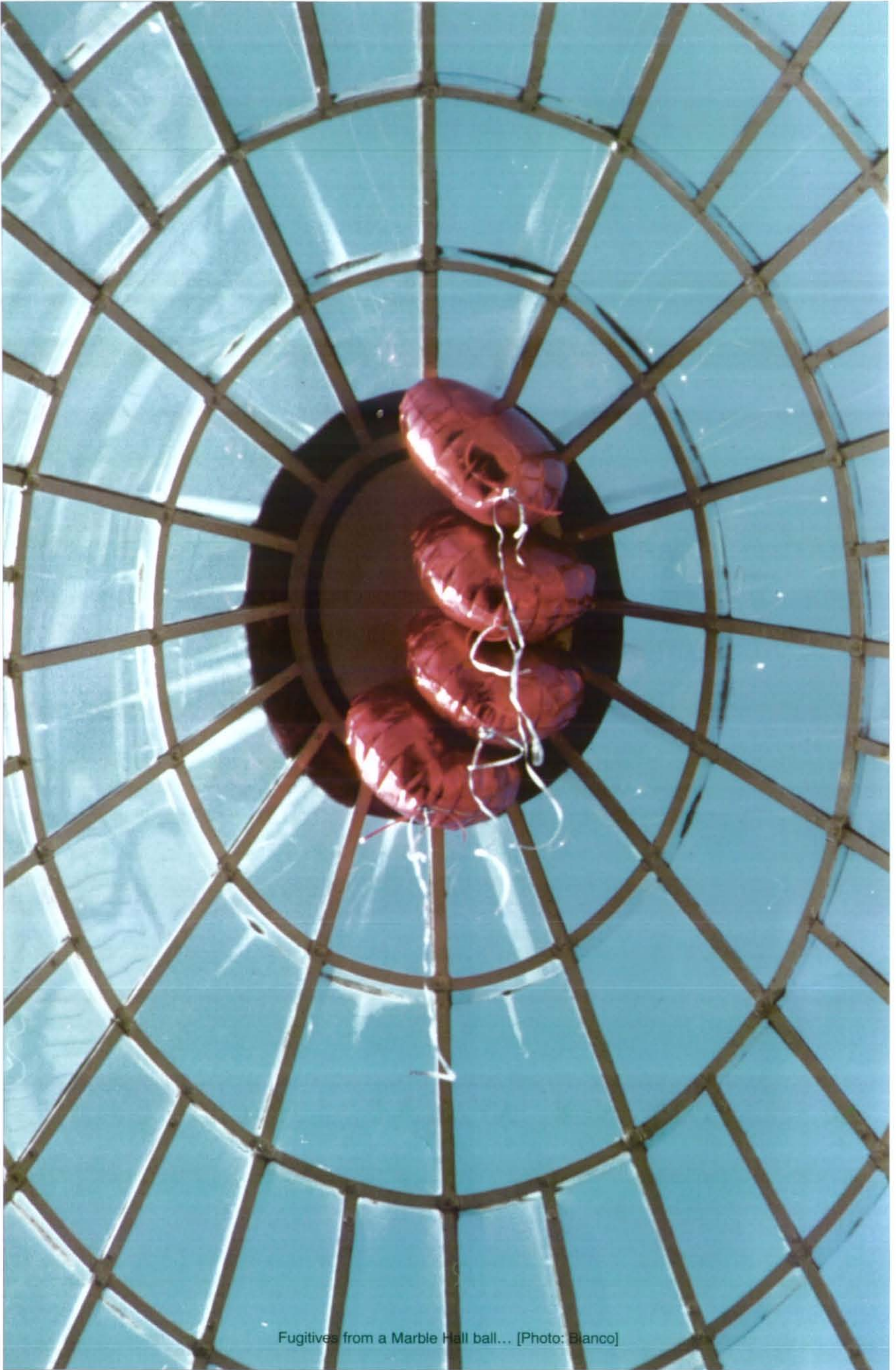


# THE STOIC





Fugitives from a Marble Hall ball... [Photo: Bianco]

# THE STOIC

No. 200



September 2001

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Special thanks: EST (Creative Writing), Classic Snaps (photography) and Al Bianco

Front cover: Christian Roe in last November's *Hamlet*

Back cover: MW in Plug Street with portrait by Edward Oldham



# editorial

*The Stoic* is a little like one of those capsules on the London Eye, slowly fulfilling another long circling journey, looking out on the world, yet insulated from it. As the official record of the year the school magazine is, of course, always going to be insular. But we have made attempts in this issue to look outside our capsule as well as within.

Much has happened in the world since last September, not least a General Election which struggled to catch the popular imagination. Environmental concerns have been heightened by changing weather patterns and nationwide flooding. Foot and Mouth Disease ravaged the countryside, to exacerbate existing disquiet between town and country, already obvious in the Petrol Tax protests and the emotive hunting debate.

Meanwhile it has been another good year for technology: for the mobile telephone, text messages, the E-Mail, DVDs, the digital camera and digital TV. The latter was able to celebrate, amongst other odd things, David Beckham's mohican hair-style, a dramatic shooting in *Eastenders*, *The Weakest Link* pandering to the unkind side of human nature, and inter-active voyeurism via *Big Brother*. In tennis Miss Kournikova has shown that you don't need to win a grand slam to become a superstar. But all has not been gloom and doom. A Swede has put the heart back into English football (when not so long ago the talk was all of Turnips) and, at Covent Garden, a teenage Romanian sensation has stunned the world of dance. Perhaps one day the name of Alina Cojocaru will be on everyone's lips.

Schools have also been in the news. Ours is the guinea pig generation with new external exams in the Lower Sixth. We are now said to be 'the most examined pupils in Europe', which may not necessarily be the same as 'the most educated'. SGAH writes about the new national situation on page 78.

The renaissance of Stowe continues apace. So this has been a good year for scaffolding. By the time you read this it will have come off the newly restored colonnades and gone onto the central part of the mansion. The community has met the inconvenience this year with cheerful good humour, looking forward to the moment, only months away now, when the North Front will be revealed again, from one side to the other, in all its glory. Meanwhile the distinguished architect, Rick Mather, has produced a masterplan for the 'renaissance of the academic zone'. His plans for Phase One, the new Library and Tutorial Centre, are really stunning.

The National Trust has been, as ever, busy in the gardens. Lord Cobham, grievously toppled by lightning from his column some forty years ago, is now back where he belongs, keeping a beady eye on all and sundry.

Not just for buildings, old and new, has this been a year of advance. Both inside and outside the classroom the School has had a year of fine achievement, busy day by busy day. Like travellers in that famous London Eye, struggling to take in the enormity of the view, the editors have struggled to express the scope of all that has gone on. If in the end their efforts do manage to pass muster, it will be thanks to all their many willing contributors.



**“This has  
been a good  
year for  
scaffolding”**

Painting: Hattie Rickard

## Here beginneth Blair's crusade

- Bid for second term launched at school
- Hague starts election fight from soapbox

By **Georgina Lucas**  
**PATRICK EVERTON**

TONY Blair and William Hague launched their general election campaigns with sharply contrasting styles in bright spring sunshine yesterday. Mr Blair broke with tradition to announce the June 7 date at a stage-managed appearance in front of schoolchildren while Mr Hague mounted a soapbox in a marginal constituency.

The Prime Minister's shirt-sleeved appearance at St Saviour's and St Olave's School in south London — instead of on the steps of No 10 — was the climax of carefully-choreographed events leading up to the naming of the day.

The Tories sought to draw a contrast with Labour's slick presentation by embarking immediately on the campaign trail. Mr Hague went to Watford Heris, one of the marginal "Middle England" seats the Tories must capture to return to power.

With activists waving "Keep the Pound" placards,

gested that the onset of campaigning may help the Conservatives to narrow the gap.

An NOP poll for ITN's Powerhouse programme put the Tories on 34 per cent — five points up on a week ago. It still left them 15 points adrift of Labour, who slipped two points to 49 per cent. The Liberal Democrats were two points down in last week on 11 per cent.

Four years ago, Labour began the general election campaign with a 28-point lead over the Conservatives. Labour won the night with a 15-point advantage over the Tories.

Mr Blair, however, made clear he was not taking victory for granted. Standing at a podium with a cross and stained-glass window in the background, he acknowledged that Labour had to "earn the trust" of voters again after failing to achieve everything they had expected in his first term.

He said his 1997 landslide was never a reason to do the job quickly but to do it properly for the long term. The past four years had given



In the paper tomorrow

**Election 2001**



Complete guide to the campaign to pull out and keep

[telegraph.co.uk](http://telegraph.co.uk)

Throughout the campaign, visit our website for news and

### May 8

It's happened at last. Tony Blair has called the General Election for June 7.

With the Foot and Mouth epidemic delaying things there's been something of a phoney war going on. Now the war's real. Except, instead of excitement at the coming conflict, there seems boredom and cynicism. And that's been added to by the stage-management of the announcement of the Election at a south London school, specially chosen by the government's spin doctors. But if very few people seem genuinely excited at the prospect — partly because everyone's agreed that Hague stands no chance and Blair will get in with as big a majority as ever — at least the media are keen on it.

They're going to swamp us with it. Must try to be less cynical and get to grips with the issues...

### May 16

At last some genuine excitement! The Deputy Prime Minister, John Prescott, socks a Welsh protester with a juicy upper cut to the chin. Admittedly the protester had chucked an egg at him and scored a direct hit. Nonetheless, as a reaction, it seems somewhat OTT. But *The Sun* has come out in his support so the punch-up probably will boost rather than damage the Labour cause. Perhaps Hague and Portillo should start lashing out? Must try to be less cynical and get to grips with the issues...

### Spin doctors send Blair back to school



### Blair counters 'spin' claims

Labour leader changes course as Mandelson criticises campaign

By **Georgina Lucas**  
**AND ALICE TOWNSEND**

TONY BLAIR bowed yesterday to mounting criticism of Labour's reliance on "spin and presentation" in light of the election.

After being forced on to the defence over Labour's record in tackling disease, he tried to rebuff the debate to substantive policy issues.

He had to interrupt his carefully choreographed routine to tackle growing accusations that his campaign was stage-managed and that he was being kept away from voters by Labour's media spinners.

With the Tories widely expected to win the first week of the campaign, Prime Minister Gordon Brown said a "real" campaign was needed to be "kept simple".

Tories were considering substantial further tax cuts beyond the £2 billion promised in their manifesto. Mr Blair said the Tory plans were beginning to "unravel" and had become a "joke". "The £2 billion of cuts they cannot finance has now become £20 billion of cuts they cannot finance," he said. "I don't think they can afford to make significant further tax cuts in the second half of the next Parliament by cutting growth in public spending."

Mr Blair began the second week of the campaign with an unscripted interview on Radio 4's Today programme. He was asked repeatedly whether he had lived up to his promise that a New Labour government would be "just" like yours. Mr Blair responded that the question whether he had fulfilled pledges on the economy, health and schools was more important than the future of the Labour MP's.



### May 18

The issues don't seem very big. Hague will give us cheaper petrol and keep us out of Europe. The Lib-Dems are going to give us higher taxes but better social services. And new Labour are parading a buoyant economy and challenging everybody else's figures. The cool thing to do is to say one's bored by it all. And, in the circumstances, that isn't too difficult. Maybe we'll have a few more scuffles and punches and things will start to liven up? In the meantime the polls suggest that in the second week of hostilities public opinion has not changed at all. Blair's heading for another big victory, possibly a landslide. Hague needs to win 165 seats to add to his existing 165 seats to gain an overall majority. But that would need a 10.6 swing in his favour, and at the moment there's a fractional swing the other way.

### May 24

We decided to conduct a Mori poll of our own around the School, to see what it is thinking as the Election gets nearer. (see page 8)



**May 24**

Two weeks in, the campaign still hasn't taken off. The *Daily Telegraph* comes out with some fairly amazing statistics from a Gallup Poll. 77% agree that 'all politicians quote statistics and figures that are meaningless to most people'. 76% say that 'all you hear from politicians at the moment are slogans and soundbites. There is no real political debate.' Cynicism seems to be biting deep. 69% believe 'most of the party leaders are making promises they know they can't fulfil'. Political 'spin' seems to have destroyed the credibility of all parties: '63% say there are no outstanding political leaders at the moment. And 62% say that all the main parties are much of a muchness'. This last statistic is perhaps the most significant of all. When New Labour moved from the left to the centre left, a few years ago, taking liberal Tories' ground from under their feet, they not only made themselves electable but blurred the party divide. Hence some of the prevailing apathy?

**May 25**

The archbishops of Canterbury and York make the headlines with their warning that a negative election campaign could damage society. They find the rubbishing going on between the major parties distasteful. Good for them, we say. Perhaps they should go further and suggest that in the first democracy of all, in ancient Greece, there was something called ostracism with which the people safeguarded fair debating by sending into exile any politician whose mouth was bigger than his brains.

# Archbishops decry cynical campaigns

By Tom Baldwin and Roland Watson

THE archbishops of Canterbury and York today deliver an unprecedented warning that negative election campaigning could damage society.

Their open letter came amid Labour anger over last night's Conservative Party Election Broadcast in which schoolchildren were portrayed buying drugs, setting fire to cars, vandalising property and shoplifting.

The broadcast suggested that the Government's record on teacher shortages was responsible for such crimes.

**On other pages**

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for the political spotlight to focus less on what is in the long-term interests of us all, than on what can inflict the maximum short-term damage on political opponents. Not only is that wrong from a Christian perspective, it does not serve the best interests of the society which we all share."

Although the archbishops emphasised that they were not

desperate the Tories have become. Their image of our schools is an insult to our teachers, pupils and parents."

He said the Conservatives had also produced misleading figures for teacher shortages in secondary schools, and said there were 2,500 vacancies instead of the 10,000 claimed in the film.

A Tory official insisted that last night's broadcast had delivered a positive message and reflected the fears of parents. "The events depicted are shocking. They can be avoided if Conservative policies for discipline, standards and choice are implemented."

Mr Hague he said would to-



**"The election has hit Buckingham at last..."**

**May 26**


The election has hit Buckingham at last, with the first visiting celebrity spotted, a genuine politician, Ken Livingstone. But it was all a bit of a damp squib. Mid-afternoon and the town virtually deserted when a sleek, white vintage Jag came into view, Livingstone in the back extolling via a loudspeaker the virtues of the Labour candidate, Mark Seddon. These would seem to be that he's to the left of the party and would not meekly follow the whip. Ken's simple message: Vote for Mark Seddon and he'll fight to re-nationalise the railways. Having driven up and down repeating this several times, he parked in the market square to meet the good folk of Buckingham. A crowd of at least three was gathered around him.

Common Sense

From John Bercow  
Conservative candidate for Buckingham

General Election  
Special Edition

Bercow: "Labour has let us all down on crime"



John Bercow's

**May 28**

We have at last got our hands on some election literature. John Bercow (the sitting Conservative) says 'I will deliver common sense solutions to the people of Buckingham'. His pamphlet headings show his platform: Fighting Crime, Your Pension, Setting Teachers Free (now, there's a thought), Defend the Countryside and Support Our Agriculture, and, surprise, surprise, Keep the Pound and Recover Britain's Sovereignty.

Mark Seddon's pamphlet is less about issues and more about Mark Seddon. We see him photographed with his family (twice – the same photo), and with Gordon Brown on a Tribune platform (Mr Seddon edits the *Tribune*). The only issues he addresses are doing down the Royal Latin School ('I will campaign to abolish selection'), limiting Milton Keynes ('I will campaign against its further expansion') and helping farmers (a platform he seems to share with Mr Bercow). Mr Seddon's rosette is red rather than pink.



William was sure that if he won the election, no foreigner in their right mind would come to Britain.

## RESULTS OF A

# Sixth Form Election Survey

MAY 2001

### 1. Which way would/will you vote in the coming election?

Conservative	84
Labour	5
Lib. Dems.	6
Other	5

### 2. Your reasons for voting for this party:

Approve of their policies	63
Performed well in last 4 years	4
Like their leader	7
Parents	10
Other	16

### 3. Put the following 10 areas of policies in order of importance for you. [1 – most important]

Health	1
Education	2
Taxation	3
Environment	4
Immigration	5
Defence	6
Rural Issues	7
Europe	8
Social Welfare	9
Constitutional Reform	10

### 4. What would most make you turn against your party of choice? [Tick 1 only]

Not fulfilling promises	35
Dishonesty/Corruption	30
Weak leadership	24
Sleaze	5
Other	6

### 5. Which Conservative frontbencher would be the most effective party leader?

William Hague	39
Michael Portillo	27
Ann Widdecombe	11
Other	23

### 6. Which Labour frontbencher would be the most effective party leader?

Tony Blair	46
Gordon Brown	18
John Prescott	12
Other	24

### 7. How would you rate the Government's handling of these main issues? [1 – excellent to 5 – very poor]

Foot and Mouth	4
Asylum Seekers	4
AS level introduction	4
GM Crops	3
The Euro	3
The Petrol Crisis	4
Abolition of hereditary peerage	3
Northern Ireland	2

### 8. Would you ever be interested in becoming a:

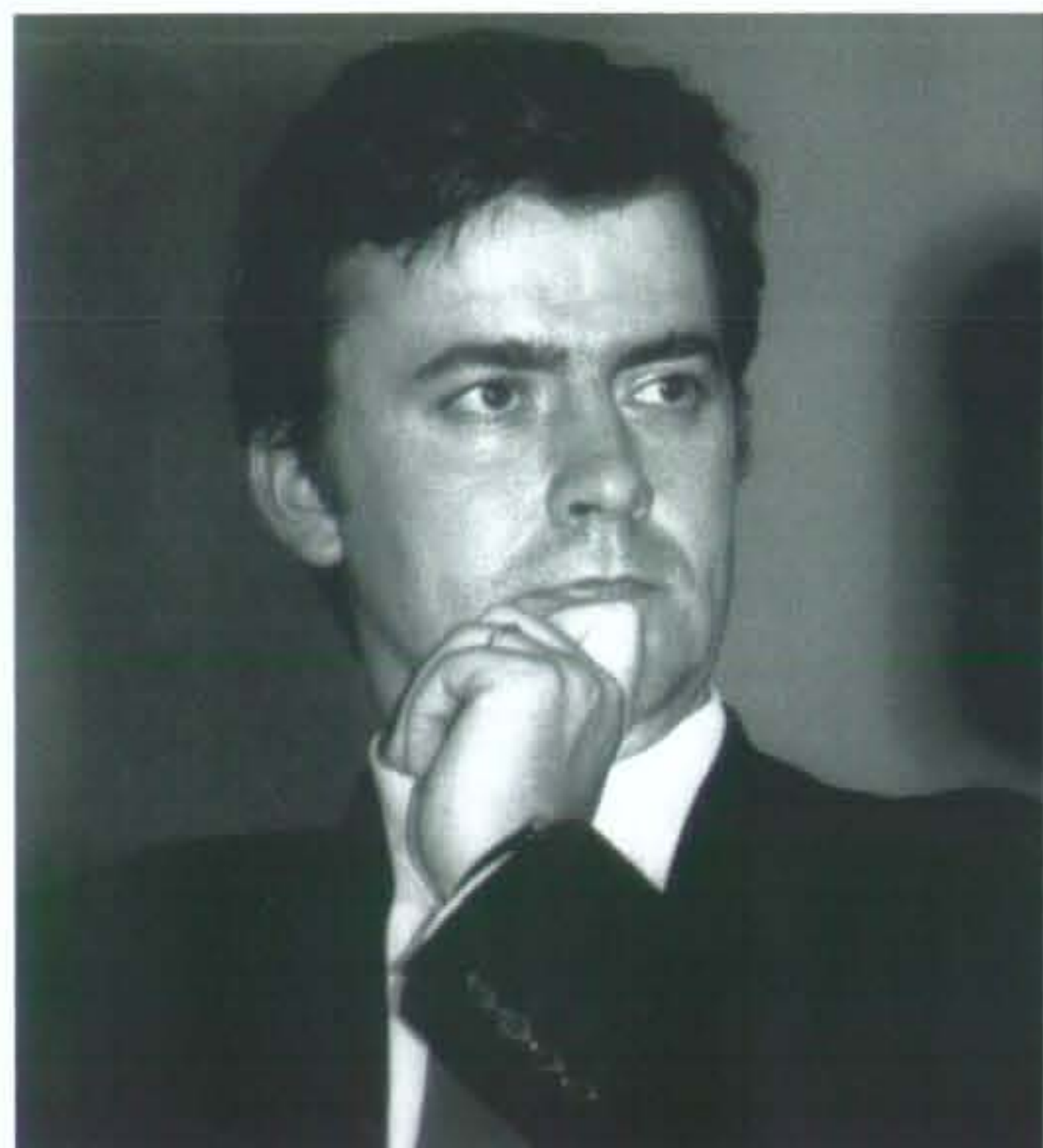
Councillor	1
Local MP	14
Neither	85

### 9. Predict the % distribution of seats between the parties in the coming election:

	1992	1997	2001
Labour	34.4%	43.2%	39%
Conservative	41.9%	30.7%	36%
Lib. Dems.	18.0%	16.8%	16%
Others	6.9%	9.3%	9%

**Sixth Form Stoics predict significant Tory gains and back Hague!**

He clearly is suspicious of New Labour. 'Our communities need to be assured that their Member of Parliament puts conscience before personal advancement.' Yes, indeed, but, if the Gallup Poll is anything to go by, people will take some convincing.



Working for Buckingham

# Mark Seddon

Labour

Portrait by Maggie Evans on behalf of Mark Seddon, MP for Buckingham (CP 95) using Press Photograph Agency 1922 & P. Printed by Public Image © 2000. Member of the Electoral Commission.

**May 30**

A Labour poster depicting William Hague as Lady Thatcher will have raised the Archbishops' blood pressure even more. The polls still put Labour hugely in the lead (47% to the Tories' 28% and the Lib-Dems' 17%). With that kind of lead one has to question whether or not New Labour needs to descend to ridiculing the opposition cheaply. It's an indication that what win elections are good slogans and personalities.

**June 2**

The Tories respond with a poster which is similarly cheap: 'Go on, burst his bubble'. It makes for a bit of interest, gives the press something to write about, but doesn't exactly elevate the political debate.

It also makes one uncomfortable about the large sums of money (though this year capped) involved in the campaigns. Labour and Tories will each spend £14.8 million and the Lib-Dems £4 million. Last election the Tories spent £20 million and still suffered a landslide loss to Labour (economising with a budget of a mere £13 million). You can buy an awful lot of cheap posters for that kind of money.

**June 3**

'You're a loser, baby,' says the *Sunday Times* to Hague in large headlines. This seems to sum up the big change taking place in the political alignment of the national newspapers. In 1997 no newspaper could have been more staunchly Tory. Now, though not exactly happy with New Labour, Rupert Murdoch has turned his back on the Hague leadership.

Only the *Telegraph* and *Mail* seem to stand firm on the Tory side. And the *Mail* is in anguish: 'Decent, patriotic and intelligent,' its heading reads. 'So why don't the British Public get the point of William Hague?' The answer, according to the *Mail*, is that he is bald ('In the television age people don't warm to bald leaders'), has a regional accent, and is obstinate (ie he won't back down from making Europe and the Euro a central issue). 'He is not the man for our image-dominated age, and Tony Blair is.' The *Mail* believes he is going to lose heavily. It's a very odd article, only five days away from the election. Part of a last desperate attempt to win votes through fear of a Labour landslide?

**June 4**

A Mori poll has Labour at 50% and the Tories not much more than half of this. One of its questions was: 'If the Conservatives lose the general election and William Hague steps down, which one of the following politicians, if any, would you like to see lead the Conservative Party?' Michael Portillo is the clear favourite, followed by Don't Know. Margaret Thatcher comes fourth equal...

**The campaign turns personal**

● Labour unveils poster ridiculing Hague ● Major attacks Blair for 'bare-faced deception'



Get out and vote. Or they get in.

Labour



GO ON, BURST HIS BUBBLE

Vote for common sense. Vote Conservatives X



THE SUNDAY TIMES - JUNE 3, 2001

ELECTION 2001

5-PAGE FOCUS SPECIAL

**YOU'RE A LOSER, BABY**

A Labour landslide looms and with four days to go William Hague has failed to impress the public. Our team reveals why the Tories have been so unsuccessful and what the future holds for their leader



"My! What a fabulous election!"  
 "Yes, but wait till you see the size of his majority"

**June 7**

It's election day and *The Independent* excels itself with a cartoon in the style of a crude seaside postcard. The cartoons in the papers have probably been the best thing about the election. An antidote to all the spin. Though, of course, a form of spin themselves. A cartoon can be more damning than ten thousand words.

On polling day the media strive hard to influence the voters. The *Daily Express*, for example, ('crusading for a Great Britain') comes out with a Vote For Blair headline. But when we search for some enlightening reason why, all we read are clichés. Today, we are told, is 'a pivotal moment in our political history'. Well, possibly, but in what particular way? 'Labour needs a second term to make Britain a truly modern democracy ready for the challenges of the 21st century.' Well, yes, possibly, but what exactly is a 'truly modern democracy' and what specifically are the challenges it faces? Instead of telling us, it bangs on about Tory 'sleaze' and 'a ragbag of extremists and ill-matched mavericks'.

The election is going to go down to the line on personalities and invective. In the meantime, it's a choice this evening between one Dimpleby on BBC1 or another Dimpleby on ITV.

**"What we need, perhaps, is a completely new movement in politics"**

**June 8**

Well, the Stowe Sixth Form voting intentions, as expressed in our poll, were wide of the national mark, to put it mildly... The media's Opinion Polls might have all exaggerated Labour's lead significantly (final result: Labour 42%, Tories 33% and Lib-Dems 19%) but the expected landslide still occurred. Hague's resigned and we can now see that the *Express* was right. Labour's unprecedented second consecutive term of office could well be a 'pivotal moment in our political history'. For five years hence, say the pundits, the Tories will have to fight on Labour's central ground. All three parties are therefore likely to be even less distinguishable at first glance in 2006 than they were in 2001. Just like the American Democrats and Republicans, differing only in points of detail. If so, that's going to make genuine debating of issues harder than ever. Slogans and personalities will dominate even more, to the further detriment of the standing of politics in the eyes of the electorate.

What we need, perhaps, is a completely new movement in politics. Like a credible green party, strong enough (i.e. rich enough) to challenge the merger of red, blue and yellow. In such a scenario key issues like the environment and transport might just possibly rouse the electorate from its torpor, and the flame of true democracy might burn a little more brightly.

**DAILY EXPRESS**

**ELECTION LEADER**

**OUR VOTE IS TONY BLAIR**

**T**ODAY the country goes to the polls at a pivotal moment in our political history. There is only one leader who has proved to us, despite our best efforts, that he is a party which has not got out of steam. Tony Blair and his Cabinet remain the only team left to stand for the country. That is why after 180 years of support for the Conservatives in every general election since 1801 we vote for Tony Blair. We vote for Blair with a greater confidence than we have ever had before. We vote for Blair because we know he will lead us to a second term. We vote for Blair because we know he will lead us to a second term. We vote for Blair because we know he will lead us to a second term.

**HAGUE QUILTS**

167 majority for Blair forces out Tory leader



**WILLIAM HAGUE** today emotionally resigned as leader of the Conservatives within hours of his party's second landslide defeat in a row. He would step on as long as it took for the party to find a new leader but said that the general election had been a disaster for the Tories and he would not stand for re-election. The Conservative leader's resignation was announced at 10.30pm. He said he would remain in the party until a new leader was chosen. He said he would remain in the party until a new leader was chosen. He said he would remain in the party until a new leader was chosen.

**STATE OF THE PARTIES**

Labour	412
Conservative	164
Lib-Dems	51
Others or Results to come	
Forecast Majority	167

Updated 20:15

**Evening Standard**

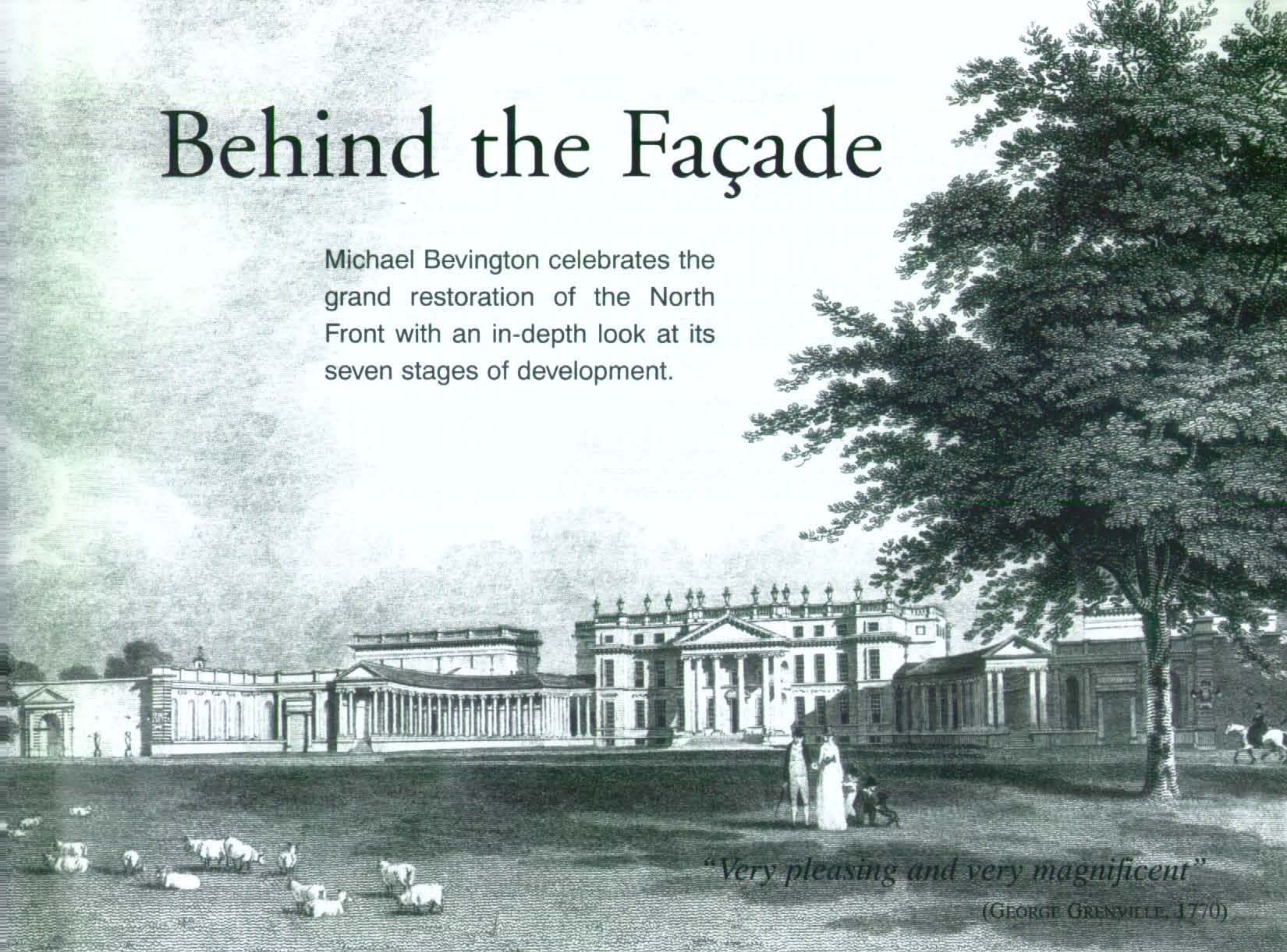
LONDON, FRIDAY, 8 JUNE 2001 [www.thisislondon.co.uk](http://www.thisislondon.co.uk) Incorporating THE EVENING NEWS 35p

**TORY DISASTER**

Michael Heseltine delivers a devastating verdict on Hague's campaign: Page 13

# Behind the Façade

Michael Bevington celebrates the grand restoration of the North Front with an in-depth look at its seven stages of development.



*“Very pleasing and very magnificent”*

(GEORGE GRENVILLE, 1770)

As you finally approach the north side of Stowe House, you suddenly leave the long avenue and sweep round the smooth curve to your right with a growing sense of excitement. There in front, beyond the leafy branches of beech and oak trees, arises the surprising vista of columns, walls and gateways. Coming ever closer, your eye begins to focus on the symmetry, with pairs of bold classical gateways flanked by lofty walls and statues which in turn give way to rusticated bastions emblazoned with coats of arms and proud Latin inscriptions. Beyond them stretch vast forecourts, framed by massive niches, pilasters and yet more gateways. Then the pedimented ends of the colonnades appear, and behind them the curving line of 28 Ionic columns on each side, leading to the grand house. At last, in the centre, the eye comes to rest on the giant entrance portico, with its sturdy columns supporting a grand pediment, all topped by an imposing balustrade and a row of fine urns. George Grenville could rightly call Earl Temple’s achievement ‘very pleasing and very magnificent’ in 1770.

Such an approach is one of the most stunning and elaborately contrived to a major English house. It was the Marquess of Buckingham’s magnificent addition at the end of the eighteenth century. In October 2002 it will again be revealed in all its glorious splendour, thanks to the Stowe House Preservation Trust’s first phase of restoration, with the generous help of the National Lottery Heritage Fund and other donors. It was not, of course, the approach for ordinary

visitors, who entered the garden from the even more impressive location of the Bell Gate before climbing the hill and the long flight of steps to reach the grand south portico. Nevertheless it is fitting that the north front remains the entrance for Stowe residents and friends. It forms a stately propylaea to Stowe House, rivalling its forebear in Athens. In fact the colonnades may be the first physical illustration of the play on words inherent in the Greek word ‘stoa’ (a colonnade, from which a school of philosophy was named) and ‘Stowe’. This association was picked up by Roxburgh and ‘Stoic’ is still in use today. The addition of herms at the same time in the 1770s suggests that someone aware of Greek architecture was advising Earl Temple, perhaps his learned relative Thomas Pitt. The latter was elected to the Society of the Dilettanti in 1763, along with Robert Wood. Soane later compared Pitt’s influence in architecture with that of the earls of Burlington and of Pembroke.

The north front of Stowe House has a history even more complex than the south front. It took over 120 years before reaching its present form in about 1803 under the first Marquess of Buckingham. He was completing the work of a whole galaxy of architects, including Cleare, Vanbrugh, Kent, Leoni, Pitt, and Valdre, with probable influences from Kent and Adam. The following account is divided into seven stages marked by the dates: 1683, 1717, 1770, 1775, 1781, 1798 and c1804 to the present.

### Stage 1: 1683 to 1716: the new house (Cleare)

**HOUSE:** William Cleare designed the new house for Sir Richard Temple, 3rd Baronet. It was finished in 1683 and the earliest elevation of the north front shows a 13 bay house.



At each corner were slightly projecting pavilions of one bay, giving a sturdy and balanced look. Between the pavilions there was originally a dynamic arrangement of two pairs of bays receding inwards in steps either side of the central pedimented block of three bays, which was also emphasised by its forwards projection. The focal point was the central door with a broken pediment above. The surface was of locally made bricks, with the corner pavilions and the inward steps delineated in stone quoins. The first change to the appearance of the house came five years after completion, with the addition of a cupola on the roof. This lasted for only about 30 years.

From the 1680's there were various plans for the layout of the entrance surroundings on the north side of the house. Some included a forecourt with central gates on the north.

### Stage 2: 1717 to 1769: north portico and low quadrant and forecourt walls (Vanbrugh and Kent)



**HOUSE:** During the 1720's the giant Ionic pedimented portico was added to the centre of the front. At the same time the walls either side were extensively rebuilt with narrowed windows, while the corner pavilions were emphasised further by the addition of towers with pyramidal roofs on top. At the same time, in the late 1720's, the house was probably lime-washed to blend with the new limestone portico. This particular stage in the reconstruction of the north of Stowe House was by far the most impressive and influential. It was probably the archetype of one of the most significant expressions of English country houses built in the classical style. It provided the most logical and satisfying resolution possible to the problem of applying the classical pedimented portico, used almost only for temples in ancient times, to a much broader private house. This was done by heightening the corner pavilions and giving them pyramidal roofs to emphasise the sides while also matching the central pediment. It was an act of genius, preceding *Holkham* and, depending on the dating of the bird's eye view, even *Houghton*. Its parallels with and improvements on *Eastbury* suggest that Vanbrugh was the inspiration, although Kent or even Gibbs may well have executed much of the work after Vanbrugh's death in 1726.

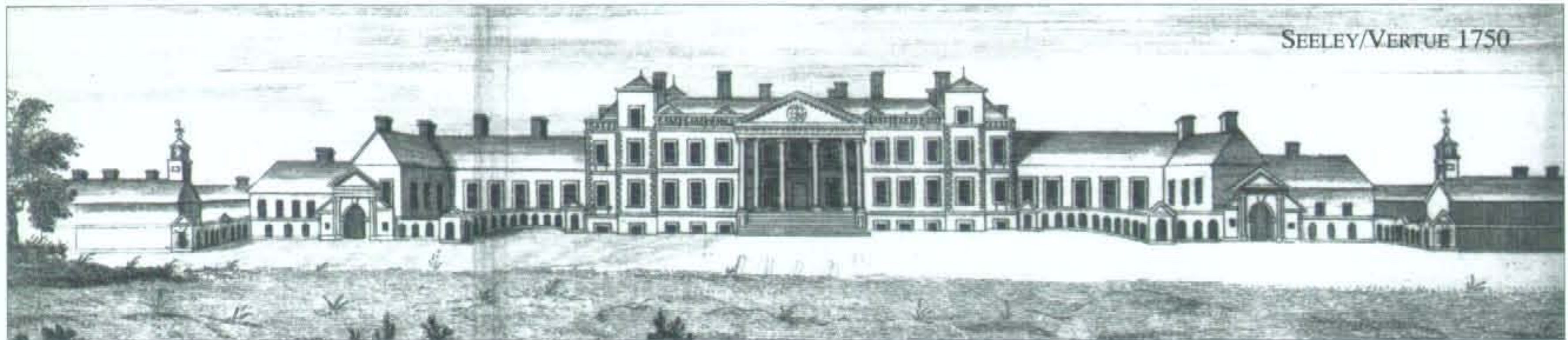
In fact this seminal version of the north front lasted for only about 20 years. Then, in the 1740s, the new staircase bays were extended on the east and west sides of the building, and the link galleries were added further out on either side, altering the balance of the view from the north side.

**QUADRANT WALLS AND FORECOURTS:** A central gateway was hard to relate to the main road from Buckingham, which then ran to the east of the house. This problem remained until Sir John Vanbrugh produced a typically dynamic solution by emphasising the eastern approach with the Doric Entrance Arch built in 1717. He balanced this with the Orangery to the west of the house, also constructed that year. In October 1719 there was 'digging and laying ye foundation in ye North Cort.' In the same year a canal was dug across the north lawn and the mount beyond it was raised, receiving its statue of King George I probably in 1723, so completing the northern approach.

In the decade before 1733, it was decided that there should be a wide gravel sweep for carriages in front of the new north portico steps, separated from the park grass beyond. This area, therefore, was divided into two. The southern part, closer to the house, was defined by a pair of low curving quadrant walls with 9 niches, probably on the line of the present colonnades. At each end were 'sentry-box' square pavilions or Aedicules with doors and niches on the outsides. These pavilions then linked this domesticated, almost circular arena, enclosed by a chain and post fence, with the park grass. The result recalls Kent's circular forecourt at *Euston Hall*. This stretched into the arena of the rectangular forecourts beyond. Vanbrugh may have designed these low walls. Kent added a pair of large gateways, aligned with the north sides of

the two service pavilions. Their bands of rustication suited their rural role, opening onto the parkland. Their great height, almost theatrical, is typical of Kent who, like Vanbrugh, was aware of the power of vertical proportions.

**SCREEN WALLS:** In the 1740s, the northern approach was extended yet further by the addition of another pair of gateways, by Leoni. These face each other, at right-angles to the northern screen walls, and opened into the garden, the present Grafton Arch originally framing a vista towards the new Keeper's Lodge, now the Bourbon Tower.



### Stage 3: 1770 to 1774: the first colonnades, heightened forecourts and screen walls (Adam?, Pitt and Earl Temple)

Although Earl Temple inherited Stowe House in 1749, it took him some 20 years to start improving both the north and south fronts. Possibly he felt challenged by the rebuilding of Claydon House from 1768. He began with the north side, but although the south front took some eight years, the north took over ten before he had achieved a satisfactory solution. The extended time for the north front, in fact, was partly the result of changes to hide from the north side additions to the south front.

**HOUSE:** On the north front of the house most of the stone window surrounds from the 1730s were removed, to produce a cleaner and purer classical look. Only on the corner pavilions did they remain, to provide emphasis at each end of the façade, and at the same time these windows were extended down to floor level to give access to small balconies fitted outside. The middle string-course was raised to the bottom of the second floor windows, allowing small swags and paterae to be added in relief over the first floor windows. Perhaps these were the ornaments being fitted by Edward Masters in November 1771. The portico had been scaffolded in April 1771 [1] and in July 1772 E. Batchelor charged for 'Sawing, Massoning and Carving 6 Festoons put up on the North Front'. In September 1772 Meads charged 'for Stockoing and Setting the Panels in the North Syde' [2]. The steps to the portico were relaid in 1772 using soft limestone from Horton in Oxfordshire. The floor of the portico itself may have been replaced with spare slabs of marble from Eastbury, surplus to requirements for the Saloon.

**QUADRANT WALLS AND COLONNADES:** The first phase in rebuilding the north front was the addition of the pair of colonnades on nine vaults above the existing low curving quadrant walls. From 1770 to 1772 Earl Temple raised 28 Ionic columns on each side. The 27 columns and one pilaster are each two feet in diameter. They have a core made from 10 specially moulded segmental bricks, built to show entasis, and are covered in a render of stucco. William Ride, Earl Temple's supervising builder since 1756, was paid in November 1769 for 'Making a Modle for Colonade'. The shallow angled Ionic capitals were carved by Batchelors of Buckingham. There are 54 in total. The original ones are of

Windrush stone and cost £1-15-8 each in January 1771. Above was a pitched roof with slate and stone tiles above a refined Ionic entablature.

Work on the colonnades was well under way by 5th June 1770, when Earl Temple wrote to his sister: 'My building goes on but slowly, yet I think it will end successfully.' [3] The following day, presumably on receipt of her brother Richard's letter, she reported the news to another brother, George: 'my Lord Temple is [engrossed] with the rearing of his proud Arches and figuring to his minds eye the future Colonnades.' [4] On 10th June George replied to Hester that his son had spent four or five days at Stowe and found Temple 'extremely busy about his Colonnades for the North Front' and also making a start on the south front, a start later retracted [5]. On 24th July George again reported that his brother was 'extremely deep in Lime and Mortar' [6], while on 2nd August Temple himself wrote to Hester that 'my North Front goes on most prosperously' [7]. By 30th August George reported to Hester that Temple was 'extremely pleased with the Colonnade on the North Front which is now almost finished in one side except the stuccoing. It is indeed very pleasing and very magnificent.' [8] The east colonnade was built first and this chapel colonnade was roofed in October and November, with the roof truss numbers starting at the north end. The Westmoreland slates were paid for in May 1771, whereas the back of the roofs were of Stansfield stone. By 6th June, 1771, Earl Temple wrote to his sister that 'the North Front here is finished, except what remains to stucco; the columns are so beautiful, that they greatly exceed any stone I ever saw.' [9] In November 1772 William Davis charged for 'making plaister ornaments for North Colonnade' [10].

The results certainly pleased Earl Temple. In September 1772 he told Earl Chatham, his brother-in-law, that 'the North side is charming' [11], a sentiment still true, particularly when the building is seen at a diagonal or at night with the colonnades floodlit. That autumn the colonnades were paved and perhaps the wrought-iron gates once at the bottom of each end staircase were added at the same time, to keep the deer from straying too far.

Nevertheless, like many building projects at Stowe, the details were not quite right. In April 1774 William Bayley

was charging for 'Taking down the Old festoons in Colnade and Making Good the Stucco'. He then had to cast 56 new paterae, at 9d each, and 56 new festoons, at 3s each. Perhaps advice from Temple's new Italian architect, Valdre, led to these changes. The present paterae and festoons, 28 in each colonnade, seem to fit with this alteration, as may a bill of the sculptor, James Lovell, for £5-0-0 on 4th November, 1773, for 'A Large Mould for a Festoon of Laurel Leaves and a Cast of Do. for the Corridores'.<sup>[12]</sup>

EAST AND WEST FORECOURTS: Even while the colonnades were being constructed in the summer of 1770, Earl Temple was busy planning the rebuilding of the forecourts at the north end of the colonnades.

It was probably at this time that Kent's gateways were moved further out to the screen walls. Nevertheless the location of these and other gates was highly disputed. Temple did not agree with Thomas Pitt's plans and referred the problem to his brother-in-law, William Pitt. The latter, however, sided with Thomas and not Temple, as Hester wrote to George on 6th June, 1770: 'We find he [Earl Temple] has presumed to differ from his first Architect, Mr Pitt, about the placing of the Gates. He stated the dispute to my Lord [William Pitt] without telling him which side they had respectively taken, that he might be an unprejudiced judge, and it proved he was in opinion with Mr Pitt ...' William had, of course, been reconciled with Temple in 1769 and had stayed at Stowe that summer with his wife, four children and 20 servants. Since the engraved plan of 1773 shows the forecourt gates on the east and west sides, but they were soon replaced with Tuscan gates where Kent's had been at first, it remains uncertain who won this dispute. Nevertheless, given Temple's reconstruction of the forecourts only seven years or less after they had been built, it is likely that, as in 1755, he heeded William's advice and allowed the east and west side gates, only to revert to his better judgement a few years later. The side gateways would have been aligned with north side of the orangery and the stables, a usually hidden feature, whereas Earl Temple's greater theatrical sense would have responded to a pair of gateways facing out to the park.

