst three of the four games played in the Rosslyn Park Sevens were won.

Bad weather wrecked the hockey season but here we glimpse perhaps a little of the attitude castigated by Rory Knight Bruce's editorial. Certainly Stuart Morris' comments on his 1st XI still thunder from the page:

"There has been a disappointing lack of interest from a few senior boys who could well have competed for places in this year's 1st XI". This was "selfish and unacceptable", he declared, as well as "arrogant and immature". Stuart also had a tilt at the school's poor facilities. "It should be understood that Stowe will not continue as a top hockey playing school unless an all-weather playing surface is provided." Shortly afterwards, it *was!*

STOWE THROUGH THE DECADES

— 1975 —

Mr Edward Heath speaks to a packed Roxburgh Hall on international and European affairs

John Bennetts heads a Stowe visit to the Soviet Union

17 Mallard chicks, hatched at Stowe, populate the new Duckery

Stowe wins the Micklem Golf Trophy

1st of its kind – an England Women's XI v Stowe XI (cricket)

The Chapel Choir come equal first at the Buckingham Music Festival

Stoics discover the hazards of wine-making when the Zymase Society's elderberry vintage explodes

The Cricket XI had a patchy if pleasant season, their highlight being a visit from a ladies XI led by Rachel Heyhoe-Flint. The Swimmers, under the dedicated Frank Hudson, won nine school matches out of ten, whilst Peter Longhurst's senior tennis team beat Uppingham, Radley, Bradfield, Oundle, Oakham and Merchant Taylors'. Thus, although the editorial criticisms were no doubt valid in that some pupils may still have been allowed to opt out of meaningful activity, overall the famed Draysonian insurge of enthusiasm would seem to be in evidence.

It was the same in the Arts. *The Stoic* tells of a new surge of interest in House drama, with many Houses performing full-scale works (the Festival not yet having come into being) with a new opportunity for pupils as well as staff to direct. Roger Potter's production for the Senior Congreve was Anouilh's challenging *Becket*, whilst the newly created Junior Congreve again opted for the open air. Chris Haslam's *The Long Sunset* was played in front of the Temple of Venus, allowing dramatic entrances on horseback and any number of blazing torches.

The Choral Society sang Handel's *Samson* and the school concert was memorable for Huw Richards' playing of the Elgar 'Cello Concerto, quite remarkable in its quality in all three movements (though *The Stoic* took David Gatehouse to task, for including too many professionals in his orchestra). Chamber concerts in the newly-refurbished Music Room were also a pleasing innovation. *The Stoic's* literary section was now at the back of the magazine, on specially coloured paper. Here the emphasis was certainly on the melancholic, at least from the trenchant few who submitted pieces. "Apathy is a subconscious evil among Stoics", wrote the Literary Section editors, before summing up: "The finished product is immediately striking for the pessimism which pervades it."



Grenville House's production of *Ross*:
Adrian Hudson, Christopher Burchill, Nick Duthie,
John Beaty and Guy Parker-Jervis.

Was this pessimism *typical* of the school at this period? Memory does not suggest so.

But perhaps it is in its review of Stowe Community Service that *The Stoic* most clearly shows the school at its most vigorous. SCS was now in its tenth year under the inspired leadership of Richard Theobald. In celebration, a booklet called *Insight* (written by a sixth-former called Jonathan Kreeger) had just been published, outlining SCS' aims and achievements. It makes an impressive catalogue of activity. There was regular visiting and care of over 400 individuals, scattered around a radius of eighteen miles from the school. SCS meanwhile was involved in several worthy community schemes, such as the provision of a telephone at Cobham Close and a regular bus service to Buckingham to the cut-off villagers of Lillingstone Lovell. Another venture, largely undertaken by Lyttelton House, was the hosting of a week's camping at Stowe for members of a Hostel for the Mentally Handicapped. A further group, inspired by sixth-former Jonathan Rose, grew bedding plants, which, when distributed, gave pleasure to over 200 recipients. About

1,500 lawns were cut by the grass-cutting team! The decorating team was busy too. There were frequent tea parties organised by SCS for elderly visitors, whilst three weeks of spirited fund-raising produced £2,000, enough to pay for 400 Christmas hampers, distributed by Stoics and staff after the end of the autumn term...