Evidence of Earl Temple's first rebuilding of the forecourt walls was revealed in the restoration of 2000-2001 and confirmed the accuracy of the engraving of 1773. According to the engraving, on the south walls there were three small niches, each with a rectangular plaque above, on either side of the central niche. There was a similar arrangement on the east or west walls, but with a central gateway in between the rows of three niches. Each niche, about 2'6" wide, held sculpture, as shown in south walls on the engravings of 1773 and 1777, a total of 26 vases or statues, and there were 26 plaques above these, now all gone. In June 1771 Edward Batchelor and others charged for work 'At the Vozees for the North Front'<sup>[13]</sup> and again in August for 'carving the Vases for the North Front by 14 Sept.'<sup>[14]</sup>

A bill for 8th December, 1771, is for 'the two Freestone piers at Each side of the colnoad 476 feet at 2d. pr. foot £3-19-4'. These may refer to the enlargement of the old aedicules or 'sentry boxes' at the south and north ends of side walls. Typical of much rebuilding at Stowe, they were integrated into the new design but were now too small in scale and had to be heightened to match the higher walls on either side. The height of these 1770 forecourt walls, however, was lower than today's; they had been designed to produce a carefully graded perspective, with an increase in height from forecourt to colonnade to house.

SCREEN WALLS: The rebuilding of 1770 seems to have involved a decision to create two distinct character areas on the north of the house. There was to be a new division between the more formal, stately and refined central area of the north front, the portico, colonnades and forecourts, and the more distant parts not visible from the house, the screen walls and Leoni arches. The complex nature of the 1770 forecourt walls reflects a deliberate attempt to create a more domestic and sophisticated area immediately adjacent to the purely classical sweep and clean lines of the colonnades. The garden rustication of Kent's gateways would not have suited these more sophisticated forecourts, so they were moved further out to the screen walls next to Leoni's rudimentary gateways into the garden. They may be the subject of Stanley's bill for foundations for gateways and 36 perch 14 ft at 1s. per perch in December 1770.

The rustic nature of the screen walls was emphasised by the presence of eight herms (discussed in *The Stoic*, 2000). Above each herm was and is a patera. These may have been the subject of Edward Batchelor's bill of July 1772: 'To Massoning and Carving 8 Pattors put up on the North Front at 6s per pattor'<sup>[15]</sup>.

The massive transformation of the north front was finished in 1773. On 1st August, 1773, Temple wrote to his sister that 'my North Front is entirely finished'. No doubt the engraved elevation of the north front, published in 1773, followed soon afterwards. It was presumably this to which Temple referred in his letter of 6th September, 1774, to William Pitt, where he commented that 'the very bad Prints I gave your Lordship of both fronts would at least help the memory & assist the Pencils'<sup>[16]</sup>.

ARCHITECT: It is intriguing to speculate about the meaning of Hester's reference in June 1770 to Temple's 'first Architect, Mr Pitt'. What does 'first' mean here, and if he was the first, who, by June 1770, was the second architect?

'First Architect' may refer to the one employed longest at Stowe. For five, or possibly seven, years Thomas Pitt had worked for Earl Temple as an adviser or architect. He may have been behind the unexecuted south front scheme engraved in 1763, but even by 1770 he had built relatively little (the Palladian Bridge at Hagley, 1764, the Corinthian Arch at Stowe, 1765, and probably an adaptation of Vanbrugh's Doric





Arch at Stowe in 1768). Thomas Pitt's adaptation of Adam's second South Front design did not come until 1771 or later. Moreover, as early as 30th August, 1770, George Grenville commented in the context of designs for both the North and South Fronts: 'no One ventures to decide upon any Thing without consulting Mr Pitt with whom there is a frequent Correspondence for that Purpose.' [8] Assuming that this is Thomas rather than William, one can argue that at this stage his role was generally more consultative rather than creative. This fits too with his appointment as 'Intendant des Batiments and Surveyor Genl. of my works' by another relative, his uncle Sir Richard Lyttelton, in 1762 [17]. Moreover, Hester did not state that Pitt designed the forecourts, but merely that Earl Temple differed from him in his preference for the location of the gates. Indeed, Hester's letter, with Temple asking Thomas Pitt to comment on the arrangement of forecourts, is odd if Pitt had already designed them to Temple's instructions. It fits better with all three commenting on someone else's design.

If Pitt was not the actual architect, the obvious answer for the second architect would be Robert Adam and his brother James, who had submitted a bill in 1770, although their second plan for the south front was not made until the spring of 1771. If Adam made plans for the south front by June 1770, when the first set of foundations were being marked out, it would be curious if the north front were already nearly built but to designs of a different architect.

One of the most telling stylistic indications for Adam's involvement on the north front is the use, typical of Adam, of a rectangular recess or plaque above a round-headed niche set

just above a dado rail and filled with a statue or urn. He uses this essentially late Roman decorative technique elsewhere, from the early 1760s at Croome Court, Bowood Mausoleum, Harewood, Kedleston and Newby, but notably in his proposal for Stowe's South Portico. Pitt could have copied it, of course, but his architectural training would have made him more aware of the inappropriate use of both niche and panel in such close proximity; in fact no less a critic than Soane extolled Pitt's 'classical taste and profound architectural knowledge'. Interestingly, by 1775 at 20 Portman Street, Adam had changed to a more acceptable rectangular niche and in execution the south portico at Stowe was given a continuous frieze instead of Adam's separate plaques. Other details, such as the use of a patera within a swag on the colonnade walls and the house, all fit better with Adam than Pitt.

The fact that Adam's name has been forgotten for the north front is, perhaps, not surprising, given how almost all of this first scheme apart from the columns of the colonnades was obliterated within five years. Another architect who could have been involved at Stowe in the late 1760s is Blondel. Neither the colonnades nor the forecourt scheme, however, match his flamboyant French style, although he had a liking for loggias and pairs of columns. Nevertheless it is intriguing to note that his bill submitted in 1774 included a claim for visiting Stowe to survey work 'dèja commencé par Monsieur Adams', for which, perhaps he had been paid £50 in 1772. This may refer to the first set of foundations for the south front marked out in June 1770, but it could equally refer to the colonnades and forecourts if Adam had designed them.

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#### **Stage 4: 1775 to 1780: attic storey added to house, balustrades added to colonnades, forecourts rebuilt and screen walls heightened (Valdre)**

HOUSE: After the 1770-1773 additions to the north front, Earl Temple began to reconstruct the south front, following Adam's plans as adapted by himself and Thomas Pitt. He soon found a major problem. The new height of the top balustrade of the south front meant that its rear would be plainly visible from the northern side of the house. The only solution was to raise the height of the house on this side too, filling in between the corner towers with a continuous attic storey and a balustrade to match the south front. This was done in 1775, but the result seriously detracts from the charm of the carefully balanced colonnades and portico. This is because the attic storey is far too heavy for the size of house and portico, and the great 17th-century cornice was left to split the front horizontally into two unequal bands.

To alleviate the top-heavy effect, perhaps Valdre added ten urns, perched precariously on the balustrade, each some six feet tall. Their initial positioning indicates that they were intended to mark the key dynamics of the 1720s front: they emphasise the two corner pavilions and the six columns of the central portico. The two staircase bays at each side were also enclosed by the attic wall and balustrade, and were even given matching windows, although one is false. The combined effect of such dominant additions to the sides and roofline of the north front is to diminish the splendour of the central portico and the flanking colonnades. It meant that the colonnades and forecourts needed to be heightened to compensate for the increased mass of the central mansion. This is what was done over the next few years, but with varying degrees of success.

The lions guarding either side of the steps below the north portico seem to have been added early in 1778. The bill of 30th January, 1778, from Eleanor Coade includes '2 Lions in Artificial Stone: £40-0-0' along with packing and carriage, costing an additional 40% of their price [18], but there is no explicit link with the north front and the lions are not shown on the 1780 engraving.

COLONNADES: By the time of the 1780 engraving, the inside and north end entablatures of the colonnade roofs had been topped with a low balustrade. This gave the colonnades greater height to match the new additions to the main house. The balustrade on the north ends, however, meant the removal of the pediments which so effectively matched and flanked the larger pediment on the main portico. The original pitched roof must have been lowered to hide it below the new balustrades. Valdre, as will be argued below, probably added these balustrades to match those on the three main pavilions of the house, so increasing the unity of appearance from the north.

FORECOURTS: No doubt, at the same time as the colonnades were topped with balustrades, it was decided to heighten the forecourt walls to match the colonnades' height and to give greater balance to the new height of the main house. To do so, of course, meant destroying the carefully contrived and smaller scale of the 1770 scheme. On 8th March, 1777, Edward Batchelor charged for himself and 7 men, 'to ripping out the Wall in the North Front for Niches and Festoons and to working and setting the Plynth'. The niches referred to

here are presumably the existing ones, much taller than the earlier ones, and set higher, thus requiring the new plinth. At the same time, as shown on the engraved plan of 1780 compared with that of 1773, the gateways were moved from the side walls to the southern walls. They now took the form of blank gates with attached Tuscan columns either side. The Seeley Description of 1777 misleadingly refers to the earlier scheme as having 'four Gate-ways into the Courts, by Kent, and two Gate-ways into the Gardens by Leoni.' The moving of Kent's pair of gates may have caused the assumption that he was responsible for the pair in the forecourt side walls as well as the pair in the screen walls. By 1780 the Seeley Description mentions 'four Gate-ways into the Courts, two by Signor Waldrè, two by Kent, and two into the Gardens by Leoni'. This attribution of the Tuscan gateways to Valdre suggests that he was probably also responsible for all the alterations of this period, including the balustrades on top of the colonnades, the new forecourt walls and the raised screen walls. The 1780 Description also mentions 'Niches and Pilasters': Valdre must have added the Ionic pilasters between the niches to add a stronger vertical emphasis to counter-balance the raised height of the house and also to unify the forecourt with the Ionic order of the forecourts and the portico. At the same time a bastioned parapet was added at the top to harmonise with the colonnade balustrades.

The larger scale of niches meant that instead of the seven bays on each wall of the old scheme, there is only one either side of the Tuscan gateways on the south wall. On the side walls the gateways and six small niches were replaced by only five tall niches.

**SCREEN WALLS:** To match the height of the new forecourts the screen walls were also raised for the third time, with courses of brick above the stone. They now enveloped the whole of Kent's large gateways. Their greater height meant that the Aedicules or 'Sentry Boxes' had also to be raised. Valdre also gave them great prominence to enhance their important role on the corner of the approaches to the house by adding bold horizontal rustication.

Probably dating also from this time is the pair of cartouches, set beneath a voluminous ribbon and within a band of laurel leaves, above an elaborate flourish of oak leaves and acorns. Indeed Isaac Ware, in *A Complete Body of Architecture of 1766* (V.ch.XXIII) noted that according to 'the strict taste of the old Greeks, their festoons were a plain wreath of oak'. The central oval shield on the west side

depicted a small bird, the Temple martlet, below an Earl's Coronet, suggesting it was carved before Earl Temple's death in 1779. The temple-haunting martlet, as Shakespeare described it, stands on a Duke's coronet, but this must have been added after 1822 and there is some suggestion that the depiction of the coronet is not heraldically correct. Beneath was the Temple motto: *TEMPLA QVAM DILECTA* (How delightful are thy temples). On the east was a Grenville motto: *DEO PATRIA AMICIS* (For God, Country and Friends), and perhaps the Grenville wheat sheaf above.

### **Stage 5: 1781 to 1797: 4 more urns, colonnade balustrades removed**

**HOUSE:** By the time of Medland's engraving in 1797, the number of urns on the balustrade had been increased to 14. No doubt it had soon become apparent that the almost flat line of the attic balustrade made it pointless trying to emphasise the old tripartite arrangement of corner towers and central pediment.

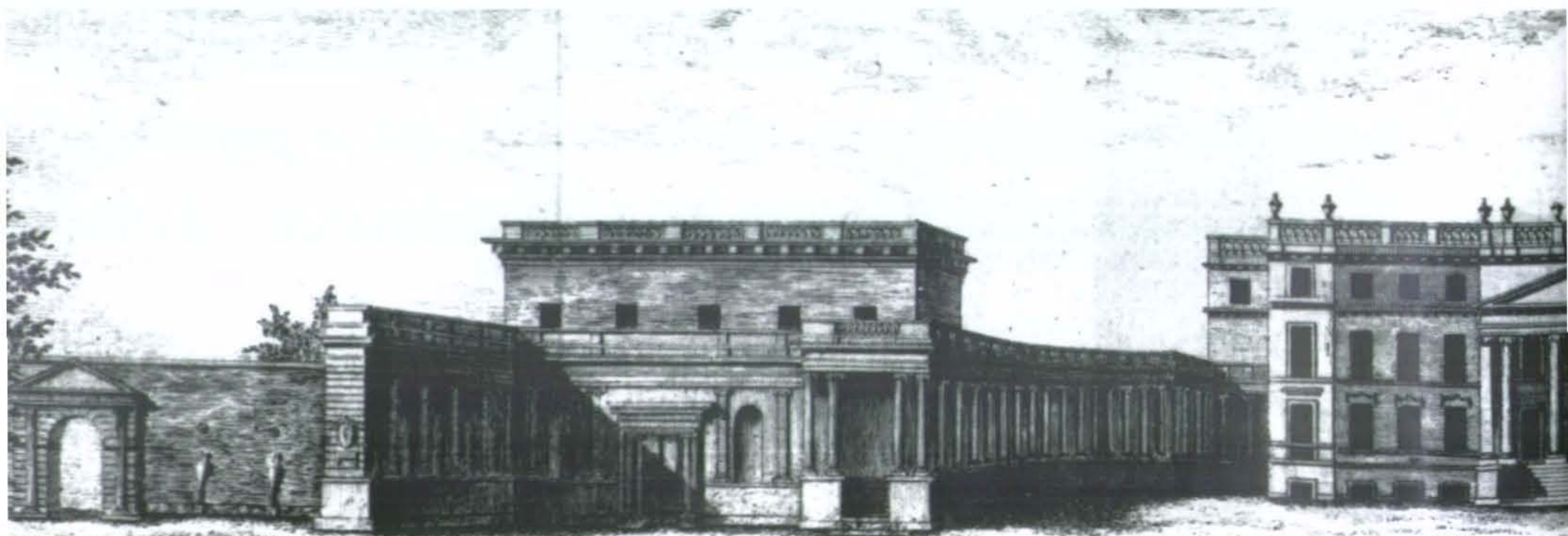
**COLONNADES:** The balustrades added in the second scheme were removed by 1797. This meant that the pitched roofs had to be restored with a pediment visible at each north end. The reworking of the roof timbers is still evident today. The original pitched roofs must have been lowered in the second scheme, as explained above, but they now had to be raised on the inside edges to meet with the top of the old entablature once the balustrades had been removed. The outside edges were left in their lower position giving the unusual asymmetrical pattern still visible.

In about 1796 the southern ends of the colonnades were enclosed to form small mezzanine rooms behind new windows.

**FORE COURTS:** The bastioned parapet walls were retained, despite the removal of the colonnade balustrades. There seem to have been no changes to the screen walls.

### **Stage 6: 1798 to c1803: port-cochère added, new angled approach drive, George 1st moved closer to house**

**HOUSE:** In about 1803 the Marquess of Buckingham realigned the main drive to the house so that it took its present diagonal line instead of the previous right-angles to the house. This was a brilliantly inspired change, since it



substituted a new dynamic in place of the formal vista enhanced so carefully in the 1720s with the addition of the portico and corner towers but ruined in 1775 with the addition of the flat and heavy attic wall on the north front. At the same time he moved the equestrian statue of King George Ist closer to the house and away from the former view-point on the Roman Road. This view had been the principal one for the 1720s north front but it is now distinctly unattractive. He also added the port-cochère with the curving balustrade walls either side. If Soane were responsible for the Egyptian Hall behind, it is tempting to credit him also with some of the effectiveness of this new angled approach-drive to the house.

**FORECOURTS:** Perhaps at the same time as the addition of the port-cochère in about 1803, the bastioned parapet walls were reduced to their present two iron-stone courses. This helped them to harmonise better with the even flatter capping to the screen walls.

### Stage 7: c1804 to present: minor additions and many repairs

Since 1803 there have been some minor additions and many repairs to the north front.

**HOUSE:** The urns, removed for reasons of safety in about 1931, are to be copied for the SHPT in 2002. The clock was added in 1898 in memory of Major Morgan-Grenville, while the inscription in the portico was unveiled by H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester in 1988 to commemorate the centenary of J.F. Roxburgh's birth, the founding headmaster of Stowe School. The bells were added to the oval openings in the sides of the portico in 1926 and a bust of King William III, significant at Stowe for the Glorious Revolution of 1688, will be restored above the main door. The Coade stone lions were removed in 1939 but replaced in 1995.

**COLONNADES:** The fine set of antique marble busts, recorded in the Descriptions of 1817 to 1832, has long gone. Copies of the gates at the north ends are being made for the SHPT. James Stansby added the corridor which joins the west colonnade with the conservatory and orangery in 1865. The windows in the podium on each side date from the 1920s and still light the Temple and Grenville House studies.

**FORECOURTS:** No major changes.

**SCREEN WALLS:** A pair of herms was added to the bastions after 1818, but all the herms were sold in 1921. Copies of the

original eight are to be installed in 2002. The cartouches on the bastions were replaced with the School arms by Bickerdyke in 1926. At one stage the stucco on the walls was lined to imitate ashlar.

The ground surface of the colonnade and forecourt area was grassed in the 1770s rebuilding, as it is today, allowing the house to embrace the surrounding parkland more closely. Previously, however, it had been gravel, as it also was from about 1840 to 1924.

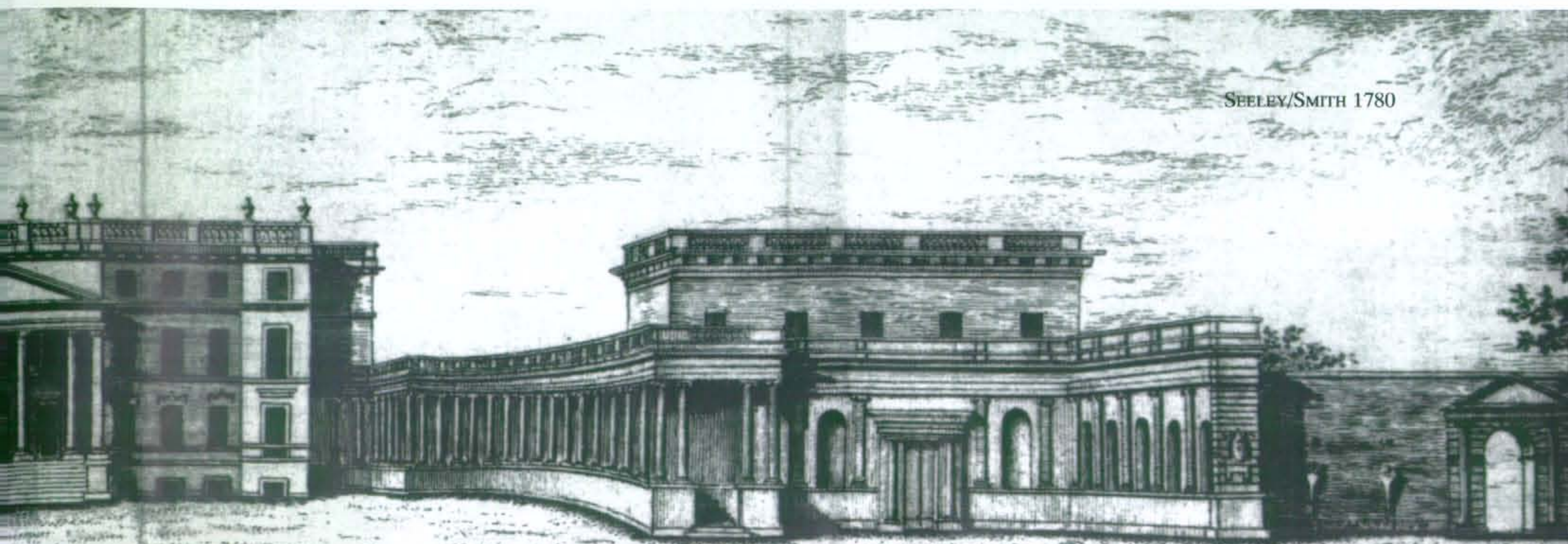
There have been many attempts to repair parts of the north front. For instance in May to June 1839 and October 1847 the west colonnade roof was under repair, while the lead on the Kent Arches is stamped 'WH 1865'. W. Savage wrote to the third Duke on 23rd February, 1877: 'I have also begun the floor of the North Portico.' The School undertook extensive repairs, to the east colonnade in 1926, and the north front in 1932. By far the biggest restoration of the north front is Phase One of repairs by the Stowe House Preservation Trust from 2000 to 2002. When complete it will be again be as stunningly pleasant and magnificent as Earl Temple intended. Perhaps once more the colonnades will host events such as the 1911 coronation dinner for the people of Stowe, as well as amaze visitors and residents alike.

#### NOTES

- 1 HL SR 14
- 2 HL SR 24
- 3 PRO 30/8/62 fol.198
- 4 HM 31573
- 5 PRO 30/8/34 fol.50
- 6 PRO 30/8/34 (fol. between 50-56)
- 7 PRO 30/8/62
- 8 PRO 30/8/34 fol.60
- 9 PRO 30/8/62 fol.220-221
- 10 HL SR 24
- 11 PRO 30/8/61 fol.121-4
- 12 M. McCarthy, 'James Lovell and his Sculptures at Stowe', *The Burlington Magazine*, April 1973, p229 Appendix 2
- 13 HL SR 15
- 14 HL SR 18
- 15 HL STG Accounts Box 143.12.3
- 16 PRO 30/8/4 fol.137
- 17 M. McCarthy, op. cit., p.226
- 18 HL STG Accounts Box 114 (5A)

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- Michael Bevington, 'The Equestrian Statue of King George I and the North Front', *Stowe: Templa Quam Dilecta*, no. IV, 1989



# Quarrying Stone for

Last May the Geologists visited a limestone mine producing stone for the first



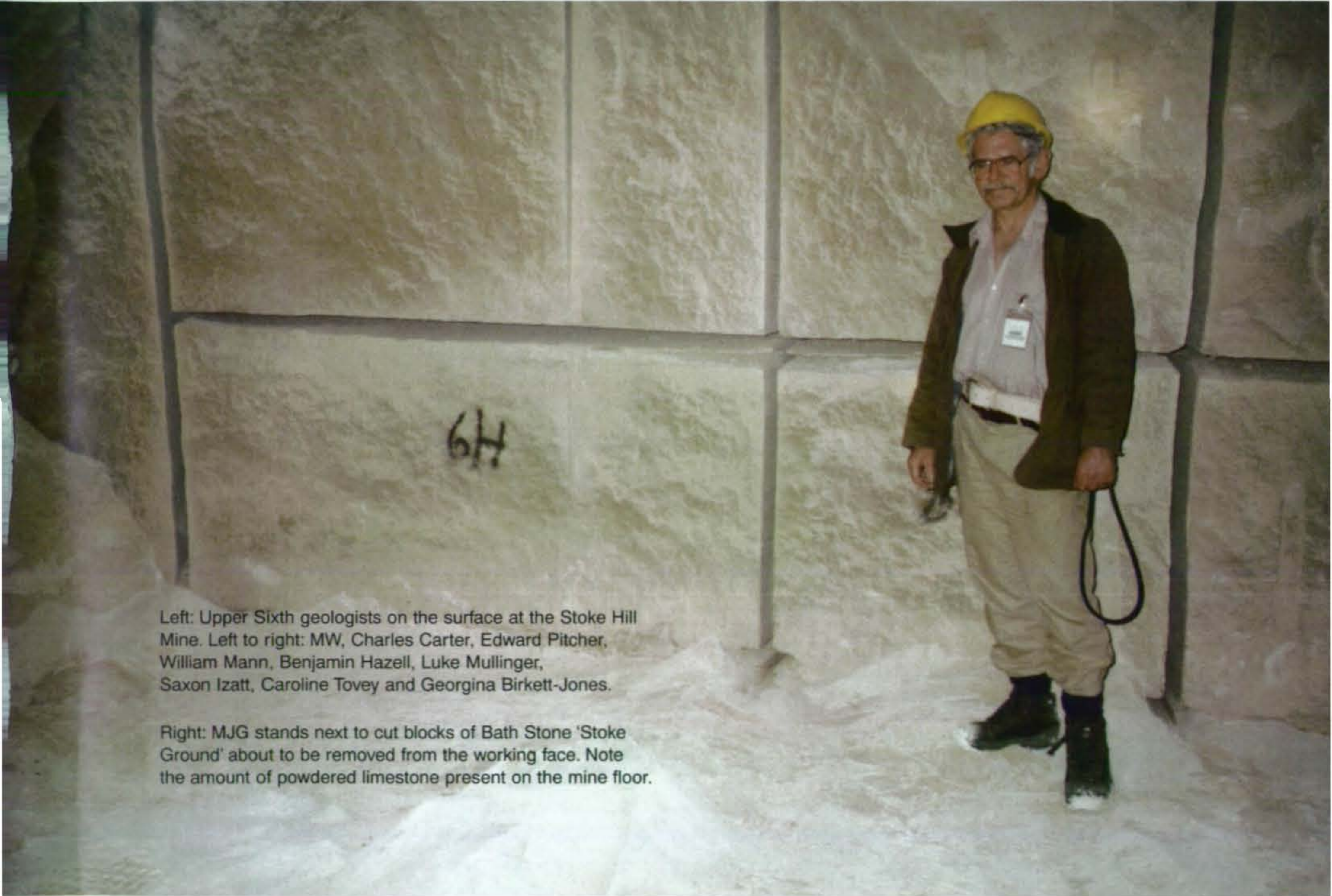
The original "Stowe stone"<sup>1</sup> probably came from nearby Helmdon, a mine which is no longer quarried. The Stoke Hill Mine, near Bath, which we visited, is one of a number of mines around the country currently being used for the North Front restoration<sup>2</sup>. Quarried by the Bath Stone Group, it provided our party of Upper Sixth geologists with a superb conclusion to the "environmental and economic" part of their A-level course, allowing them to spend a couple of hours underground and be well and truly introduced to the arcane mysteries of limestone mining. The work at Bath is of particular interest as the mining of the limestone is undertaken by a combination of the most modern machinery (some designed and built on site) and some well-tried, traditional methods<sup>3</sup>.

#### Footnotes

- 1 The Helmdon stone was a part of the Middle Jurassic Blisworth Limestone (Dimes 1995)
- 2 Among the rock types being used are Hornton Stone (a ferruginous Lower Jurassic limestone from Edgehill, Banbury), Clipsham Stone (an oolitic limestone from the Middle Jurassic Lincolnshire limestone, Oakham), Stonesfield "Slate" (a thin-bedded Middle Jurassic oolitic limestone used for roofing, from Tinkers Barn Quarry, Upper Swell) and "Stoke Ground" Bath Stone (a Middle Jurassic oolitic limestone from Limpley Stoke, near Bath).

# the new North Front

phase of the Stowe House Restoration. Mike Waldman supplies the details.



Left: Upper Sixth geologists on the surface at the Stoke Hill Mine. Left to right: MW, Charles Carter, Edward Pitcher, William Mann, Benjamin Hazell, Luke Mullinger, Saxon Izatt, Caroline Tovey and Georgina Birkett-Jones.

Right: MJG stands next to cut blocks of Bath Stone 'Stoke Ground' about to be removed from the working face. Note the amount of powdered limestone present on the mine floor.

- 3 Such as the "tare and feather" technique of which I had last seen traces in the long-disused granite quarries of Haytor on Dartmoor. Holes are drilled in the rock in a regularly spaced row and a pair of "feathers" inserted into each hole. This gives a tapered shape into which the chisel-shaped wedge, plug or tare is hammered until tight. The wedges are then tapped in regular succession, until the rock splits along the row of holes, rather as paper tears along a line of perforations.

**"allowing them to spend a couple of hours underground and be well and truly introduced to the arcane mysteries of limestone mining..."**

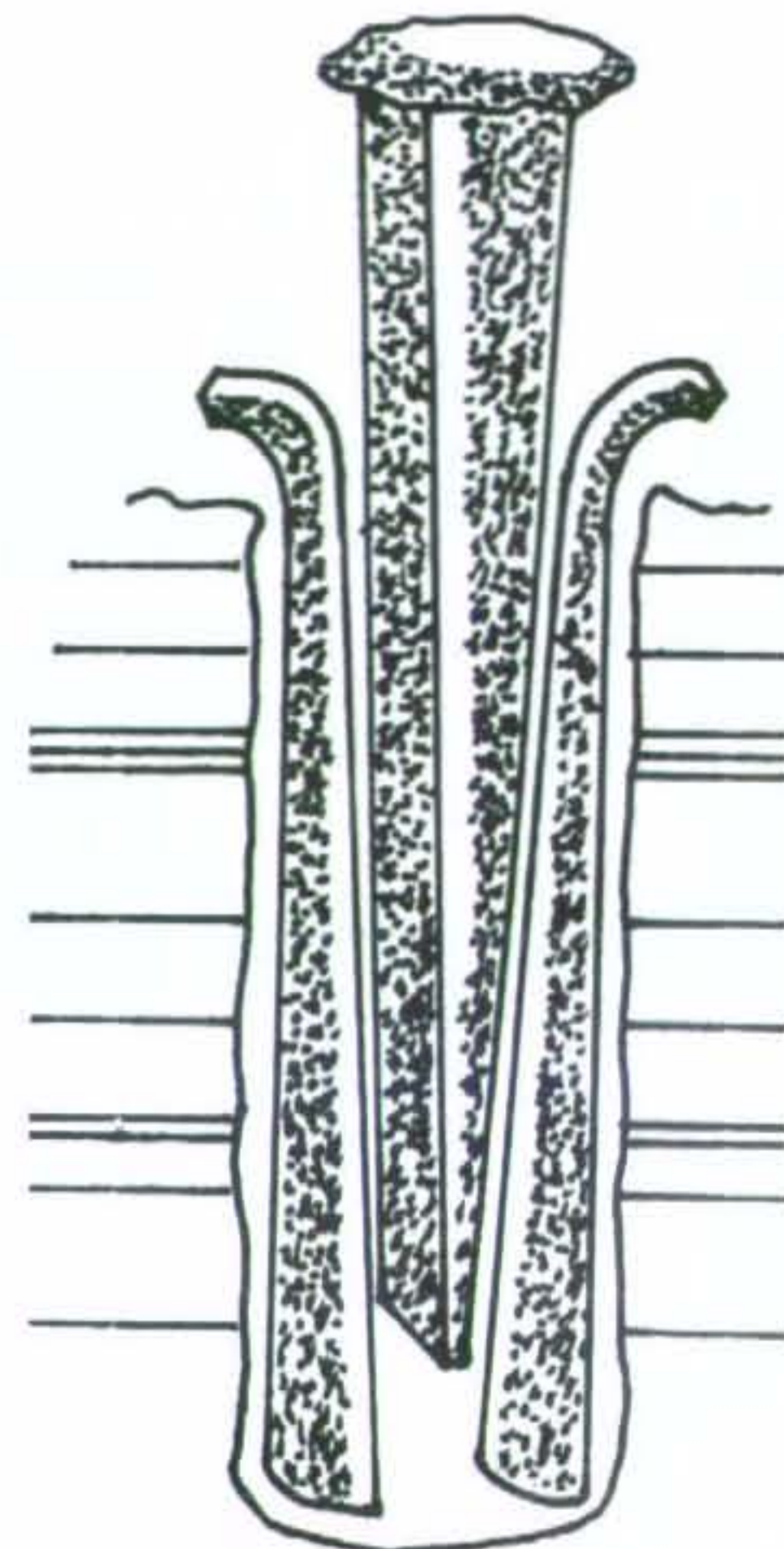


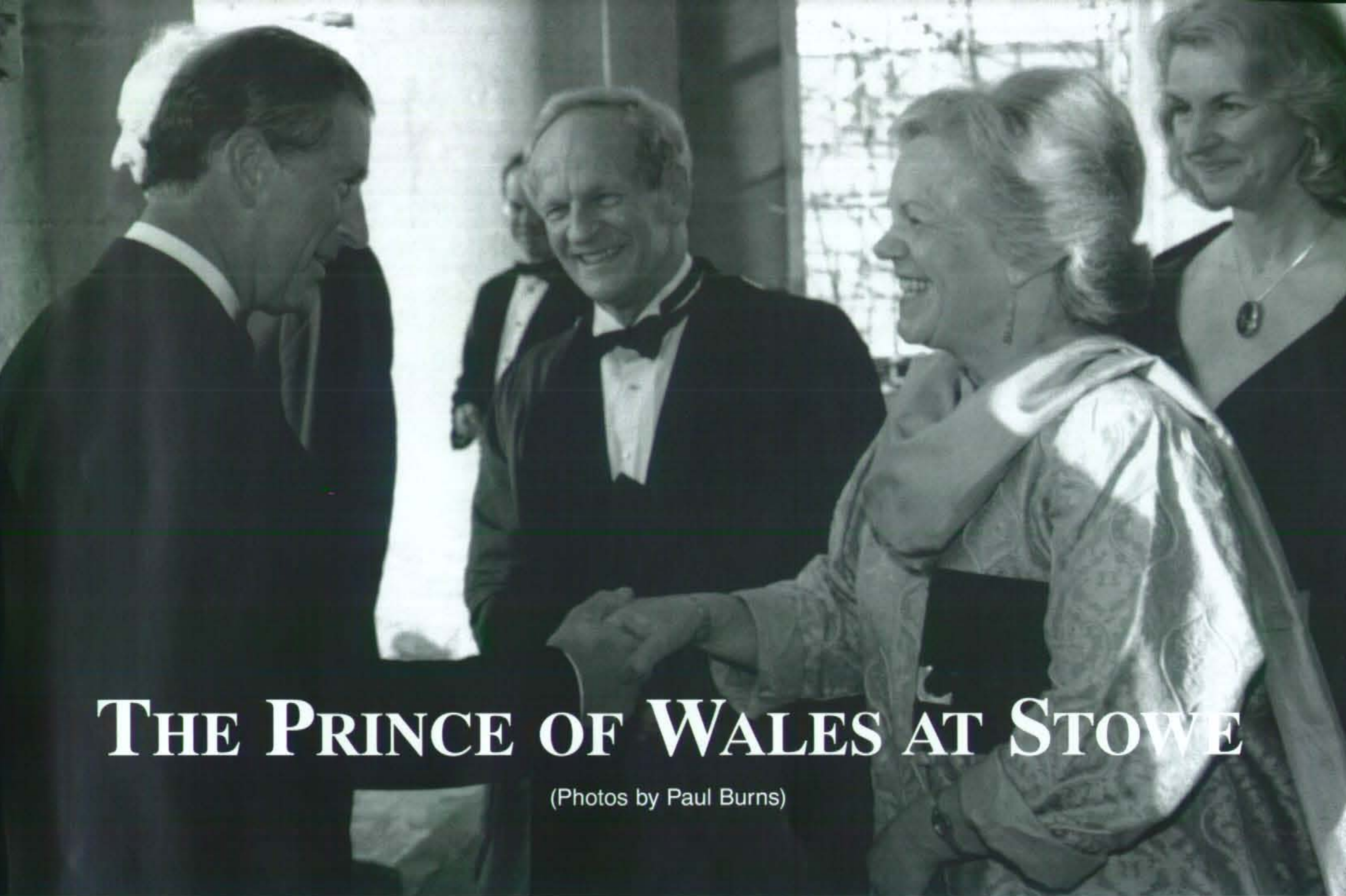
Caroline Tovey with a recently removed block of "Stoke Ground".

A fork-lift truck removes a block of "Stoke Ground" limestone from the working face. The grooves caused by the "tare and feather" method of rock-splitting are clearly visible.

Underground briefing at the rockface. L-R: Luke Mullinger, Saxon Izatt, Charles Carter, William Mann, Edward Pitcher, Mr Steele (mine manager), Mr Hayward (assistant manager).

Sketch of "Tare and feathers" in position (not to scale)





# THE PRINCE OF WALES AT STOWE

(Photos by Paul Burns)

Stowe was honoured on 24th May to welcome His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales. The first visit to Stowe by a Prince of Wales was in 1737, another, more recently, to mark the tenth anniversary of the founding of the School in 1933, when The Prince of Wales planted a commemorative tree in the grounds.

The wonderful balmy May weather showed Stowe at its most stunning and captivating with the South Front and gardens bathed in soft summer evening light. The House sparkled ready for its Royal visitor, and the guests for the Champagne Reception arrived to be greeted by young men and women (from the Upper Sixth) elegantly dressed in authentic eighteenth-century costumes.

The evening at Stowe had been arranged as a charity fundraising event jointly in support of the Stowe House Preservation Trust and the National Osteoporosis Society. The idea had originated from Algy Cluff, Chairman of the SHPT Appeal and Blondel Cluff, Event Organiser, worked inspirationally and tirelessly on the planning and preparations. A generous reception for over 200 guests was followed by a private dinner in the Music Room.

His Royal Highness was met on the North Front steps by Sir Nigel Mobbs who was “wearing two hats” that evening – one in his role as Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire and the other as Chairman of Trustees of the Stowe House Preservation Trust. The Headmaster welcomed His Royal Highness and the royal party proceeded through the Marble Hall. His Royal Highness met and spoke informally with many of the guests and shared private words with many of the Stoics involved in the evening.

The beauty of the surroundings was augmented by

wonderful music performed throughout the evening by Stoic musicians. The woodwind players at the Temple of Ancient Virtue created a soothing ambience in the Gardens and the string ensemble on the South Front Portico evoked another era with their elegant playing. The Stowe choir’s performance of the *Miserere* by Allegri echoed round the dome of the Marble Hall and made a moving climax to the reception.

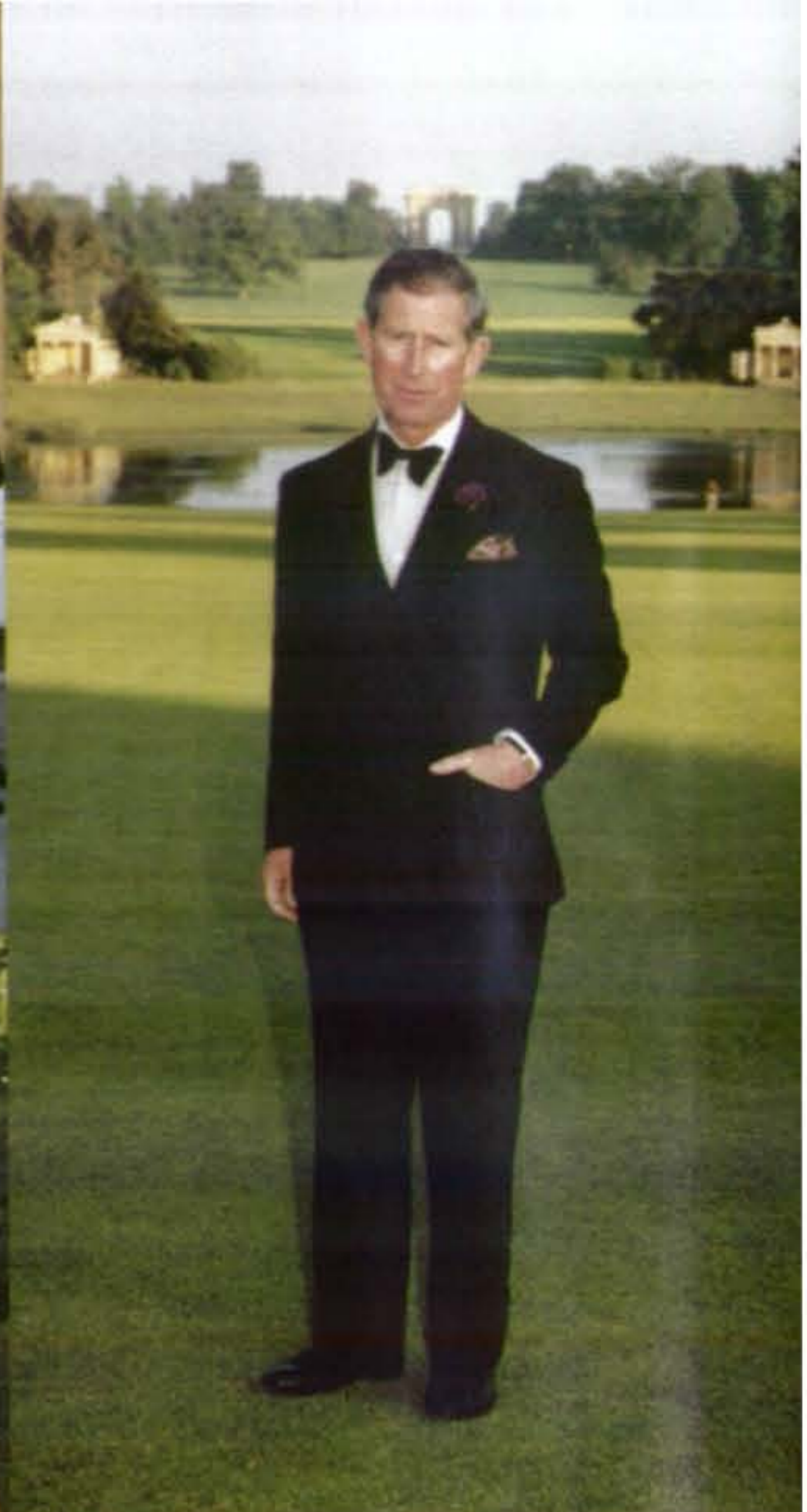
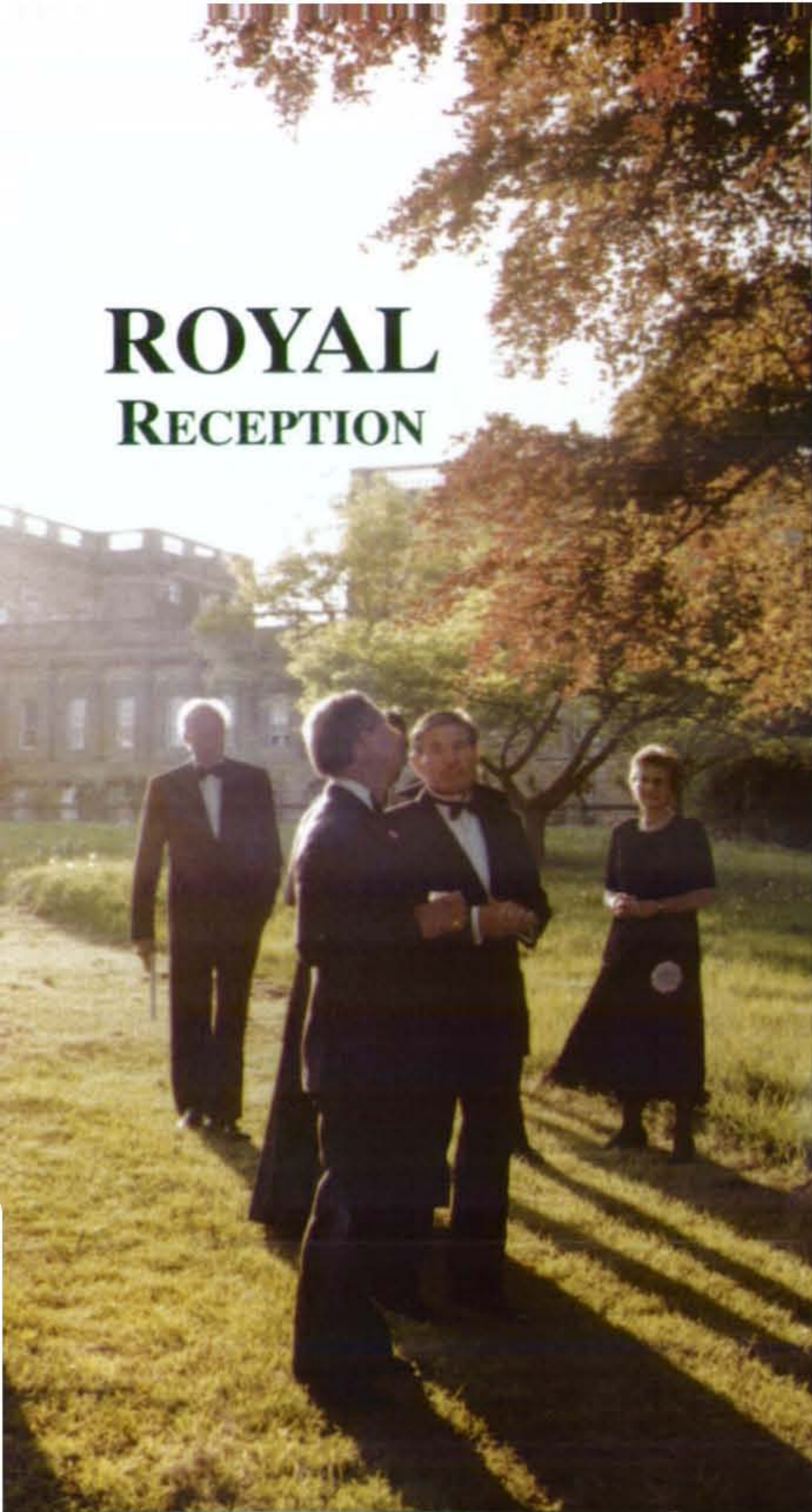
The Prince formally marked the start of the restoration of Stowe House by the Stowe House Preservation Trust by unveiling a plaque, temporarily displayed in the Temple Room. Sir Nigel Mobbs, in his speech of introduction, noted that there is a drawing by Nash in the Royal Collection at Windsor of Queen Victoria sitting in a chair in that very room in 1845.

His Royal Highness’ speech was very well received and he expressed his approval to the Stowe House Preservation Trust for “restoring what is certainly one of Britain’s finest eighteenth-century houses and conserving it in perpetuity for the benefit, not only of this nation, but for all lovers of civilisation, taste, fine architecture and the English landscape”. His Royal Highness also wished the Stoics well in their forthcoming examinations and expressed the hope that his visit had not caused any interference with their preparatory work.

Many of the costs incurred during the evening were met by well-wishers and donations are still coming in, so the final total raised by the evening for the charities is not yet known but is likely to exceed £50,000. One guest, writing his thanks following the event, described it as a wonderful evening and the best reception he and his wife had ever attended. Let us hope that His Royal Highness enjoyed his visit to Stowe as much and will honour us again with his presence.