Such is the picture of Stowe twenty years ago, as it emerges from the pages of *The Stoic*. Perhaps some of our readers, who knew the school then, might care to proffer views of their own...?

The victorious Micklem Trophy team:
H.N.J. Gray, D.B. Fransen,
P.S.C. Wood, C.J.C. Boardman,
G.G.R. Paine and A. Sethi.



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RETURN TO BURMA

Major the Revd. John Croft, MC (Chandos 1928-32), who fought with Slim's 14th Army in Burma during World War 2, writes of a return visit recently made. The battles of Imphal and Kohima were accompanied by two months of very heavy fighting and were part of the gradual reconquest of Burma during 1944 - 45.

When I was a combatant officer at Imphal in 1944 it never entered my head that I might be returning fifty years later, having been invited to take the Anniversary Services both there and in Kohima, for the high-powered No 1 Group.

At both services we were joined by the British High Commissioner. Our reunion numbers were fewer than at the similar event in Normandy, owing to the distance and expense, but there were still about one hundred from the UK, mainly relatives of the dead.

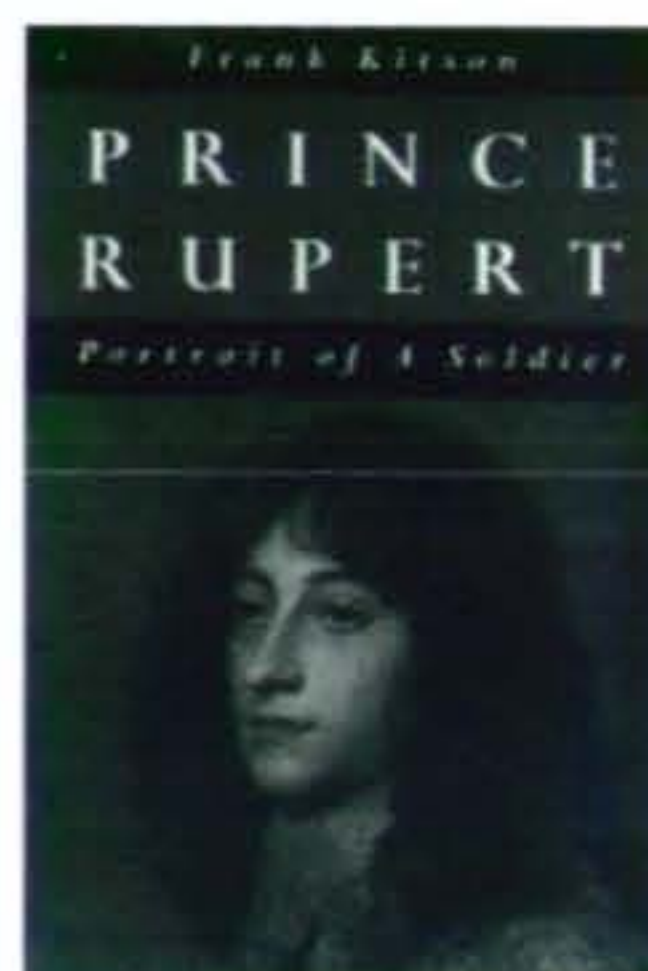
Imphal, roughly 400 miles NE of Calcutta, is the capital of the Manipur State, not far from the Burma border. It is situated in a fertile plain, but surrounded by jungle-covered hills, with roads radiating out in all directions and rough tracks in between. The tracks were usually impassable by jeeps, so mule transport was widely used.

The theme of my address at Imphal was Friendship, showing how helpful the Naga tribesmen had been to us. Our guide on one very difficult raid deserved a special mention, for I doubt if we would ever have made Shongphel amidst very difficult country without his help. I am sure he went out to reconnoitre the country before guiding us there and so was aware of an enemy machine-gun post on the highest part of our track.

In my address I also mentioned by name Captain Khathing, MBE MC, the Christian schoolmaster at Ukhrul at one time, who was our guide in two raids on the HQ of the 15th Japanese Division. He was a very brave man who thought nothing of entering enemy-occupied villages for information and on one occasion got a badly wounded British NCO away by means of a bogus funeral. After the anniversary service I was delighted when his granddaughter, who had been in the choir, came over to our Hotel and (in spite of security protests) drove me out to see his grave.

I must admit that at the time of the battles, with my Battalion operating in difficult country between the main roads, I did not know exactly what was happening, at least not until I was wounded, when in hospital I met officers from the various roads and from the Chindits.