CHERRY MCINNES

# ROYAL RECEPTION









Above HRH The Prince of Wales with Algy Cluff, Chairman of the SHPT Appeal, and Blondel Cluff, the organiser of the event.  
Below: Meeting the new Chairman of Governors, Sir Nicholas Lyell, and Lady Susanna.  
Page 21: Meeting the Headmaster and Mrs Nichols



# STOWE'S MASTERPLAN

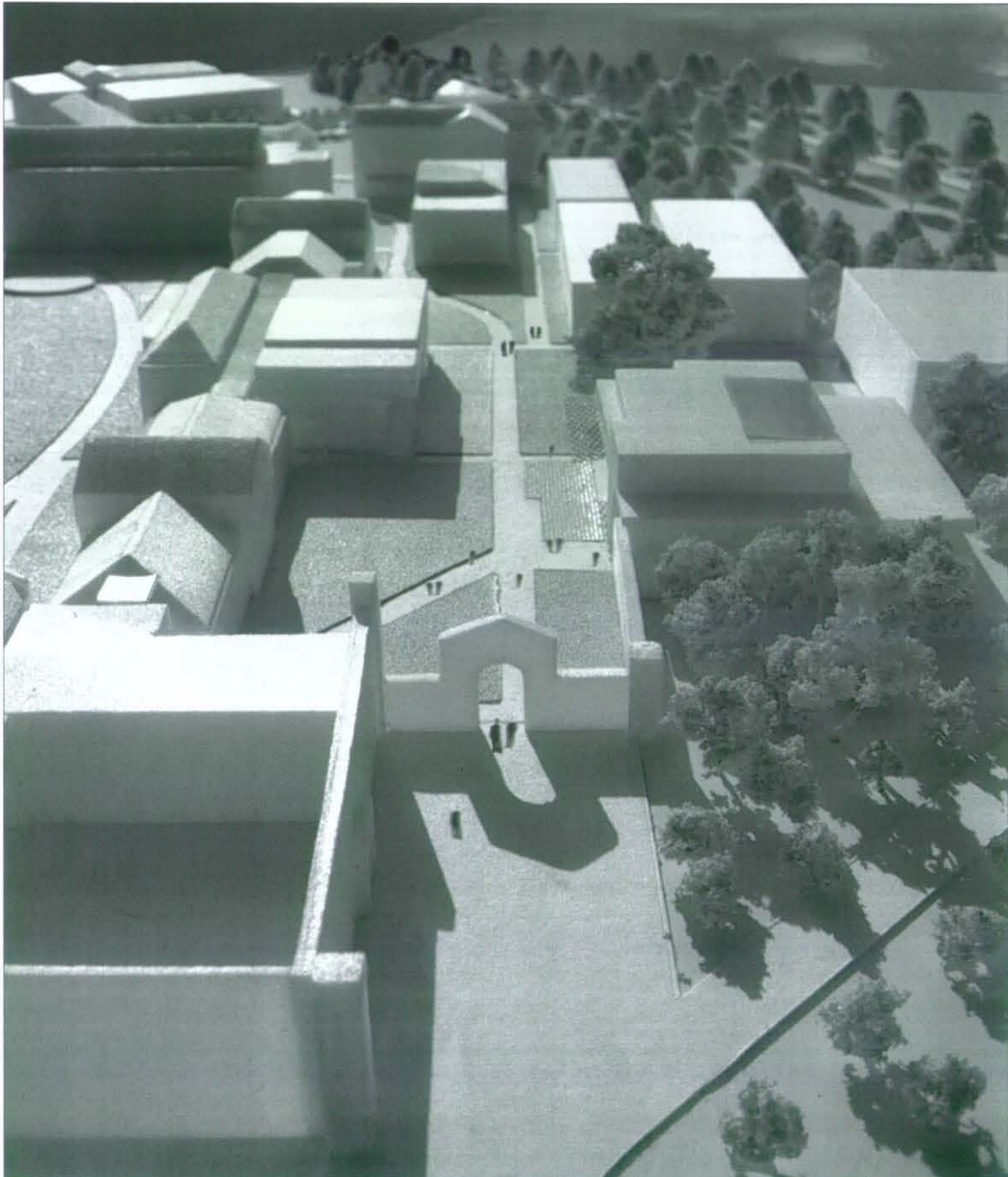
Cherry McInnes of the Development Office gives the latest news of the School's development plans

This is a very exciting and challenging time for Stowe. First and most immediately obvious is the huge programme of restoration for Stowe House. The first phase (out of six) is now halfway through and the restored Colonnades in all their former glory are now revealed. The other challenge is currently less visible but deals with our development plans for the academic zone to meet the needs of the School for the future.

The time has come for an upgrade of Stowe's academic facilities. The immediate objective is to refocus the School's academic heart in a reconfigured academic zone between the western Leoni Arch and the Chapel. The challenge was made and six months were taken over the competition to select the architect. Rick Mather's plan was chosen and he has

produced a masterplan which will set the development programme at Stowe for the next 50 years.

Rick Mather is one of the country's leading architects, with a recognised and innovative expertise in the sensitive re-interpretation of existing historic structures. Recent notable projects include masterplans for the South Bank Centre in London and for the Ashmolean Museum in Oxford, the new Wallace Collection Centenary Project, and the new Neptune Court at the National Maritime Museum in Greenwich. The critically acclaimed extension to, and renovation of, the Dulwich Picture Gallery is an excellent example of Rick Mather's success with the juxtaposition of the old with the new. The finished work at Dulwich has been described as a masterpiece of subtle, informed understatement.



The plans for Stowe need to be just as sensitive. The images on these pages give an indication of what the master-plan promises. The model overleaf, although it does not attempt to simulate the façades of any of the buildings, shows the open spaces it creates. A stroll through the Leoni Arch will open up a series of pleasant vistas and sunny squares.

One of the key objectives in the renewed academic zone is to bring staff and pupils much closer together, moving the staff Common Room from the eastern end of Stowe House down into the heart of the academic zone. The first and key building will be the new Library and Tutorial Centre. This will contain the new staff Common Room, which will more easily keep staff in touch with the whole academic area and guarantee a constant staff presence in the building which will also house the new library, tutorial rooms and café facilities. Pupils will benefit enormously from the greater ease of contact with the staff.

The new building will enable teaching staff to respond effectively to the changing emphasis in the curriculum by adding a new string to the Stowe bow: the introduction of class tutorials alongside ordinary lessons. The building will provide the four essential elements for small-group tutorials: seclusion for the tutorial; a nearby space for the rest of the form working under their own steam; easy access to whatever information they may need; and plenty of professional supervision.

It will be a state-of-the-art library for our times. Inbuilt adaptability is the keynote of the new building. The design will encompass a flexibility of layout to address the swiftly changing world of modern technology. A raised floor will ensure that services can be provided wherever they are needed, and workstations, partition walls and bookstacks can all be moved and rearranged into whatever layout is required.

The south-facing café terrace will ensure that the courtyard is well occupied, serving to draw people into the building. Adjacent to it will be the main entrance, where the librarians' office, display shelves, noticeboards, cloakroom and security equipment will help monitor ingress and egress. Beyond the café the ground floor will open into a central atrium – an ideal space for tutee and tutor with study tables

and book stacks. There will be private areas for small groups or private study. This building will provide a central source of intellectual stimulation at the heart of the academic area and will be the beginning of the whole transformation process.

Subsequently there will be a major refurbishment of the existing classroom blocks, and all the different teaching facilities will be linked by a walkway. Looking further ahead, it is probable, subject to obtaining the necessary funding, that there will be a new lecture theatre, Music School and a new girls' house, all fitting far more coherently than at present into the overall Stowe layout.

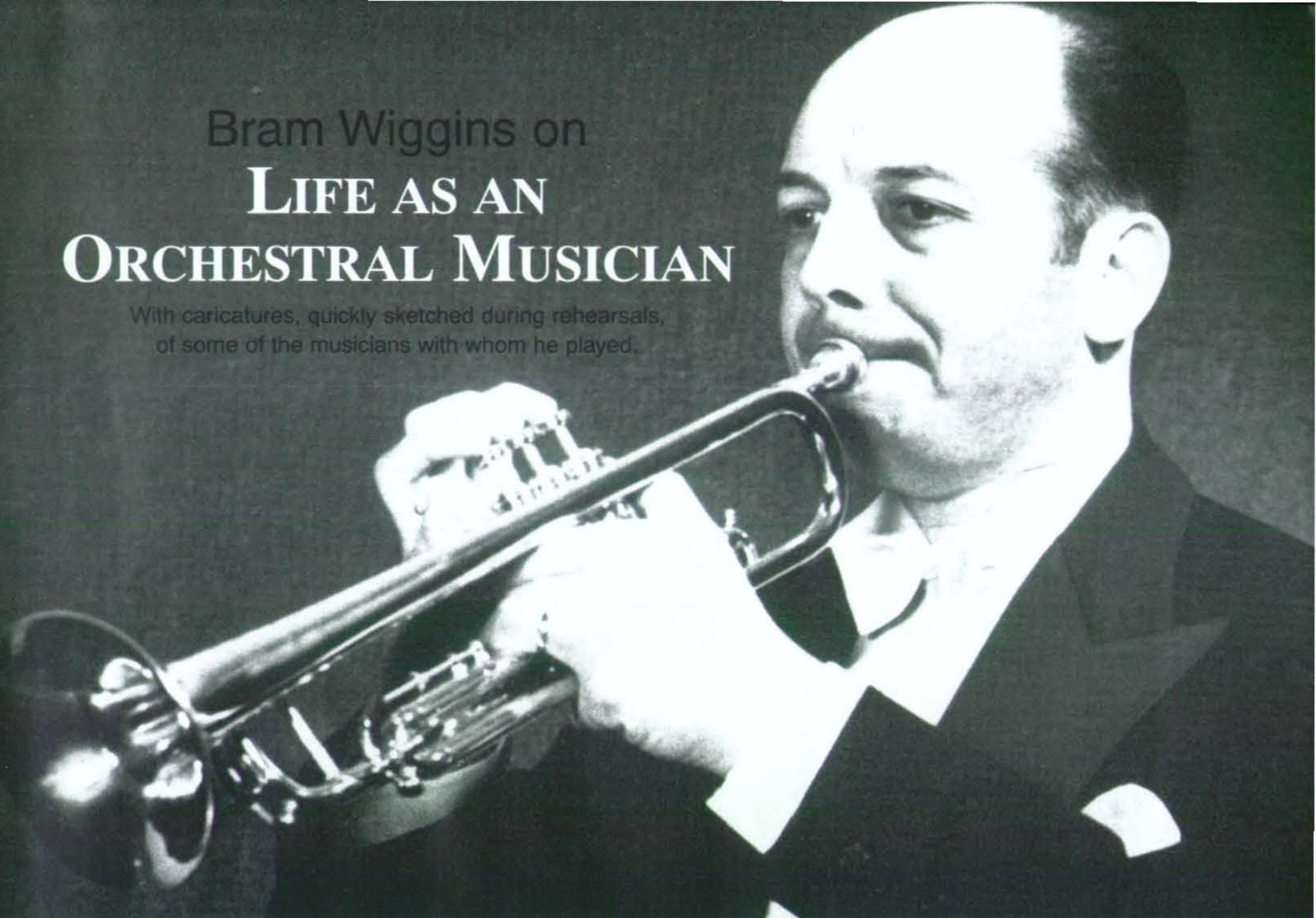
One possible long-term view of the academic area of the future has been created (below) with the assistance of computer generated images to give a feel for the revitalisation of the area. The aerial view is intended as a guide only, showing how the new educational zone might consist of buildings which form the walls of outdoor "rooms". The creation of such spaces rather than object buildings is essential to Rick's cohesive scheme. It is these "rooms" which then become the major organising elements for a phased development of the educational zone. This computer enhanced view also helps one to see how the refurbishment and reconfiguration of the Vanbrugh, Gibbon and Adam classroom complex could include the provision of a pedestrian route on ground and first floor levels, linking all the school buildings together.

Rick Mather's reaction to the existing site is worth noting: "The location is wonderful but it requires greater coherence between the various buildings to create a bigger whole. The existing jumble does not do justice to the distinguished individual buildings and also wastes considerable development potential. Recent development has very much the characteristic of a sweater being knitted without a pattern." Not only will the envisaged academic area have a very clear pattern, it will also be in harmony with the restored North Front and every bit as inspiring as its eighteenth-century surroundings.



# Bram Wiggins on LIFE AS AN ORCHESTRAL MUSICIAN

With caricatures, quickly sketched during rehearsals,  
of some of the musicians with whom he played,



**Bram Wiggins, who taught at Stowe from 1966 to 1992 and was for many years Director of Wind and Brass, previously enjoyed a distinguished playing career as a member of the London Symphony, Philharmonia and English Chamber Orchestras. He has played with every major English orchestra and also as a soloist in the UK and abroad. His publications include educational music for brass instruments, and music for both brass and concert bands. He has been awarded four prizes for original compositions for Symphonic Wind Bands.**

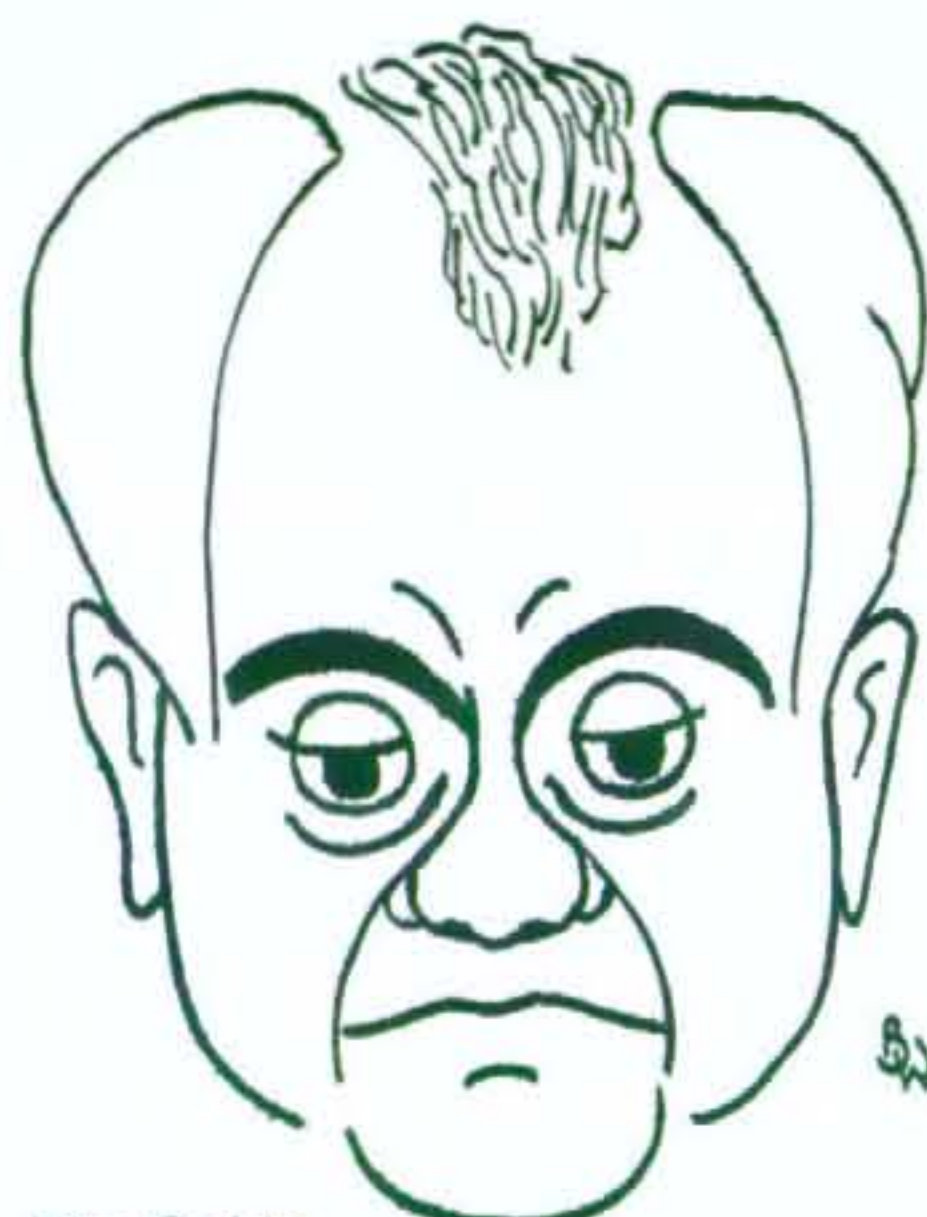
When it was suggested that I write an article on life as a professional player, my immediate reaction was 'Why? It is a job just like any other.' To the general public it may seem that a career in the performing arts must be full of glamour and excitement, but there are the chores as in every way of life. There are times of tedium and drudgery, but these are surpassed by experiences of great exhilaration and inspiration. One cannot experience the opportunity to play the great

classics under conductors like Josef Krips, or Mahler and Beethoven with Klemperer, Verdi with Giulini, or Strauss under Kempe, without feeling that life is at least worth living. There are moments of nerve-racking stress. A colleague once said that a player who states that he is never nervous must be dead! One has to learn to control these tensions and then they become an asset to convincing and vibrant performances.

I was a trumpet player. It may seem strange to have



Maria Callas



Tito Gobbi



Claudio Arrau

earned a living by blowing through a brass tube! On consideration, it is no more peculiar than blowing on a cane reed, stroking a string with horse hair, or banging vellum or metal! Basically that is what orchestral musicians do, but what wonderful music is so often produced by these means. Just after the war I met a lady who had attempted – not very successfully, I must admit – to teach me French at school. She asked the usual and obvious question, ‘What are you doing now?’ When I answered that I was a member of the London Symphony Orchestra, she said, ‘I know that you do

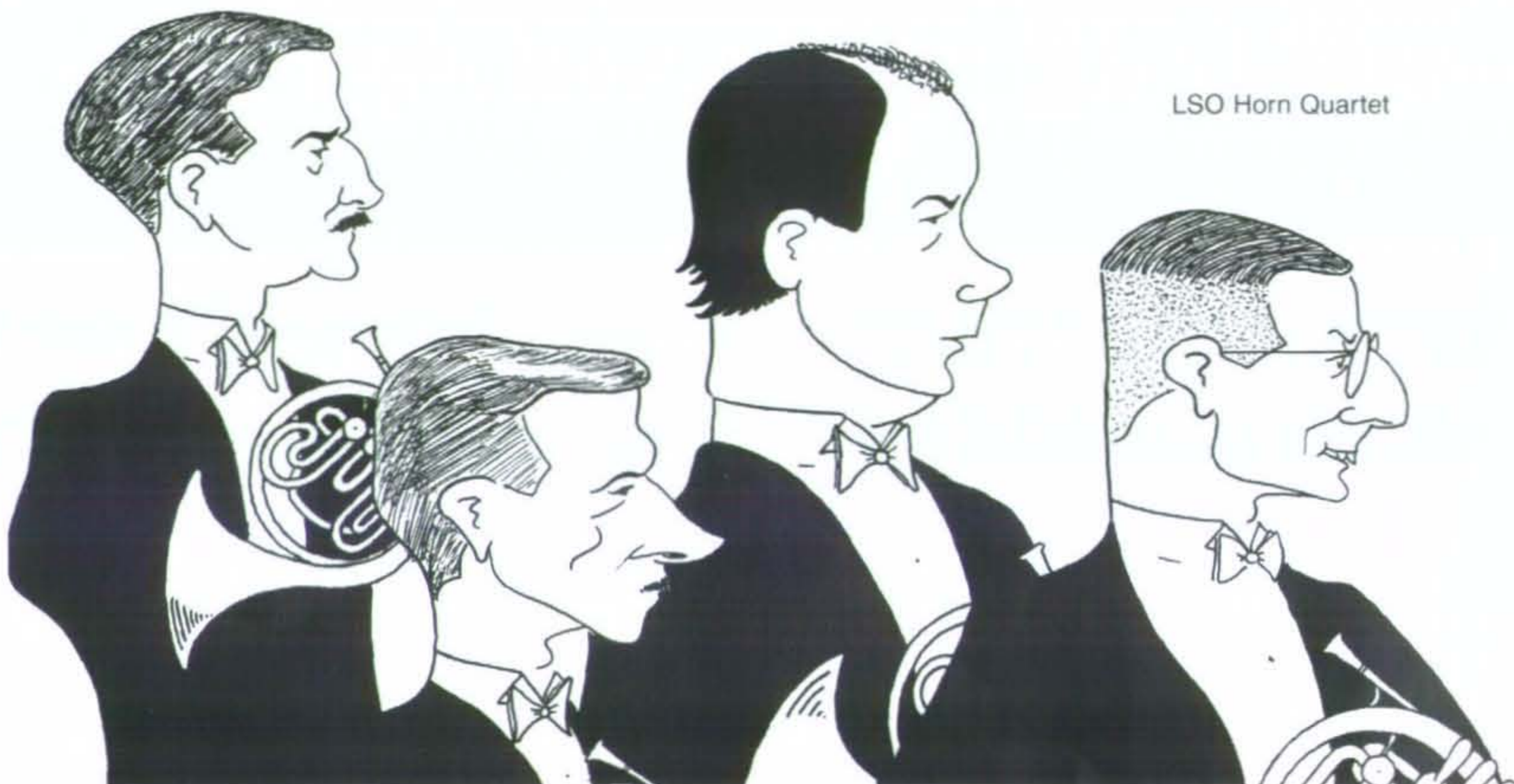
that in your spare time, but what do you do for a living?’ Besides the fact that I had little spare time, it was an eye-opener that an educated person could imagine that members of international orchestras only played as a hobby! It may therefore be of some interest to relate what life is like for an orchestral player.

To start with a little word of advice for the young and aspiring player. However competent and experienced one becomes, daily practice is an essential. Life in music is full of variety and change. Variety of venue: it is not unusual to

George Stratton, for many years Leader of the LSO



Isaac Stern



LSO Horn Quartet

perform in two or three different places in a single day. Variety of repertoire and styles: rehearsing for a classical concert in the morning, recording or rehearsing lighter music in the afternoon, and perhaps playing for a show in the evening. One has to be versatile and able to adjust to playing with a full symphony orchestra, a chamber orchestra or smaller group, or at times with a wind band or a big band. A London-based player, unless he is a member of one of the BBC orchestras or employed at one of the opera houses, is not salaried but fee-earning, so it is a case of 'No play, no pay'! Nevertheless, first-class players are always busy and make good livings. Most players will have freelance connections as well as their regular orchestral commitments. Principal players often perform as soloists and in chamber music, (principal players being the wind players and 'front desk' string players). Many experienced players teach and examine at the conservatoires, and some offer their expertise as conductors, perhaps to amateur groups. Unfortunately in this country it is rare for an orchestral musician, regardless of the fact that he has served a very thorough apprenticeship as a player and has a vast knowledge of the repertoire, to be able successfully to graduate to the conductor's rostrum. I can think of only three present-day conductors who have any experience as orchestral players, yet many international conductors originally spent some years in this position. It is possibly our tendency to 'pigeon-hole' and label people, under the misguided illusion that they can only be successful in one department of a discipline!

Obviously the main duty of any orchestra is to give concerts. It was quite a regular commitment to play two concerts on Saturdays and Sundays with morning rehearsals. At times there could be a children's concert on a Saturday morning and then the rehearsals would take place during the previous week. When there were weekday concerts the afternoons could be spent in a recording or broadcasting studio. Gramophone and film recordings are an important part of an orchestra's life, both musically and financially. Recording a

symphony or concerto usually takes two to three days, of two three-hour sessions each day with the possibility of some overtime. A similar time is required to record the music for a major film. The music for a film will have been written a short time before the recording and after the film has been shot. It needs to be 'elastic', as it may have to be cut or extended to fit the action. Copyists were employed in the studio often writing out parts for one 'take' while another was being recorded. Recording is stressful, for the playing has to be without flaws and errors cost money. There can be periods of tedious waiting while technical adjustments are made. 'Takes' are checked to ensure that balance and quality are satisfactory and that no extraneous noises have been picked up on the tape. A great deal of recording was done at Kingsway Hall in London which had marvellous acoustics for the purpose, but one of the disadvantages was that the 'mike' occasionally picked up rumbles from the Underground trains passing beneath. Such noises meant complete retakes. Just after the war recordings were still being made on wax and any disaster meant the loss of up to five minutes' music. The introduction of tape was a great blessing, for a few bars could be replayed and joined in. Orchestras are also engaged regularly for broadcasting and television work.

'Freelancing' consists of working with orchestras other than one's own when additional players are required, or deputising for a colleague who needs a day off for one reason or another. Amateur orchestras often need 'stiffening' or lack certain instruments, so engage professionals for their concerts. Opera houses require additional players for some productions – especially trumpet players – to play on stage or behind scenes. The players are usually only needed in one act or just for a short scene so these engagements can sometimes be 'fitted in' before or after a concert. Schedules can be very demanding and one may have to move from one venue to another quite quickly. There are very busy weeks and also leaner ones.

Otto Klemperer



Josef Krips



I was fortunate to be in orchestras which didn't travel a great deal out of London except to attend festivals such as Edinburgh, Aldeburgh and Three Choirs. Some ensembles were continuously on the road, which is a tiring existence and a bit soul-destroying. Overseas tours took three weeks or more. I remember one tour which started with three weeks around Germany, and continued into Czechoslovakia, Poland and Russia, and another which moved from South America to Stresa and Lucerne for festivals. It became a great relief to return home instead of living in hotels. It may sound exciting and exotic to have visited so many countries, but there was little opportunity to explore or enjoy them.

The profession affords opportunities to meet and to work with musicians of different nationalities and cultures and also the privilege of playing with many great artists. Most of one's colleagues became good and lasting friends. As a young and very green player I appreciated playing with experienced men who had worked with famous personalities of the early years of the twentieth century such as Elgar, Henry Wood and Holst. Their advice and encouragement was invaluable. It is very sad that these men, who were great players and fine gentlemen, mean so little to the modern generation. Similarly many artists who visited these shores from the late forties are virtually forgotten, although some of their recordings have been reissued on CDs. To mention but a few, there were pianists of the status of Rubinstein, Clifford Curzon and Arrau, string players like Heifetz – probably the greatest player of the violin ever – Stern, Oistrakh, Fournier and Nelsova, and singers of the calibre of Callas, Schwarzkopf, Melchior and Gobbi, who came for both concerts and recordings. The experiences of working with such great performers was an education.

To audiences the prima donnas are probably conductors. This opinion is not always shared by the players! There might be a view that conductors can be very temperamental and domineering, but if any tantrums occur they are usually ignored by the players. It is often forgotten that a conductor is voiceless and completely ineffectual without the musicians. To quote an old adage, 'the baton produces no sound'; and conductors' errors often pass unnoticed. Most orchestras will have a principal conductor who, provided he continues to command the respect of the members, can remain in the position

for many years. They are usually of international repute. During the concert season they are likely to appear for a series of performances and recordings over a few weeks, before going elsewhere for 'guesting' engagements. Their orchestras will then play under guest conductors. This may seem to be an unsatisfactory situation, but is actually very healthy and refreshing, and happens worldwide.

There are four categories of conductor: great conductors, good conductors, poor conductors and bad conductors. The last category are usually people who may have the wealth to sponsor their own concerts, or have some influence. They visualise themselves on the rostrum under the misapprehension that directing an orchestra is an easy task. In my time the orchestras had to accept such engagements to survive financially for sponsorship was very limited. A great orchestra will give great performances under a great conductor, and will give a good performance even with a chimpanzee on the rostrum! There can be times when to watch or follow the conductor can cause disaster, and in such situations experience is an essential. Occasionally a conductor will be seen prancing about like a puppet on a string with arms flailing like windmills, but these histrionics mean little to the players, being an act for the benefit of audiences. The gestures of good conductors are economic and they only become active when and if the need arises.

Immediately post-war the three great English 'knights', Beecham, Sargent and Barbirolli, were in their prime and appeared on the London scene very regularly. They were musicians of contrasting personalities and attributes. One remembers with affection three other English conductors who perhaps didn't quite get the adulation and publicity that they deserved and which was meted out to some lesser contemporaries. Basil Cameron was a sensitive musician and a very nice and considerate man; Constant Lambert, also an original composer and a journalist, was associated for many years with the Sadler's Wells (Royal) Ballet; Anthony Collins had been principal viola in the LSO pre-War but had to go to America to gain recognition as both composer and conductor. He had a deep conception of the works of Sibelius, and it was a personal thrill to have recorded the seven symphonies under his direction. Fine performances such as these are mainly created because the players have respect for the conductor.



Arthur Rubinstein



Mischa Elman

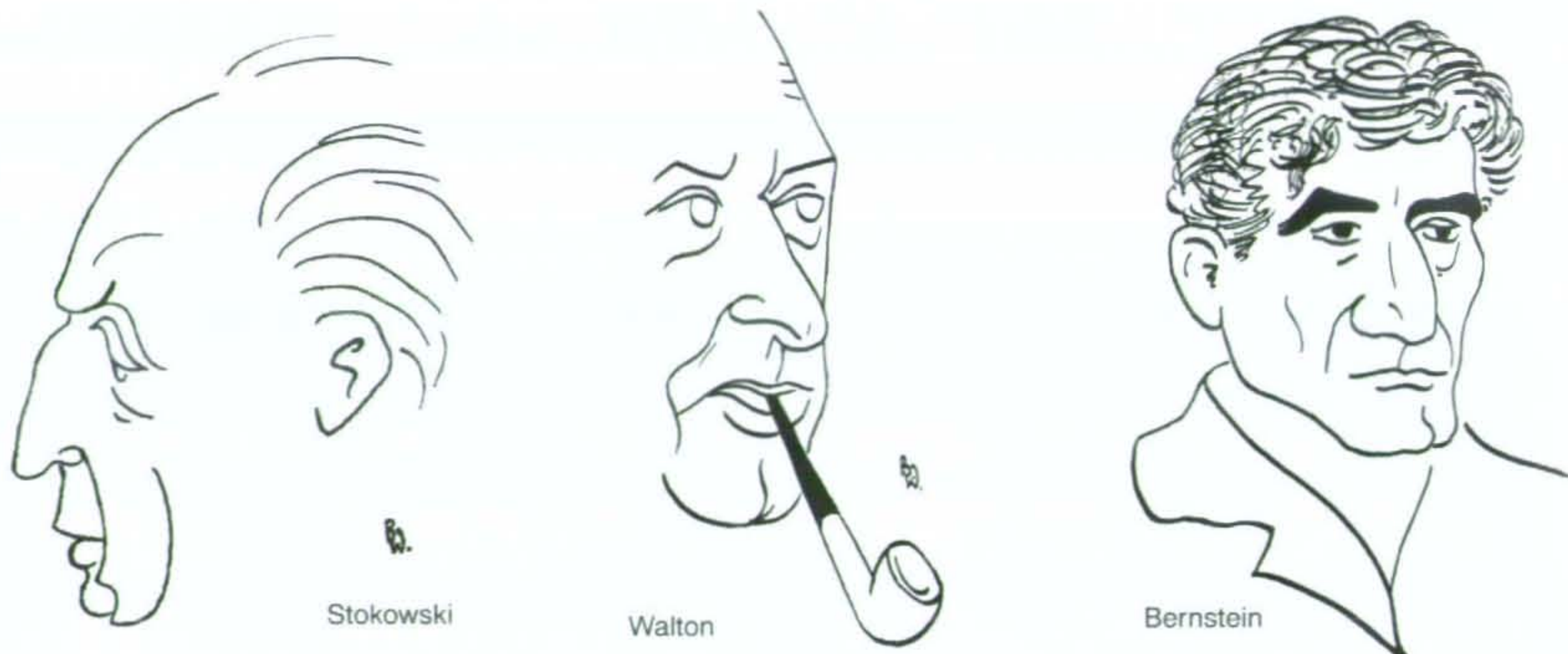


Rostropovich



Some of the conductors  
with whom Bram played:  
Top left and clockwise:  
John Barbirolli  
George Weldon  
Basil Cameron  
Malcolm Sargent  
Thomas Beecham  
Rudolf Kempe  
Anthony Collins





Stokowski

Walton

Bernstein

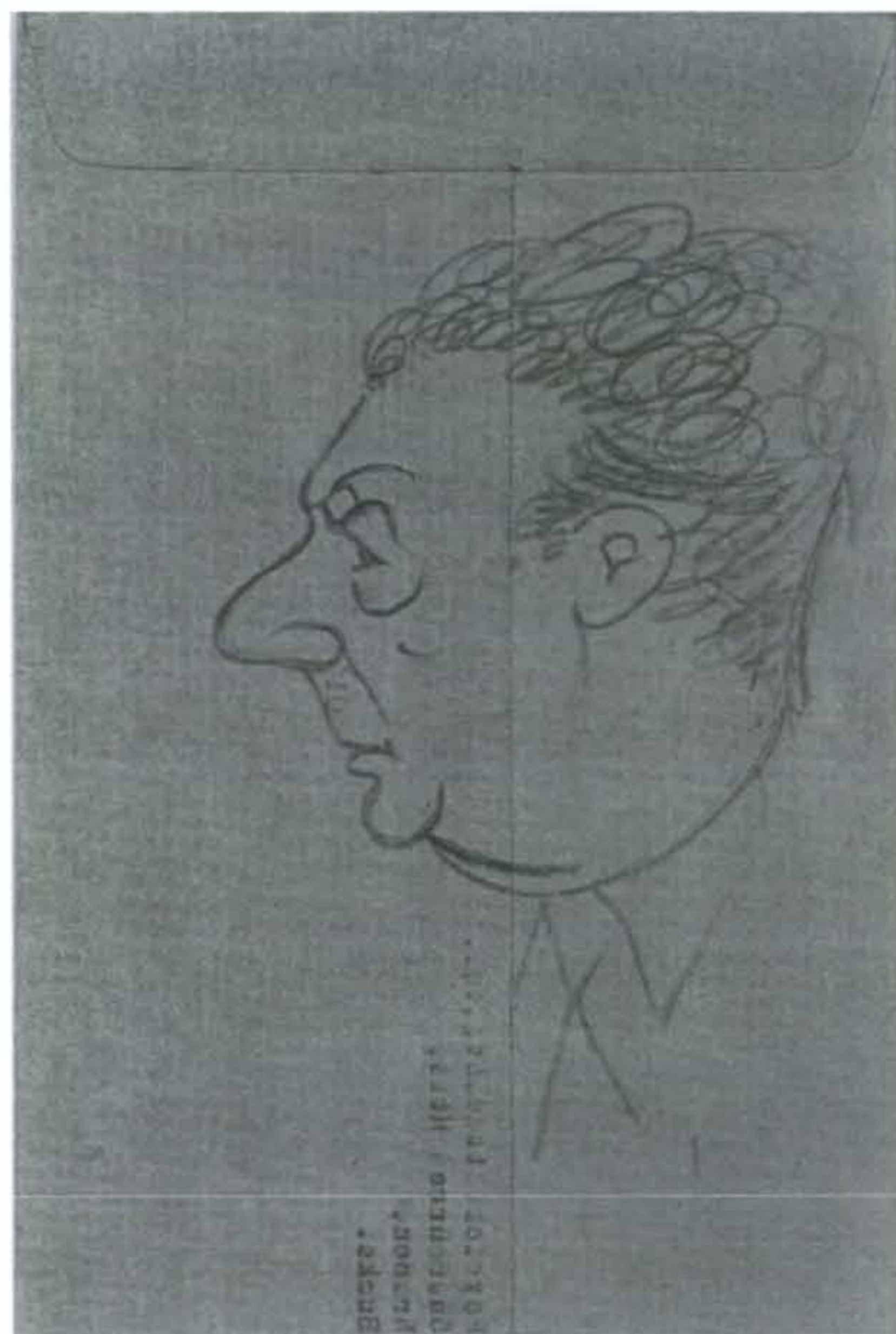
After the cessation of hostilities international conductors were able to return. From Germany and Austria the well-known 'Ks' appeared – Kraus, Kleiber, Krips and Karajan, and also Schmidt-Isserstedt from Hamburg, a pleasant and very efficient musician. He had been an officer in Rommel's Afrika Korps and sadly died comparatively young. The French conductors Monteux, Munch and Paray and the Italians de Sabata and Cantelli put in appearances as did van Beinum from the Concertebouw in Amsterdam and Ansermet from the Suisse Romande. From the US Stokowski reappeared and many artists who had sought refuge from the Nazis: Klemperer, Walter, Steinberg and Reiner, for example, as well as the young Bernstein. There were refugee conductors who settled in the UK, but the only one who left any lasting impression was Walter Susskind, who later held positions in Canada and America. Only a few can be mentioned. Even though most of the names may not be familiar today, these men were giants during their lifetimes.

Other personalities who came in contact with orchestras were composers. English composers of the status of Vaughan Williams, Walton and Britten would occasionally conduct their own works. It was a revelation and an education to witness their interpretations of their own scores. It was not unusual for composers to discuss the suitability of their own scoring with instrumentalists, and at times a difficult phrase could be simplified successfully. A very prolific and talented composer well-known to the players was Malcolm Arnold, for he had started his career as a trumpet player in the London Philharmonic. He became very skilled at writing film scores, but he also produced a number of fine symphonies which should be given hearings more often. Not all composers are prepared to conduct, but I also had the experience of playing under Stravinsky, Hindemith, Copland, Barber and the vivacious Russian, Khachaturian, who liked to demonstrate his requirements with some quite percussive piano playing.

So this is some insight into life as a performing musician. I trust that these reminiscences may be of some interest. I enjoyed my career immensely and still miss both the associations and the playing, but one has to realise when it is time to quit. I still have one or two instruments hidden away in the loft, however, for it is difficult to discard old friends.

All Bram's caricatures were made at rehearsal.

Right, Bram has sketched Benjamin Britten on an envelope, and (below) later made it into a fair copy.



# Charity Fashion Show



Rebecca Cheetham  
and Sabrina Lopes  
Black & white photos: AGE

# LUCY WRITES

The memory of it all is still so strong that the discussion which we had with Mr McKillop in Spring Term 2000 about the possibility of a fashion show seems as though it was last week instead of nearly a year ago...

When we ventured into this project we had little idea of all the different factors involved in the production of such a show. We were, therefore, immensely grateful for huge support from the staff and also from our friends. They gave us many ideas and often helped us to develop our own.

The theatre crew were amazing. They constructed a great catwalk and were always there to help us with rehearsals and generally helped things to run as smoothly as we could have hoped for. Having gone to get our make-up and hair done and get dressed, we left the running of the reception to the admirable car parking attendants, waiters and others such as Hector Ross who made sure that everyone had a ticket and was in the right place. Backstage, everyone was being calmed by the wonderful Mrs Mullineux and Miss Hooker. Walking onto the stage we were amazed at the number of people who had come to support the charities and ourselves.

It was a great experience and taught us a great deal about organisation. The event raised £3000 for three charities.

LUCY WRIGHT



Saturday  
4 November  
2000

7.30, Roxburgh Hall  
Stowe School

Tickets £20  
includes champagne reception

YOU ARE INVITED TO

# The Stowe F A S H I O N Show

Money  
donated to



Breast Cancer Campaign,  
SCCWID and The Campaign  
for Stowe Preservation

Please reply to:  
Willow Corbett-Winder or Lucy Wright  
at Nugent House, Stowe School,  
Buckingham, MK18 5EH.



Chloe Delevigne  
Colour photos: Emma Elliott

# Willow's Fashion Show Diary

## March 15th

Have put the idea to Mr McKillop who didn't rule it out – sounded really excited about it and sent me to talk money with Mr Shillington...

Suddenly feels rather daunting... Questions of business plans, car parking attendants, champagne, ticket price, sponsors, invitations and where are the clothes coming from...?

Take the idea to Mr Nichols, no problems and he gives us the go ahead. Charities decided on: SCCWID, Breast Cancer Campaign and Stowe House Preservation Trust.

## Easter holidays 2000

Much scheming in my head – endless lists of 'what to do' scattered everywhere. Where will the clothes come from...? Who will model...? etc etc

## May 4th

Back at school. Realised it's impossible to try and do it this term. Meeting with Mr Cottam to fix a date. Quite tricky as have to fit it around several operas and Hamlet at the end of November... Starting to feel it's never going happen. Fantastic news – have finally fixed a date for November 4th. Will do a school performance on the Thursday – 6 months to go...Ages.

## June 5th

Have written what we feel are very impressive looking letters on very smart paper – (Everyone v. impressed with our professionalism) to every designer we have some connection with, however distant. Just worked out we need over 200 outfits so have now sent letters to every shop/designer we've ever heard of. Success. Have just had first promise of clothes from Boden – Can choose whatever we like from the Autumn catalogue.

Lots of input for invitation design. Emma's come up with the best design. Think will use hers. Realise we're going to need at least £2,000 up front for printing and stamps – we'll be sending out at least 2,000 for the main performance.

## July 10th

Decide to approach my gorgeous bank manager at HSBC. Emerge 30 minutes later with promise of generous funds – he needs to check how much with his superiors – in return, he wants two pages of advertising in the programme. Of course I agree...what programme?!

## August 5th – Scilly Isles

Woken up at ungodly hour by bank manager on phone (serious new best friend), casually informing me that there's a cheque for £1,500 waiting at home. Unbelievable shock. Must tell Lucy.

## August 26th

Staying with Millie whose father is going to print invitations (for free!). Spend hours dithering over colour schemes. Pink and shiny silver win. Gorgeous.

## September 15th – Stowe

Just seen the Blue Book – it's there in print. Serious butterflies – only half a term left. No invitations, no programme, no clothes, no models. Oh my God... Lots of beautiful new Lower 6th stick insects have arrived. Fingers crossed, they'll agree to model. Boys far keener to do it than the girls – all a bit shy. We need 20 altogether, 12 girls, 8 boys. Finally decide on a shortlist, helped by Miss Hooker (all stick insects willing – but making us Upper Sixth girls feel rather big beside them). Invitations finally arrive. Send out 2,000 to Stoics, past and present. Tickets fixed at £20, which includes champagne reception. Must organise that too.

## September 30th – Tickets sold: 80

Brainwave about clothes. Decide to brave Bicester village in person. Go to see each shop manager – all the ones who've ignored both my letters and phone calls. Good plan, come back exhausted having recited our show spiel 50 times, with car loads of clothes and promises of more.

## October 15th – Tickets sold: 198

(Gorgeous godmother, buys eight in one go – incredible.) Help, we need a programme. Approach Mr Ruggles-Brise who can't give it to us free this time. Will cost £2,000 – so we need to sell advertising space or any profits will be lost.

Things to sort out – music, make-up, hair, pick up clothes from Nene Fashion College (lending us 7 cutting-edge ensembles).

Development Office (Tom Furse-Roberts) say unless ticket sales increase, we'll owe them. We need to sell 450. Lucy sent on sales push.

Rehearsals continue nightly when Roxy is free. Difficult as we can't do a lot without Ed [Pitcher] being there with the music. Feel guilty using so much of his time. Lots of meetings with Mr McKillop who is getting as excited as we are (I think).

## October 23rd –

### Tickets sold: 250 (thanks Lucy)

Alex Prideaux and Ben Schofield have agreed to help with music and choreography. Strika's mother (Make-up artist on *Titanic*) is going to do the make-up. We seem to be spending too many hours underground in our cupboard, doing fittings and sorting through outfits.

### Half-term – Tickets sold: 275 (help, slowing down)!

Back from History of Art trip to Florence – few days left spent trekking around London picking up clothes and shoes from LK Bennett and Mulberry.

### November 1st – Tickets sold: 400!

Feeling sick with nerves. Know we have to make a speech after the show – will write it later. Rehearse around the clock. Teachers v. understanding. Promise them I'll catch up when the show is over. International incident, make-up artist rushed to Ireland for something glitzier. Looks like we have to do it ourselves. Oh God.

## Saturday 4th November –

### Tickets sold: 470 (only 20 left)!

Pray that tonight goes better than yesterday's show. Mixed response – nice things said, but most worrying was that we walked like we were in the supermarket. Spend more hours in the portakabin with usual helpers – PG, Sophie, Millie – all v. tolerant of my and Lucy's irrational panic attacks. Calmed by B's sister who arrives to do the make-up. Time for one last practice, then have to write that speech.