[Major Croft has recently written a full account of these operations for the Journal of the Army Historical Research Society, published under the title "A Company Commander at Imphal, 1944".]



General Sir Frank Kitson (OS) in addition to holding posts like Commander-in-chief of UK Land Forces has also found time to write several books. Philip Cottam here reviews his latest book, published by Constable:

PRINCE RUPERT PORTRAIT OF A SOLDIER

General Sir Frank Kitson has written a clear and forceful examination of Prince Rupert's skills as a soldier. Drawing on his own extensive and varied experience of operational command, he does much to restore the often maligned reputation of this dashing, romantic figure. He does so by a careful analysis of the tasks Prince Rupert was given, the resources he had available, the way in which he conducted himself as a commander and the manner in which he tried to influence Royalist strategy. The picture that emerges is of a highly professional, thinking soldier, full of good ideas, of vigour and energy.

It is easy to forget that Prince Rupert was General of Horse at only 23 years of age and Lord General (Commander-in-chief) at only 25. He was a young man of high intelligence and exceptional courage whose main failures came from a lack of political experience rather than soldierly ability. Faced with the cunning dissembling of Lord Digby and the dislike of the inflexible and intransigent Queen, his straightforward honesty and his famous temper were too easily exploited. As a result, he was never able to exert enough influence for good over the development of Royalist plans. It is a tribute to his character and to his talents that he was held in such high esteem both as a man and as a soldier by his Parliamentary opponents.

General Sir Frank has given us a fresh and illuminating insight into the military career of this charismatic figure. It is to be hoped that his second volume, dealing with Rupert's career as a seaman, will not be long delayed. It is a measure of Prince Rupert's talent that he achieved such eminence in so many fields.

STOWE THROUGH THE DECADES

— 1985 —

Lord Boyd-Carpenter opens the new Bruce House in September – Nugent Girls move into the main House

Modernisation of the Workshops

The Computer Room with Network IBMs opens in the Maths Block

R.C.N. Branson (Cobham/Lyttelton 67) challenges the Atlantic crossing in his balloon Virgin Atlantic Challenger

D.S. Cowper (Grafton 60) is first to circumnavigate the globe 3 times



THE LEAVERS' BALL

THE LEAVERS' BALL

1st July, 1994

First organised in 1985, by John Dobinson, after the Beagle and Pineapple Balls had disappeared from the School calendar, the Leavers' Ball is enjoyed alike by MVI, parents and staff and seems to have become something of a much-appreciated fixture.