**7.30pm** Stage looks incredible. Lights, music, smoke machines in place. Theatre filling up. Time to get dressed...

WILLOW CORBETT-WINDER





Top  
left to right:  
Sophia Hesketh  
Olivia Wilson  
Annabel Brann  
Bilal Mattar and  
Charlotte Courtauld





Bottom  
left to right:  
Nico Heath  
Chloe Delevingne  
Alex Wilson  
Ed Heard  
Kit Keyser  
Rose Hanbury

Ed Edsell, Harry Beamish, Will Hook and John Harris



Lucy Williams, Charlotte Courtauld and Sophie Hesketh



# Sense of Place

Changing yet unchanging Stowe

A photographic feature

Flooding: a new lake forms in the ha-ha  
at the bottom of the Grecian Valley

PHOTO: BIANCO





PHOTOS: BIANCO

The new lake, closing the road to the Bourbon



Flood water reflects  
the Temple of Concord and Victory



The steeplechase water jump,  
since turfed over, reflects Cobham's  
scaffolding-clad pillar



View from Chatham – October



View from Chatham – February



PHOTOS: DOMINIC SULLIVAN

Spring outside Bruce



PHOTOS: ALEX HODGKINSON

Two Summer views of the Temple of British Worthies



PHOTO: DOMINIC SULLIVAN

An old tree outside Chatham is removed



Foot and Mouth precautions lasted for much of the Spring and Summer

-- as did the Colonnades' scaffolding, here seen above Grenville studies



PHOTOS: CLASSIC SNAPS



Fishing by the Palladian Bridge in September



Snow around the Rotondo

and Cascades in February

PHOTOS: MW





PHOTO: KB

The Palladian Bridge in February



PHOTO: KB

The Gothic Temple and Pitt Urn, February



PHOTO: B. TREE

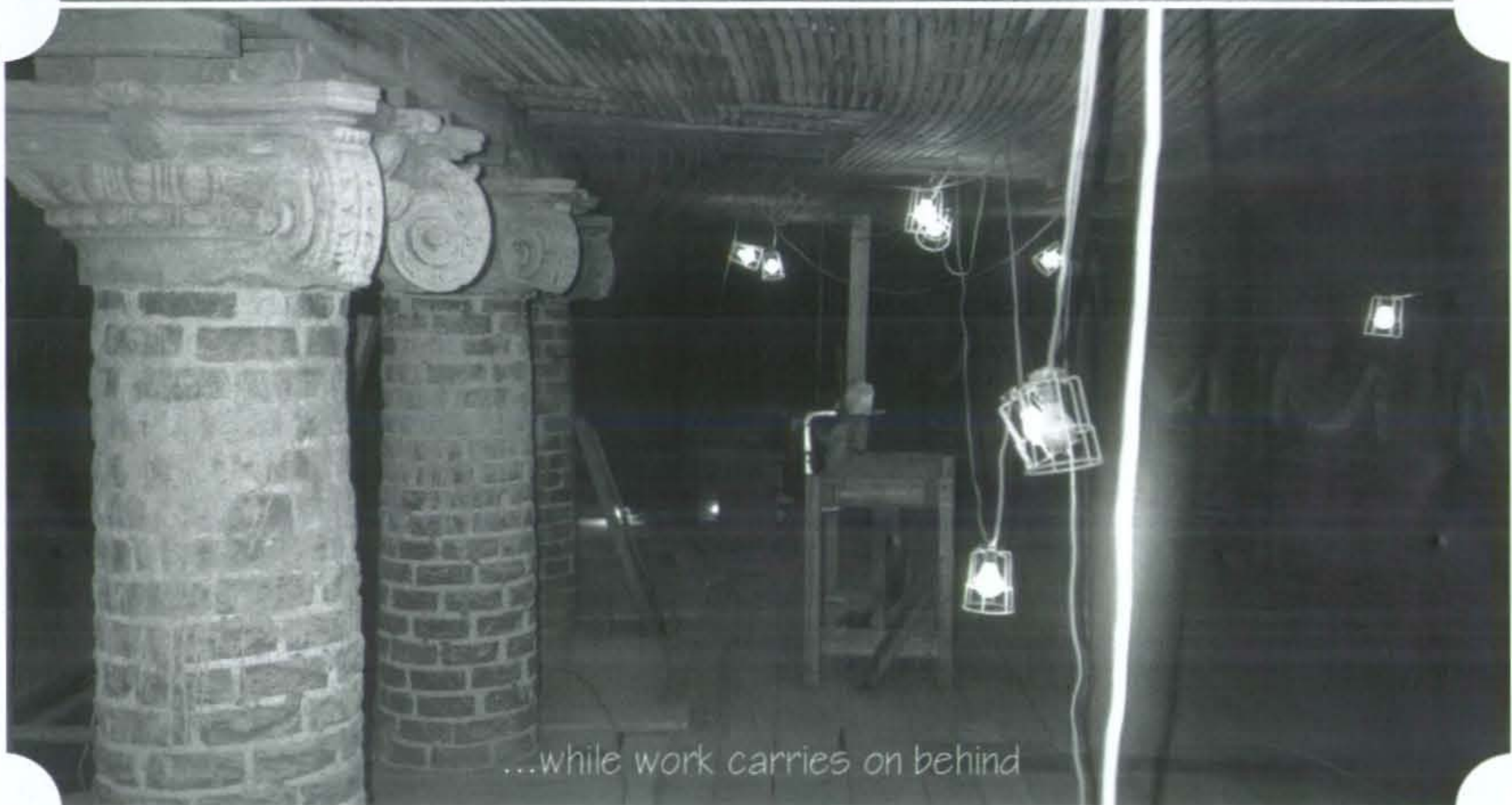
Fine of Pastoral Poetry shows off its new roof, June.

PHOTO: B. TREE



*Scaffolding masks the colonnades and screen walls of the North Front...*

PHOTO: AD



*...while work carries on behind*


PHOTO: BLANCO



*In July, meanwhile, Lord Cobham suddenly appears on top of his column as the scaffolding comes down*

YOUR GAP YEAR IN

# Oxford




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## Chapel Choir CD

A CD of the choir is now available from the Director of Music, John Cooper Green, priced £7.50. Many of the favourite anthems sung during the past few years are included. The works on the disc are:

Magnificat & Nunc Dimittis in Bflat  
– John Stainer  
Seek the Lord – James Henderson  
Be thou my vision – Bob Chilcott  
Blessed be the God – S.S.Wesley  
Insanae et Vanae Curae – Haydn  
Miserere – Allegri  
Steal Away – Tippett  
Ave Verum – Elgar  
I was glad – Parry  
Lord, let me know mine end – Greene

New for 2001


# Villiers Hotel

Open from October 2001

A large fully air-conditioned luxury lounge with sumptuous sofas and armchairs, serving throughout the day anything from a cup of cappuccino to full afternoon tea.

**AN INVITATION TO HENRY'S DINING CLUB**

We are inviting families associated with Stowe School to join our exclusive Dining Club. Membership is free and among the many benefits there is an automatic 10% discount from your restaurant bill.



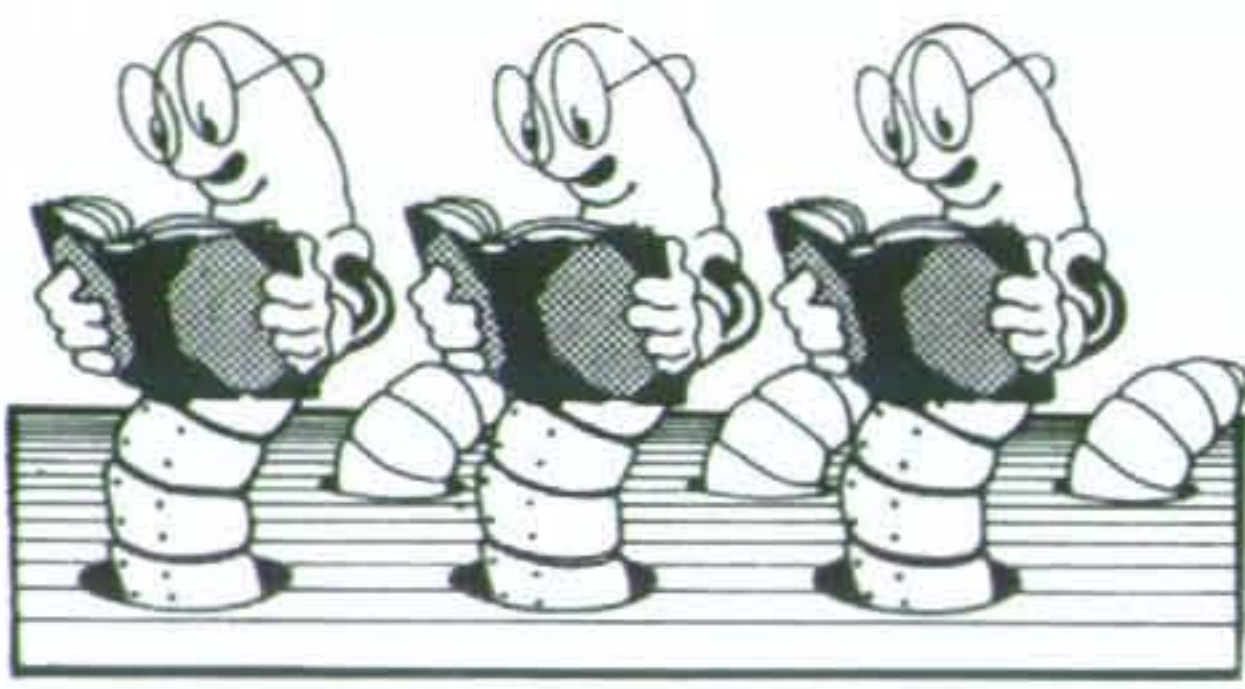
**SUNDAY LUNCH IN HENRY'S RESTAURANT**

Cocktails by the fire, a selection of traditional roasts and other freshly prepared dishes, a pianist playing favourite melodies...  
...all in all...  
*"a rather elegant affair."*

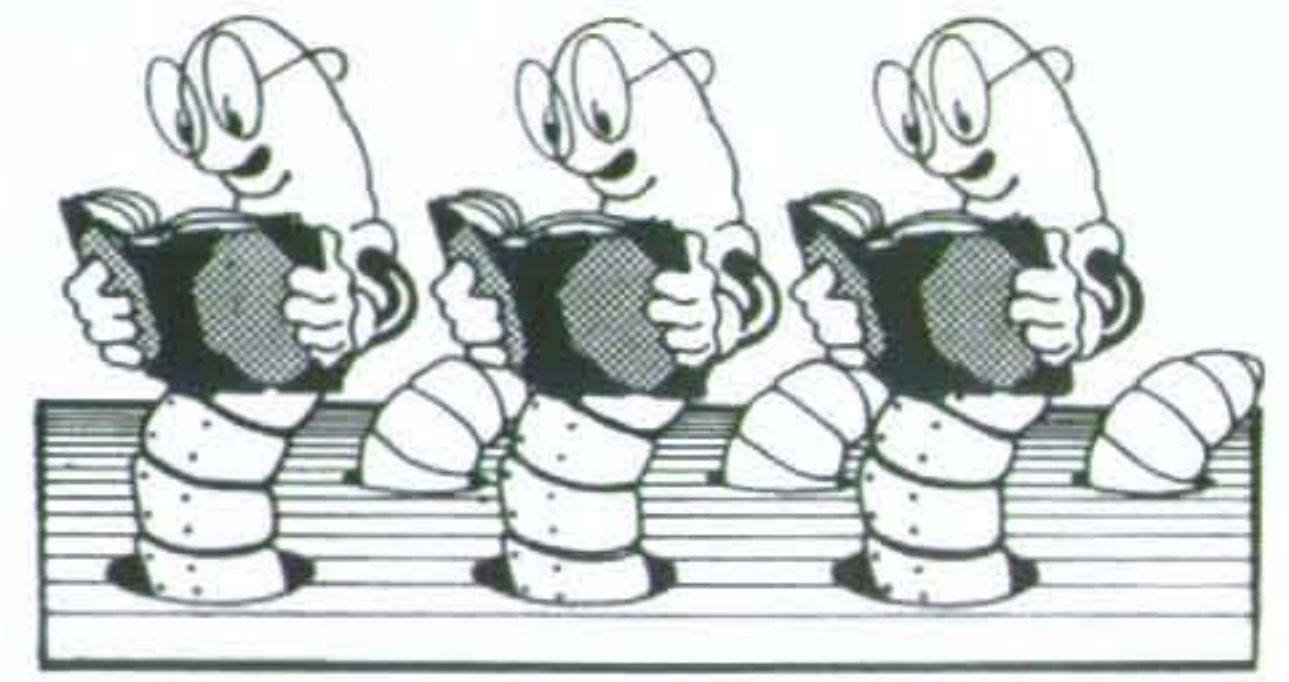
ETC  
3 Star  
Silver  
Award

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AA  
3 Stars 72%  
Two AA  
Rosettes  
❁❁



# Book Reviews

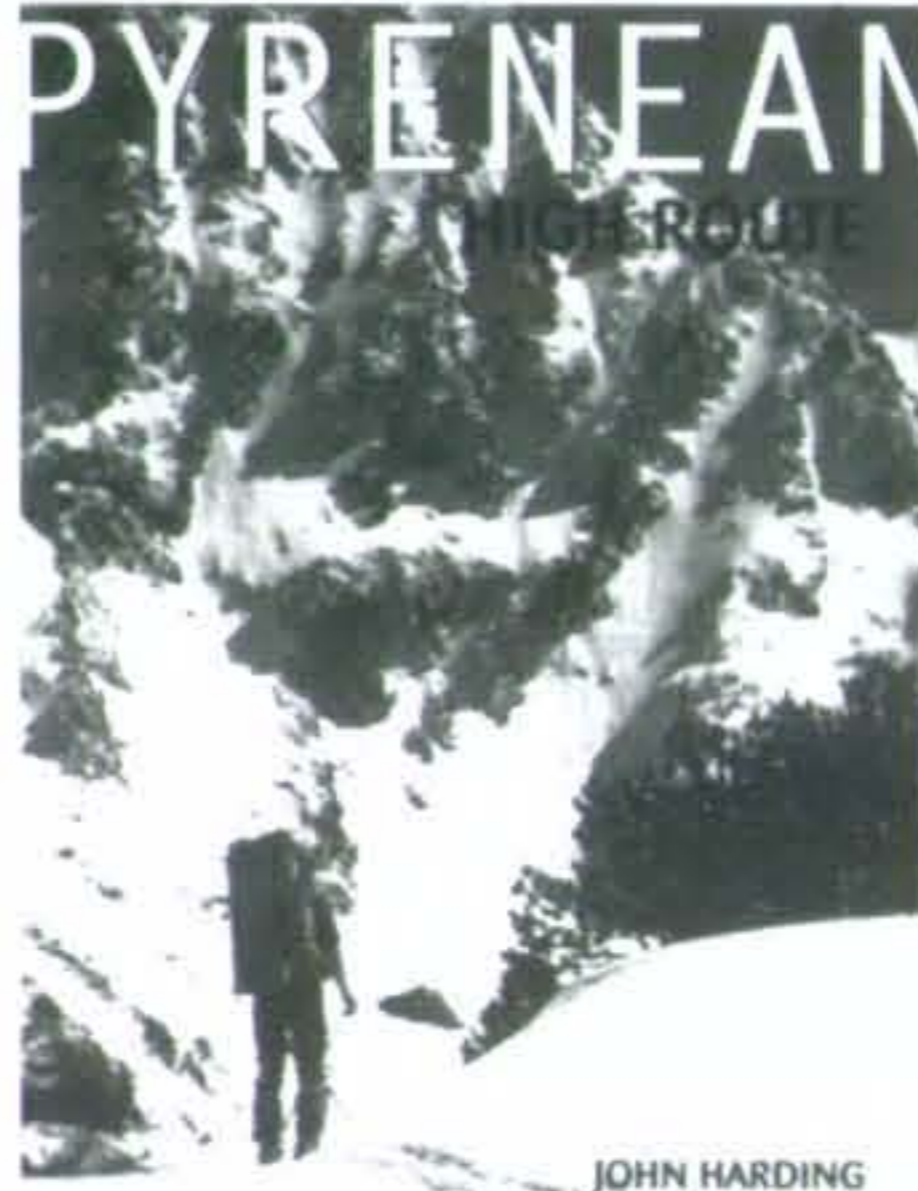


## PYRENEAN HIGH ROUTE

John Harding (Tiercel Publishing, November 2000)

*Pyrenean High Route*, subtitled "A Ski Mountaineering Odyssey" is an engaging, evocative and moving description of the ten year campaign by John Harding and his friends to complete a ski traverse of the Pyrenees from West to East. It is a story that will appeal to more than just the dedicated ski mountaineer. The traverse is a long, arduous and demanding undertaking. Whereas the classic Haute Route of the Western Alps from Chamonix to Saas Fee can be skied, weather and snow conditions permitting, within the week, the Pyrenean Haute Route took John Harding nearly 12 weeks. No one, as far as I am aware, has attempted to do the traverse in one sustained push. Although the classic Haute Route is at higher altitude than the Pyrenean Haute Route, the latter crosses equally, if not more, demanding mountain terrain for a skier and, because of its location, is more subject to rapid temperature variations and therefore more avalanche danger.

I first became aware of John Harding's ambitious project in November 1979 when I was lucky enough to attend a symposium organised by the Alpine Club, the Alpine Ski Club and the Eagle Ski Club under the title "Snow Avalanche". John Harding gave one of the major papers. I remember it as being practical and down to earth as well as passionate. It was obviously fuelled by the tragedy that had struck his party in April that year when engaged on one of the early stages of the Route. The story is movingly retold in his book. It underlines all too clearly the dangers involved in ski mountaineering, however experienced or well-equipped the party. Snow is an ever changing substance. Its structure, strength and adhesion are affected by a complex and ever-changing equation between the wind, the air temperature, the



angle and shape of the slope and the weight of snow lying upon it. While scientific study has greatly increased our understanding of snow and of avalanches, so that we are aware, when on the move, of the subtle changes which are taking place on a snow covered mountainside in winter, ski mountaineering remains a difficult and imprecise business.

The book is much more than just an expedition log or a literary handbook of ski mountaineering (although it does contain much valuable ski mountaineering lore and the details of the mountaineering are riveting). It is also a story about how personal relationships change, develop and

break down under pressure, when finely balanced decisions have to be made in the face of danger. John Harding also acknowledges and celebrates the historical, cultural and literary setting of his journey as well as the dramatic and magnificent scenery amidst which it took place. He writes with a sensitive and humorous touch. The book is beautifully illustrated and contains some helpful maps. The latter would have been even more useful if they had been on a slightly larger scale with the actual route marked.

John Harding has not only given a description of the Pyrenean High Route but also of the skills, the dangers, the excitement, the feeling of isolation in a white wilderness and of the changing face of nature when among mountains in winter that go to make ski mountaineering such a wonderful adventure. His book deserves to become a classic of ski mountaineering literature and should be read not just by those intending to venture into the Pyrenees on ski, nor just by any ski mountaineers, but by anyone with a taste for travel and adventure.

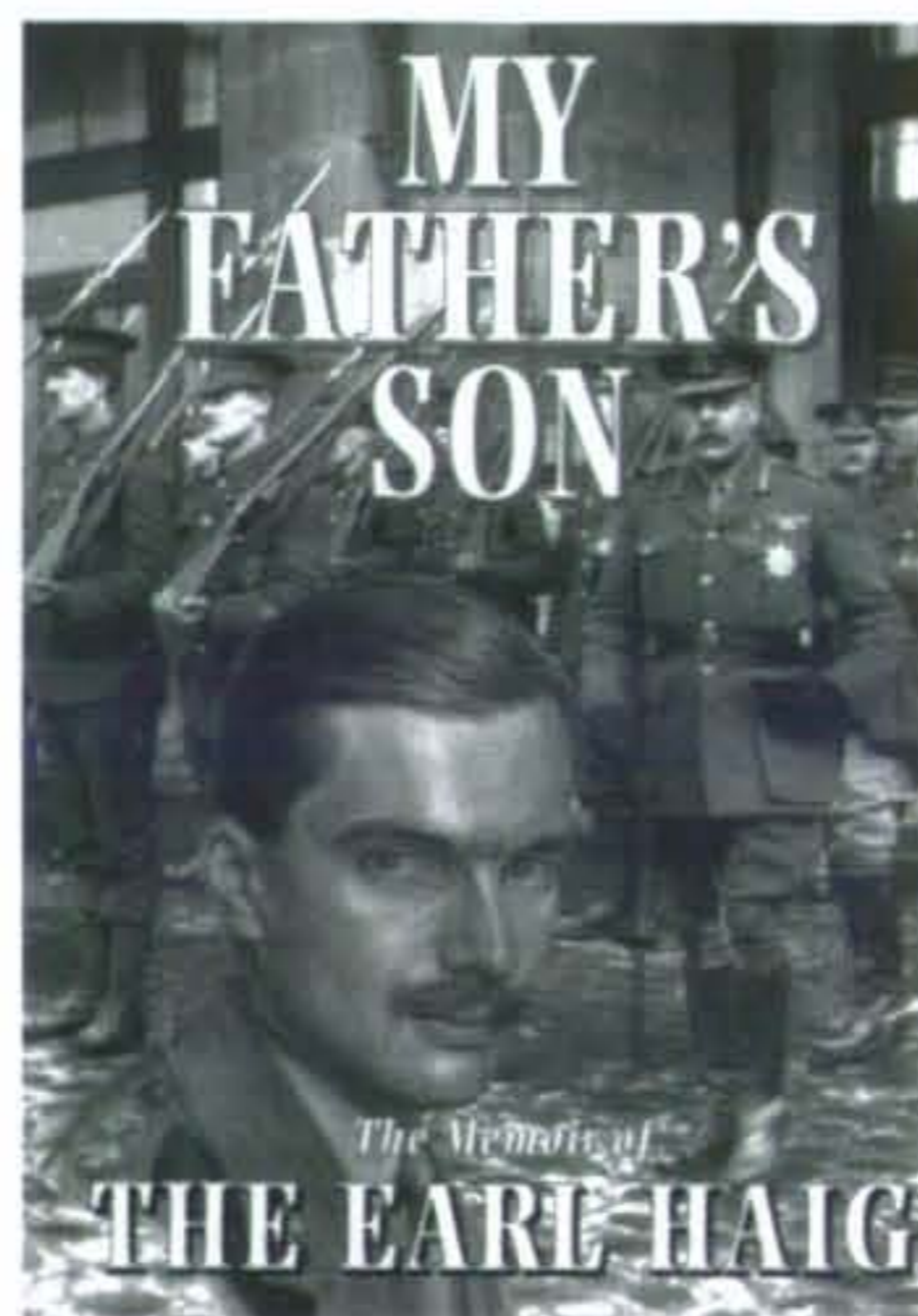
PVC

## MY FATHER'S SON

The Earl Haig (Leo Cooper, 2000)

This fascinating biography by Field Marshal Earl Haig's son, Dawyck, charts his early life. He remembers his famous father, who died when he was only nine, with affection, and writes sensitively of his role as Commander-in-Chief in the First World War; he is anxious that his father be judged by historical fact rather than myth.

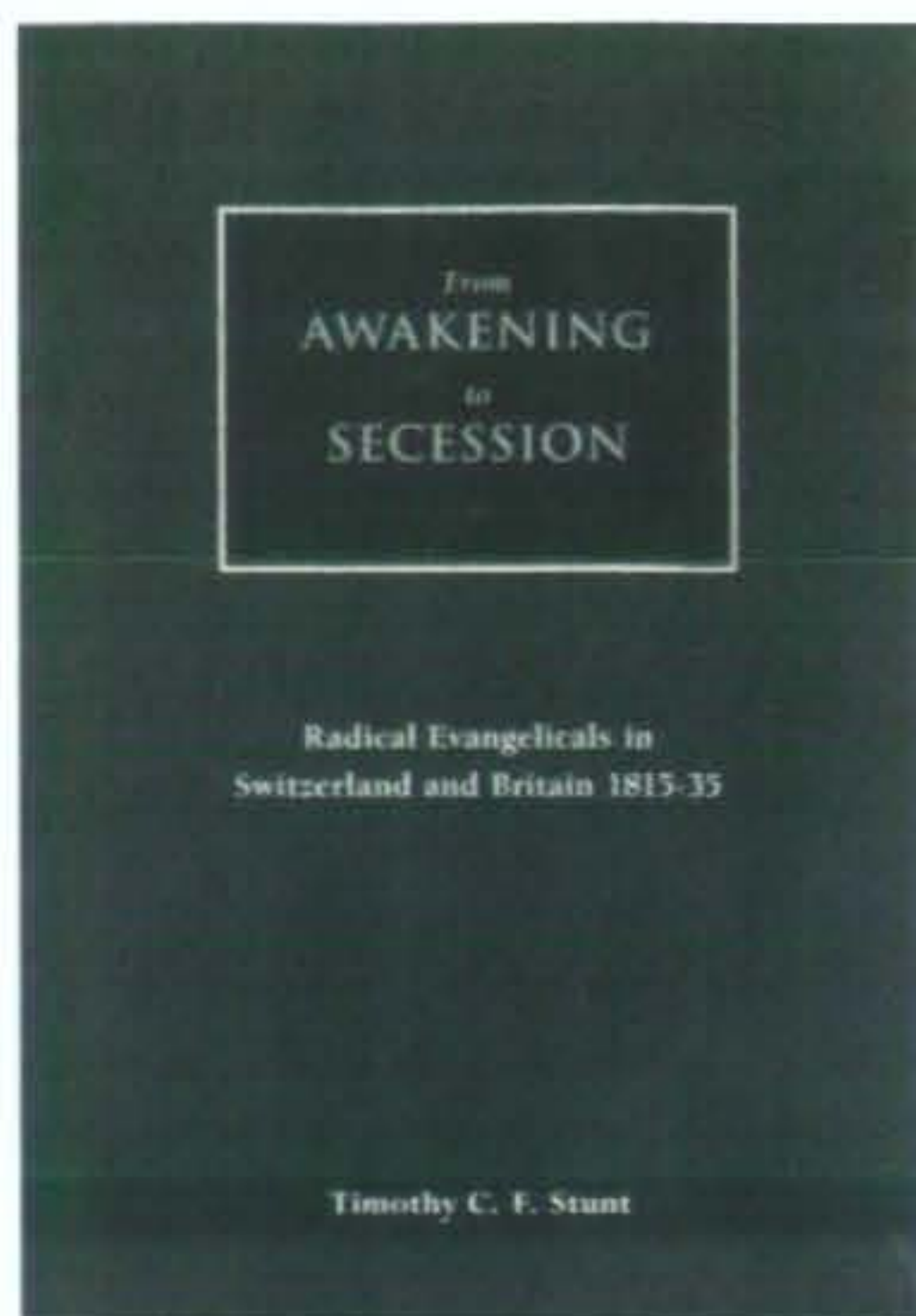
Stowe in the 1930's is remembered with affection. "Something of the Greek aesthetic canons and of the laws of harmony which governed the architectural design of Stowe crept into our thought and action..." J.F. Roxburgh's genius is nicely epitomised too.



"Through our environment and through the example of JF, our minds lifted to realms of grace and understanding and balance which do not normally exalt dwellers on this earth in the twentieth-century."

But there is much more, the bulk of the book being his own war experiences, not least being taken prisoner at El Alamein, and later imprisoned in Colditz. It concludes with his post-war rise to acceptance as an artist of repute and his return to Scotland to run the family estate. A compelling read, finely illustrated.

MWG



### From Awakening to Secession

Timothy Stunt  
(T & T Clark, Edinburgh, 2000)

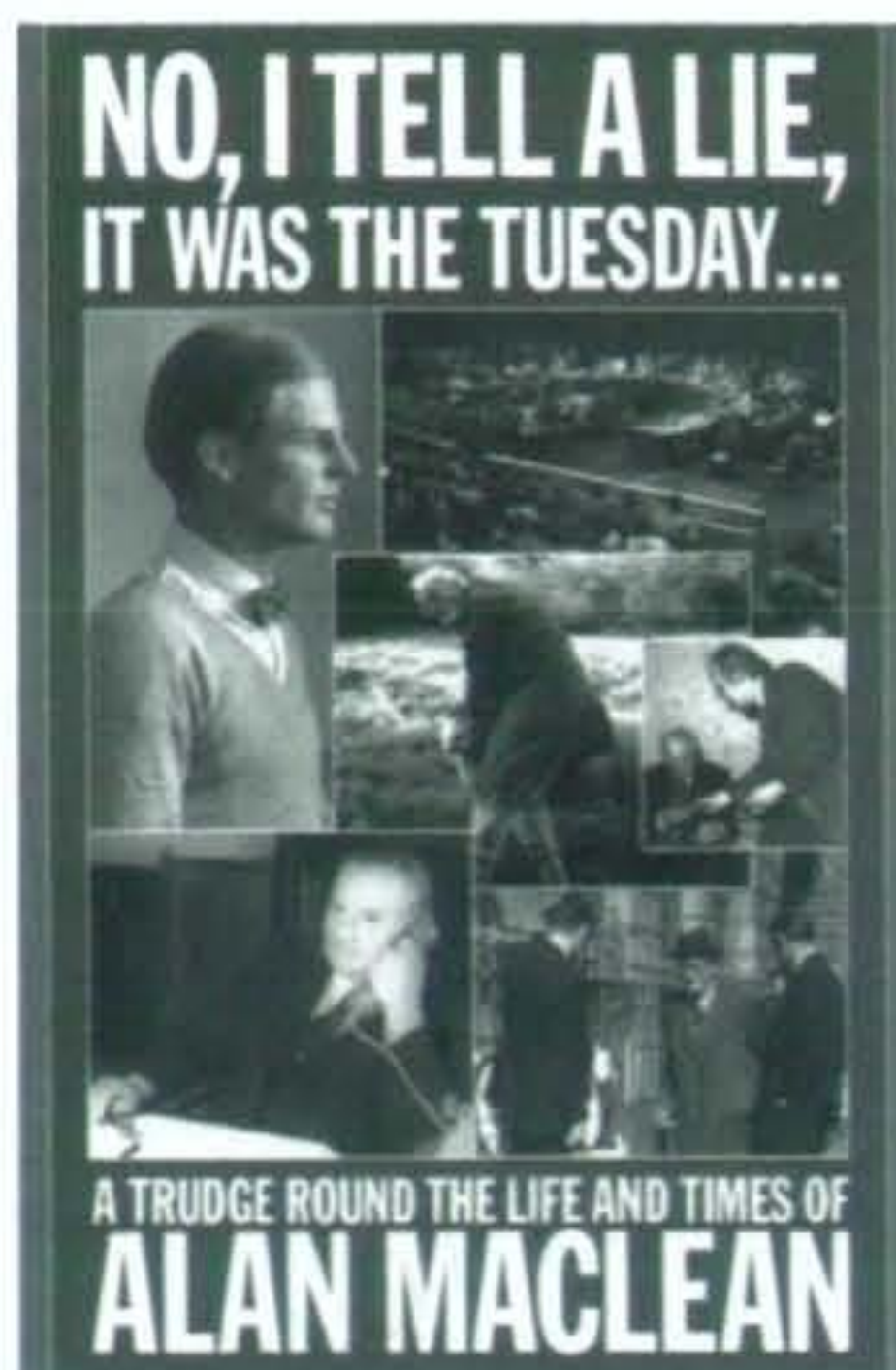
Former Stowe Historian, Timothy Stunt, tells the story of the Radical Evangelicals in Switzerland and Britain, 1815-35. 400 pages of deep erudition have impressed the critics. Dr John Walsh praises its originality and documentation. Professor Bebbington calls it "a significant contribution to scholarship at the highest level". And it is not just scholarly, but highly readable.



### Pedro II Magnifico

Duncan Hyslop (Romvi Press, 2001)

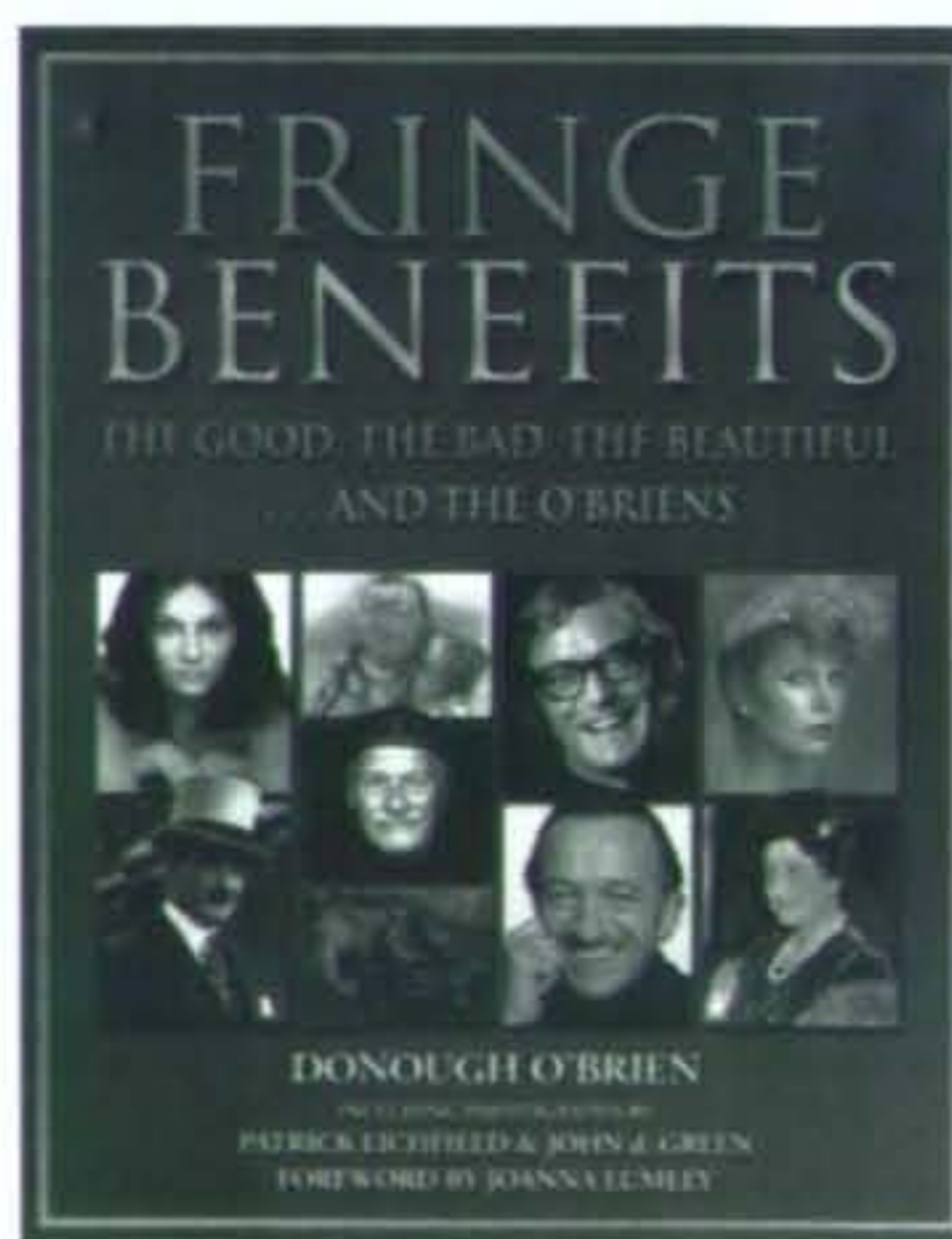
Explorer-soldier-writer, Duncan Hyslop has turned his hand to most genres over a long life, but here essays biography, albeit writing in the form of fiction. As in all his books, there is a trenchant approach which sweeps the reader forwards, but one has to wonder whether the comparative obscurity of the subject really justifies 480 pages. At times, as in the description of the Sicilian foray, the detail gets overpowering, though the writer's strong sense of humour is never far away.



### No, I tell a lie, it was the Tuesday...

Alan Maclean (Kyle Cathie, 1997)

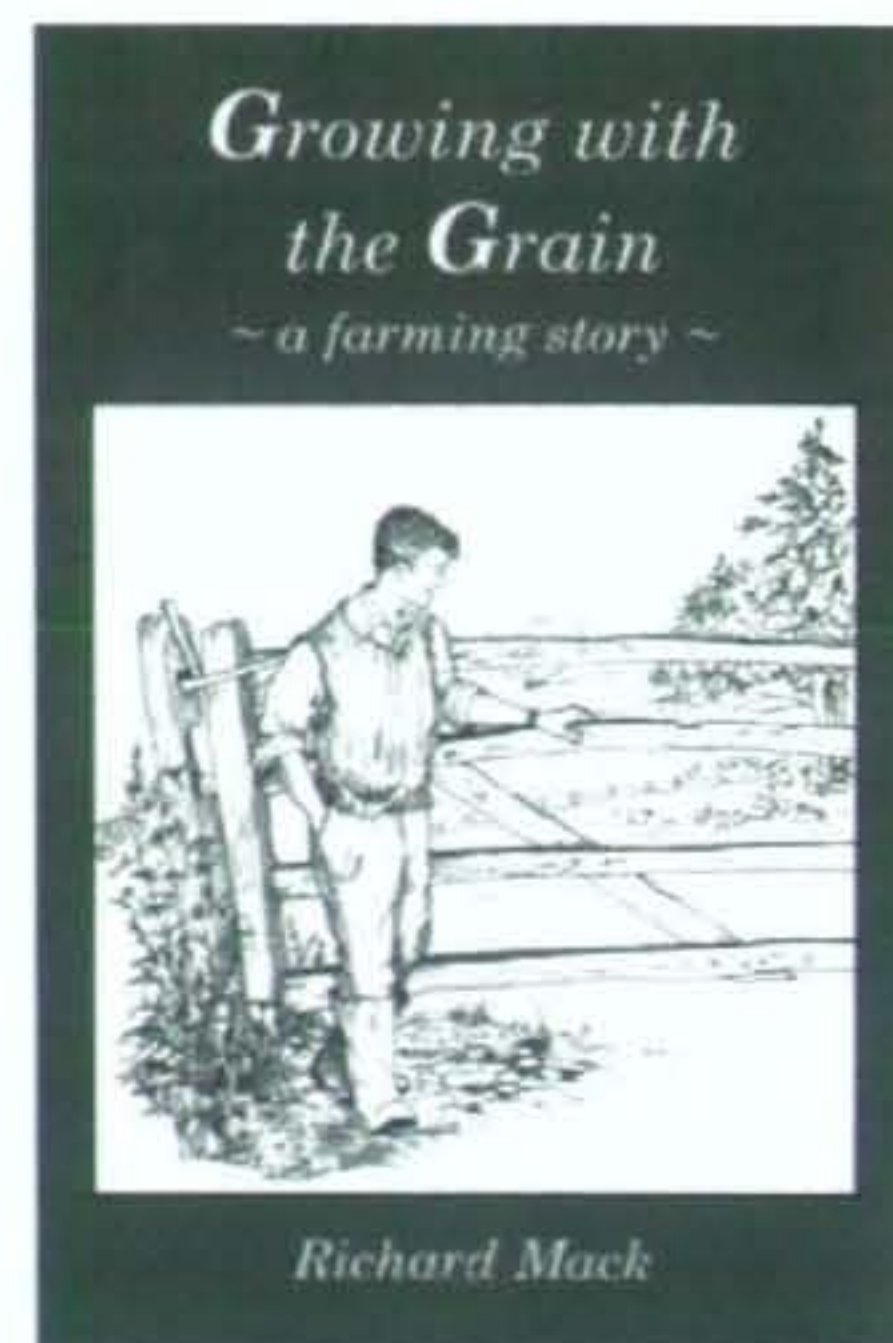
A most unusual autobiography, ranging far and wide beyond the author's own world of publishing. Vivid encounters with many big personalities: Ernest Bevin, Gladwyn Jebb, Harold Macmillan and, of course, his brother, Donald, whose defection to the Russians made headline news. Alas, he hated his time at Stowe ("with an intensity which I did my best to conceal") but two of his firmest friends were Stoics, writer Frank Tuohy and painter James Farmer.



### Fringe Benefits

Donough O'Brien (Bene Factum, 2000)

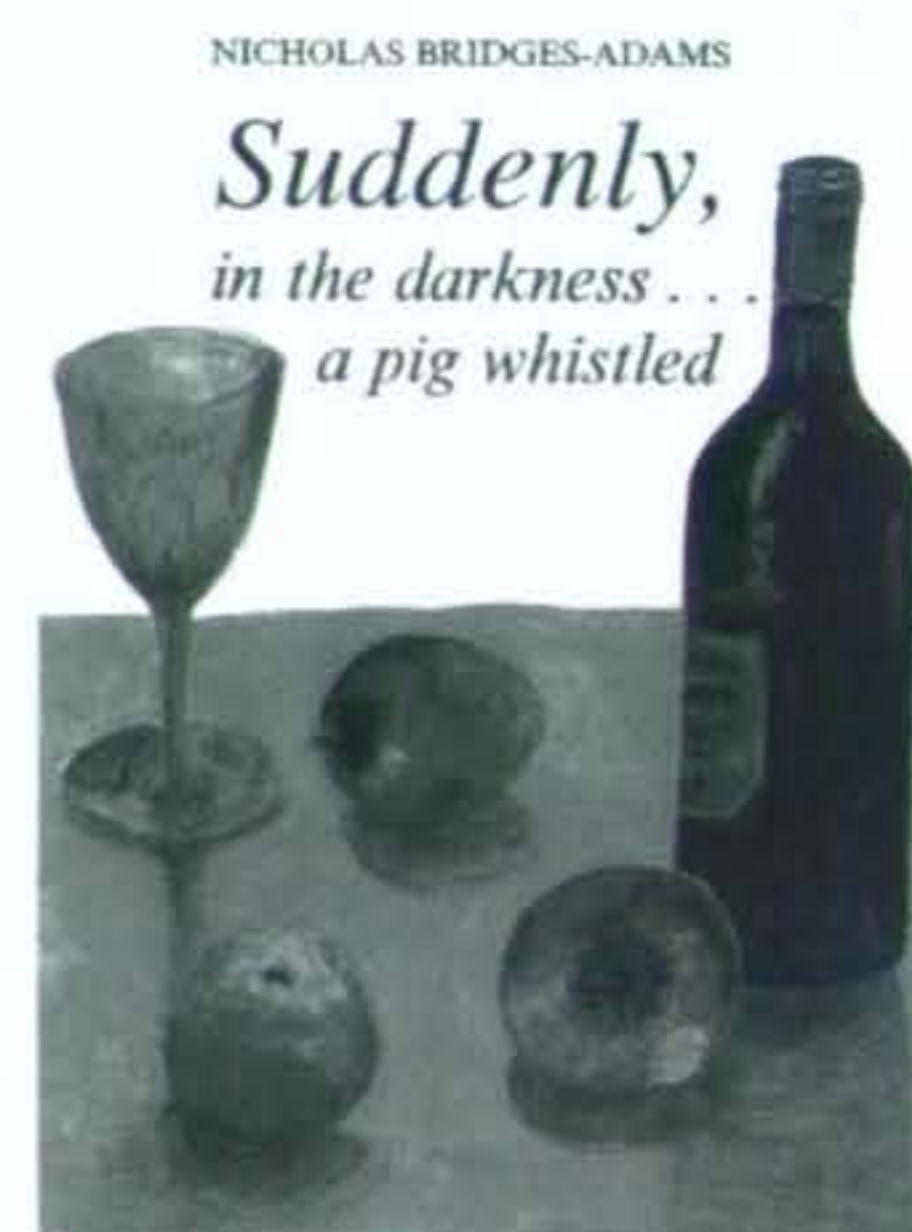
The best illustrated of all the books under review, containing some 600 pictures, *Fringe Benefits* is a very easy read throughout its 300+ pages. The PR world has occupied the working lives of both Donough and his father, Toby, (also an Old Stoic), so the material for biographical and autobiographical description is plentiful. In this heart-warming family story, we are introduced to a vast array of the great and good. The writing is light and lively. Joanna Lumley supplies the Foreword.



### Growing with the Grain

Richard Mack  
(Ex Libris Press, 1997)

When Richard Mack left Stowe forty years ago he decided he wanted to live in the open air. As a trial effort he worked on a farm for nine months for the princely sum of £1 a week. The book is a nostalgic look back at this period in his life. It is full of amusing stories, well illustrated and in tune with our own age as it praises "uncomplicated men who understood both human nature and mother nature in the way a town dweller would find difficult to comprehend, and who live in empathy with their surroundings".



### Suddenly, in the darkness... a pig whistled

Nicholas Bridges-Adams  
(Dick & Harry Press, 2001)

The late Nicholas Bridges-Adams (Grafton 1944-48) was a barrister and a Recorder of the Crown Court. But he was also, as this novel shows, a highly talented writer. This intriguing story is largely set in the 1960's when the Cold War was at its height. Two friends on holiday in Italy get drawn into a web of intrigue involving the local Mafia and the Russians. The action is fast and furious but there is also an underlying seriousness. A brilliant holiday read.

# The Ex-President

**John Moule writes of the visit of  
the former President of South Africa,  
F.W. de Klerk**

PHOTOS: AGE



**“He applied these lessons to the Stoic audience, making clear the challenges that lay ahead of them in terms of resisting the pressures of their own society...”**

Ralph Emerson, the American philosopher and poet, once said “to be great is to be misunderstood”. Over a decade after the momentous events in South Africa that saw the dismantling of apartheid, the two men that led their sides have retired. Nelson Mandela basks in the admiration of the world, universally recognised and almost universally admired. The co-recipient of the 1993 Nobel Peace Prize, President F.W. de Klerk, is still an international figure, commanding audiences with politicians worldwide but there is nothing like the same acclaim, nothing like the same recognition, nothing like the same trust. Suspicion surrounds his motives for withdrawal from apartheid; allegations of involvement in the Vlakplaas death squads still haunt him. Mandela is the man who brought apartheid down; de Klerk merely the unwilling agent.

When it became known that the ex-President of South Africa was coming to speak at Stowe through a contact with a parent, the response was muted. Few, sadly, had heard of him. When told they had to attend a lecture, Stoics were largely ambivalent though interested at the prospect of seeing someone who had won such a prestigious award. The smattering of South Africans were more excited, but probably only at the prospect of a photograph. It was going to be a good school event, but nothing special.

And yet, I suspect, few Stoics will forget the visit of F.W. de Klerk. As he entered the Roxburgh Hall after a brief tour of the grounds and lunch with Stoics, the whole school stood. They had not been asked to particularly, certainly not with the spontaneity, deference and applause with which they greeted him. There is something indefinable about greatness, an aura which defies explanation. One often wonders what separates the famous from the ordinary. Nothing obvious marked out the wizened, highly tanned but slightly hunched old man, accompanied by his elegant second wife, Elianor Georgiadis. Yet here was greatness, recognised by Stoics as such whatever their ignorance of what he had done.

De Klerk spoke. He spoke about change, the difficulty of knowing when to effect it, the pressure of having to go against the grain of history, the challenge of standing in a minority against one’s contemporaries. He applied these lessons to the Stoic audience, making clear the challenges that lay ahead of them in terms of resisting the pressures of their own society. He gave a moving description of the transition in his own thinking that had led him to abandon apartheid and while not all there might have been fully convinced by his justification of the ideal before it became so tragically flawed, few could

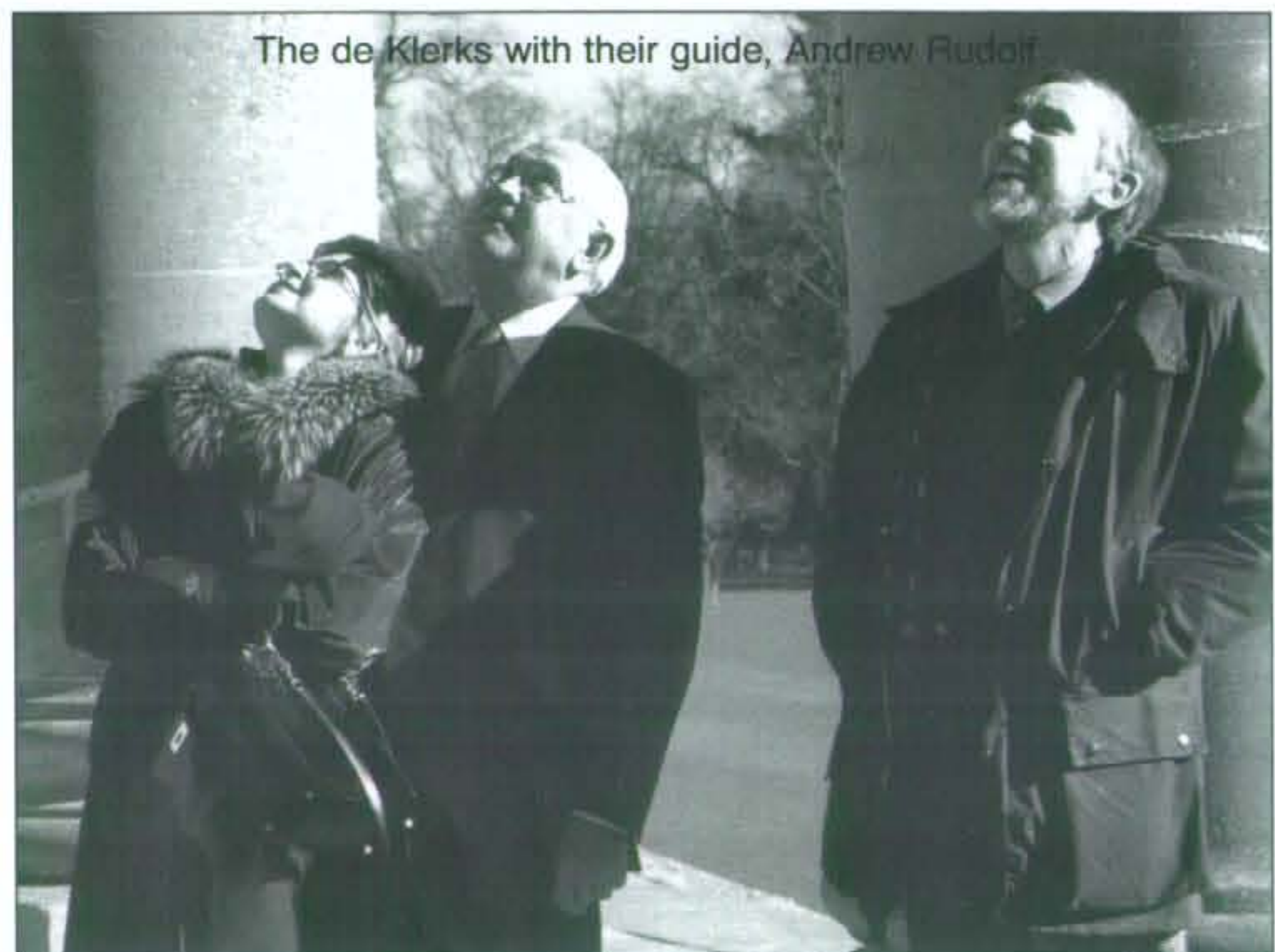
doubt his sincerity. He spoke for fifty minutes, handled questions with grace and wit and sat down to genuine and lasting applause.

I will not forget the privilege of speaking to this man. Nor will those who met him over lunch. I will remember the bright-eyed enthusiasm of the third-former who discovered that De Klerk knew his father; the fascinating encounter with the son of a former Minister of Zambia; the pride of those South African Stoics who had their photograph taken with him. I will remember the almost boyish delight of the member of staff, again South African, who spoke to me the following day of how memorable it was to have met him. I will remember the conversation with the parent who brought him to Stowe, Geoff Johnson, himself a former activist against the regime of apartheid, who spoke of how being able to talk to him was itself a sign of how far South Africa had come. But most of all I will remember the sense of respect with which this man was received as he entered the Roxburgh Hall.

Few, if any, agreed with everything F.W. De Klerk said but few, if any, could doubt the importance of his words. Few could mistake the sense of foreboding which lingered behind his optimistic words as he spoke of the future of Africa. This is a man whose own role has all but been completed, a man whose role has, I venture to suggest, been underestimated. But his role has been great.

“Is it so bad, then, to be misunderstood?” wrote Emerson. “Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.”

I hope Stoics now misunderstand F.W. de Klerk less.



The de Klerks with their guide, Andrew Rudolf

# George Melly

Last June Piers Craven and David Hyslop visited

It was difficult to know what to expect when we arrived at George Melly's house near Shepherd's Bush last June. We had heard many stories and anecdotes about the man, but despite this, and even having read his trilogy of autobiographies, we were unsure of what we would find. We did soon realise, however, that Melly is indeed a unique man, difficult to pigeonhole, and has led an even more unique life, with such variety and colour that others might only dream about. However, we were there to speak to him principally about his time here at Stowe, when he was in Cobham, between 1939 and 1944.

Right from the beginning of the interview, Melly spoke of the school with real warmth and fondness and it was clear that, despite being at the school during the difficult wartime years, he enjoyed himself immensely. Since many of the younger masters had enlisted, Melly was left under the control of a group of eccentric, elderly masters, and the atmosphere of "tolerant oddness" that this precipitated at Stowe was one that suited George well.

Melly always felt that he didn't fulfil the ideal of his famous headmaster, J.F. Roxburgh, that of an academically brilliant and beautiful aristocrat. Melly was none of these things, but still got on well with 'JF'. The "suppressed flamboyance" that he recalls and Roxburgh's habit of always wearing a rose in his buttonhole in season he looked upon with respect and admiration.

George had come from a prep school where he had been very unhappy. The ethos that Roxburgh engendered at Stowe was a welcome change for him: "progressive, but not too progressive". George's house, Cobham, was, at the time, a very strong rugby house. Rugby, however, was not some-

thing that George relished; he says, slightly reminiscent of Oscar Wilde, that "if there's one thing I hate it's team games in which I might get hurt". Despite not fitting the mould of a standard Cobhamite, he enjoyed his time there, and feels that this was an important factor in his enjoying school generally. He cites the example of Peregrine Worsthorpe, who found himself in the unfortunate position of being in ("pronounced 'graf' not 'grarf', and full of the sons of Brylcreem manufacturers") and consequently "hated his time there".

George's main strengths at school were Art and English. He spent much of his time in the Art School, with the Canadian couple that ran it, "Ma & Pa Watts". George got on with these two extremely well, apart from the fact that they held very conventional views about art, and hated the surrealists that George favoured; such was the strength of their disagreement over the surrealists that George left the Art School and refused to come back for two terms. His other passion was literature, which he was taught by such notable people as G. Wilson Knight, the famous Shakespearean critic (who much to George's pleasure cast him as Lady Macbeth in the School play), and John Davenport, who inspired a generation of journalists such as George, Peregrine Worsthorpe, and Colin Walsh. It was at Stowe that George developed a love for modern poetry, like that of W.H. Auden, something he still possesses.

Stowe played a further, more important role in George's life, in that it was here that he was introduced to jazz by his friend Guy Neil. An underground group of jazz enthusiasts developed, and they would sit around listening to Muggsy Spanier, Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong in each others' studies, or go and play their instruments "in the Temple of

PHOTO: DAVID HYSLOP





# Interview

## the famous jazz singer at his London home

Ancient Shit, or whatever.” Although traditionalists such as the Watts felt that jazz was just fun, George and his peers felt that it was “the most marvellous sound on earth”.

George insists that he was never a rebel at school, but concedes that he always had an instinctively anarchic side to his character. For example, sometime in 1944, to celebrate a major victory in Northern Africa, the school awarded a holiday to all the boys; they were allowed to go where they pleased, except London. A boy called Bill Blarney felt obliged to test the integrity of this rule, and, of course, was caught on the train coming back from London. Roxburgh then expelled him, and Melly, recognising this injustice, posted “just a little note” upon the Headmaster’s notice board, alerting the school to Blarney’s imminent departure, and suggesting how it might be nice if a “small group” were there to see him off. Roxburgh was understandably annoyed, and announced that if anyone took any notice of this notice, the next half holiday would be cancelled. The next day, the time came for Blarney to leave; not just a small group but actually the majority of the school were there to wave him off, and if that wasn’t enough, the Corps Band turned up to accompany the impromptu ceremony. It was discovered that George had been the author of this note, and he was confined to his study until Roxburgh summoned him to voice his displeasure, beat George eight times, and then invited him back in for a sherry and a chat: behaviour apparently characteristic of Roxburgh.

Melly was not a conventional rule breaker: he “didn’t care much” for drinking, and didn’t see the point in “cycling for miles for half a pint of beer”. Although he did smoke (predictably his brand were Black Sobranies), George’s rebellion against the system didn’t extend beyond the fact that he was a “screaming poof”; Roxburgh’s idea that “what a man does on his own, he can be forgiven, but what he does with others certainly cannot” provided George with many troubles: “I think, and have always thought, that it is ridiculous that a man cannot lie with whom he chooses.” There was an extensive gay clique at Stowe in those days focused around the Art School, and, if anything, George felt that Stowe actually fed his gayness.

Melly has continued into life a quintessentially flamboyant and colourful character, and this was certainly developing while at Stowe. The image of the young Melly going up to Cambridge for an interview for the Navy, dressed in pink cords, a silk shirt, a scarf that he had found in the still life drawer in the Art School, and “maybe a little makeup” is a vivid one, and seems all the more imaginable looking at the man that met us in his characteristically extraordinary blue and green check suit and a hat that seemed almost as surreal as the art on his wall. When agreeing to give this interview, Melly expressed surprise that, considering his lifestyle over the past sixty years, he is still considered to be an asset to his *alma mater*. George Melly is a unique individual, a vivid and

creative person, a highly successful performer who is also an esteemed writer and aesthete. And Stowe, with its claim to value originality and individualism, should be proud to have influenced such a man.

PIERS CRAVEN



A Trog cartoon of the 1970s



Mike Waldman on

## GEORGE MONBIOT

### the leading environmentalist

My association with George continued into the Upper School, as he decided on Geology as his third A-level, to accompany Chemistry and Biology. The subject appealed to him greatly and after I had taken the set on a field trip to Wensleydale in North Yorkshire, he wrote an excellent piece for *The Stoic*, littered with amusing alliteration, but it is the opening paragraph which remains nostalgically in my mind, twenty years on.

“Wensleydale, sometimes called Yoredale, is the wide valley of the River Ure (or Yore) in the west of North Yorkshire. It is a land of drystone walls, handkerchief fields and curly-horned sheep; tweeds, real ale and open markets, poppy water, windswept hills, springy turf and red grouse.” Evocative words. Who else might use a word as rare, delightfully descriptive and onomatopoeic as ‘popply’?

It is necessary, however, to return to July 1981 to find what is, in my opinion, the very essence of George Monbiot, in an open letter to the school authorities entitled ‘The Grey-green Desert of Stowe’. In this, while acknowledging the need to retain those formal areas of Stowe which are an integral part of its appeal, he wrote with great clarity, knowledge, passion and, above all, dismay about what he perceived to be the excessive use of mowers and herbicides in the destruction of the estate’s wild floral and faunal communities and their habitats. We see here the germination of some of George’s basic precepts and his deeply-held feeling that if damage is being done to the natural world, it is vital to point out to people, in no uncertain terms, the error of their ways and, equally importantly, to make sure that these criticisms reach the widest possible readership. The letter, its views supported by many staff and pupils, brought about some radical changes in the management of the grounds and continued to fuel George’s already high opinion of the might of the pen.

After a most fulfilling school career George departed to study zoology at Brasenose. His subsequent achievements have been many and various, including three superbly hard-hitting books of his travels, an award-winning screenplay, a column in *The Guardian*, at least three visiting or honorary professorships and an international reputation which seems to be increasing almost daily. His latest book, *Captive State: the Corporate Takeover of Britain*, filled me with a curious combination of fascination, amazement and finally fury, at the chicanery of the power-wielders of our society.

This year, as I gaze sadly on the funeral pyres which desecrate the beauty of Wensleydale and destroy the livelihood of its human inhabitants, I realise just how much need there is for George’s voice, ringing out loud and clear as a clarion call for honesty, morality, sanity and justice in the way we deal with our environment. When the smoke has finally cleared, I look forward to George revisiting us in the land of poppy water, and, who knows, the descendants of those curly-horned sheep might just be back again in time to greet him.

In 1976 a bespectacled thirteen-year-old of studious but amiable mien appeared with his fellows in my biology class. By the end of the lesson it had become clear to me that G.J.R. Monbiot of Lyttelton (who could, in retrospect, have been J.K. Rowling’s visual prototype for the remarkable Harry Potter) was a most unusual person. His breadth of biological knowledge at that young age would have excited the envy of many an undergraduate.

In his early years George became familiar to all in the Biology Department and beyond for his intense interest in, enthusiasm for, and hands-on involvement with Stowe’s natural history (for which he won the Junior Prize). He seemed to be everywhere at once, full of *joie-de-vivre*, carrying out experiments in the laboratories, wine-making with Dr. Hornby’s wonderful and now-legendary Zymase club, digging ponds in the Japanese Gardens, checking on the wild-fowl populations, and doing a little fly-tying whenever he had the time. Needless to say, he became the N.H. Society’s secretary, becoming even busier in the process!

As a keen and most proficient angler, George became Chairman of the Stowe Fishing Club and when the 11-Acre Lake was drained in 1980 in accordance with his own carefully planned and logically reasoned scheme to improve both the fishing and the overall ecology, he gave unstintingly of his time and effort. I retain to this day a vivid mental picture of George happily clutching a very large pike which he had rescued from an untimely death in a muddy puddle left by the subsiding waters! While his interests in these areas remained, his outlook continued to broaden as he entered the Sixth Form. He appeared in plays, directed his House art exhibition and even played some rugby! His verses now appeared more frequently in *The Stoic* and in retrospect they still retain their essential freshness and depth of feeling. ‘A Lost Tranquillity’, ‘The Longliners’ and the intriguingly titled ‘The Use of Pigs in Theopsy’ all reveal strong hints of George’s future as a writer.

Kensa Broadhurst on

the latest

## GEORGE MONBIOT BOOK

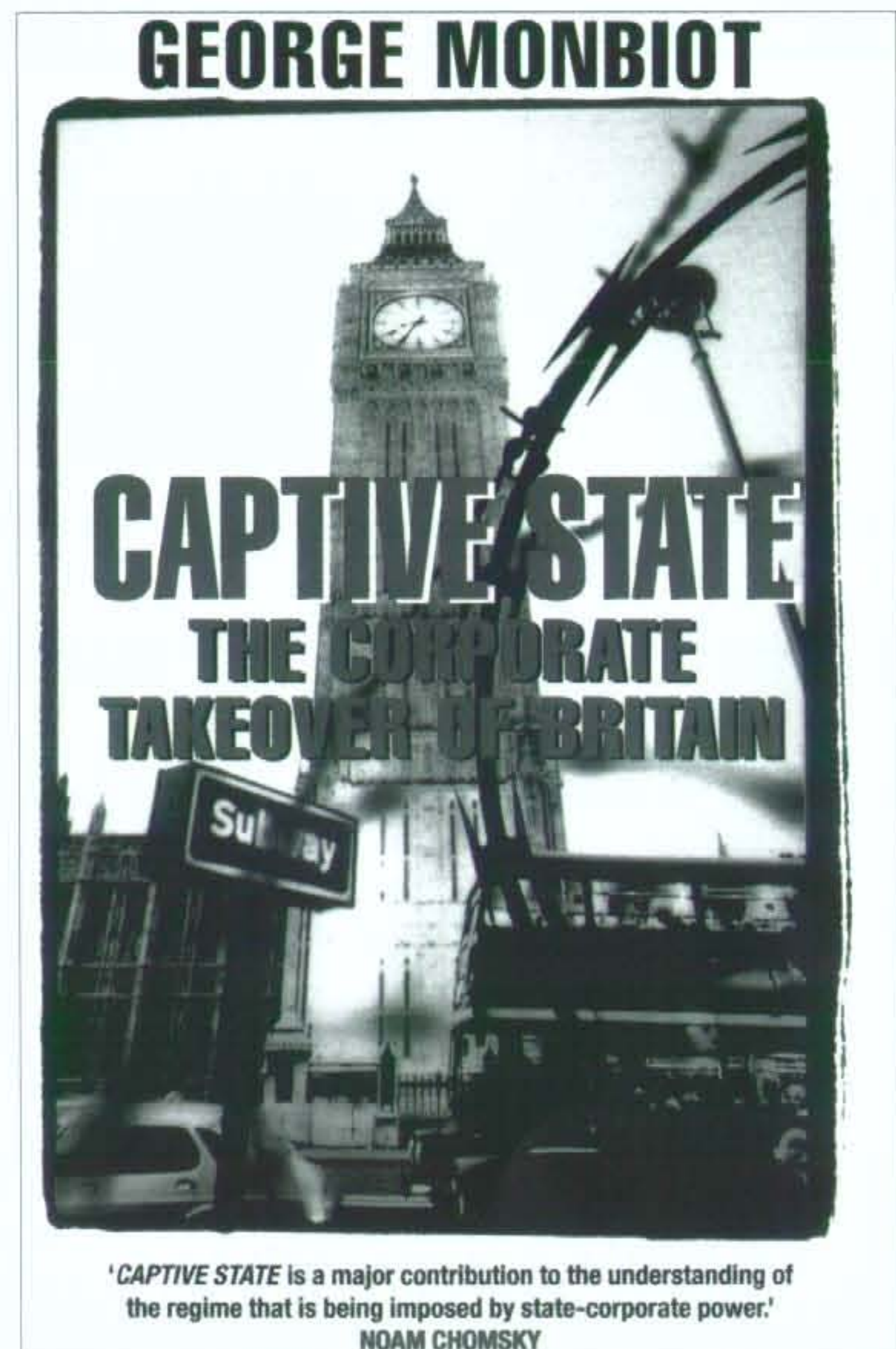
The copy of *Captive State* to be found in the school library is dedicated by Monbiot “in the hope of subverting a few Stoics”. After reading the book, one can only hope this happens. *Captive State* is the “X-Files” fan’s dream come true; yes, there is a conspiracy theory, but the truth is out there. Worryingly for us, this does not deal with aliens but the way in which big businesses are gaining increasing control over the government and all our lives.

Monbiot’s main argument is that these corporations are meant to serve us, but are in fact overthrowing us, “distorting public life to suit their own ends”. The reality is that as consumers, we actually have lost our choice, especially in the case of supermarkets. The out of town stores have now been built, destroying town centres, and many people are now obliged to shop in their local supermarket. Yes, the prices may be low, and there may be a choice of different brands, but if you have to go to the superstore in the first place you don’t really have an option. It is also worth remembering that the bigger a company becomes, the more power it wields and the less important is the individual customer.

Monbiot writes clearly and explains the legal and political aspects of his examples well. He occasionally disappears off into a romantic description of, for example, oyster catchers by the Skye Bridge, but given his background in green issues, and the purpose of the book, we can forgive him that. His descriptions also serve to remind us of the human element of these scandals; faceless big business is affecting the life of the individual, who could be you or me.

Even if Stoics are not subverted by Monbiot’s arguments, one would hope that he teaches them to scratch beneath the surface and look for the hidden agenda. Let’s take the bugbear of many, the Millennium Dome as a prime example of what big businesses will do: “The ‘Our Town’ stage, where ‘the diversity of local culture is celebrated’, was financed by that guardian of diversity, McDonald’s. British Airways and the British Airports Authority used the Dome’s ‘Journey Zone’ to explain to the visitor the many advantages of Heathrow airport’s proposed Terminal 5, in which they have a certain interest. Regrettably they forgot to represent the concerns of local residents, who have been campaigning to stop the development on the grounds that the extra noise, pollution and congestion would ruin their lives.”

So how does the government fit into this? Monbiot argues that they meet corporate demands, not the public need, especially in the contentious issue of planning permission. Corporations infiltrate government because their demands differ from those of the electorate. Therefore they communicate directly with ministers and officials to pre-empt legislation which could restrict them. One of the most startling aspects of *Captive State* is the “Fat Cats Directory” which Monbiot has compiled, detailing the conflicts of interest of



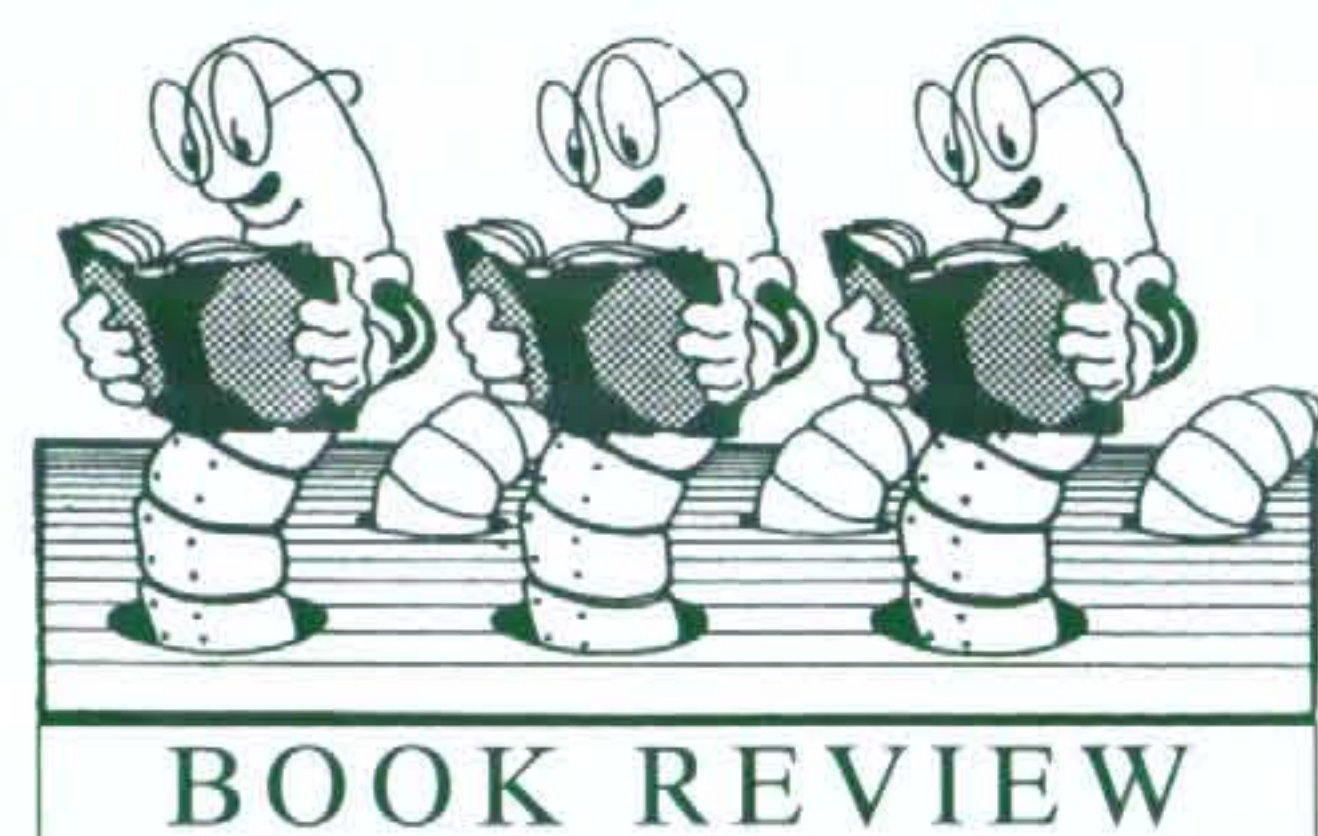
**“We learn that the state, the police, hospitals and universities are all falling into private hands...”**

many former and present government ministers and advisors.

In these days of multi-national companies governments have to acquiesce as soon as a company threatens to move its business elsewhere. Companies act in the interests of their shareholders. They are immune from international human rights laws, but can sue for libel, call the police and take out injunctions.

Monbiot’s aim in writing *Captive State* is to make people understand what is going on. The lack of freedom of information laws in this country means he cannot present the whole picture, but we learn that the state, the police, hospitals and universities are all falling into private hands. Monbiot’s environmental views come across strongly, as does a certain nostalgia, but he sets great store in the value of the community and he asks the right questions, both of those he met when researching the book, and of ourselves.

*Captive State* is a PanMacmillan publication.





## Guy Holdsworth Hunt, a former member of Grafton House, tackles THE 16TH MARATHON DES SABLES

There's no going back now. The final walk to have my medical form and ECG checked, and hand in any kit I don't need for the coming week, has arrived.

I am with six hundred other people from thirty countries, ranging in age from seventeen to seventy-eight, in the Southern Moroccan Sahara just outside a small town called Erfoud. We are about to compete in the 16th Marathon des Sables.

Last fears of whether the officials will be happy with my minimum calorie requirement of two thousand calories a day run through my mind. Will they be happy with my ECG? Only last year two Englishmen had been sent home before the race had started due to an otherwise unknown heart problem. All that training and fundraising for nothing.

With relief I leave the tent. Everything is okay.

I head back to my own tent, which I am sharing with seven others. Guy, Ed and Neil are running for the same charity as I am, then there are two Australians, Rob and Clive, who prove to be great entertainment over the week; Jason, serving with the RAF, and Paul, an Englishman living in Spain, complete our group.

Our tent is very simple, made up of sackcloth sewn together and held up by a few poles. It does, however, provide perfect shade from the searing fifty degree Celsius heat.

The next day I wake at 5.45am. No sooner am I out of my sleeping bag than the Bedouins are there taking down the tent to take on to the campsite at the end of the first day's run, some 25km away. I make my breakfast, porridge, and drink a hot chocolate. We have to be at the start-line by 8.45am for a quick briefing from Patrick Bauer, who created the Marathon des Sables sixteen years ago. With my rucksack packed and weighing in at 13kg I wander over to the start-line with 1.5 litres of my 10 litres a day water ration. It's 8.45 and already the sun is high and very hot.

At 9.20 after a briefing mostly in French the countdown begins and we are off. A great tide of over six hundred competitors in an array of colours streams over the start-line. The excitement of the competitors is everywhere to be seen, everyone wishing each other the best of luck. Finally after nine months of anticipation we are here and starting this great race.



The terrain is good to us for the first half of the day's race, crossing dried wadis and picking up tracks along the way, always fairly good going and never a problem seeing the orange markers sprayed onto the rocks. The second half is a little harder with some small dunes. A foretaste of the big dunes tomorrow.

I finally see the finish line at about 1.00pm and after collecting my water head off to find my tent and get out of the heat. No sooner have I stopped than my head is pounding because of the effects of running nearly twenty miles in searing heat I would not even sunbathe in!!

For dinner I decide on lamb curry, which once rehydrated tastes delicious.

By seven o'clock I'm asleep.

It's the second day and very quickly we are in the middle of mountains of sand. Erg Chebi is known to be the second largest sand dune in the world and looking around I can believe it. Sand dunes three hundred metres high surround us. It is a breath-taking spectacle. It is also very hot and very

hard going. Up and down, up and down, through sand that is fine as flour. The occasional flare is seen that signifies someone needs help, normally re-hydrating by drip. The rules specify anyone can have a maximum of two drips before being disqualified from the event. The helicopter is seen picking someone up. Finally after 16km we are out of the dunes and for the next 14km have much easier terrain crossing wadis and flat, stony plateaux. After 30km we find ourselves back in sand dunes for the final 4km and it proves to be a very long 4km.

After 6 hours I finally cross the finishing line with no little help from three other English guys who have gone from being complete strangers to lifelong friends!

Day 3 is 38km going through more wadis, dried lakes and again picking up various tracks but always following the orange spray paint. Horizons never seem to get closer as you look ahead and see the heat shimmering off the ground ahead. None the less it is a steady pace through the day and I finish in good spirits – which is just as well. All I have to look forward to is the infamous long day tomorrow.

As every one trundles over to the start-line for the start of the 82km stage I notice how the spring in everyone's step has long gone. Blisters are starting to take hold and the body is less willing to move unless absolutely necessary.

The day starts off well and I manage to keep a fairly constant pace for the first 22km. From 1.00 to 3.00 I decide to walk through the ridiculous heat and preserve a little

energy for the remaining 50km. By 4.30 I have reached the half-way stage. The temptation to stop and join others in cooking some food or to re-tape my feet is enormous. But I decide not and so reluctantly with my new supply of water I keep moving. In truth if I had stopped I think I would have seized up.

At the next checkpoint I again leave the lovely aromas of people's food and keep going. By now it is dark and my only companions are fluorescent tubes marking the route every 500 metres. With 10km or so to go I catch up with another Englishman and I happily slow down to walk with him.

Finally at 1.00 in the morning after 16 hours the finish line is in front of me. It has been a good day, which despite my exhaustion has been very rewarding. The strategy not to stop has paid off and I am back at camp in good time for some sleep and for a rest the next day. It was also a nice bonus to come in the top 200, though to put it into perspective the lead man ran the day in a little under seven hours and went on to complete the whole event in under seventeen hours! An extraordinary feat.

The rest day passes quickly with eating and sorting out feet being the priority for most people. Occasionally I glance up and notice someone coming through the finishing line until finally at about 5.00pm word comes through that Rob is with the final group of people. Everyone in our tent is delighted. We have already lost one member of our tent and it would have been a shame to lose Rob as well. With his dry, offbeat sense of humour he is a good man to have around. Even after 32 hours he still has not lost it. Not bad for someone close to fifty.

The next day is the full marathon day. Heading to the start line is comical. Everyone is hobbling by now, wincing with every step as their foot lands on another blister. And yet, when the countdown for the start comes and goes, somehow people run. Slowly to start with.

After just under 3 hours the half-way mark is passed and not long after that I catch up with a friend who has collected an injury earlier in the day. We walk the rest of the way, which is more relaxing and gives me the opportunity to have a better look at the stunning scenery. At the back of my mind is the knowledge that there is only a half marathon the next day to go. A homeward run and an opportunity to enjoy the last two days of the Sahara.

And so the last day arrives. The atmosphere in the camp is great. With 22km to go the end is in sight. I finally have the chance to return the favour given to me by one of the guys who helped me on the dunes day. We set off together at a reasonable pace but he is not in good shape. It doesn't matter, the end is close and nothing will stop him from finishing. We arrive at the town of Tazzarine and the finish line is in sight after 244km. As we cross the line Patric Bauer is there to greet us. After a big hug he hands us our finishers' medals.

It was an incredible week. I saw extraordinary efforts by many people of all ages who competed in this event. What is more, there was never a feeling that anyone was more important than anyone else, not from the winner to the team of eight who pulled a wheelchair carrying a child with terrible disabilities over the whole course. Maybe it is this that makes it such an incredible event and I feel privileged to have been part of it. I cannot recommend it more highly to anyone.



Richard Weston  
Old Stoic

# Marathon Man

I'm standing beside the Greenwich Observatory at the unseemly hour of 9 o'clock on a Sunday morning, having endured a train journey from London Bridge which would have most commuters buying a bike. It is London Marathon Day, 16th April 2000, bright and sunny, with a lovely view over the National Maritime Museum and Docklands. In front of me is a motley collection of fellow masochists, all guestimating less than my own six hour target.

Most are raising money for one good cause or another. In my case it is the Campaign for Stowe, to raise money for the proposed Library and Tutorial Centre. My sponsors come from a wide variety of relations, friends and business contacts. I am staggered by not only the number of sponsors but also their generosity. Although I have been involved in running in one way or another since leaving school I could not say I was in shape to attempt a marathon. Nevertheless I was swung round to the idea by a number of factors, not least that my son is a current pupil and I am very conscious of the school's need and desire to keep its facilities up to date. A winter's training should have put me in the necessary shape at least to complete the course. Hm! I seem to have spent as long on the physio's couch as on the treadmill, with my longest training run being a lap of Richmond Park, about 6 miles at most.

Even my altitude training, disguised as a skiing holiday a week before the big day, still found me unable to complete a simple loop of the village, although it did yield one major bonus. At the end of one outing up the main road I chanced upon a family of three huge eagles, soaring in the evening air above a rocky outcrop. What a sight! Fully six feet in wingspan with tips spread like fingers, just floating, wheeling and looking for dinner. Amazing! The race plan was therefore, shall we say, conservative. I reckoned on running six miles and alternately running and walking each mile onwards. With so much riding on finishing it was imperative to make it to The Mall before work on Monday. It took 20 minutes to clear the start-line, just as David Coleman tells us every year in his commentary, and only then was it possible



even to start jogging. Nothing but a carpet of runners stretched ahead, rippling with every undulation in the road.

Mile markers, drinks stations, portaloos (very popular given the instructions to drink plenty before as well as during the race!) and even a temporary shower, which you ran through like a car wash, came and went, and the crowd never seemed to thin out. 6 miles was passed too, with no discomfort and a real feeling of being part of something much larger than the sum of its parts. The colourful fancy dress, groups of team-mates supporting one or other of the large charities, people even older than I who have probably done several "Londons" or travelled the globe to similar events, a late-starting wheelchair athlete who used more energy asking for room than in forward propulsion; through all of this I trotted on and on, gradually working my way through the field.

Where did I hit the wall? This mystical barrier to any marathoner's progress is usually found around 20 miles. In the Docklands section from about 15 miles it was possible to speed up and I fear I went a bit too quickly because at 19 miles I said to myself that one more mile of running would do and then I would walk and eat the lunch I had been carrying (sandwich and Mars bar!). I completely missed the 20 mile marker so I had a late lunch from 21 to 23 miles, by which time I was back at the Tower and on the home stretch, relatively speaking. Surprisingly I managed to run on to the end to cross the line in four and a half hours, in 20,897th

place, still feeling in great shape and, amazingly, blisterless.

As a personal challenge and for the funds raised it was definitely very worthwhile and there is no doubt that after watching every preceding London Marathon on the TV I can now see what a huge buzz those who do it achieve. Stowe's Library and Tutorial Centre is expected to be the most significant educational development undertaken by the school in the next quarter century at least. I hope relating my experience in preparing for and running in this year's race will encourage volunteers to take up Stowe's five guaranteed marathon places for next year.



# Valete



## PDH

Paul Harris joined the music staff at Stowe as Head of Wind and Brass following the retirement of the redoubtable Bram Wiggins. A boy at Haberdashers Aske's, he went on to the Royal Academy where he continued to come under the strong influence of his great mentor and teacher John Davies. Professor Davies visited Stowe many times to give master classes and Paul and he published several books together. At the Academy Paul won the Augustus Manns Prize for outstanding performance in clarinet playing and studied composition with Timothy Baxter and conducting with Maurice Miles. Following a year doing his PGCE at the London Institute, he began teaching the Clarinet in schools, including Harrow.

PDH will always be synonymous with the Queen's Temple, a building which he made buzz with the excitement of music making. Many Stoics found a great welcome there and visitors were always provided with hot drinks, toast, jam and biscuits. He was, and is, an outstanding clarinet teacher and was able to enthuse in his pupils a love of playing and a motivation which made them even better players through practice. He was always researching the best methods of teaching and this led to several books which have become best-sellers. His book on sight reading has sold nearly 300,000 copies and he has gone on to produce a series called 'Improve Your Scales'.

PDH began as a composer with works of great educational value for the young instrumentalist, which were always enjoyable and fun to play. Many of these works, later published, were written for Stoics. In recent years he has written works for more advanced pupils and these have included the five 'Buckingham' Concertos for different combinations of instruments. His skill as a composer naturally led him on to teaching composition at Stowe where he showed his usual ability to get the best out of pupils.

One of his great joys at Stowe was the Clarinet Quartet, which he nurtured and brought to a very high level of performing skills. He often took this group on tour, both in this country and abroad and they were in considerable demand to play for functions here at Stowe and elsewhere. PDH also loved conducting the orchestra, and did so on many occasions with great success. His last concert included Weber's Clarinet Concerto performed by one of his outstanding pupils, Rupert Burchett. PDH also enjoyed being involved with house music making and his special gifts were evident in Grafton House where he had a long-standing attachment and was a tutor to the fourth and fifth forms.

In recent years PDH has been in considerable demand as an adjudicator and examiner. The need to do more writing and composing was very evident. It was a natural progression for him to decide to pursue a wider musical career. He will be sorely missed at Stowe. We are fortunate that he has been with us for so long and now wish him every success for the rest of his highly distinguished career.

JCG

## MAC

Mike Carpenter arrived in 1982 looking for a little part-time work "to keep his hand in teaching". Maurice Acton, interviewing him, commented he'd probably get the job because he'd fit in well with the other eccentric individuals who comprised the staff room at the time. He did, but Mike also happened to be experienced and qualified in mechanical engineering, teaching and silver-smithing, had taught himself wheel-wrighting, carriage-building and blacksmithing, had previously run a D&T department in Rickmansworth, had taught engineering technology and run a small farm in Zambia. Unsurprisingly he was appointed Head of Department in 1985, a role he continued until 1997.

This period saw unprecedented changes in CDT nationally and at Stowe. In 1985 there were six pupils doing GCSE and two A-level. There were two full-time assistant teachers, half a technician and a cleaner. The subject had had low status in all public schools for years: the Stowe workshops were built in 1952 purely to house a hobby (craftwork in metal and wood) and the staff then were not even members of the Common Room. When Mike first entered the workshops there were eight projects on the go, and these were all boats. When he handed over the Department there were over forty pupils taking GCSE and fifteen to twenty taking A-level each year, with countless others using the workshops in activity time for woodwork, metalwork, electronics, photography, with a network of CAD computers to hand. The workshop had become a place of social as well as academic interchange.

Under Mike's leadership the physical environment of the workshops has been transformed. He introduced the foundry, a mezzanine storage unit, a jewellery work area, extra classrooms, electronic benches, MIG welding, a spray booth and

dust and fume extraction, making it a prototyping workshop to be proud of. He also leaves a generation of Old Stoics with a knowledge of quality in manufacture and an appreciation of the effort and skill that goes into the making of things. With his broad experience he was able to teach his pupils to design in the fullest sense of the word: to think deeply, to learn to see situations from different points of view, to be patient, humble and listen to other's needs. His Quaker upbringing was as useful a reference point in all this as it was an antidote to his sometimes mercurial temperament.

Mike is a family man. He married Frankie while they were both training to be teachers, she of Art and he of Craft. They were soon joined in their wedded bliss by two daughters, Laura and Rachel, who shared their parents' adventures in Africa, Rickmansworth and Aylesbury. The recent, untimely loss of Frankie broke up a loving partnership of unusual strength and left a deep void in the family, but her spirit-memory keeps it together. It is hard to think about Mike without thinking about Frankie: it was truly a rainbow marriage, their mutual support strengthening both in their lives of service.

Mike remains busy. There has been an explosion in demand for his latest venture, the manufacture of top-quality polo mallets. He will also continue to manage the Stowe polo teams, an activity he has built up from scratch. Five years ago there were only three players. At present forty boys and girls play twice a week.

We shall therefore continue to benefit from his involvement in the school. In the meantime, however, we thank him for all his achievements on our behalf in the past nineteen years.

AGE





## JECH



James Henderson came to Stowe eleven years ago having graduated from Oxford, where he had been organ scholar at Exeter College. The post of Chapel Organist at Stowe was a new one and was only to be part-time so Jamie combined his work here with teaching piano and organ at various local schools and directing the Voluntary Choir of Christ Church, Oxford. Such was his calibre, however, that he was soon persuaded to become full-time.

He is without doubt an outstanding musician who can turn his considerable gifts to almost any type of music. In the Jazz Band, where he played the piano, he would improvise the most stylish accompaniments and was always ready to fill in when a gap appeared in the instrumental score. He thoroughly enjoyed directing musicals and he was in charge of the music for *Cabaret* and *Bugsy Malone*. These were superb productions and JECH's ability to bring the best out of people vocally was much in evidence.

As Chapel Organist he was a superb accompanist of both the choir and congregational singing. He has the ability to lift the singing of hymns by choice of registration and added harmonies. His enormous sense of fun and humour was never far away, even in Chapel, and such lines in hymns as 'let the organ thunder' and 'He hath sounded forth the trumpet' brought forth vigorous sounds from the organ. Voluntaries after the service and at the end of term often consisted of well known melodies from musicals or Christmas jingles. JECH's ability as an improviser is without match and I have often been eager to ask him at the end of the service who was the

composer of the organ voluntary, only to be told that he had made it up.

JECH is at his best musically when working with a group of singers and he did some marvellous work with the Chamber Choir, a group which he founded. He also did terrific work with the House Singing and it was very easy to tell which houses he had worked with. His choirs always sang with impeccable finesse, a warmth of sound and precise tuning. The works he wrote for the choirs were amongst some of their favourites and his short anthem 'Lord, not to us' was often used as Grace before a meal.

JECH took over Temple House six years ago and his firm, but fair approach made it really special. Temple, under JECH, became a real team with a strong bond, but, at the same time, his boys were much in evidence in all the various activities at Stowe. He had a wonderful rapport with everyone and had a deep interest in everyone's welfare. Those boys who were in Temple during his time were very fortunate in having such a devoted and successful Housemaster.

JECH and I came to Stowe at the same time and he has been a wonderful colleague to work with in the Music Department and we are all going to miss very much his musicianship and invaluable advice. Portsmouth Grammar School is very lucky to have a Director of Music of such outstanding ability. He has made a great mark at Stowe and left an enormous legacy and we wish him and Sammy all the best for the future.

JCG

## JLHJ

Jane Hamblett-Jahn – “Miss Ham” – came to Stowe in 1991 to teach Economics and Politics and to be Under-housemistress of Nugent. With her subversive sense of humour she enjoyed herself from her very first day when new parents mistook her for the Head of House, and if the truth were told, part of her has been reluctant to grow up ever since, as generations of Nugent and Lyttelton girls can testify. Intensely competitive, she threw herself into coaching swimming and, in particular, netball, which she ran for much of her time at Stowe, as well as walking on D of E expeditions and running the CCF Proficiency. She taught her subject with equal passion, never at a loss for an answer or, more likely, a question. No one could get very far down the corridors of Nugent when Miss Ham was on duty without being caught up in an intense – and frequently enlightening – explanation of the effect of interest rates on unemployment, or the impact of Thatcherism.

As a tutor she was second to none, quick to spot – and shame – the girl or boy who was trying to get away with less than their best, and constantly pushing her tutees to ever greater efforts. She made it her business to know her pupils supremely well and spent quantities of time and effort advising on universities, Gap projects or careers. Above all, her phenomenal memory meant that it was virtually impossible to get away with anything. If you were in her class or tutor group, she had you taped, remembered all your sins and your successes, and by and large you gave up the unequal struggle after a while and began to see things her way.

JLHJ was a firm believer in travel as an educational experience, and during her time at Stowe she herself joined in a whole variety of expeditions – to Romania with the Community Service group, to Russia with the Historians and to South America with the Biologists, not to mention an expedition to Nepal and a trip to Holland for the Model European Parliament which she supported wholeheartedly. As if this didn't keep her busy enough, she produced *Black Comedy* with Emma Taylor and was for several years the School's principal advisor on entrance to American universities.

Within three years of her arrival, JLHJ started her bid for world domination, firstly taking on the running of the Economics Department; then in the following year



marrying Michael Jahn, who originally came to Stowe for a year as the German language assistant but somehow never made it back to Germany; and the year after that, to the dismay of Nugent, she became Housemistress of Lyttelton. Running a boarding house and a department simultaneously kept even JLHJ pretty busy, however, and after four years she handed on the Economics Department to PSR and devoted herself to Lyttelton and its girls.

Stowe was to become something of a family business with the appointment of her sister, Leah, to the teaching staff, and it is a tribute to the forceful Hamblett character – and perhaps to the touching Stoic belief in the power of the academic staff – that the English department found themselves marking essays on the subject of “Hamblett, Prince of Denmark”. You certainly couldn't ignore JLHJ. She did have the natural advantage of height, of course, and secretly found it intensely annoying when confronted with girls who were just as tall as she was, or worse, taller. Her temper if she was crossed was only equalled by her devotion to her pupils – in particular to the girls in Lyttelton – and by her determination to win every match she was ever involved in. Perhaps above all, most of us, pupils and staff alike, will remember being teased by JLHJ. With great charm she spotted our weaknesses, discovered by some strange osmosis of which she was master, all the things we wanted to keep secret, and made us blush. Revenge is sweet, however, and very occasionally, if you hit the right spot, you could watch her turn red as a sunset, swing her hair shyly across her face and squirm gently like one of her pupils.

JLHJ has given enormous quantities of herself to the School and its pupils, and her generosity of spirit was and is highly valued by all for whom she cared so much. Those of us who worked with her valued in addition the mature good sense which made her such an effective counsellor, and the “can do” philosophy which meant that she was ready to take on almost any challenge. She, Micha, Schnorli the cat and a staggering array of computers are leaving Stowe this summer to move nearer to Micha's work and to discover the delights of a life lived without the roller-coaster highs and lows of 45 different kinds of adolescence. More than many, she will miss her charges. More than many, she will be missed.

REM

## KFD

KFD came to Stowe in 1993 straight from Oxford, and was immediately successful teaching Maths, quickly establishing an exacting, purposeful atmosphere at once strict and fair. Thus it was that, outraged and baffled by Stoics humming quietly in her lessons, she sensibly sought advice as to the fair thing to do: stop blaming them for the noise emanating from practising cars at Silverstone, as it turned out in this case.

She was the first Under-housemistress of the gender-changed Lyttelton House, and the Third Form tutor in Chandos, where she immediately scored the striking success of organising her tutees into a deadpan rendition of Cinderella that provoked the Headmaster into genuine laughter. Despite this and further intriguing roles at Chandos At Homes, it was not on stage but in the Navy, on the Hockey fields and in the swimming pool that she devoted most of her extra-curricular energies, running mathematically methodical but good-humoured practices

As Lyttelton expanded she moved into the newly-formed annexe and then, as Emma Taylor's family ambitions expanded into a maternity leave, Karen became Housemistress, an



experience which apparently led her to resolve to become a Head of Department as soon as possible.

Many meetings of her philosophical scholars group, the XX Club, and one typically creative and efficient school timetable later, she became Head of Maths and moved to Nugent in 1998.

Karen's extraordinary bravery and undaunted cheerfulness of spirit swept her through a terrifying health crisis, from which she had no sooner emerged than she was pursuing mountain leadership qualifications and skiing injuries. She leaves without either as yet, though well on her way to the former, in order to become Head of Maths at Hampton School where she will be able to pursue yet another new interest – going out in the evenings and having weekends.

We shall miss her: her sense of fun, her passion for Maths and other intellectual challenges, her habit of being too enthusiastic in the mornings, her efficiency, her precision and neatness of mind, and even her characteristic phrase used to express her deepest disapprobation: 'seriously out of order'. Hampton had better not be: we wish her well there.

SGAH

## FAB

When Fiona Baddeley reminded me that she had been at Stowe for six years, I was surprised that it was not longer, so central and so much valued has she become within our Stowe community.

Fiona is an immensely talented lady who wears her scholarship and her ability with extreme modesty. Having graduated from the University of York with a First Class Honours degree in English, she took her M.A. in Art History at the Courtauld Institute, where she also organised exhibitions and gave lectures, as she has done for the Tate Gallery and the Open University.