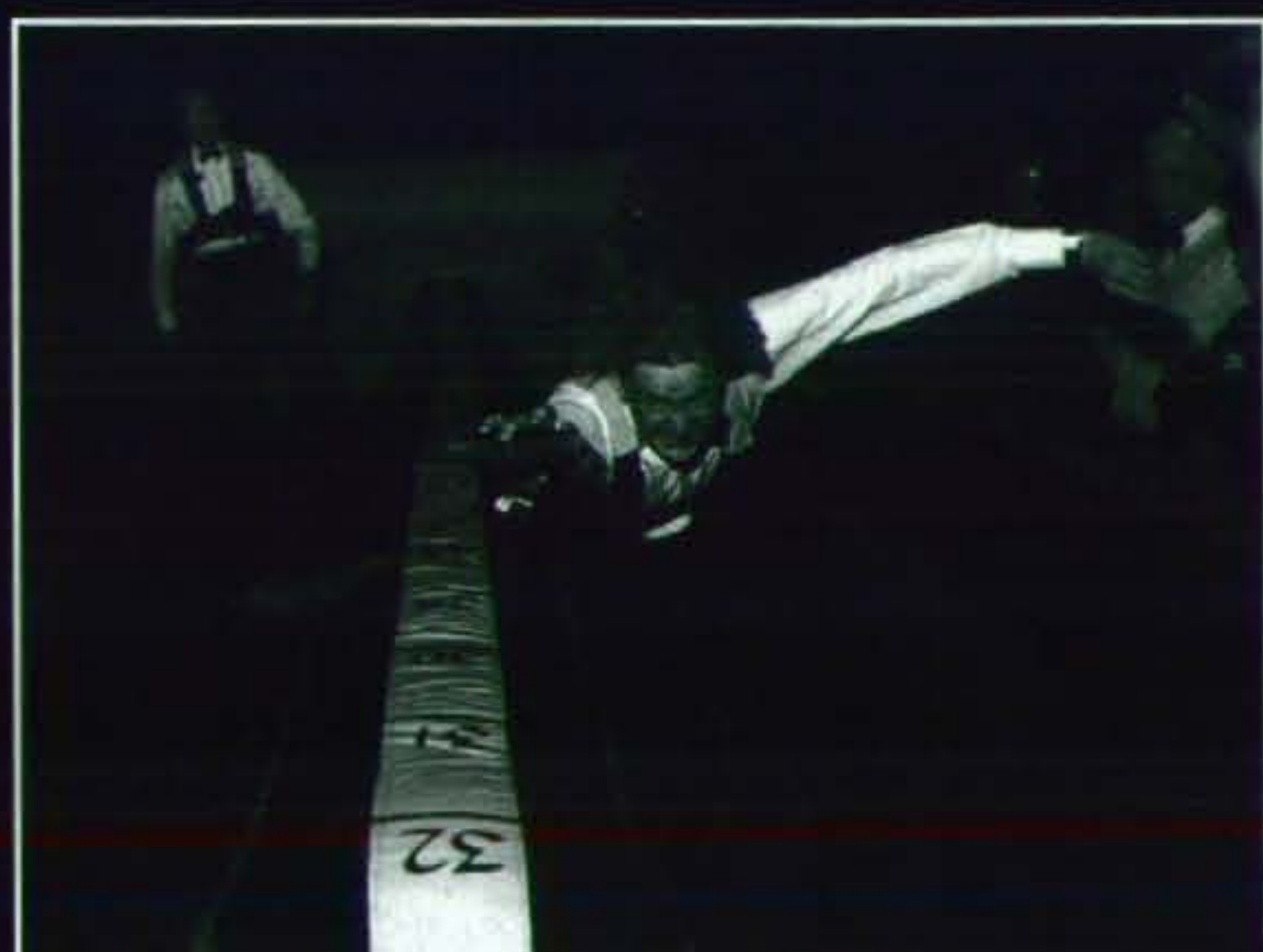
The 1994 Ball was perhaps bigger and better than ever and full of all the fun of the fair.

Only hours after the conclusion of the Ball, (in the not-so-early hours of July 2nd, as dawn rose, lighting the East with rosy hands and smiling on the stragglers as they breakfasted on the South Front), the following became the next, new generation of Old Stoics:



Photos: David Woodnutt

Susanna Benn, Olivia Coy, Emma Brown, Rachel Beer, Tara Hay, Clemency Bennett, Cressida Chester-Read, Jodi Francis, Clare Goring, Juliette Kristensen, Yerin Lee, Georgina Moore, Lucy Peel, Georgina Spicer, Lucy Caller, Terri Bell, Emma Clark, Catherine Sheppard, Camilla Benoy, Sarah Bruce, Philippa Gordon-Duff, Jodie Harris, Caroline Hillyard, Juliet Jarvis, Elizabeth Kern, Hannah Marsh, Frances Newbery, Harriet Parsons, Verity Pilkington, Lucy Snow, Kathinka Warre, Camilla Wilson, Alice Wood, Robert Bush, Jan-Felix Polonius, Andrew Bates, Leon Ridley, Jojohn Collins, Merton Croisdale-Appleby, Alastair Houghton-Brown, Andrew Hyslop, James Johnston, Alasdair Jones-Perrott, Andrew Ludwig, Alexander Nairn, James Paravicini, Barnaby Read, James Stewart, Richard Stultiens, Edmund Wontner, Robert Gooch, Robert Temple, Vishal Daryanani, Andreas Gebhard, Corin Gibbs, Richard Hedges, Rupert Musker, Tony Randall, Jonathan Titley, Antony Pearce, Oliver Selway, Rolla Carpenter Couchman, Ashley Jones, Richard Lloyd, George Pendle, Willem Quarles van Ufford, Alexander Robertson, Oliver Taylor, Ben Waldman, William Wynne, Timothy Doxford, Thomas Foss-Smith, Edward Rogers, James Lee-Steere, Joseph Nicholson, De-Rhong Yong, Lumen Lek, Joon-Kyoo Park, Daniel Scott, Samuel Milling, Tom Harper, Hugh Buxton, Seton Daunt, Charles Deacon, Robert Lange, Paul McSweeney, James Moore, Richard Tyacke, Guy Wheeler, Barnaby Williams, Giles Smith Walker, Charles Clare, Nicolas Tissot, Robin Devereux, Guy Edwards, Rupert Elwes, Alexander Cole, Milo Corbett, Jeremy Frazier, Alastair Gemmell, Simon Gerard, David Laffan, Richard Wethered, Richard Parry, James Butterfill, Piers Thynne, William Boyd-Carpenter, Adam Carling, Paul Denning, James Goodwin-Hudson, James Williams, Owen Muir, Edward Hunt, Badri El Meouchi, Cameron Ross, Jonathan Anderson, Patric Jarchow, Omar Khan, Andrew MacLeod, Matthew Mahoney, William Morrison and Haslam Preston.