Fiona's subsequent range of teaching has been wide and varied. She has taught in a preparatory school, a Special Education Unit for truants and young offenders in London, a Community College and at Nairobi Academy in Kenya. She has published work on the French Impressionists and on Cranach.

At Stowe, Fiona has been a Sixth Form Tutor and, for the duration of her stay, Under-housemistress at Nugent. As a teacher of English, Fiona has been as happy with E4D as with the cleverest A-level set, and equally skilful with both. She is an imaginative, patient but demanding teacher who succeeds in eliciting very good work from her pupils. She has a perceptive and scholarly sense of literature and, in her quiet way, insisted upon a high standard from Stoics, setting an example through her own meticulous work.



Fiona will probably best be remembered at Stowe for her immense contribution to school drama.

She co-directed *Our Country's Good*. She choreographed, at very short notice, *Godspell*, while also supervising the technical aspects of that production. She directed *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Oh! What a Lovely War*, in which she also took over an acting role at the last minute. She acted in Arvind David's production of *Arcadia* on the South Front.

Fiona's two most recent Congreve productions were as contrasting as they were memorable. The direction, acting, singing and dancing in *Grease* were superb and no member of the audience could fail to have been impressed by the sheer quality of the production in every aspect.

Having seen *Hamlet* so often, usually done badly, even by famous professional companies, I was dreading another school production of the great play. However, I was delighted to join in the general acclaim which Fiona's *Hamlet*, with Christian Roe as the eponymous hero, justly received. Her production was widely regarded as a remarkable achievement and it seemed extraordinary to me that she could teach young people to speak and act Shakespeare so exceptionally well, so imaginatively co-ordinating all the details of a truly sophisticated production, firmly rooted in the text and yet originally presented.

In addition, Fiona has directed numerous House plays and, annually, the plays put on by the A-level Theatre Studies specialists. Fiona has greatly enjoyed teaching Theatre Studies and has assisted in choosing the most appropriate syllabus and in adapting it to classroom and theatre. Numbers of pupils taking the subject have remained healthy and, as in English, Fiona's results have been very good indeed. She is a most painstaking, stimulating and imaginative teacher.

Fiona's First Class degree in English has ensured a textual foundation to her teaching of Drama. Her productions are characterised by great attention to detail and, above all, by a genuine awareness of language in all its registers.

Having run Stowe Drama very successfully for the year when DSB was in Australia, it was natural that Fiona should want to move on to run her own Department. Blundell's School at Tiverton in Devon will thus be the fortunate recipients of all her skill and imaginative intelligence. Many of Fiona's colleagues and pupils are aware that they will be losing an inspirational colleague and teacher and an utterly charming and gracious friend. We shall greatly miss Fiona (and Chalky, her friendly white cat) from Garden Lodge, where she has done wonders to the private, sunny, little garden and we wish them all success and happiness in the land of Lorna Doone, Francis Drake, cream teas and scrumpy.

Did Fiona have any weaknesses? Not really... well, except, perhaps, for KEYS...

PASF

## JAM

During Anne Miller's time at Stowe there has been a large cautionary notice above the door to her classroom; **WARNING. YOU ARE NOW ENTERING A THINKING ZONE.** I always thought that was so apt. It very much characterised her approach to teaching; always ready to stimulate, provoke, present another view, making sure that there was no theological stone left unturned in her mission to educate maturing minds.

One could catch a glimpse of this in action on wandering past Room 29; the flurry of words, the rapid (almost tortuous) arm and hand movements, deftly unwrapping arguments and explanations. It was exciting and thrilling stuff. This all meant, however, that my heart often sank at the start of a year when the new timetable revealed that I would be taking an UVith set in the period immediately after Anne. I knew from experience that they would arrive desperate for some academic relief after an intense and mind-stretching lesson on the finer points of the Fourth Gospel.

GCSE was equally impressive. Her finest hour probably came with the results of her Fifth Form set last summer; 21 pupils in total, and 16 gained either a Grade A or an A\*.

Anne came to Stowe in the summer of 1997, after a somewhat convoluted path that took her from Theology at Cambridge, work at Edinburgh Castle, running her own business, a PGCE at Herriot Watt University, Head of PSE at Fettes (to much acclaim), a Head of Department's post



locally, before being asked to take on the Theology Department at Stowe. The ink was not quite dry on that contract before the chance to succeed REM in Nugent presented itself and the rest is history (rather than Theology?). Anne is quite simply a highly-gifted communicator and one of those individuals who is a born teacher – and that across a range of subjects. I can never forget the moment at the start of this academic year when a rather confused young man wandered into what was the initial AS Philosophy lesson. Anne was still in the process of sorting out names and lists, and as soon as this unfortunate fellow appeared at the door, he was met with (and remember, this was a Philosophy class): “Well, who are you, – and what are you doing here?” To this day I'm still not sure whether he was meant to reply with something obvious like his name, or with something far more profound that might have revealed his incipient feel for the subject. I prefer the latter; it would be indicative of Anne's ability to cut straight to the heart of an argument or issue, demonstrated of course on numerous occasions in Housemasters' meetings, formal and otherwise.

Anne's departure will leave a gap; I know that she will be a hard act to follow late at night after Club around the Nugent steps (part of Stowe's folklore) and it will be asking a great deal of BTF to similarly serenade 'her girls' in song as part of the 'At Home' entertainments. And will the staff hockey team be able to find a replacement goalkeeper? Certainly Nugent will not be the same without her. I know that she was held in high regard by her girls, and the quality of the House that she is handing on is a tribute to her. We extend our thanks and very best wishes to her as she moves on to take up the position of Director of Studies at St. Helen's and St. Catherine's College, Abingdon, and feel confident that there will be occasions when a cheery hail from across the High Street announces her presence!

AD

## PSTJD

“The Island of Grand Bahama! Where is that?” Paul Davies asked over a coffee during the Easter holidays. “In the Carribean, lovely beaches, excellent golf courses,” I replied. “That sounds like my sort of place. Head of Maths on a paradise island, here I come!”

Following a laid-back chat with the headmistress on the phone, he was offered a job and so after four happy years here he takes up his new post as from August. Paul has given much time and effort in many areas of life during his time here. He has been a popular Under-housemaster in Chandos for three years where he gave AD valued help and support.

He has taught Maths to all year groups, combining a thorough knowledge of the subject with engaging stories of future conquests on the golf course, darts board or even Gladiators!

Outside the classroom, he has coached hockey successfully throughout the winter terms, giving the junior teams an excellent grounding in the basics of the game. His main interest, and talking point, was a sport he was to spend many



hours playing and reading about. As master i/c Junior Golf he finally got his dream activity choice. He made rapid progress up the rankings and was more than willing to detail his latest victory to all able to hear. Maths classes were a captive audience. They had no option! Paul also made an excellent job of handling The Stowe Putter and ran a very successful championship.

The staff room and many pupils will miss 'Davies'. We wish him a hurricane-free and extremely happy future in his new port. Prepare for a few visitors in the holidays!

RCS

## TJE

Timothy Ellis joined the Maths Department in September 1998 following a commission in the Royal Navy as an engineer and some years teaching at Hereford Cathedral School. He has thrown himself into all aspects of the boarding life at Stowe: coaching sailing and Eton fives, organising American University Applications and more recently working as Assistant Head of Careers, continuing his interest in the Navy by running the CCF Naval Section; and so the list goes on. He has seen many boys through his care as a Lower School Tutor in Grenville where he has also been involved in weekly duties.

It has been a great pleasure to work with Timothy. Above all he has been exceptionally professional and his quietly spoken manner belies a witty sense of humour. We wish him and his wife Alison and son Matthew well, as they move back to the West Country for Timothy to take up his new appointment at Prior Park School.

KFD

## ADB

Gus Barnes arrived in Stowe in April 1999 with the intention to stay for the Summer Term. The purpose of his visit was to finish his teaching practical as part of his degree at the Australian College of Physical Education. We finally managed to get rid of him in April 2001 and it is fair to say that Stowe is much the poorer since his departure.

Initially helping out within the PE Department and attached to Grafton House, it was clear to observe from the outset that he was an able student and not a character to be trifled with. Unsurprisingly he gained the respect of the Stoics and Common Room in a very short space of time. He left Stowe a fully qualified teacher and one who was regarded as a friend by many of his colleagues and Stoics alike.

Gus is a real all-rounder. He coached rugby, hockey and cricket as well as becoming a fully-fledged member of the PE Department. His interests lie in so many sports yet his



passion remains in swimming. It was in this arena that Stoics were able to benefit from a real talent. Not only is he an excellent coach but also an adept exponent of the sport himself; a talent that he insists was learnt from swimming away from sharks.

His enthusiasm was infectious and it is true to say that the current state of the School Swimming Club is in no small part down to him. So many have benefited from his patient guidance as a coach. Hundreds of early morning swimmers have been grateful to him for letting them into a warm swimming pool often in the depths of mid-winter when all around was still dark and at times white.

Gus moved on to become Tutor of the Walpole House Fifth Form and became a vital member of the House team. Unfortunately he was not able to finish this year at Stowe owing to problems with his work visa. To his great disappointment and our annoyance he was forced to return to Australia.

Gus's professionalism was clear to see throughout his two years at Stowe and he has returned to Sydney to pursue a career in teaching. He leaves behind good friends and fine memories with those he helped at Stowe. He has that vital quality in any schoolmaster. He genuinely cares about those in his charge. We wish him well.

DGB

## JANE BUXTON

Jane Buxton arrived at Stowe from Roedean in September 1989 to work as Matron in Grafton House for James Larcombe. Twelve years, and one Housemaster later, Jane is retiring and planning on dividing her life between her canal boat exploring Britain's waterways and her cottage in La Rochelle in Western France.

Whenever there is a meeting of Old Graftonians of a certain – and most fortunate – vintage and the subject turns to their schooldays, Jane will, I suspect, provide a rich vein of conversation. Men in City pubs will raise a glass and toast her total devotion to her charges. They will remember her as someone who had an open door no matter what time of day or night; her endless provisioning of bread, toast, juice and, on those special baking days, her famous cakes; her celebrated "eggy bread" dispensed to all-comers on Sunday mornings in place of breakfast. At select dinner parties wives will listen to recollections of Jane's sedulous care of their husbands and boyfriends when they were ill. At rural point-to-points in beer tents, long lost school friends will recount her many and unique usages of the English language which became such a rich part of Grafton life; "decoking", "gubbing out" to name but a few.

Most of all, however, they will remember her, as one always remembers the most memorable of those members of staff to whom we are exposed at school, not only because of her utter professionalism but also because of her personality. In Jane Buxton they will remember someone of very strongly held ideals. A private person who seemed to thrive in the chaotic life of a boarding school. A person deeply committed



to her family: her sister in her beloved Anglesey and her son, Adam, a Cambridge philosophy graduate in America. They will remember her Luddite distrust of technology (except for the medium of e-mail!) and her illegible and unintelligible handwriting. They will recall her countrywoman's love of the English countryside, her devotion to Stowe and her interest in hunting and the Stowe Beagles. Those of us who knew her better will also know of her keen appreciation of literature and poetry and her disdain of cant and artifice. Some of us who were privileged to come across Jane in holiday mood will also fondly recall her love of good English ale and the odd puff or two on a cigarette.

We all wish her the very best in her retirement and hope that she, and her newly acquired "canal dog" Willow, will find lots of lovely hostelrys along the canal bank to serve her a pint or two of Shepherd Neame's "Bishop's Finger". Thus refreshed, she can muse on her twelve wonderful years with us.

CHJ

## DKOG

Di Gamble joined Stowe in 1989 as a part-time coach of the Lacrosse and Tennis teams. However, the title 'part-time' does not accurately describe Di's contribution to Stowe. From the very beginning it was obvious to us all how passionately keen and enthusiastic she was about both Lacrosse and Tennis. The



Lacrosse girls in her care and the young boys and girls in the tennis teams have all greatly appreciated her dedication and benefited considerably from her expertise.

It was no surprise to see the Lacrosse team go through two unbeaten seasons during Di's last two years. Indeed, to attain the distinction of coaching the only 6th Form co-educational girls' school team to reach the final of the National Schools Competition was a tremendous achievement, and one of which Di can be very proud.

Di moves on to Winchester House School in Brackley, to a completely different role as IT Assistant, and I know how fortunate they are to have her. Di will be sadly missed at Stowe, not only for her commitment to the sports she became so involved with, but also as a friend and colleague in the Common Room. We wish her well in her new venture and are especially glad that her move will only take her a short distance away, from where she will still be able to keep an eye on the progress of 'her' Lacrosse and Tennis teams in the future.

LEW

## AAD

Abigail Donaldson has now completed her year exchange from Harvard University and is back in America studying to be a paediatrician. Abigail has had a very active year at Stowe where she has been teaching History and American Studies which she has enjoyed. Over the past year Miss



Donaldson has run the London Marathon in which she raised £300 for the Harvard Fellowship and £150 for Breast Cancer Campaign. It was one of the highlights of her year. She has also been involved in the Pitt Society, which travelled to America this year, and through which she feels she saw America in a new light. Abigail has also commented on how welcome she has felt at Stowe and of Stoics' ability to socialise in a mature fashion.

DOMINIC SULLIVAN

## THM

Tom Marshall joined the Languages Department at the start of the year to teach Spanish and French and, as a bonus, brought with him his wife Annemarie who taught Dutch to our A-level candidates and to some Lower School pupils.

THM guided his classes to GCSE and to A-level and contributed a great deal to the extra-curricular life of the school. He coached hockey, squash and tennis and was a tutor in Chandos House and proved to be more than a match for many of the would-be squash experts on the staff! He also gave freely of his time at weekends to help individual pupils and to fulfil his school duties in spite of the inconvenience of the regular trips to and from home in Oxford. We thank Tom for his contribution to the school and wish him every success in the future.

SJBA

## DON CLARK

Don Clark, a pupil of the legendary Frederick 'Jack' Thurston, taught the clarinet and saxophone at Stowe for over twenty years. His loyalty, reliability and good humour encouraged many a Stowe musician to stick at their playing – his pupils rarely gave up. Whether their aspirations were to play the Mozart concerto or, more modestly, as in my case, to enjoy some simple jazz, Don was always able to oblige. He is now to be found teaching, playing tennis and supporting charity work in his nearby Newport Pagnell home.

I.R.D. SHARP

## COMMON ROOM NEWS

### Salvete

During the course of the last year the following new arrivals were warmly welcomed into the world: Matthew Ellis, Harry Henderson, Harry Ruben, Maya Tearle and Harry Vernon

### Marriages

Congratulations to Paul Armstrong on his marriage this summer to Vivien Ayres of the SSES office, to Gwen Wikart on her marriage to Barnaby Sandow (who will be teaching Physics at Stowe from September) and to the Headmaster's daughter, Lucy Nichols, who was married in Stowe Chapel this August.

Sir Peter Leslie,  
Chairman of the Governors,  
1994–2001



**GW**  
**(Modern Languages)**



# Salvete

Gwen Wikart has joined the Modern Languages Department to teach both her native French and German. Originally from Normandy, she came to England in 1998 as an assistant at Abingdon School, and stayed on to do her PGCE at Westminster College, Oxford. Her interests include horse-riding, basketball, badminton and sailing.

Dr Tim Bailey was born in Manchester and was educated at Lancaster, New York and Nottingham. He has worked as a Modern Languages lecturer in London, Liverpool and Chester. His interests include horse racing and thoroughbred breeding, Romanticism, Enlightenment thought, women writers of the nineteenth century, Germany, karate, running, Indian cuisine, cooking Italian food and going to the River Café restaurant in London! He has a daughter, Erin, aged two, who is his biggest pastime!

Brian Johnson arrived in January as the new Head of Art, taking over from Guy Scott who briefly returned after the departure of Morag McInnes in July 2000.

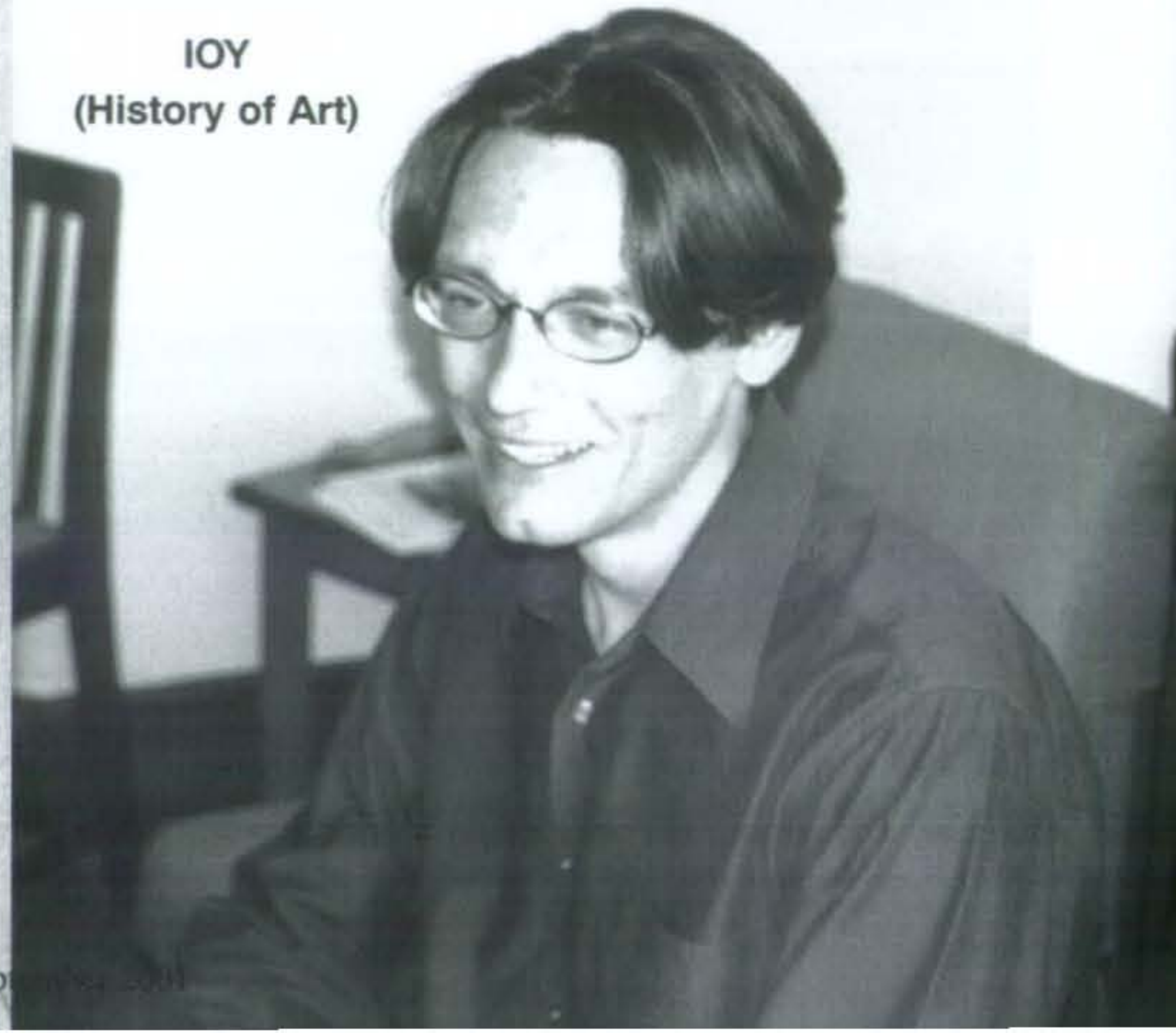
**TJHB**  
**(Modern Languages)**



**JDWB**  
**(OS Manager)**



**IOY**  
**(History of Art)**







ZJF  
(Music)



GA  
(Art)



MCE  
(Theology)

It has been a strange but wonderful experience for George Irvine having to be a new boy all over again. As a student at Stowe he spent as much time in the Art School as was possible. He was taught by Guy Scott, alongside whom he has since taught! He did a PGCE only two years ago at Exeter, having been a practising artist since leaving the Slade in 1994. Primarily he is a teacher but still likes to “practise what I preach” and has a studio at home. He married Victoria in July 1999.

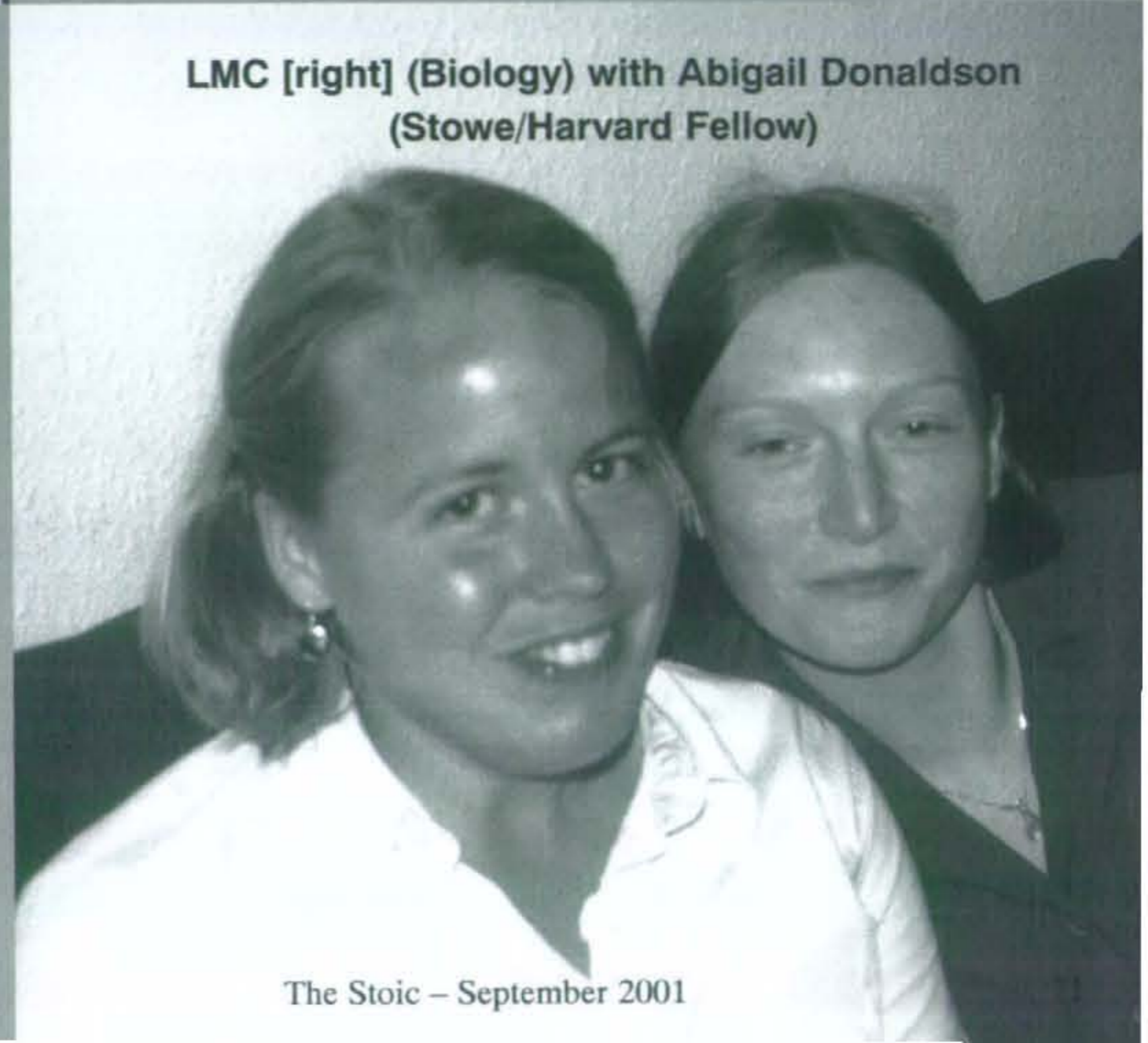
Christine (Chrissy) Lawrance-Thorne is a part-time teacher of French who moved with her family to Buckingham in October 1999. She spent four years in Russia because of her husband’s work in St Petersburg and Moscow. While there she taught French to multi-national classes at the Anglo-American Schools, learnt Russian on the hoof and had a marvellous time “in spite of the occasional frustrations of life in that amazing country”.

Mark Edwards is the new Chaplain’s Assistant. He graduated in June from Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, where he read Greats, played rugby and badminton, and was an active member of the Oxford Inter-Collegiate Christian Union. His interests include golf, playing the piano, and all kinds of quizzes.

Alan Tydeman arrived at Stowe just before the end of the Easter Term 2000. Alan has been teaching Mathematics for over 30 years as well as some Physics. He started teaching at Pockingless School in 1968 for three years and has spent 20 years in New Zealand followed by 7 years in Australia. Alan’s main extra-curricular interest is rugby.

We also welcomed last year Zoe Fairbairn, Louise Carter, Iain Young and John Bridgwood (OS).

LMC [right] (Biology) with Abigail Donaldson  
(Stowe/Harvard Fellow)



## SALVE

The Temple mural, at the top of the Temple stairs



## VALETE

The two artists, Henry Leon and Tom Kemble



## BRYAN MARTIN

With the untimely death of Bryan Martin, Stowe lost an outstanding leader of the Maintenance Staff who served the School loyally and conscientiously for nearly half a century. Muir Temple and Charles Macdonald have both paid him admirable and well merited tributes, on his leaving Stowe, in the 1996 edition of *The Stoic* and it seems particularly poignant that he was granted so little time to enjoy his well earned retirement.

After a brief engineering apprenticeship at Hartriges in Buckingham, followed by National Service in the Royal Artillery, during which he rose to rank of Sergeant, he joined the Maintenance Staff at Stowe in the early 1950s. He was eventually appointed Chief Engineer and, in 1973 when it was evident that he had a complete grasp and control of the whole Maintenance department, was appointed Clerk of Works.

For forty-four years, Bryan applied himself with whole-hearted dedication to the material well-being of Stowe. Thoroughly professional and conscientious in whatever he took on and having acquired an unrivalled encyclopaedic knowledge of Stowe's geographical complexities, he was ever ready to tackle emergencies as they arose. As Muir Temple remarked, he was often his own worst enemy in that when rung up at home with the latest disaster, he would never suggest how it should be dealt with but would be up himself to sort it out. I well remember one Sunday lunch time when, if I recollect correctly, the Archbishop of Canterbury was at Stowe having preached in Chapel, and a highly agitated Headmaster telephoned me to intimate that a manhole in his garden was erupting with Vesuvius-like vigour pouring a cascade of sewage across his lawn. Bryan, when advised, reacting with typical sang froid, came straight up and accurately deducing the source of the problem (a rugby jersey flushed down a loo in a boarding house) sorted the blockage and saved the day!

They say no-one is indispensable but Bryan came as near to that as anyone. The Headmaster might go off on a six months' sabbatical, with the Second Master holding the fort, with scarce a ripple but when Bryan took a very infrequent holiday, universal agitation seemed to ensue. Repeated Housemasters' cries of "when is he getting back?" always preceded any conversation. Bryan exercised great diplomacy in keeping everyone reasonably happy in the face of the unending demands for work to be done. He was immensely tactful in ensuring a fair balance was maintained and that no-one unnecessarily jumped the queue. The only exception I recall was with Stowe's late, formidable and redoubtable Caterer, 'Flora'. When she wanted any work done in her Empire, she would bear down on Bryan like a vast Spanish Galleon under full canvas and before laying down her imperious demand would invariably preface it with "You can either make or mar my day". Nobody in the School, not even the Headmaster, could resist such blandishments and Bryan was no exception.

Bryan was a modest, patient and self-effacing individual. Yet many of us still retain a clear picture of Bryan in the Employees Club at lunch time holding court in company with



Cyril Atkins and surrounded by old stalwarts such as Louis, Duggie, Dan, Dennis, Ted, Lionel etc. Although Bryan devoted his working life to Stowe, he had a wide variety of outside interests. He was a keen golfer and you would often see him on the course with members of his staff in the evening. Bryan was an enthusiastic Mason of long standing, eventually honoured by being elected Grand Master of the Buckingham Lodge as well as being invited to an Honorary membership of the Stowe Lodge.

Undoubtedly his main recreational passion lay in Narrow Boats. He bought a delightful house on the Grand Union Canal in Milton Keynes and built a jetty at the bottom of the garden where he kept his own narrow boat which he fitted out himself. He enjoyed the companionship of other Narrow Boat enthusiasts and was elected and remained as Commodore of the Navigation Cruising Club for six years.

Bryan married his charming wife soon after joining Stowe. This was a particularly happy marriage in which Cathy gave her full support to Bryan. They were very proud of their two sons, Bruce and Owen, and were broken hearted when Bruce died prematurely fairly recently (but not before presenting Bryan and Cathy with two grandsons). In his time, Bryan has played a major role supporting Stowe and it might appear that it now takes four people to do what Bryan did single-handedly a few years ago. Bryan's final days at Stowe were not his happiest, especially as cancer was possibly beginning to take its toll.

Nevertheless he always cherished his memories of his earlier happier times at Stowe and greatly appreciated the generous retiring donation from the Common Room which he put towards his Narrow Boat. He will be much missed by his many friends.

MALCOLM BURLEY, BURSAR 1973-1986

## JONATHAN KREEGER



Jonathan was one of those rare personalities big enough to have stepped straight out of the pages of a novel. Though perhaps, with his sense of drama, we should rather imagine him stepping out of a play. There he is, out-doing Frankie Howard in a Roman comedy, (his natural habitat as a classicist), or punning his way through *Twelfth Night* as Feste, ridding us of our melancholy with the finest mimicry this side of Illyria. It was that wonderful sense of fun which most characterised Jonathan, and which perhaps today is the thing we miss most of all, as we adjust to the business of mourning his untimely death.

I was lucky enough to enjoy that sense of fun, on and off, over a long period. One of my first classes at Stowe was a Fifth Form Greek set, with Jonathan to the fore, as ever, punning his way through the set texts. In the Sixth Form we met again, not least to study *The Wasps*; that is, when we weren't brewing up the Earl Grey or discussing the enthusiasm of the moment. As we went through Aristophanes' play he was also writing his own modern adaptation, purely as a spare-time extra. Just for fun. The Kreeger *Wasps*, translated to the world of Joe Gormley and miners' strikes, was a masterpiece.

But there was much more to Jonathan than a quick wit. He always had a commitment to hard work which was phenomenal, almost an exaggerated sense of duty. Hence, as a Stoic, his Herculean labour in learning Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue*, note by note, before playing it in public with the school orchestra. A record survives, and it still sounds pretty good.

But there was more, again, than simply this strong, driven desire to succeed. Jonathan at Stowe in those far-off 1970's somehow epitomised the tone of the place, a kind of cultured insouciance, totally at one with the tongue-in-cheek landscapes and architecture of those eighteenth-century grandees. He epitomised too the Stowe tradition of the multi-talented all-rounder, passed down to us by the likes of Kent and Vanbrugh. Jonathan was a fount of knowledge on a whole host of esoteric subjects, starting, of course, with the Marx Brothers. No wonder he represented, with distinction, Corpus Christi, Cambridge on University Challenge. His memory

was phenomenal. 'Oh, I've caught up at last with *Une Si Jolie Petite Plage*,' said JSK one day in the Common Room. 'You know, that Gérard Philipe film you once said was so brilliant.' It must have been a good fifteen years earlier.

He could have become, without a doubt, a successful professional entertainer. A modern Feste, perhaps a chat-show host, though he could sing, dance and act as well as tell the most engaging stories. His wit crackled and fizzed like bacon in the pan. He could always offer the right voice for the right occasion. And often only a look was enough, a quick cheeky grin, to make you collapse, when you didn't want to, on the most serious of occasions. He hated pomposity and dullness, and undercut both mercilessly.

But, instead of fame in the media, he opted for the greater security of the world of teaching. First at Papplewick, then Cranleigh, Stowe, and Dulwich. There was the same crackle and fizz wherever he went, the same recipe of scholarship and fun.

He spent five of his twenty Stowe terms with us in Chatham, technically as resident underhousemaster but really as part of our small family. He was just possibly at his happiest at this time, secure in the knowledge that he was doing more than a first-rate job, and that his Midas touch, inside and outside the classroom, was really working. His ambitions and talents, however, took him onwards to the housemastership of Temple, where he did great things for some time, before gradually finding it less and less easy to unwind. 'The spring is wound up tight,' says the sardonic chorus in Anouilh's *Antigone*. 'It will uncoil of itself. That is what is so convenient in tragedy.'

He had come to Stowe as master in charge of drama. A whose series of *de luxe* productions ensued. *Damn Yankees*, *The Magistrate*, *Our Town* and *After Magritte* all set impossibly high standards in their own particular genres. That he was a supremely demanding director was not always to everyone's taste. But the majority would raise their game by several notches to meet his own exacting definition of the word 'commitment', and thereby learnt lessons for life.

Just occasionally there were glimpses of the director as actor:

*'arf a sixpence  
is better than 'arf a penny  
is better than 'arf a farthing  
is better than none...*

There was more than a little of Bud Flanagan about him as he recreated Kipps in the Roxburgh Hall so expertly. Earlier, just after joining the Common Room, he had played one of Doolittle's coster friends in *My Fair Lady*. He knew the script backwards, and his face on stage was always a picture as John Dobinson, a polished but somewhat unpredictable Doolittle, would tour around Bernard Shaw's words.

So many images fought with each other on that afternoon when the grim news of his sudden, accidental death came through. Jonathan taking infinite pains with a struggling Latinist who really cared. Jonathan raising the roof with a struggling Ancient Historian who really didn't. Jonathan waving around a House Music trophy as if it were the FA

Cup. Jonathan, the most skilful of chefs, producing his latest concoction with a pride he just couldn't disguise. Jonathan brimful with presents collected from the airport shop on return from his beloved Greece. Jonathan with his even more beloved Bramble (or was it Bramble with her beloved Jonathan?)

*But when I'm with you,  
one and one make two  
and likewise*

*two 'arf sixpences, joined together, make one...*

The wit had coruscated and cascaded, for everyone who cared to appreciate it, day after day. It was clearly too good to last. And it didn't. The coruscations dimmed, the cascade became a trickle. And now we mourn. But he wouldn't have wanted that. (Good madonna, why mourn'st thou?) The original Feste was nothing if not resilient. His final, brave verses echo down the ages:

*A great while ago the world began,  
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain.  
But that's all one, our play is done...*

And our Feste, though he ended up as short of years as he was of inches, will continue to echo down all the lives he so remarkably touched. *Requiescas, mi amice, in pace merita.*

TONY MEREDITH



I first met Jonathan Kreeger at the very beginning of my second term at Stowe. My Third Form Latin set were to have a new teacher and on that cold January morning we were all waiting with the impatient indifference of all good school-children. Little did we know what was in store. Soon enough, the top of a head, covered in thick, curly, black hair appeared at the lower panes of the door. Suddenly the door opened and a small but forceful bundle of energy strode purposefully to the front of the class. I do not think that any of us then knew what to make of this new arrival, largely because we were never given time to reflect. For the next two and a half years Latin lessons were either eagerly anticipated or dreaded, mostly loved, occasionally hated; but they were never, never dull.

JSK had that unfathomable ability of all great teachers to entertain a class and hold their interest while educating them almost without anyone noticing. He had a vast repertoire of jokes, anecdotes and imitations, all of which were so full of character that they became instantly recognisable despite, at most, only a passing acquaintance with the person in question. He taught us about film; he taught us about literature; he taught us to do 1 Across on the Times Crossword; he carried us along on the tidal wave of his enthusiasm and all the while he guided us as we jumped through the tedious hoops of the irksome GCSE syllabus. He did this with such success that out of eighteen pupils, thirteen got As.

If there was one thing about JSK on which everyone agreed, it was that he never gave less than all of himself to whatever activity it was on which he was presently engaged. Whether it was in teaching, for which he had a very rare aptitude, drama, whether practised consciously for the

Congreve or unconsciously everywhere (he had enormous natural flair for the dramatic), nurturing *The Voice* on its way to becoming an award-winning school newspaper, or house-mastering, which he loved but which drained him precisely because he gave it everything, he showed utter dedication. I remember evenings when we were allowed out of 'prep' to go to his flat in Temple and watch the old BBC adaptation of 'I, Claudius', stuffing ourselves on nibbles and JSK's fabulous banoffi pie and nearly killing ourselves laughing at whatever comments he chose to add as we watched.

I think that what impressed us more than anything about JSK was the astounding depth and breadth of his knowledge, which seemingly encompassed everything from the Classics, to opera, to history, and to everyone's favourite, film. He appeared to know all there was to know and was never short of an amusing tale or two to complement that knowledge. What I have come to acknowledge in later years, however, is that the most important aspect of his character was that he cared. He was unfailingly encouraging of any sign of any talent, helped even the shyest and most recalcitrant boys to find their niche and thrive and always had time to listen to problems, however paranoid. His achievements as a house-master stand as a testament to this.

I kept in touch with Jonathan after I left Stowe, and he became as dear as a friend as he had been inspirational as a teacher. To say that I miss him is redundant. To say that before his tragic early death I was still learning from him, years after I had ceased to be his pupil, is, perhaps, a more fitting tribute.

MARK CHAMBERLAIN  
(GRENVILLE 93)

# Old Stoic Obituaries

## Old Stoic distinction

### Roderick Gradidge ~ Architect

In a sane England, the man to whom we were all making our farewells would have been asked to design our great public buildings. The obituaries spoke of his beautiful re-ordering of the National Portrait Gallery, which has now been insensitively done away with. They reminded us of his skillful pastiche Gothick Library at Easton Neston, in Northants, the gothic conservatory at Cholmondeley Castle, in Cheshire, or the many pubs which he reinvented in a jolly eclectic style. They reminded us that he was the greatest expert on the Arts and Crafts Style, and that his restorations and extensions of Lutyens buildings were based on deep knowledge of and identification with the great man's ethos. But much of Roddy's own work as an architect has already been swept away.

Younger people surveying the Gradidge and Princess Margaret generation, might find it a little difficult to understand why people deem the 1950s to have been dull. Perhaps, though, the question is not so much a question about that generation as one about England itself. Although many of our civil servants, politicians, and broadcasters are "penny plain", the true spirit of England is "tuppence coloured". Our most distinctive writers — Chaucer, Dickens, the Shakespeare who created Falstaff, Evelyn Waugh himself — would all have recognised Roddy Gradidge as a kindred spirit.

A.N. WILSON. SUNDAY TELEGRAPH

### Alec Ritchie ~ Banker

ALEC RITCHIE was blessed with a quality which the Romans called *auctoritas* — innate authority, rather than power derived by virtue of rank or office. He had moved to Bath in 1988, having retired two years previously in order to help to bring up his grandchildren, whose mother had recently died. It was the Bath Abbey's great good fortune that he bumped into the Rector, Richard Askew, at a local hostelry.

Askew had recently arrived in the city and was setting up a campaign to raise £2.5 million for the Bath Abbey 2000 appeal, a sum that under Ritchie's guidance was to rise eventually to £4 million. He needed a treasurer and Ritchie, with a wealth of banking experience, proved to be the ideal man.

As a banker Ritchie started as a cadet at Glyn Mills (later part of Williams and Glyn's Bank), progressing to be a director before moving to Grindlay's Bank, first as deputy chairman and eventually chairman. He also held the chairmanship at the Union Discount Company.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

### Bernard Gadney ~ Teacher and rugby international

BERNARD GADNEY captained England's rugby union team to its dramatic victory over New Zealand at Twickenham in 1936, the game which will be forever associated with two tries scored by the Russian prince, Alexander Obolensky. An outstanding all-round sportsman, Gadney also developed a reputation after the Second World War as a progressive headmaster at the Malsis School, near Skipton. The Yorkshire Moors suited the austere side of his character which always frowned upon the rowdier aspects of rugby as it was then; he was a devout Christian but never forgot the lighter side of life.

At 6ft 2in he was abnormally tall for a scrum half, but in that position he made 14 England appearances between 1932 and 1938, leading the side in eight games. In amateur times, he adopted a professional approach, training with the great Arsenal football side managed by Herbert Chapman and swimming regularly in the North Sea, even in the depths of winter.

Much of his club rugby was played for Leicester who, earlier this month, named him as the scrum half in their team of the century

During the war, though an asthmatic and in a reserved occupation, he joined the Royal Navy as an able-bodied seaman and rose to the rank of sub-lieutenant, commanding a landing craft during the D-Day invasion of Europe.

THE TIMES

Bernard Gadney, scrum-half and captain of England



# Old Stoic Obituaries

## Some random cuttings from last year's obituaries

### Laurence Whistler ~ Artist and poet

**L**aurence Whistler revived a forgotten craft and raised it to an art of timeless poignancy. He always and overwhelmingly wanted to be a poet, but knew that he had not fully succeeded in verse; yet by engraving on glass he did far more than capture scenes: he expressed a whole spiritual sensibility. "I had found, by purest chance, a small untrodden lawn of snow to write my name on with the point of a stick," he wrote.

The purest chance which gave him his vocation came in 1935, when as the younger and overshadowed brother of the society painter, muralist and illustrator Rex Whistler, he decided to engrave a sonnet of his own composition onto a window in a friend's house. After this original piece, he looked to the 18th-century Dutch glass-engravers and created a new tradition. He modernised their pictorial technique and found subjects worthy of his poetic imagination, ranging from a cathedral of grass to the *Apollo* landings. As if words were insufficiently pure for him, he wrote instead in light. As John Jacob wrote in the catalogue to his exhibition *Pictures in Glass* in the 1970s, "light is really his medium, and the ambiguity, the illusionistic nature of glass itself, conveys that sense of 'another' light which pervades his work".

Within a few years of his first efforts, he was engraving for royalty, Oxbridge colleges and wealthy admirers wanting contemporary works of art for their country houses. In six decades he was never short of commissions.

THE TIMES

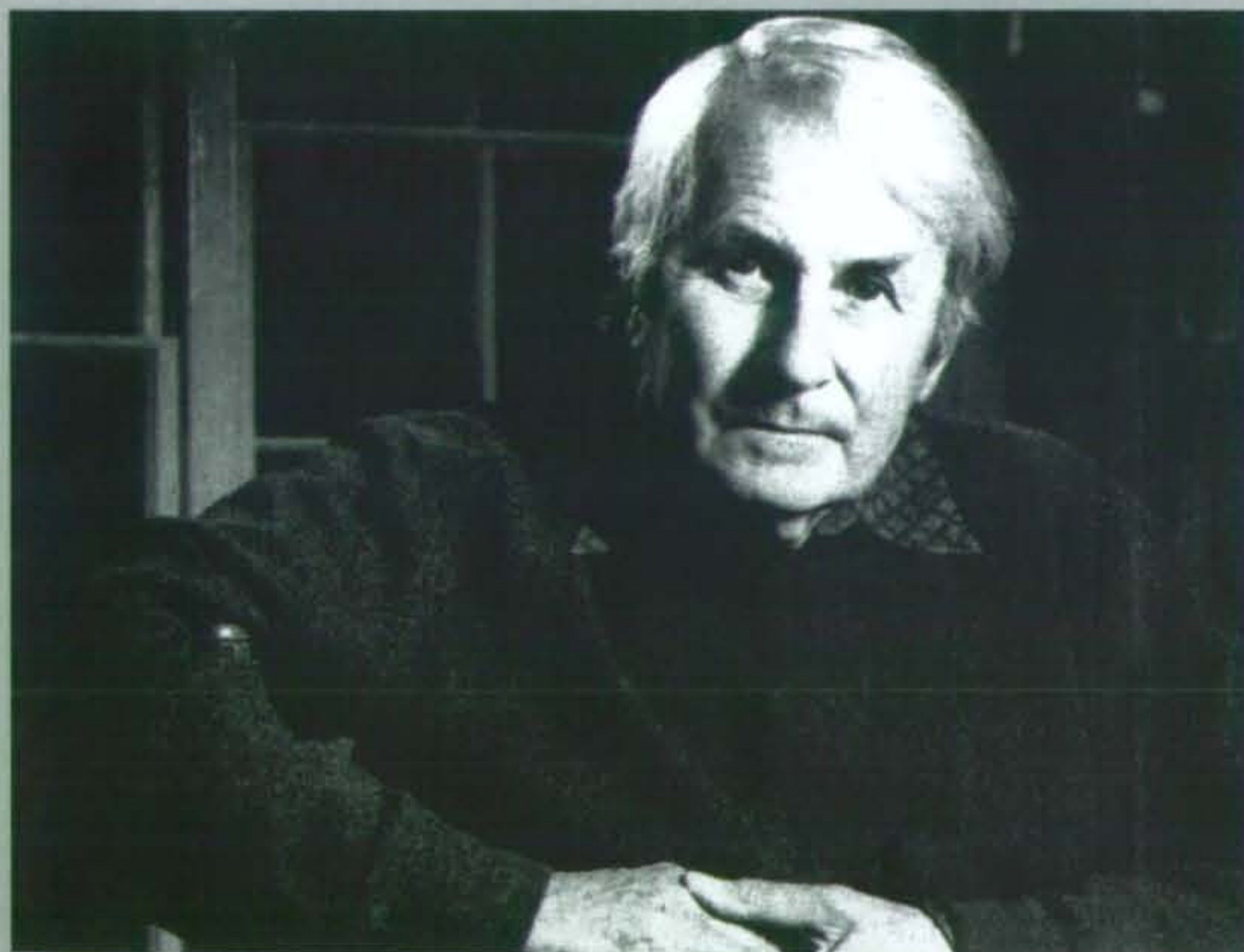


### Oliver Campion ~ Painter

**OLIVER CAMPION** was primarily a landscape painter of depth and subtlety at a period when such qualities were the reverse of fashionable and when oil painting itself was being written off, not for the last time, as "finished". None of the attention-grabbing movements of pure abstraction, Pop art, hyper-realism or conceptual art deflected him from his purpose. Late in his career, after quietly outlasting the more strident vogues of his time, recognition came his way at last.

His art trod the difficult line between realism and abstraction, which can be traced back to Cézanne and Bonnard. He brought to it a penetrating eye for light and space and an exquisite sense of colour. Admirers of his work, and they were many, recognised the sheer love of paint, rarely met with nowadays, that emanated from his canvases.

PETER LEWIS. THE INDEPENDENT



Laurence Whistler in 1985, shortly after the installation of the West Window at Moreton showing spiralling galaxies in his most exuberant style

# Academic Review

EXAMINATIONS IN  
PROGRESS

NO UNAUTHORISED  
ADMISSION

NO PAGERS  
OR  
MOBILE PHONES  
BEYOND THIS POINT

**Stephen First, Director of Studies, reviews the past 12 months**

**“We must beware  
a blinkered focus  
on the finishing  
tape some fool is  
holding less than  
half way through  
the course”**



Despite starting the year on the crest of a great wave of academic success – the third successive year moving up league tables, nine into Oxbridge, record UCAS points, 10% increase in A or \* grades at GCSE, higher than ever pass rates and a value-added rating that appears to have gone off the scale of any statistical probability – anxiety was still the dominant note at the beginning of this year: would the new Sixth Form curriculum work?

At time of writing, no AS level results are yet available, of course. It is to be hoped that by time of publication, the exam boards will somehow have coped with the 50% increase in workload and results will be known. I shall re-read these comments with interest and try to gauge whether or not our results have coloured my perspective.

Is the AS initiative a good one? It is certainly too early to be definitive, but we can make a few preliminary observations about its impact on a boarding school.

Five subjects plus key skills in the Lower Sixth was an over-ambitious target, and was quickly modified to four subjects plus as full an extra-curricular programme as before, so the actual change has been four subjects instead of three, and an extra set of exams.

Are they better doing four subjects rather than three? Probably – on balance. I am saddened by the loss of unexamined courses and study periods, but the majority of Stoics derived less benefit from them than they will from a fourth AS level, and those that really did use them well will still find plenty of opportunities to extend their enquiries and do their studies.

And did we need an extra set of exams? I don't think so. The Lower Sixth have, I think, been made to work harder by the introduction of AS exams, but it may have been to less effect: many of us have noticed that we have been trying to force a development that we were previously confident enough to await quietly. Stoics are often fast finishers, and any solid, steady runner knows that you can burn out a fast finish by pushing hard in the middle of the race. The summer term of the Lower Sixth should, perhaps, be about the kind of easy running that allows time to look up at the new vistas opening and plan a route through them: we must beware a blinkered focus on the finishing tape that some fool is holding less than half way through the course.

Elsewhere in the school the Third Form produced a fantastic Christmas display of illustrated essays which showed a wonderful range of interests and personalities, a high degree of ICT sophistication, and a lot of hard work and fast learning. Chatham won the Headmaster's Salver, but only after he had been back to look at the displays a fourth time, trying to make a very difficult judgement.

The new Symposium generation is working its way through, and the random intellectual stimulation that has always been given to interested Stoics now has a structure behind it: the 3rds and 4ths taking an historical perspective, the 5ths dabbling in some AS work, and the 6th answering a few questions before they get on to Colloquium and the Headmaster's Essay Society: what is natural? What do we know? Is cause and effect just habit? Are time and space physical attributes of the universe or just modes of perception? Do straight lines bend round the earth? Why did we have to be the first year to do AS levels?





## PREFECT LEADERSHIP COURSE 2001

'Surprising' I think is the word that springs to mind. I mean who, when being totally honest, expects to gain any true enjoyment from a clichéd leadership course?

Staff member: "Now, the aim of this exercise is to get across the treacherous ravine of scorching lava and reach the other side using merely this elevation device and a length of high tension cable."

Harry Vere Nicoll: "Sorry, sir, I hate to split hairs but could you by any chance be referring to that footpath, and perhaps the ladder lying next to the two-foot tattered piece of string?"

Naturally we had a lot of that hyperbolic activity going on. However, all in extremely good spirit. Although I was the only one to admit it, the group skipping exercise turned out to be one of the highlights of our 24 hours. Jo Harris spent, quite strangely, more time with the rope wrapped around her head than she did jumping over it, and Allegra, in fine style, had her 'party' of seven completing the task with the utmost perfection and competitive edge.

The scene for all this activity was a religious retreat centre, St Cassian's, not far from Newbury. They were clearly used to seeing varied groups of young people pass through and the quantity of food available reflected this. Not even the most rapacious eaters amongst us felt cheated. The course

was spent partly outside, attempting the devious and complex exercises that Leadership Challenge had thought up, and partly inside trying to get our heads around what leadership is supposed to be about, what we thought we ought to be doing as prefects and how we might handle different situations. The role play exercises exposed wildly differing styles of acting from the naturalistic rugby style of Malcolm Riley and Ben Morgan to the more anarchic style of Ramsay Fanous and Alex Dietz.

At the end of the day everyone, in my opinion, put their most sincere enthusiasm into the overall structure of the tasks and conversation exercises set. Perhaps most important of all, we came back knowing each other much better, with a real sense of being a team rather than just a group of individuals and with a clearer understanding of the challenge that we had taken on. I must admit, however, that Tarik's concentration was somewhat side-tracked at the unveiling of an on-site 'tuck shop', stacked to the brim with pots of Haribo. On the plus side it did keep him fairly quiet.

I'd like to offer, on behalf of the entire prefect body, my sincere thanks to Mr Anthony Wood and to PVC for the smooth operation of the course and the many positive lessons that we all learned.

LOUIS BUCKWORTH

# PRIZES, SUMMER 2001

The following prizes were distributed on Speech Day by the Guest of Honour,  
Baroness Perry of Southwark, President of Lucy Cavendish College, Cambridge

R.Q. Drayson: Hannah Durden; Basil Williamson: Harry Trelawny; J.F. Roxburgh for Classics: Ross Griffin; Quentin Bertram for Latin: Kirsty Marsh; Charles Loudon for Greek: Edward Comber; Anthony Pearce for Latin Oration: Samuel Taylor; Zafiropulo for Classical Verse: David Hervey; Peters Bone for English: Antonia Ford; Gavin Maxwell for English (Senior): Thomas Kirk; (Junior): Harry Kemble; J.F. Roxburgh for English Verse (Senior): Camilla Pemberton; (Junior): Edward Comber; Hayward for Reading: Matthew Gracie; Harding for Reading: Alexander Rogers; Basil Aimers for Reading: Andrew Davis; Bryan Henshaw for English Speech (Senior): Piers Craven; (Junior): Freddie von Schroder; Euan Dawson for English: Benjamin Morgan; John Webster for French: Victoria Burrett; J.G. Riess for German: Howard Thomson; Telford-Wardley for Spanish: Mark Harper; Capel Cure for French: Edward Comber; Scott-Gall for History: David Hrankovic; Syrett for History: Andrew Davis; Robert Barbour for Divinity: James Elwes; Burroughs for Divinity: Merlin Hanbury-Tenison; Wallace for Geography: Alice Girardot; Peter Bates for Geography: Anna Hewitson; Robert Montagu for Geology: Georgina Birkett-Jones; Humphrey Foster for Physics: Charles Archer; W.D. Hards for Chemistry: Ben Smith; Hayward for Chemistry: Jeremy Bodian; Anthony Pedder for Physical Science: Sophie Ingold; Choyce for Biology: Antonia Ford; Friends of Stowe for Natural History (Senior): Georgina Birkett-Jones; (Junior): Edward Comber; Stewart for Mathematics: Anthony Stormont; Pearman-Smith for Mathematics: Oliver Wilson; James Mayne for Economics: Ben Smith; McDonough Lower Sixth: Chloe Delevingne (Economics) & Sam

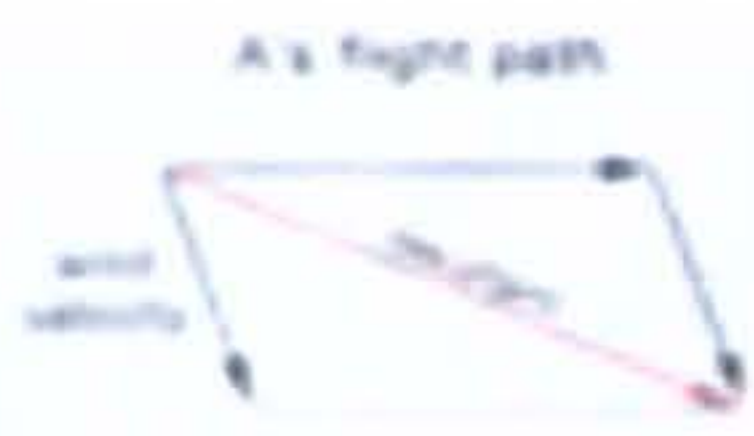
Hannaford (History); Barrus for Computer Technology (Senior): Theodore Turner; (Junior): Peter Tromans; Robert Houghton for Internet Achievement: Zhenya Semikhodski; William Dady for Art History: Sophie Bonham; J.F. Roxburgh for Architecture: Piers Gambarini; J.F. Aimers for Art: Hattie Rickards; Anthony Howard for Painting (Senior): Emma Elliott; (Junior): Ju Manomaiphan; Anthony Howard for Printmaking (Senior): Amelia Annfield; (Junior): Alex Lam; Richard McDougall for Watercolour (Senior): Rebecca Cheetham; (Junior): Oliver Buckworth; Simon Alper Print Award: Amelia Annfield & Thomas Kemble; Gilling-Lax for Strings (Senior): Gene Kindell; (Junior): Alexander Weil; Gilling-Lax for Woodwind (Senior): Jaime Zaldua; (Junior): George Walker; Gilling-Lax for Brass (Senior): Thomas Kemble; (Junior): Paul Hinds; Gilling-Lax for Piano (Senior): Victoria Burrett; (Junior): Harry Thuillier; Ian McCarey for Music: Howard Thomson; Coxe for Music: Victoria Burrett; Burchett for Music: Hannah Durden; Worsley for Design: Hannah Durden; Friends of Stowe for Design (wood): Edward Hackett-Jones; John Holland for Design: Henry Watson; Andrew McAlpine for Photography: Annabel Brann; Andrew McAlpine for Technical Graphics: Oliver Weston; Lower School Design: Jeremy Walker; Louis Strauss: Ross Griffin; Friends of Stowe Fifth Form: Edward Comber & Peter Tromans; David Sandhurst: Holly Middleditch; Harvard Book: Allegra Galvin; Dudley Baker: Alexa Clark; McDonough for Service: Harry Vere Nicoll; Old Stoic Goblet: Hector Ross; Brian Stephan for Visual Education: Jamie Emslie, Christopher Maitland-Walker & George Walker; Friends of Stowe for General Knowledge:

Piers Craven; White-Smith for Aviation: Alan Griffin; Andrew Croft for Music: Gene Kindell; Aikman Cup for Drama: Christian Roe; Bell Quach for Technical Theatre: Nicholas Verney; Fraser Cup for Public Speaking: Louis Buckworth; The Voice Cup: Ramsay Fanous; Headmaster's Special Prizes: Julianne Althoff, Alice Anderson, Edward Clark, Ailsa Cole, Christina Glatzel, David Hyslop, Gene Kindell, Brett MacLennan, Matthew Partridge, Edward Pitcher, Lucy Pritchard-Gordon, Jonathan Witt & Jaime Zaldua. Bene Prizes: Edward Comber, Piers Craven, Matthew Dalton, Andrew Davis, James Elwes, Ramsay

Fanous, Antonia Ford (2), Sophie Housley, David Hrankovic, Toshiko Izumi, Thomas Kemble, Harry Kemble, Duncan Kennedy, George Kent, Maximilian Kirchhoff, Max Lawrence, Christopher McGee, George Margesson (2), Benjamin Morgan (2), Oleg Papazov, Alexander Perry, Jacquetta Robertson, Christian Roe, Alexander Rogers, Sam Seccombe, Benjamin Smith, Anthony Stormont (2), Alexander Tate (2), Oliver Tree, Peter Tromans (2), Katrina Varian & Lucy Wright.

Photo of Nike from the Temple of Concord and Victory:  
Henry Irving





# “Pilot wanted to test-fly new aeroplane”

Simon Collins (Head of Science) and Stephen Malling (Head of Physics) explain how the Stowe Physics Department has been piloting an innovative new course.

“Pilots wanted to test-fly new aeroplane.” This might have been the kind of call emanating from the Institute of Physics, the OCR Exam Board and Industry as they looked for ways of putting their new ideas into practice. The “new aeroplane” in question was a fresh initiative to revitalise the subject of Physics nationwide, taking advantage of the advent of the AS Exam to stir things up not only at AS level but at A-level too. Part of the stirring-up process would be the full utilisation of ICT and key skills.

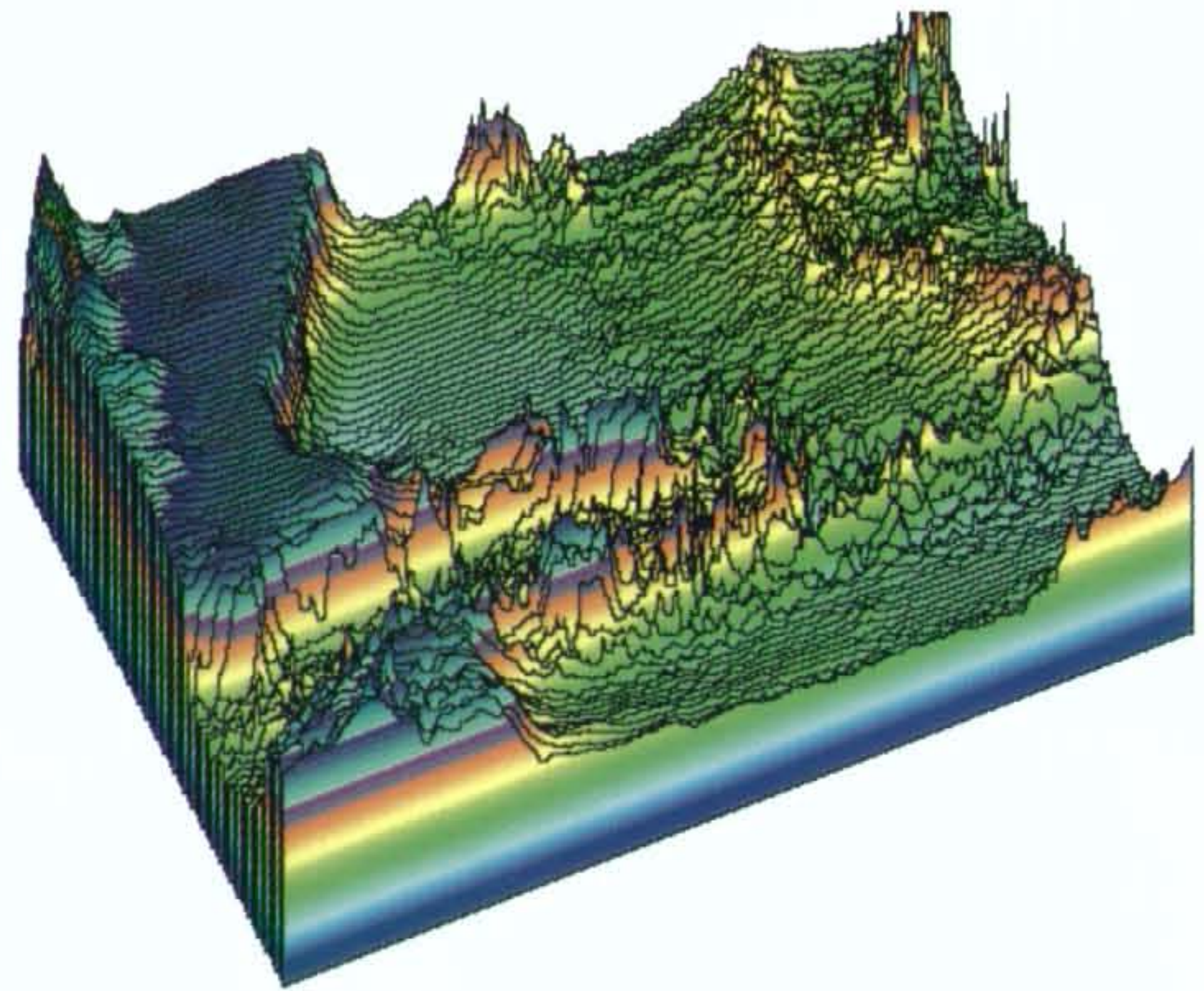
Keen for Stowe to be part of this initiative, we quickly applied to join in, and were delighted to find ourselves selected as the “test pilots” to fly a “machine” designed by Professor Jon Ogborn and a talented team. Without knowing how our aircraft was going to land, let alone how it was going to fly, we took somewhat nervously off in September 1999. We took confidence, however, from the fact that the Physics Department had attended pre-flight INSET courses, run by the IoP in London, and that SOC had been a major influence already in helping to plan the AS and A2 courses and in writing the Imaging, Sensing and Signalling part of the AS course. At least, therefore, we had one very experienced pilot at the controls.

The in-flight entertainment started with imaging and sensing. Imaging and sensing? Wait a minute, Physics starts with mechanics and loads of hard maths, doesn't it? Not the case with the new AS course, which is designed to appeal to everyone rather than just those who wish to study Physics to full A2 level. This really does get to grips with making the subject appeal to those who wish to broaden their AS experience. The topics therefore, are far more interesting, up to date and relevant. With extensive use of the ICT laboratory and new software packages to enhance the course content, passengers soon found themselves interacting with the course CD-ROM.

## Satellite surveying of the sea floor and image processing

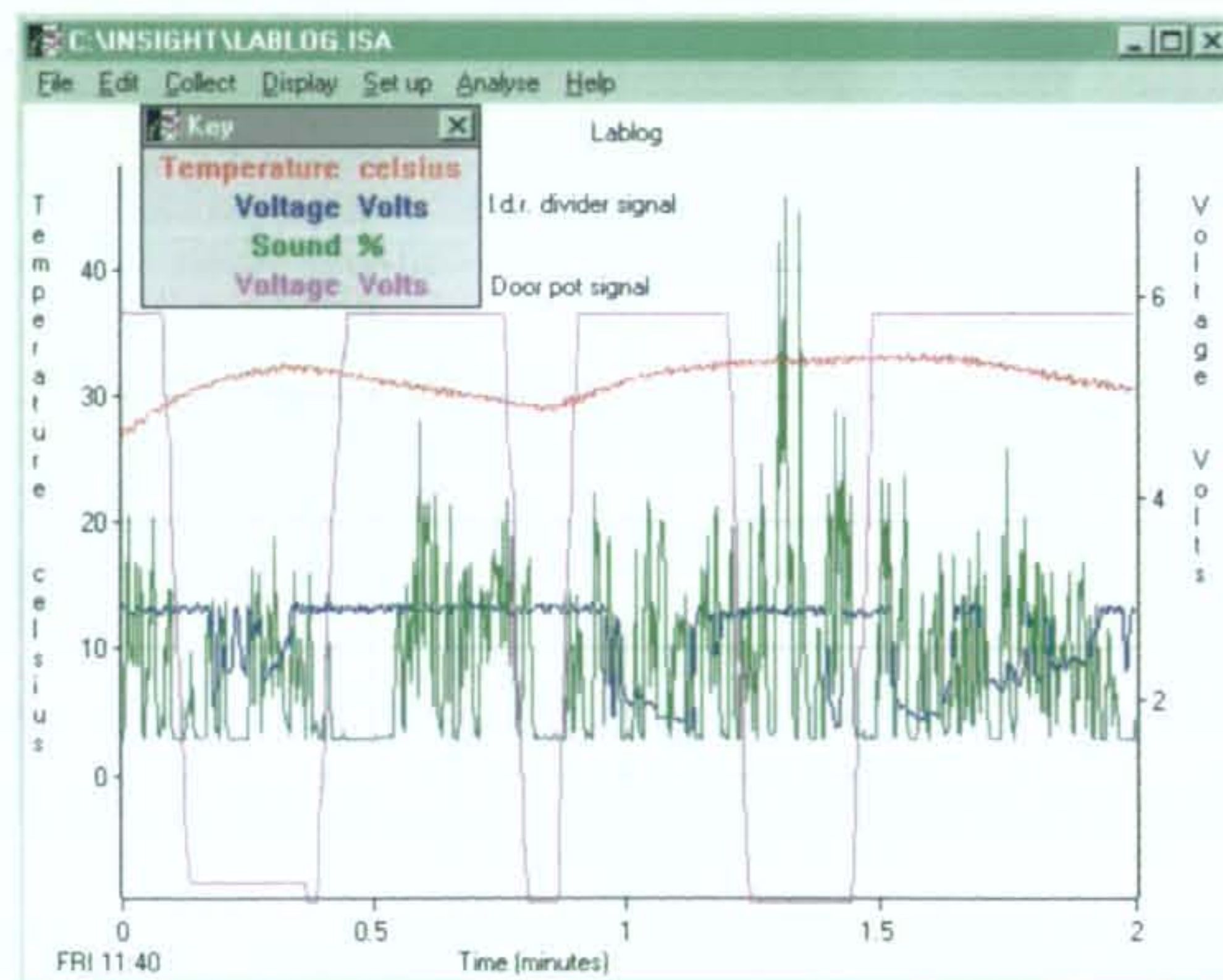


The left image shows the topography of the South Atlantic sea floor, taken by satellite altimetry. The feature in the upper left of the image is the Falkland Plateau, and the arc-shaped feature just below the centre is the South Sandwich Trench. The southern portion of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge runs along the right edge of the image. Students can process the image data to predict the topography of the sea



floor using the surface plotting and false colour capabilities of Scion image processing software, available on the CD-ROM.

In the sensing chapter, we consider students being monitored as they enter the lab by a data logger with temperature, sound, light and door position sensors.



Little brother is watching!

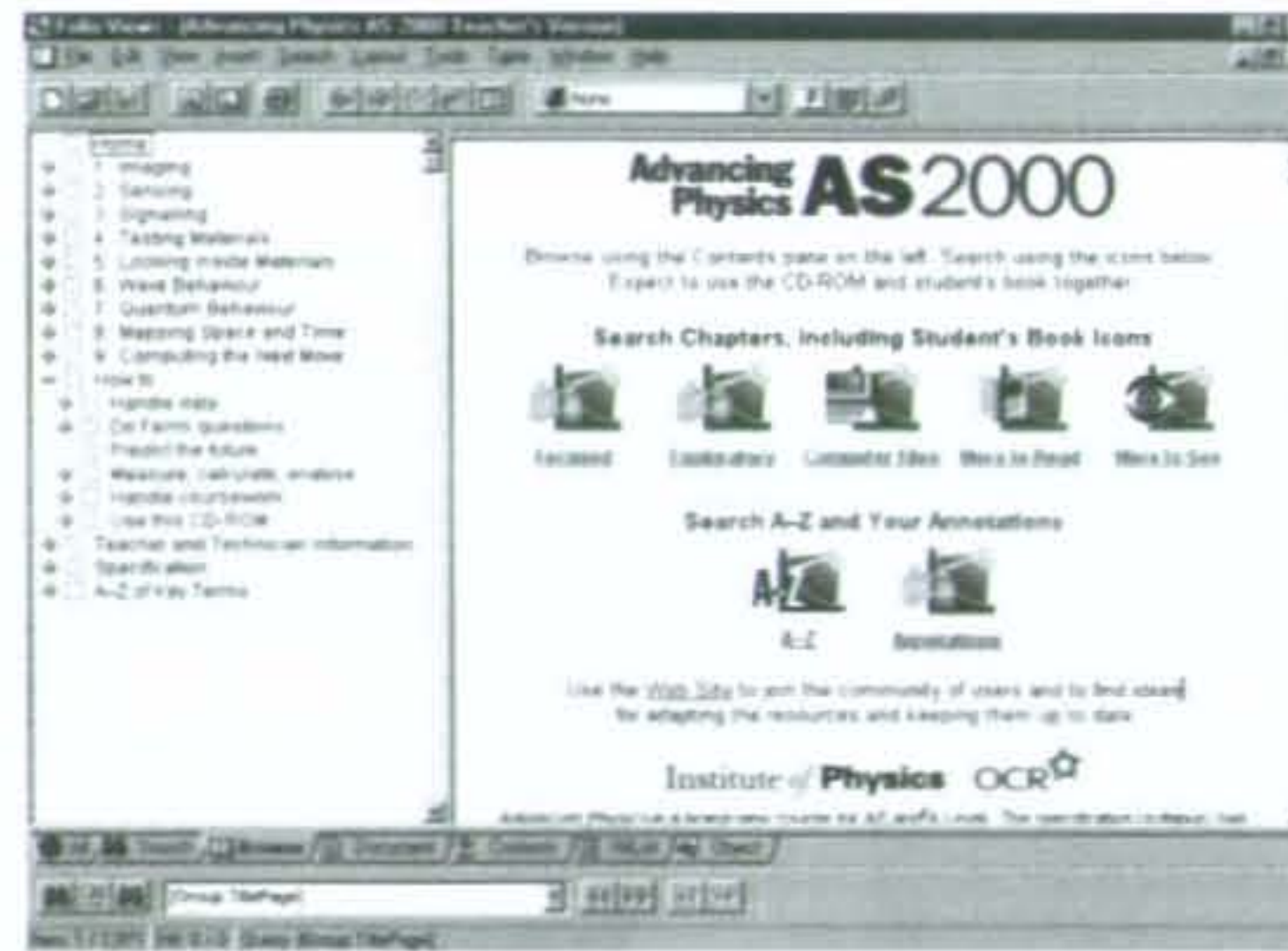
During the flight, coursework enabled passengers to develop and demonstrate skills in planning, design, analysis, research, presentation and communication. This took the form of designing and building a web site/Powerpoint presentation, about a material and its uses. Then building a circuit to sense the world around us, analysing and interpreting data using MS Excel. The coursework develops essential skills needed in any university course or real-life business situation, to ensure success.

### In flight Details:

A strong feature of the new course is the extensive use of ICT to:

- Aid teaching and demonstrating
- Aid understanding by individual interaction with new software packages
- Provide an easy to use, full resource on CD-ROM including an A-Z of key terms
- Speed up data collection and enhance analysis
- Develop essential ICT skills for university and business.

## The CD-ROM



A whole course on CD ROM

For the first time in any subject, this course comes complete on two CD ROMS. A clear directory structure and various search functions enable fast and easy access to topics, questions, images, software activities, reading articles, extension work, students' check list and syllabus specification.

Many software packages are used interactively to enhance understanding of the underlying physics. These packages bring the subject to life in a way that is in tune with modern practice and in tune with the way students think.

## Cool Edit.

Cool edit is used to develop an understanding of how sounds can be digitally manipulated within an editing package to enhance or remove certain frequencies. Knowledge of how waves can be manipulated, filtered and amplified enables a background radio in a noisy room to be isolated and enhanced.

Information about a person talking on the radio is the

lower yellow frequency band. The brighter higher band is a whistling sound in the foreground. It is easy to filter out one sound or the other, bringing clarity to the recording.

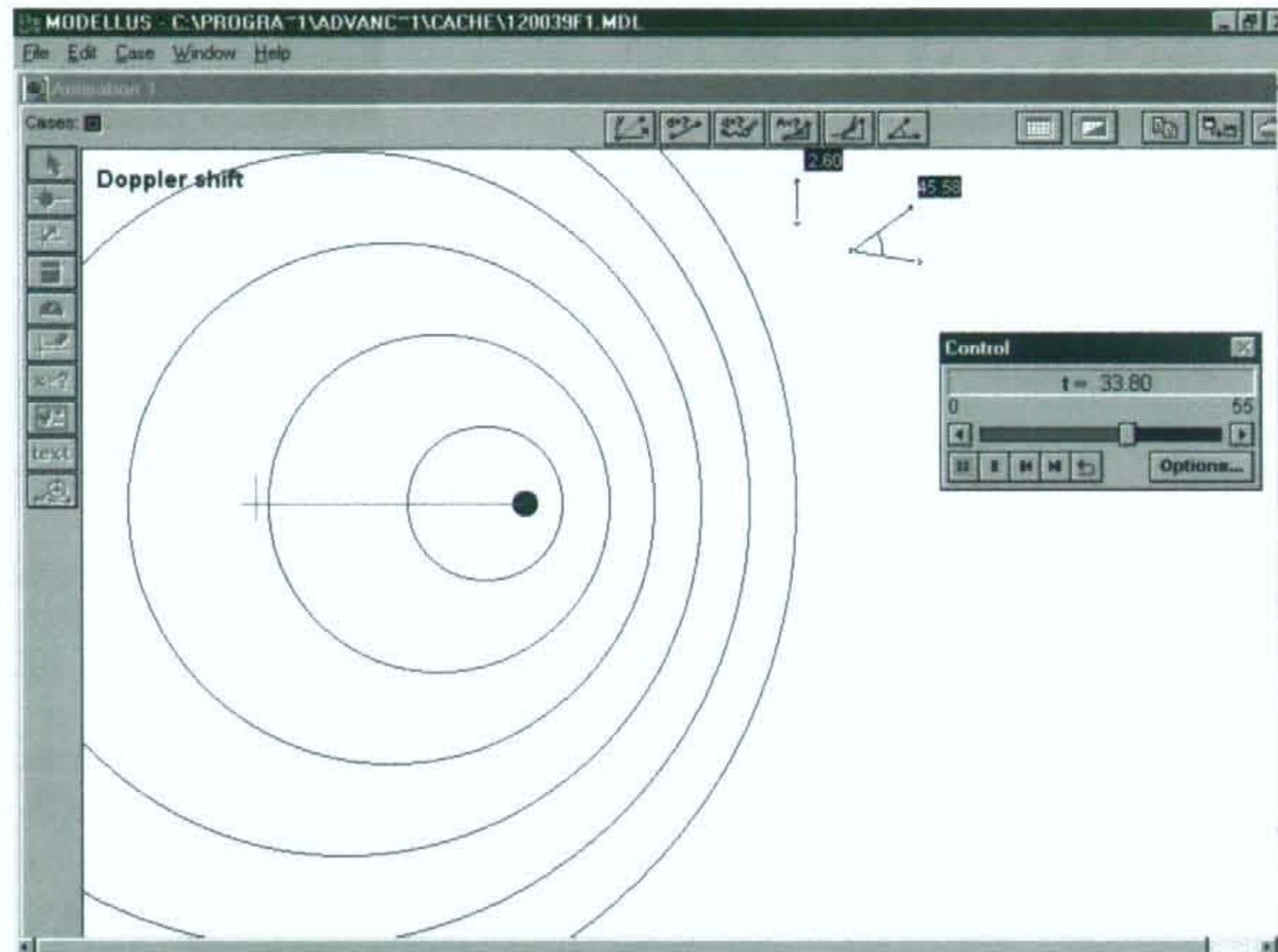
Such manipulation of sound in digital format is used in music to produce unusual effects, speech recognition/synthesis for computers and mobile phones and communication across the world.



## Modellus

This is an extremely useful package. It enables almost any situation to be modelled mathematically, so that it can be visualised by animations that follow the solution. This enables us to see the effects of changing variables as time or

other parameters unfold. Such animations enable us to examine models that are highly complex. Demonstrations are brought to life and the underlying principles can be examined interactively at your own pace.



Modellus modelling the Doppler effect, waves bunching up as the source moves left to right (higher frequency) and getting further apart behind the source (lower frequency).

Development of ICT skills through the use of presentation software, MS Word, MS Excel, Crocodile Clips, Modellus, Scion Image Processing, Folio Views, New

Scientist, Internet, Cool edit, World Maker and a number of other software packages builds confidence in the use of the computer and its wide range of resources. This enables more productive and effective work for A-level and forms the essential skill base for Industry.

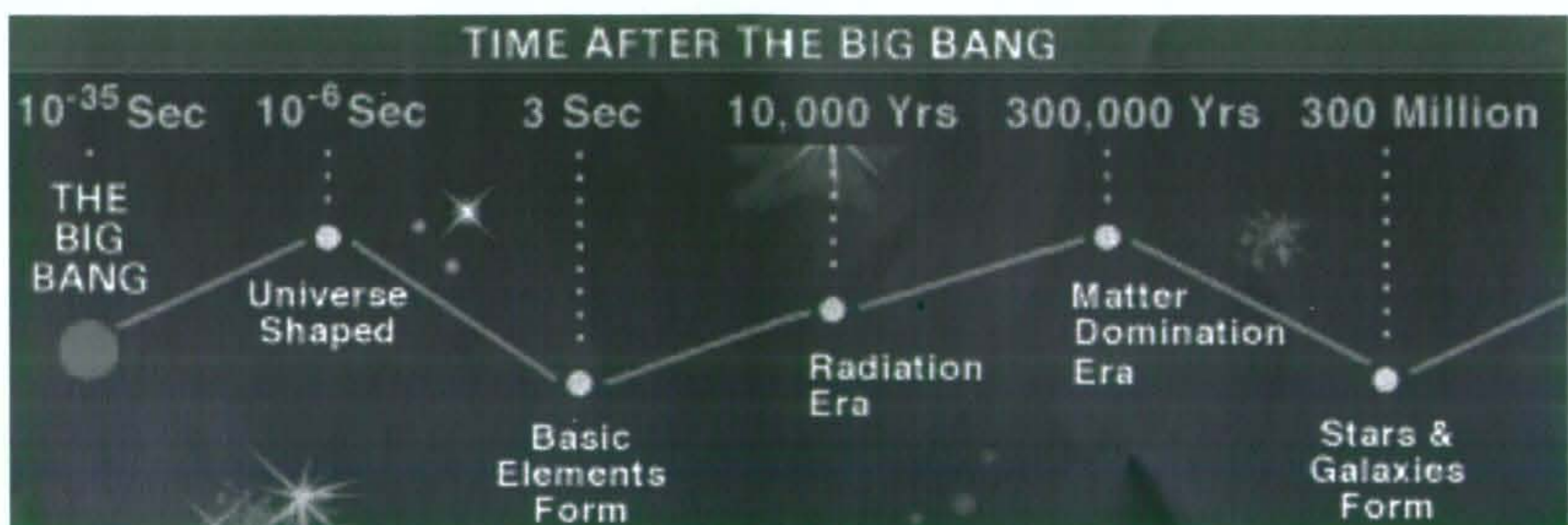
And so the flight moved on through designer materials, waves and quantum behaviour to space, time and motion. At each step, the cabin crew were working hard to ensure a smooth flight. On first touch-down, in summer 2000, some

passengers had gained 100% in their modules and most were pleased with their AS interim grade. Meanwhile the crew was preparing the aeroplane for the A2 flight.

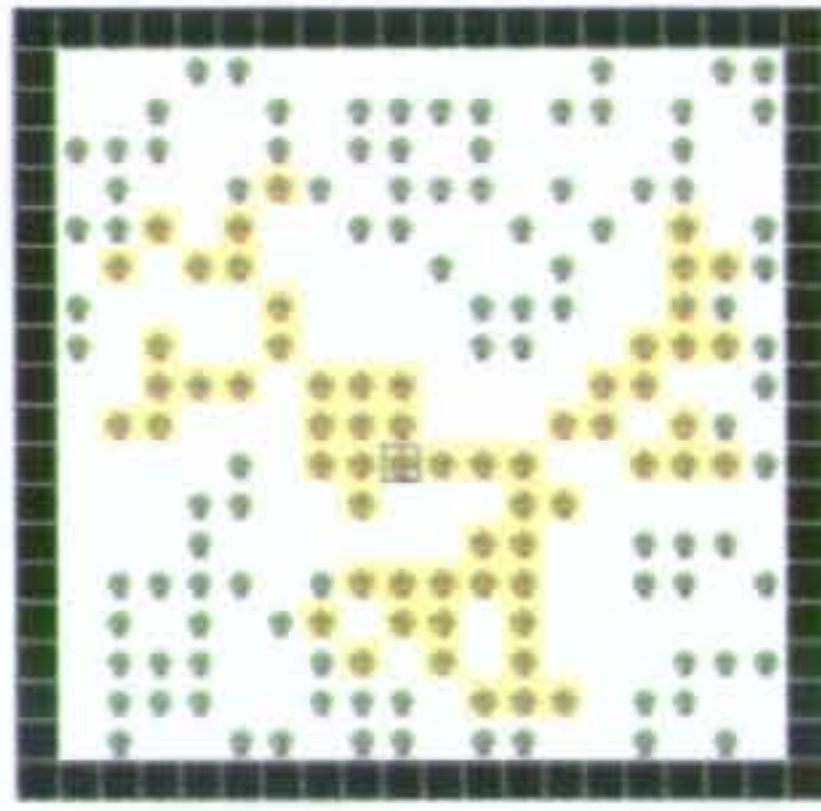
### Post flight activity and A2 preparation.

The Physics Department decided that once the AS exams were over the A2 course should begin. Fortunately there is a chapter in the A2 course that naturally fills this gap as a completion to AS and as an introduction to the A2 year. 'Our

Place in the Universe' builds upon GCSE knowledge, and provides a much clearer picture of our distant origins in space-time. It properly answers many of the fundamental questions that were only visited at this level.



We can predict what happened during the first picosecond of the universe!



A lecture/tutorial format brought the two Physics sets together for well-prepared lectures covering more than the syllabus required. When talking about the past, present and future of our universe and why we believe what we do, there is much exploration of new ideas. This provides an interesting finish to AS, for those students not wishing to take the subject further, and a good introduction to A2 for those that do.

The A2 pilot is no less innovative in approach, even if the physics content is more familiar core material. The first chapter is designed to study mathematical models. These are used in physics and their benefits in predicting the future, and limitations according to in-built simplifying assumptions are studied. Students decide the physics, or “rules” of the universe they create, and the modelling programme allows them to visually investigate the outcome according to how model parameters are varied. The spreading of forest fires

and the critical density of trees for the fire to spread indefinitely, is investigated on the left in a Worldmaker model.

On the right, a subject closer to the heart of most A2 level Physics students is modelled, the bursting and settling of foam on a glass of lager! The ability to create and investigate the properties of mathematical models of the real world is one of the main reasons why Physics graduates are so highly employable, even in the world of high finance and investments!

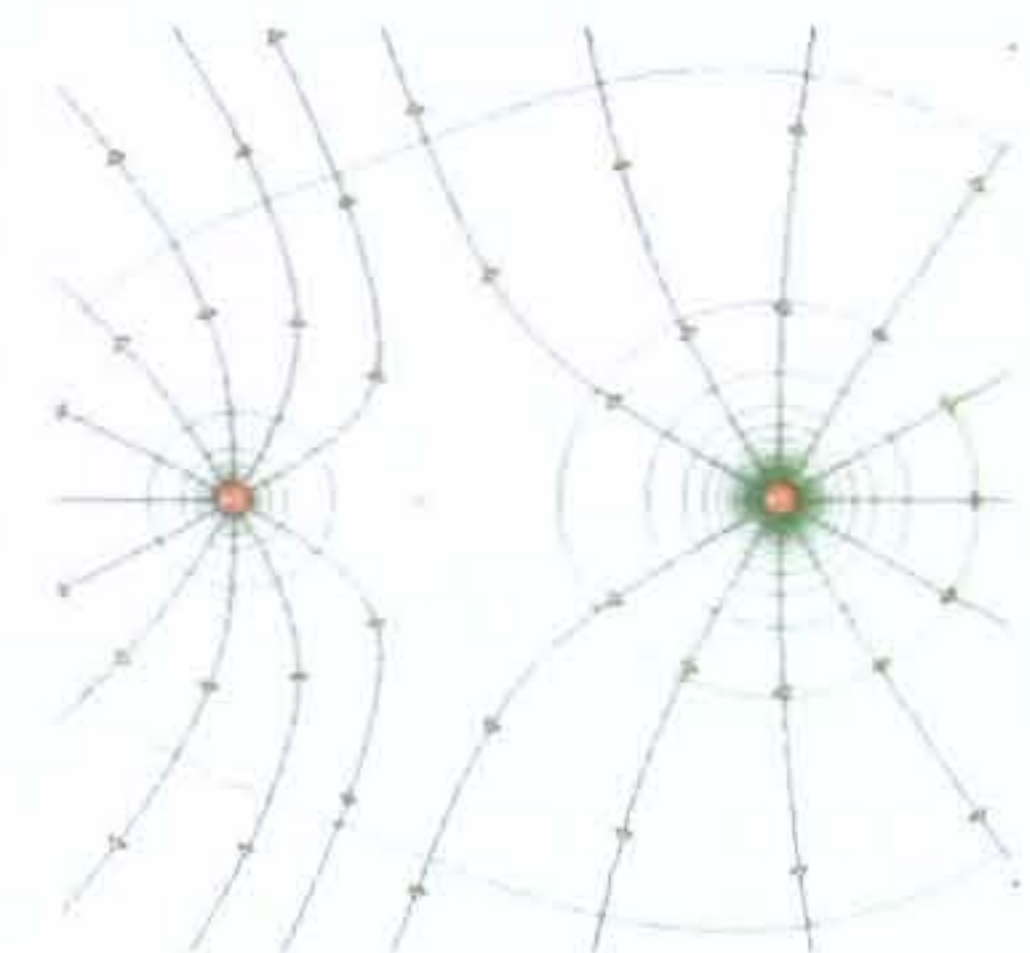
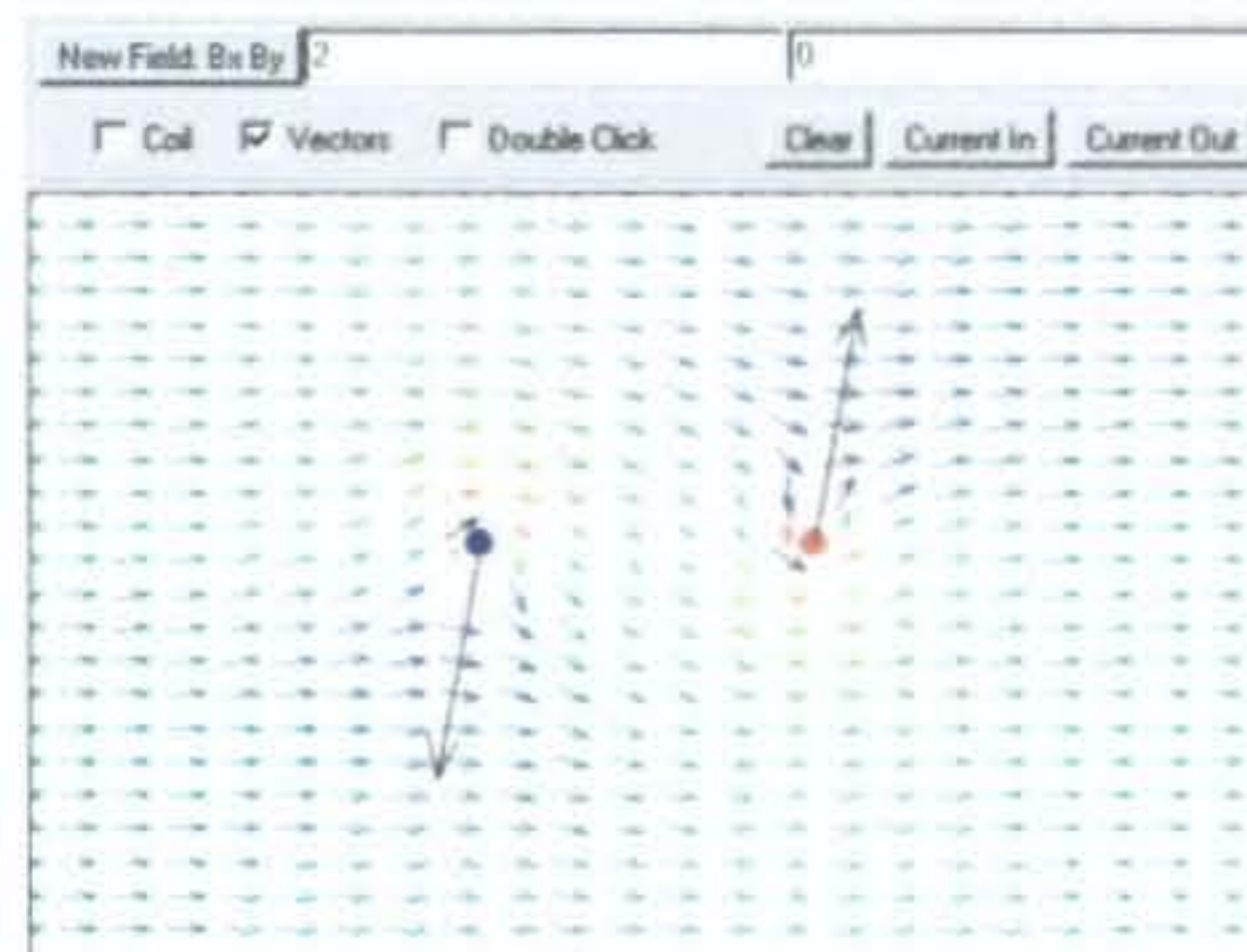
There is strong emphasis still on making Physics “connect”, not only with engineering and technological applications, but also with humanity and social and moral issues. For example with electromagnetic machines and radiation and risk, what would life be like without mains electricity? Or how risky is exposure to medical X-rays?

These issues can be sensibly discussed at A2 level.