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— 1995 —

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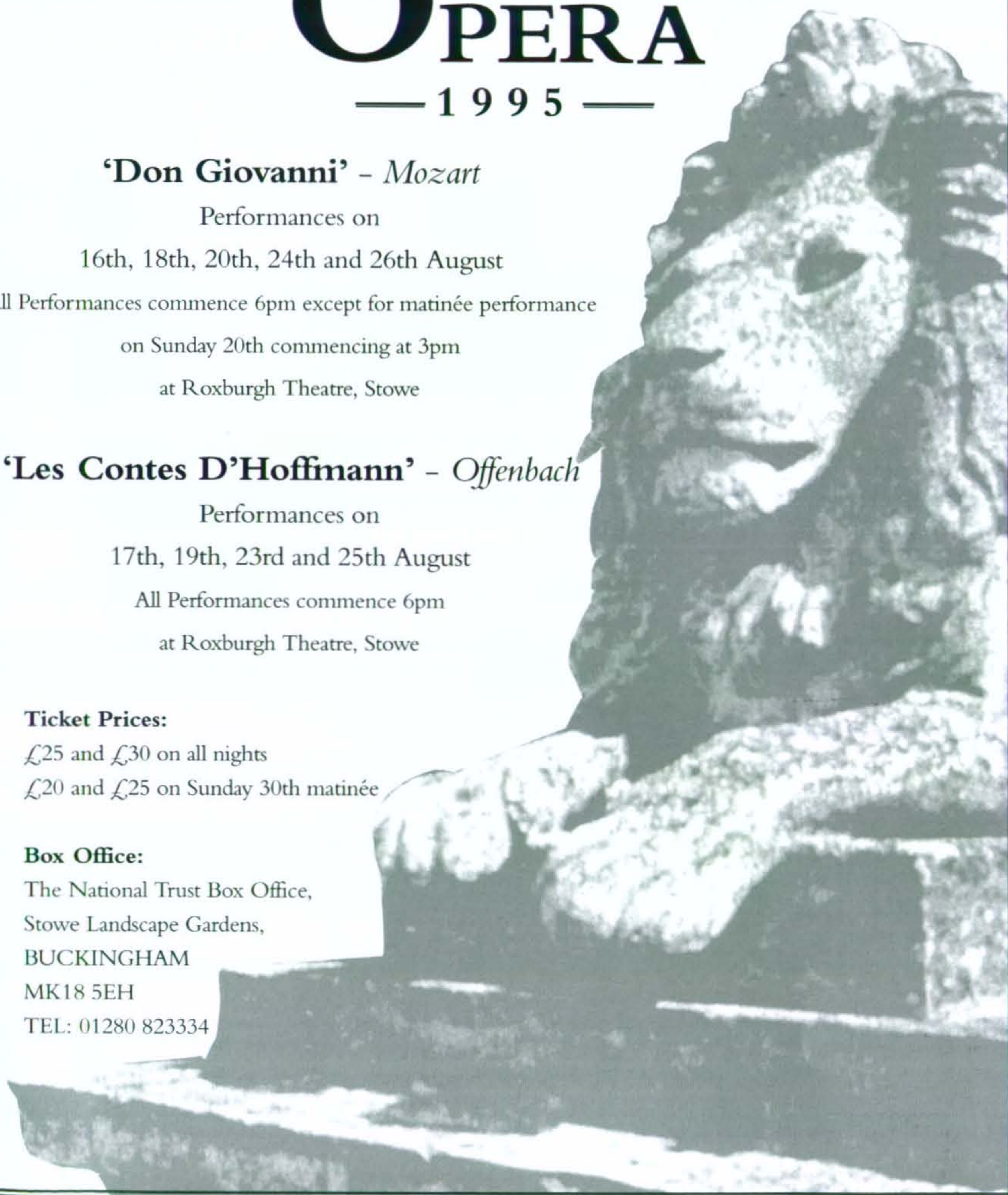
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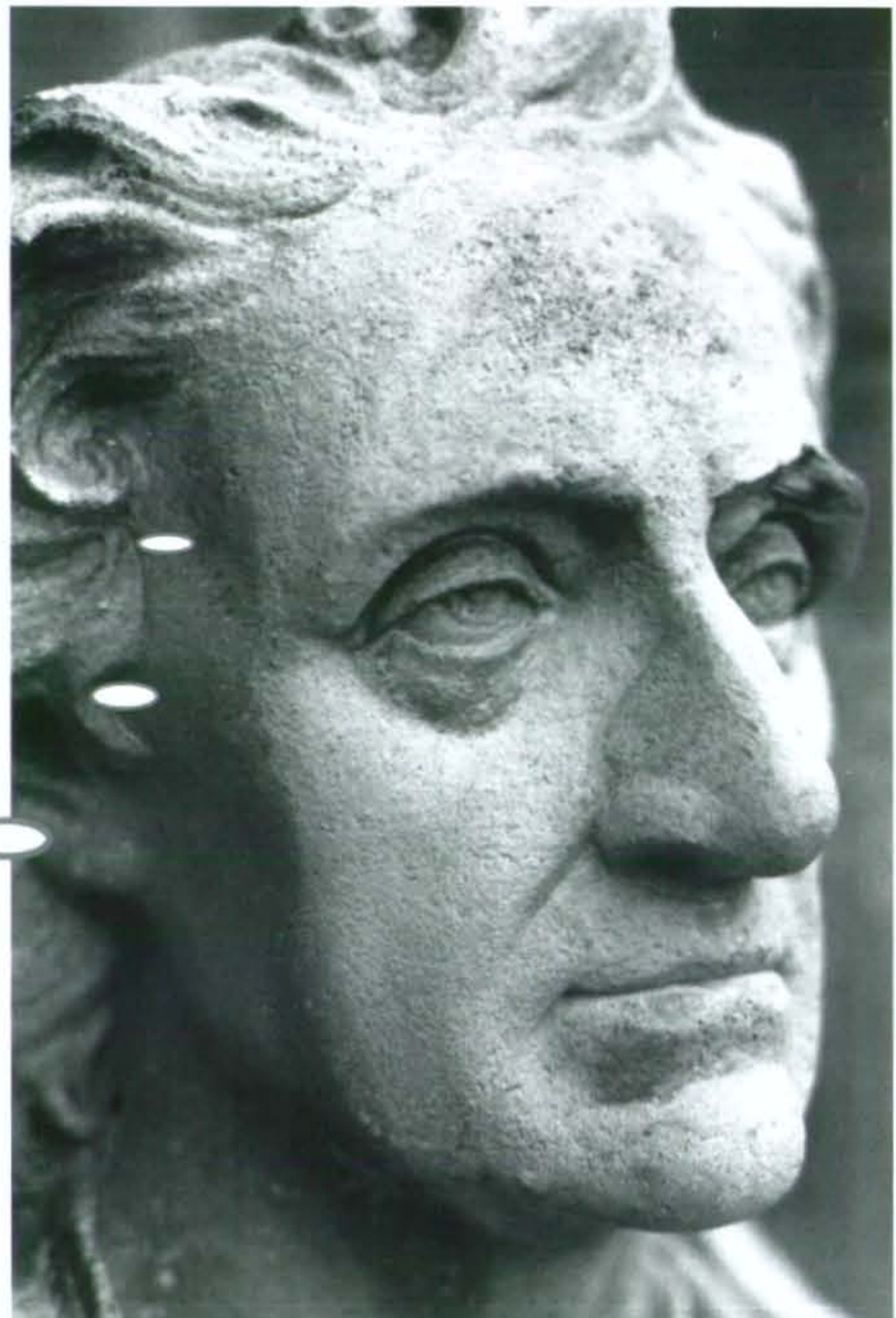
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