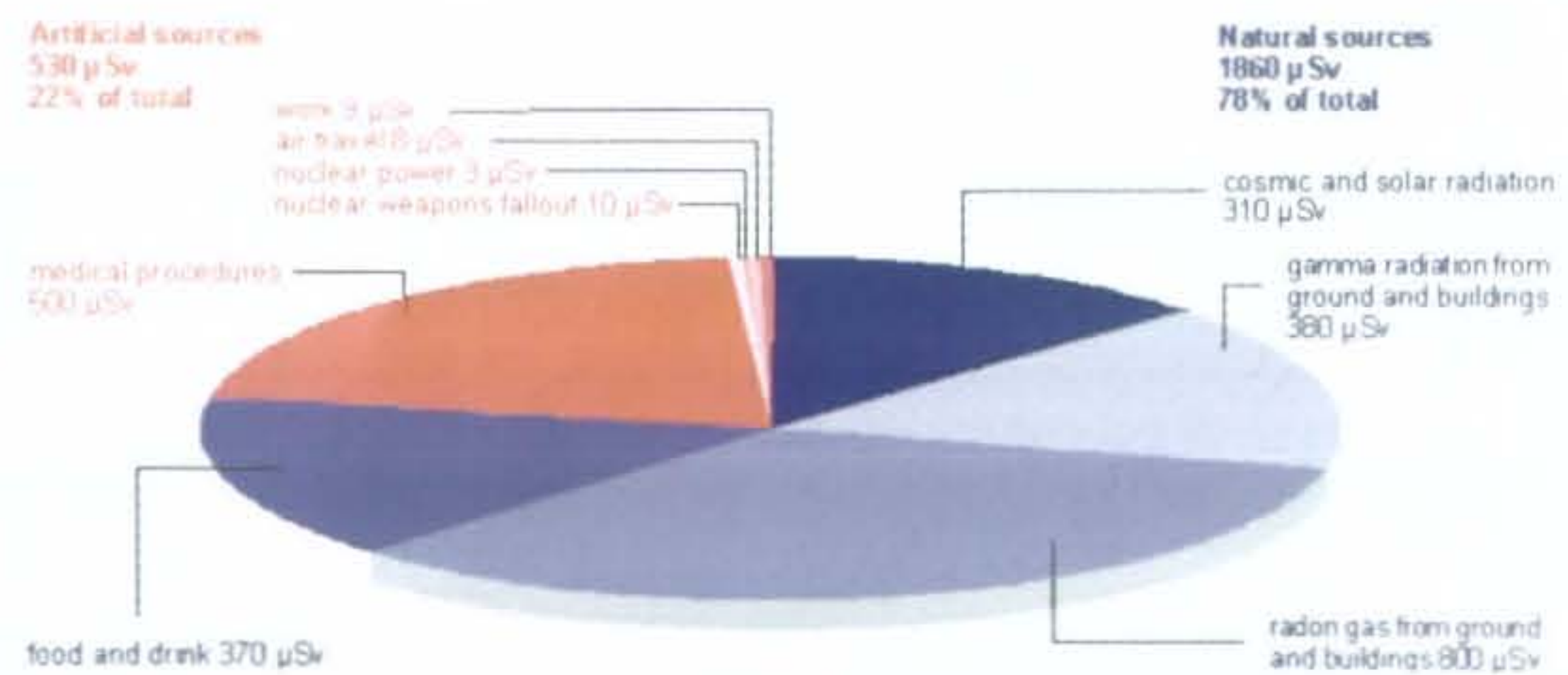
In a virtual laboratory, students investigate interactive software, modelling magnetic interactions in a motor, and electric field and potentials. To mimic this with apparatus would take many hours. Students can place the currents and charges and then see at a glance the interactions that would result.

In health physics, students look at radiation interacting with biological tissue (not their own, but a melon or a banana!). They assess the risk of absorbing a dose of radiation, and compare it to the whole body background dose for a typical European of 0.002 Sieverts per year.

Other chapters in the A2 course look into matter in extremes of hot and cold, how charges and fields are used to probe the heart of matter – yes quarks, gluons and all that! Coursework continues at A2 level with an extended practical investigation, and reading research and presentation projects. Here students have free choice of the topics they will investigate, the only limitations being the time available and their own enthusiasm.



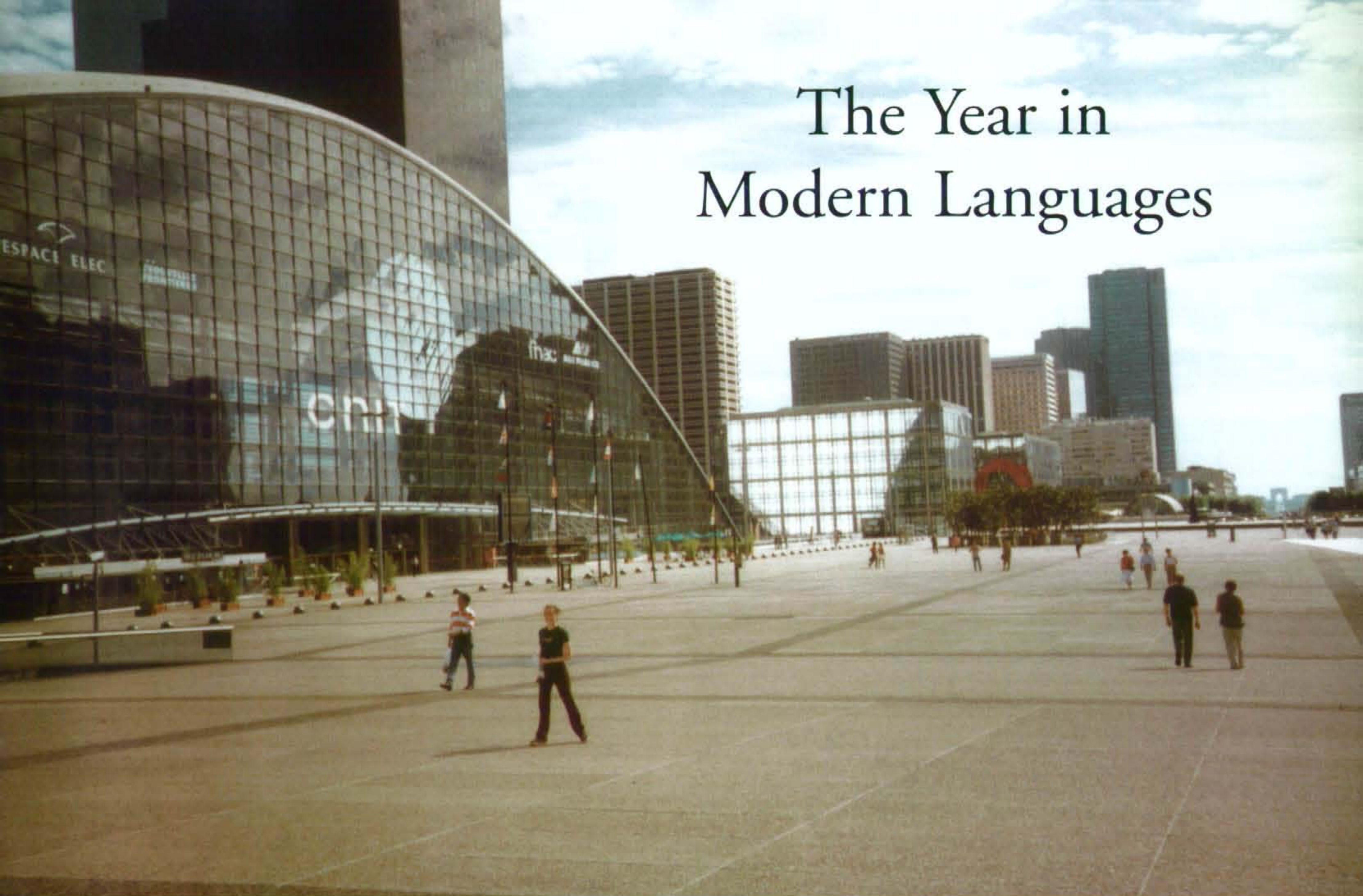
Typical whole body dose equivalent per year from various sources (Europe)



Don't you just wish you could study A-level Physics again – or even for the first time?! Of course on the first pilot scheme, the students themselves helped to develop and shape the course. They took a small risk and we thank them for it. We are sure they will reap just rewards when the first pilot A2 results are published in August 2001, and their passports to their own futures are well endorsed. The delivery of the new course is a world first, looking forward to new technologies, yet still embracing the best of traditional physics skills. We are proud at Stowe to have been part of this great experiment.



# The Year in Modern Languages



September brought an influx of new staff to the languages Department: TJHB to teach German and French, GW French and German and THM Spanish and French. We also bolstered our part-time staff by welcoming CALT (French) SS (Italian) AM (Dutch) and welcoming back AJJ to assist with U6 German.

Almost immediately we were visited by the Firewalk Theatre Company with their Spanish presentation of *Frankenstein* in the Roxburgh Hall. This was a striking performance with moments of considerable humour enjoyed by 4th, 5th and 6th Form hispanists. Many thanks go to THM and REM for organising the event. Laurent Beck (French), Marta Eva Vega Nunez (Spanish) and Andrea Stelter (German) were our new language assistants and they soon settled into the school and to their work mostly with Sixth Formers. They also put on language classes for staff to help colleagues develop their language skills.

The October half-term brought the French Exchange to Paris accompanied by REM and SJBA. Once again a successful trip to the Lycée Jean-Baptiste Say, including memorable excursions to Radio France for a live broadcast including an interview with legendary *Nouvelle Vague* film director Claude Chabrol, question time at the Assemblée Nationale and *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* at the Comédie Française. Meanwhile, back at Stowe, GW and TJHB were busy setting up e-mail links with schools in France and Germany for their Lower School groups. Hopefully this initiative will spread further.

The Spring Term brought with it the start of the Spanish L6 exchange (pupils) as the Collegio Alfredo visited Stowe for the first time. Their stay was masterminded by REM and THM and this seems to have been the first step in a relationship between our schools which looks set to last.

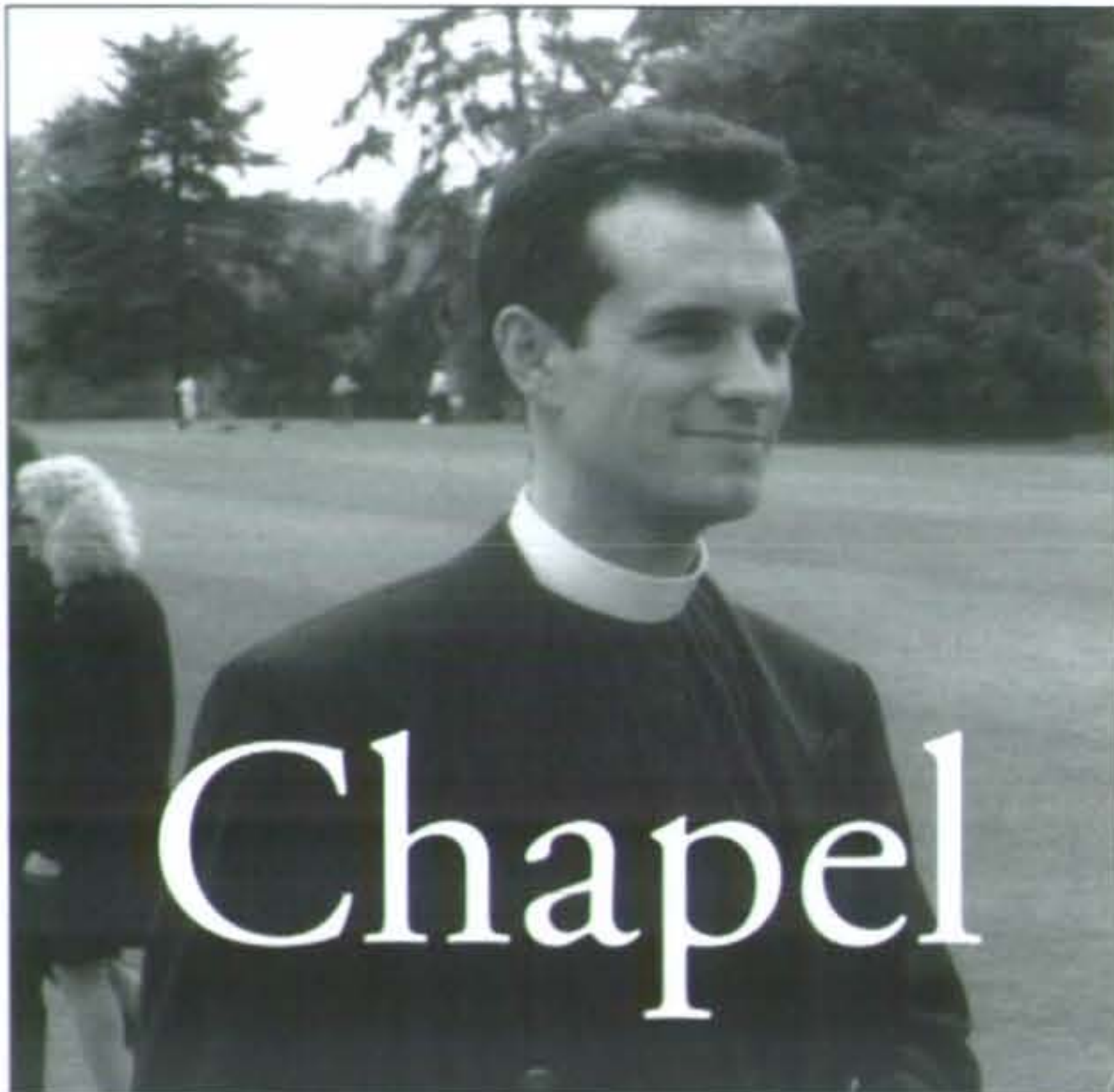
GW also started a Lower School French Club assisted by Laurent Beck. Their light-hearted French activities have attracted a small number of regular attenders and the whole venture should develop further next year. Towards the end of term TJHB and LB accompanied a small group of 3rd Form French pupils to the Luffield festival where they had two intensive days of French-based activities culminating in a presentation of sketches they had produced by themselves. This event proved to be a great success. The Summer Term boasted a record number of oral and listening exams in the Department as well as the visit to Stowe of the next batch of correspondents from the Lycée Jean-Baptiste Say in Paris.

Sadly we say goodbye to THM, AJJ (again) SS and our three assistants all of whom have contributed enormously to the Department this year.

Next year should see the establishing of the Spanish exchange and the start of a Lower 6th link with a school in Vienna. We hope also to develop the IT capacity within the department with our use of IT projection in two of our classrooms, and to start to use DVD in our lessons and clubs.

SJBA

PHOTO: LA DÉFENSE, PARIS (CLASSIC SNAPS)



## THE CHAPLAIN WRITES

When Thomas Arnold became Headmaster of Rugby in 1828 he said that he wanted to foster education that would produce "Christians, gentlemen and scholars – in that order". Education may have moved on, but the concern to present the Christian faith so that those in our care have the opportunity to profess faith in Christ remains the same. And therefore at the heart of any establishment based on a Christian foundation must be Christ himself, the great cornerstone – for no one can call himself a Christian unless his faith is rooted in Christ. A system of values that aims to care for the individual and build respect for others is quite possible within a secular context. The distinctiveness of a Christian ethos must be Christ and with it the recognition that faith in him will lead to the change of life and society desired, but so often unsuccessfully pursued, by those institutions that are less willing to follow Arnold's priorities.

I hope that pupils at Stowe have every opportunity to explore their faith and express their faith. I don't want anyone to leave the school without knowing what it means to be a Christian. Many will decide that it is too costly to follow Christ, many will be challenged to investigate his claims – and some will make that decision of faith which results in true Christian commitment and a life of Christian service.

As I look back over the last year I am immensely grateful for all that has happened in the Christian life at Stowe and for all those who have given themselves to the ministry in the school. Every day there is a Bible study or discussion group around the school – different year groups meet over lunch or after prep, a staff fellowship meets every Monday evening; questions are asked and answered; Stoics attend Crossfire or Confirmation preparation. Almost 20% of the school are actively involved in its Christian life, with 40-60 coming every week to Crossfire and nearly 60 Stoics attending the Confirmation classes.

In March we had a tremendous series of Lenten Addresses and associated year group events. The well attended evening meetings, at which Edward Lobb spoke, were only the public expression of many private conversations as Stoics came to teas and suppers armed with their questions. The Confirmation candidates then went away to Grendon Hall for the annual weekend which this year was led by the Revd. Heath-Whyte, assisted by a team of staff and

an ordinand on placement with us from Wycliffe Hall. Again, many came away with a greater clarity and understanding of the faith.

Whilst there is much going on outside the formal Christian life of the school, most Stoics will only attend chapel. There we seek to provide a framework in which people can explore the faith and express the faith, without feeling marginalised or uncomfortable. On Sundays this year we have looked at Mark's gospel. We have had a series entitled "Do you really believe in a God like that?" and most recently we have been looking at the growth of the early church from the book of Acts. In midweek chapel a team of staff have helped us to think about the Lord's prayer, the message of Jesus from the Old Testament and how a Christian would view moral questions.

Much of what happens would be impossible without the willing help of other staff, especially my assistant, Mark Edwards, who has been a constant support to me and an example to others. I am particularly grateful for the help of Adam Wharton, Lisa Greatwood, Peter Farquhar, who run Bible studies and with them for the other staff who speak in chapel. Without such help so much less would be achieved. My thanks also go to Jamie Henderson and John Green, who give colour and life to the music at our Sunday services.

May we never lose sight of Arnold's first aim, which was not to produce gentlemen or scholars, but Christians.

SIMON AUSTEN

## CONFIRMATION

Stoics confirmed by The Right Reverend Robert Hardy, the Bishop of Lincoln, in Stowe Chapel on Sunday 20th May 2001:

Barney Baber	Kirsty Marsh
Joshua Banks	George Nissen
Miles Barley	Oliver Nohl-Oser
Rufus Barraclough	James O'Donnell
Thomas Borwick	Marilyn Okoro
Hubert Bourke-Borrowes	Rupert Oldridge
William Burrett	Edward Page
Nicholas Carter	George Prideaux
Rory Chichester	Thomas Probert
Benedict Corner	Jonathan Roberts
Thomas Copas	Ralph Rogge
Anthony Dixon	Edward Ruggles-Brise
Alexander Farr	Jamie Savage
Nicholas Forrester	Thomas Seccombe
Oliver Geils	Benjamin Seebohm
Alan Griffin	Harry Shann
Robertino Habib	Charles Shirley-Beavan
William Hodge	Cameron Sinclair-Parry
Dougal Hutley	Harry Soames
Duncan Kennedy	James Tedder
William Kenyon	Harry Thuillier
Freddie Laing	William Tuely
Michael Landale	Katrina Varian
Michael Lange	George Walker
Charles Lech	James Whaley
George Margesson	Thomas Wigan

## **When I was asked to write about the Christian life at Stowe . . .**

by Cameron Sinclair-Parry

When I was asked to write about Christian life at Stowe, I had no idea where to start. I asked other people what they thought I should put in, and most people said I should write about the fact that chapel is outdated and boring, that chapel should be brought into the 21st century, that we should be able to wear home clothes, and that it should be optional.

I could have written about all those things but chances are my article wouldn't have been published. Instead I chose to write about the opportunities we have at Stowe.

Everyone has the opportunity to go to a Bible study group; we meet every week, have some food and drink, and then get taught, in a relaxed environment, where we can contribute, about a passage in the Bible.

Everyone has the opportunity to go to Crossfire, in the Blue Room every Friday night after prep. There also we have some food and drink, and then a speaker relays a Christian message using verses from the Bible.

And yes, everyone has the opportunity to go to chapel – you may say that you are forced to go, that it is boring, that you don't believe, but if all those were the case then you probably wouldn't be reading this article. Yes, chapel is boring, and yes, we are made to attend, but at least we have the opportunity. At many other schools, not just around the world but around the country, we would not have this opportunity. Sure you might not believe, but the sermons apply to non-Christians as well. There is a message in the Bible for everyone.

So I urge you, next time you go to chapel, not to just fall asleep but to listen and see and hear for yourself.

## **The Changing Face of Christianity at Stowe**

by Harry Vere Nicoll

The Christian Union at Stowe has often been accused by some (whom I hasten to add are entirely unfamiliar with it) of being out of date, irrelevant and escapist. This article is for those who feel this way and for those who simply wish to know what there is or where Christianity at Stowe is going. This is where the "clappies" fight back.

Crossfire is the largest regular meeting in the school. It is not an élitist club reserved only for those who are eligible to join on good moral grounds. Rather, it rejoices in new attendance – for at its heart, Christianity is a missionary faith. Crossfire then is a forum for Stoics to come together in a more informal setting to discover the Christian faith and have their questions answered. Something is changing – more and more Stoics arrive each term as Crossfire challenges the shroud of presupposition and shows its (or His) true colours ever brighter than the term before.

I interviewed Mr Edwards, the Chaplain's assistant, who is in charge of the group. As we talked he eased himself into his personally moulded chair and with relief flipped off the brown suede slippers to indulge in a chocolate flavoured "slim fast" milkshake:

What would you like to do after your career at Stowe has ended – if it does end?

I'd like to teach the Bible full-time if there is an

opportunity or possibly get ordained into the Church of England, but I really like teaching here – so who knows!

Is it possible to be a Christian and to follow another career?

Of course you can. It's really important that there are Christians in all walks of life. Next question!

Did you have any plans for Crossfire before you came?

I wanted to make sure it was a comfortable environment where people could come to investigate the claims of Jesus Christ, not just a club where people came in order to feel good about themselves.

What do you want in the future for Christianity at Stowe?

I'd like to see more people come to know Jesus and accept him as their Lord. There are so many people who say Christianity is rubbish who haven't even investigated it. I'd like to see those people come with open minds, if only once.

Finally, describe the Christian life at Stowe in four words.

(10 minutes pass punctuated by short desperate altercations)... Ah, Trusting Through the Trials.

Crossfire is modernising: talks will be available for those on-line; there is an initiative to strengthen the link with OS Christians and to take the community we have in Stowe outside the school. A Crossfire committee has also been set up in order to establish a voice for the Stoics and to bridge the gap between the staff and the pupils. Something is happening here; participation is on the up from 30 a week to around 50 and around a fifth of the school is involved in some way. The talks are natural, biblical and life-changing; the students and the staff are working alongside each other to take Crossfire into 2001 and beyond.

## **My experience of the Lenten Addresses**

by Tor Sheldon

"Do we simply live for 70 to 80 years and then fall off the edge into extinction or is there more to it than that? What is life all about? Are we dumped here for any reason or purpose?"

John answers these questions for us in Chapter 3 of his gospel. The Bible says that there is life after death and that we are all here for a purpose but that individually we all have a choice to make. He writes:

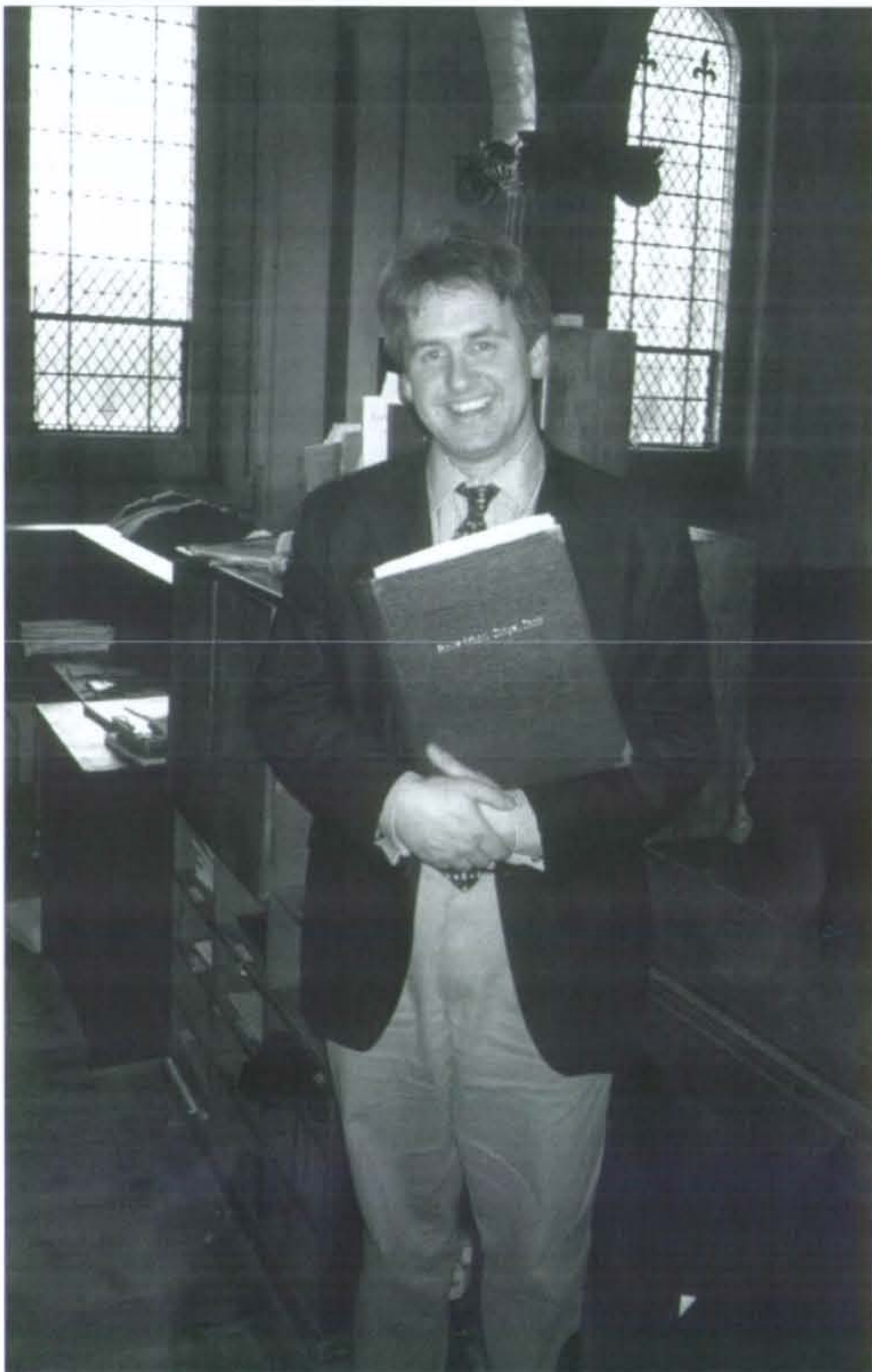
"For God so loved the world that he gave his only son, so that whoever believes in him may not die but have eternal life."

Eternal life is possible. Jesus did die in our place to rescue us from death – but we can only receive this if we repent, believe and trust only in Christ's death.

I only began to understand this as I went along to Crossfire this year. I started to question Christianity and ask questions, and I wanted to find out more. Little did I know that it would change my views on life. I find it amazing to think that when Jesus was alive he only met the same numbers of people that would fill one football pitch – and yet he made such an impact on society that a third of the world's population now claim to follow him.

Stowe is a brilliant place to explore the Christian faith through all the opportunities and events that are open to everyone including the Lenten Addresses. This was a series of talks given by the Revd. Edward Lobb during the Easter Term. Part of its aim was to answer some of the questions above. Up to 120 Stoics from the 3rd Form to the 6th Form came each evening to hear the Bible explained. On Monday we looked at the question "Is anyone looking?" This was followed on Tuesday by a series of special events for each year group, including suppers and drinks, so that everyone had the chance to find out more and to chat to some of the assistant leaders who came as part of the supporting team. The evening talk that followed was entitled "A question of identity". Wednesday opened up the topic of "The death of God" before the final day, which included a lunchtime talk by Mr. Austen on "Science, suffering and salvation", and the final talk from Edward was entitled "Two Gates, Two Roads".

This last talk had the most impact on me personally. It was about how there are two choices people in the world can take: the wide easy road that leads to destruction or the narrow gate and narrow road that leads to life. Jesus is the focus of Christianity and through him we can earn eternal life and he acts as our gate to heaven. It may not be an easy road, but God keeps the Christian going until we reach that final



JECH, a distinguished Chapel Organist for the past eleven years.

destination of heaven, and in the meantime: "I am convinced that neither death nor life, neither the present nor the future, nor any powers, neither height nor depth, nor anything else in all creation, will be able to separate us from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord." (Romans 8:38)

## Bible Study Groups

By Peter Tromans

The Bible study groups at Stowe are for so many people a great source of teaching, encouragement and friendship in our school lives, providing a great chance to meet up over an informal lunch, relax with friends, catch up on the week's events, whilst above all, exploring further God's message to us in the Bible. The groups have a multi-function – for many Christians at Stowe they provide clearly explained weekly teaching and fellowship, and for those investigating the Christian faith they provide a great starting point for investigation, where you can ask questions, find out what the Gospel is all about, what God's message is to us today and its implications in our lives, all in relaxed, informal surroundings which are a welcome break from often hectic school life. Every session we explore certain passages and investigate the central message of the Bible and its implications for us today, how the Bible addresses issues

relevant to us all in the modern world, what it says about us, the world and all aspects of life, as well as learning the practical application of God's word in our daily lives. There are other opportunities in the week to explore and grow in the Christian faith, and the Bible study groups help expand on and diversify the teaching and fellowship, with active group discussion, participation and input, which isn't really possible in a speech or sermon. There's also a chance to ask the teacher about any questions that have been niggling away at you over the last week about some area of the Christian faith, and you can relax with your year group and the teacher, chatting over coke and sandwiches. The groups form an integral part of the Christian teaching at Stowe, being inviting, informative and often hugely popular, with a wide appeal and interest throughout the school.

## Third Form Bible Studies

On Thursdays and Fridays some of the Third Form meet in Mr. Edwards' flat for our weekly Bible studies. The delicious lunch, of sandwiches, crisps and coke, is followed by a quiz – either from the Guinness Book of Records or in the form of questions about Harry Potter and the Simpsons. The winner sometimes gets a Mars Bar.

After lunch and the game we get down to studying the Bible. This term we have been looking at the passages from John's gospel that have been used each week at Crossfire. It has been really helpful to look again at a familiar section of the Bible and it makes a great difference to living as a Christian at Stowe.

I personally recommend going to Bible studies. It is tremendous fun and great food for thought.

THOMAS BORWICK



### Scenes from Confirmation Day

PHOTOS: THEO TURNER



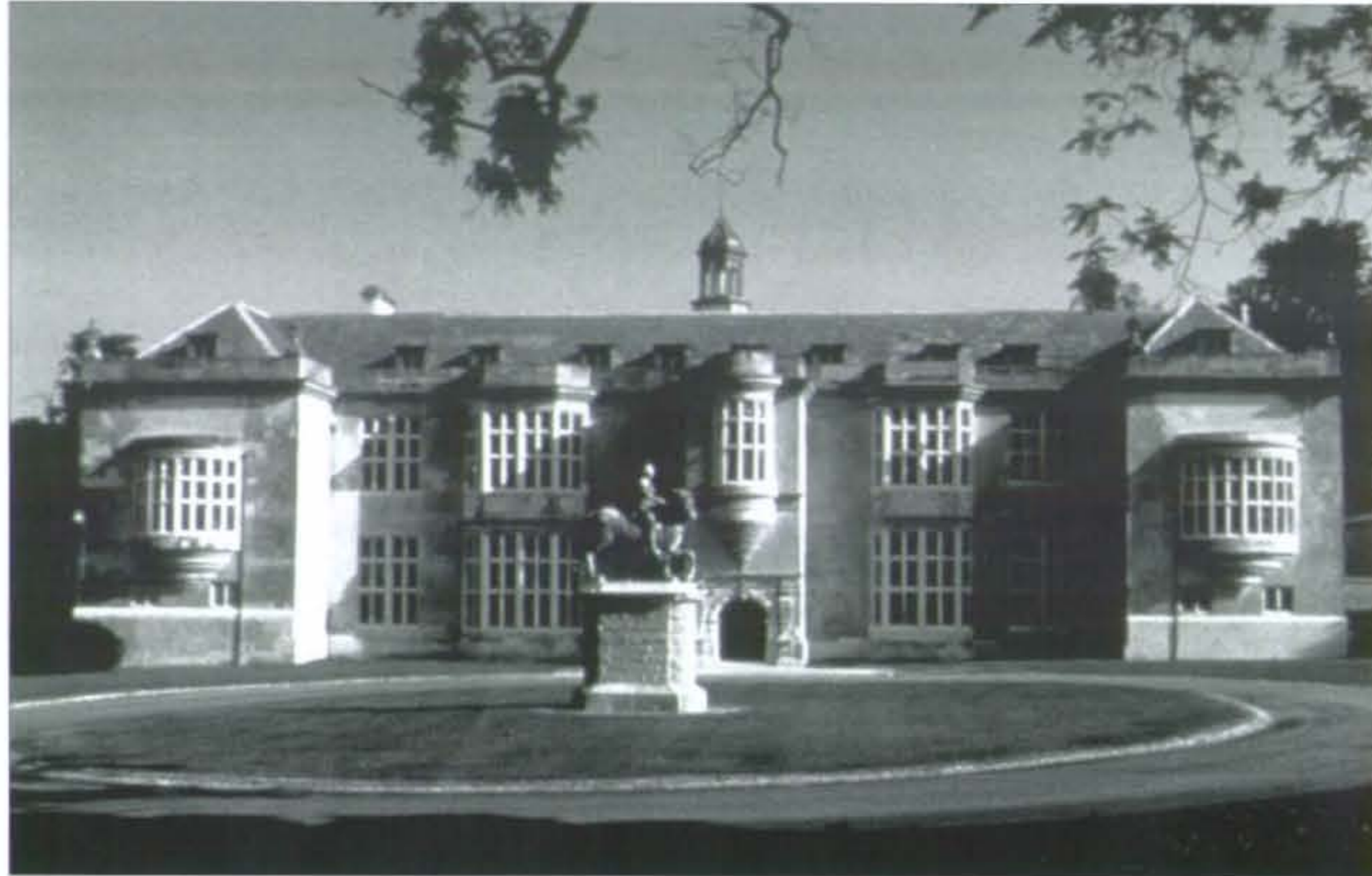
With Stoics and their families are the Headmaster, his wife and mother, the Bishop of Lincoln, the Chaplain's Assistant Mark Edwards, and Grenville Housemaster David Fletcher.





## HARTWELL HOUSE

VALE OF AYLESBURY



### A RESTORED HISTORIC HOUSE IN A LANDSCAPED PARK

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

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

In addition to the house, Hartwell Spa is a membership club, to promote the health, fitness and well-being of its members. Non-members may visit the Spa for whole or half-day health and beauty therapy programmes, or to enjoy lunches or drinks in The Buttery.

For further details or to make a reservation please telephone  
01296 747444 or Hartwell Spa 01296 7465000

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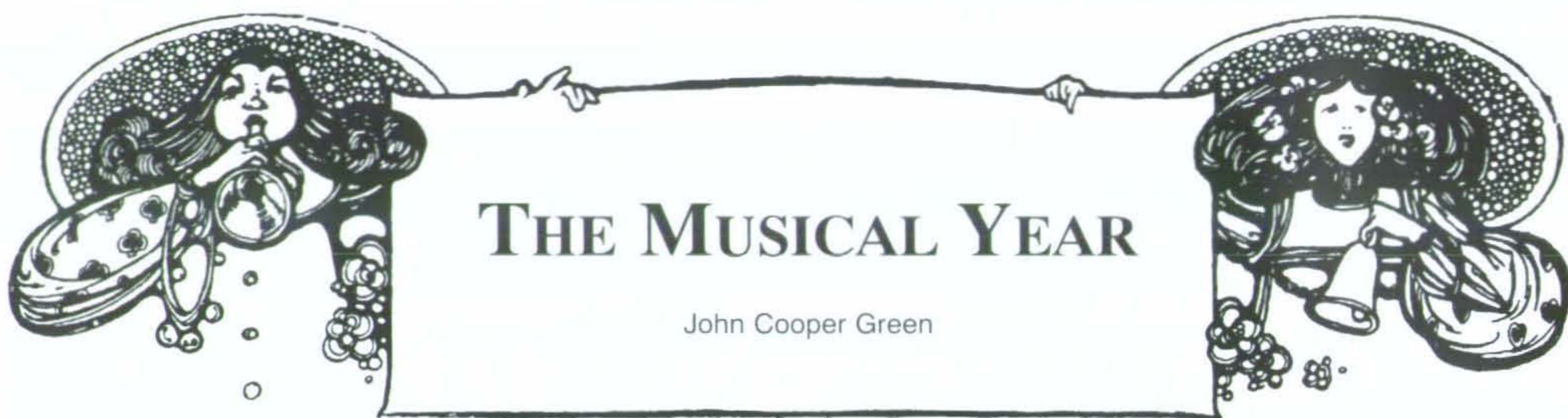
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Above: The Clarinet Quartet at the Royal Institute (Photo: PDH)



# THE MUSICAL YEAR

John Cooper Green

This has been a remarkable year for 'Music at Stowe'. There have of course been the prestigious events, which are reviewed elsewhere in this section, but a high standard of music making has been maintained whatever the occasion.

The weekly Tuesday concerts have been well supported and there have been some memorable performances. Included in these are the A-level recitals and I personally thought that the two recitals by Vicky Burrett, one on the piano and the other on percussion, were very special. Vicky is a musician of very high calibre and this was quite obvious. We were all amazed at both her technical accomplishment of her percussion playing but possibly most of all by how musically she performed. As well as the A-level recitals there have also been the mini recitals by students of all year groups. These have included recitals by Theodora von Schroder (Soprano), Jonathan Howse (Clarinet), Gene Kindell (Violin), Sophie Ingold (Clarinet), Vicky Burrett (Piano) and Jonathan Witt ('cello).

The vocal concerts have also been a feature of each term and we were very fortunate in having so many outstanding solo voices. It would be invidious of me to mention only some so I am going to limit myself to those soloists who leave this year and will be very much missed: Edward Hackett-Jones, Holly Middleditch, Theodora von Schroder and Howard Thomson. Because we have had such outstanding voices the Chamber Choir has been particularly strong. They sang for the last time under the direction of their founder, James Henderson, at 'Music for a Summer's Evening' in the Headmaster's Garden. A former headmaster of St. John's College Choir School, when writing about the Chamber Choir, said that "unforgettable – was observing that joy on the faces of your pupils, above all as they sang Monteverdi's little masterpiece – an experience they will surely never forget". I will also long remember their working with Pete Churchill, from the Guildhall School of Music, and producing music of sheer joy and vibrancy all from memory and learnt without a note being written down for them.

Choral music has played a large part in our musical life and the Christmas Carol Concert and Carol Service were as usual very special. The choir has increased its repertoire and large scale anthems have been a regular feature of our Sunday worship. They have also given the first public

performances of two anthems: The first 'Be Thou my vision' by Bob Chilcott, in which the singing of the soprano soloist, Philippa Murray, was quite sublime, and the second by James Henderson, 'Seek the Lord'.

We have had some very strong instrumentalists this year which has resulted not only in some excellent solo performances but in some very fine ensembles. The Clarinet Quartet has continued to do excellent work and provide a high standard of performance whenever required. The String Quartet has been quite outstanding and I doubt if any other school could boast of such an impressive group of musicians. But it is not only the high fliers who have been making music and I have been delighted to observe the re-establishment of a Wind Band at Stowe. This group performed so well for the first time at 'Music for a Midsummer's Evening' and I am sure that now that they are established they will go from strength to strength. There has also been the Junior Clarinet Quartet, the Wind Quintet, the Saxophone Group, the Piano Quintet, the Brass group and the Junior Trumpet Quartet – all these have made a great impact on our musical life.

Jazz has also been a great feature of music at Stowe and the establishment of a new Jazz Combo has been a pleasure to observe. Under the very able tuition of Paul Westwood the group, consisting of Oliver Cullingworth (Piano), Oliver Thomas ((Bass), Freddie Hermon (Drums) and Jaime Zaldua (Flute), have welded together as a real musical force. The Jazz Band also has gone from strength to strength and the leadership of Gene Kindell (Alto Saxophone), Tom Kemble (Trumpet) and Vicky Burrett (Drums) has been very much in evidence. Their two major public events were as usual a sell-out and, in particular, the 'Dinner 'n Jazz' could have sold twice the number of tickets that were available.

Success for our musicians outside the school has also been very good with Stoics coming first in every class that they entered in the Buckingham and Milton Keynes Festival. Examination results have been very good. Many students have taken Grade 8 and obtained at least a merit. Finally we were all delighted that Gene Kindell was awarded a place at the Royal Academy of Music to study the violin. We wish him and all our musicians that have just left every success in the future and thank them wholeheartedly for the wonderful contribution they have made to our music this year.





## MUSICAL REVIEWS



Some of this year's concerts and competitions

### GEORGINA SOBER MEMORIAL RECITAL

Gene Kindell (Violin) and BJD (Piano)

Georgina Sober was a student at Stowe in the early nineteen eighties. She was a very talented violinist. With David Arkell, a pianist in the same year, she gave a memorable performance of the Cesar Franck Violin Sonata. She returned to Stowe a year after she left to play Nigun by Bloch with the school orchestra. Sadly, she died a few years later from cancer. Her parents, Philip and Vivien Sober, have taken a great interest in Gene Kindell and it was very fitting that he gave the first Georgina Sober Memorial Recital. It is sad that Georgina and Gene never met as, having had the privilege of knowing both of them, I think they would have been good friends.

Gene gave a spectacular recital, the main item of interest being the Mendelssohn Sonata. Yehudi Menuhin first performed this work in the 1950s, it having lain undiscovered for perhaps one hundred years. Unlike the early D minor Violin Concerto, this work comes from the composer's precocious maturity. A substantial and virtuoso piece for both performers, Gene and BJD brought off a very convincing performance. The finale, almost a moto perpetuo for both players, was breathtaking. Vaughan Williams' 'The Lark Ascending' was a try-out for later performances with the school orchestra and, subsequently, Gene has been invited to play the work in the Buckingham Summer Festival with the Orchestra of Stowe Opera.

Max Bruch's Swedish Dances are as extrovert and melodic as one could imagine from the Violin Concertos and suited Gene's playing down to the ground.

In September Gene is off to study at the Royal Academy of Music in London. He is not only a fine violinist and musician but also a superb ambassador for both music and Stowe. He will happily help and encourage other players and has brought a sense of fun and fulfilment to Stowe's music.

RJSS

### MOZART TRIO PRIZE

The "Mozart Trio Prize" has established itself as one of the most important dates in the music calendar at Stowe. Nothing to do with "Mozart" or "Trios", the name derives from the group in which the benefactor of the prize, John Yard, sang. It is in fact our most prestigious prize for solo performance when each competitor gives a recital lasting at least ten minutes. We seemed to lose so many outstanding musicians last year that we all felt that this year's competition would not quite come up to standard; how wrong we were. There were some quite outstanding performances and the whole standard of the day was extremely high with everyone producing performances of good quality.

It was a great honour and privilege for us that Dame Thea King agreed to be our adjudicator. Without doubt she is one of the leading musicians in the world and is known as an outstanding performer on not one but two instruments, the clarinet and the piano. She has worked with all the top musicians and has given the first performances of the works of many eminent musicians including Britten, Arnold and Elizabeth Maconochy. Her warmth and encouraging words did much to make this a very special day for listeners and performers alike.

In the piano class Vicky Burrett won for her performances of two pieces by Debussy and the Preludes Nos.14 & 16 by Alexander Scriabin which the adjudicator described as "concentrated and mature" performances. Dame Thea also highly commended Alexander Hodgkinson for his compelling performances and thought that he had a very promising future. Vicky also won the percussion class where she demonstrated her very fine musicianship which has been so evident in all that she does.

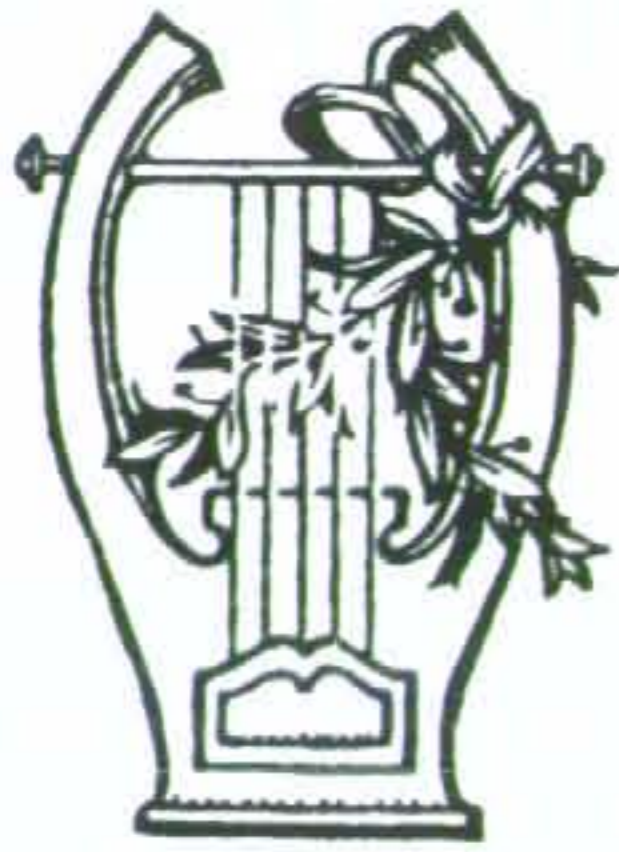
Oliver Thomas gave a most moving performance of the complete Cello Suite No.1 by J.S.Bach and was awarded first place. It was a great achievement to produce such a concentrated, strong performance and Dame Thea went on to say "his intellectual grasp was most impressive, and translated into fine quality of sound and intonation". Highly commended were Alexander Weil for his performance of the Telemann Viola Concerto and Sam Vance-Law for the first movement of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto in D minor and the Meditation from *Thais* by Massenet. She regarded these two players as having considerable potential.

Jonathan Howse on the clarinet chose to play the Hillandale Waltzes by Victor Babin. His performance which was most elegant, poised and virtuosic won him the Woodwind Class. Dame Thea thought Jonathan to be a very fine player.

Others highly commended in this class were Robert McKinnon on the oboe for his excellent performance of the first movement of Haydn's Concerto in C and the Italian Dance by Madeline Dring, and George Walker for a most stylish performance of Telemann's Recorder Concerto in C.

The benefactor of the prize was a singer and he would have been delighted that there were three excellent vocal contributions this year. Howard Thomson gave us wonderfully characterised interpretations of a well-chosen programme and won the class. But the overall winner was Philippa Murray for her song recital. Dame Thea said that she was listening for the performance that gave her that certain tingle down the spine when she would know that she was listening to a performance that really excelled. Although, as she said, there were many excellent performances in the day, Philippa's recital was the one that she felt was the most moving. John Yard would have been delighted that at last a singer has won the Mozart Trio Prize.

JCG



## SCHOOL CONCERT JANUARY 2001

Choosing a successful programme for a school concert is never an easy task. It must be playable but never trivial, it must be accessible but never patronising. Robert Secret did a very good job in putting together his programme for the orchestral concert which took place on January 21st in the Chapel.

Mozart is never easy to play. The first movement of the D major Violin Concerto was given a most creditable account by Gene Kindell. The necessary lightness of touch in the orchestral accompaniment was most successful and one could almost sense the intense aural concentration by the orchestral members which brought about some very Mozartian sounds.

I thought the Lyadov Russian Folksongs an inspired choice. The transparent textures are not easy to bring off. So often one hears nothing but thickly scored music chosen for your average school orchestra – on the theory that if the oboist can't quite play the tune at least it's also being played simultaneously by the second violins, violas, second bassoon, third trumpet, fourth horn and xylophone! This was quite different. Many individual players found themselves with important solo lines and the conductor mixed these together with a fine ear for balance.

John Dankworth's 'Tom Sawyer's Saturday' was an enjoyable interlude. Dankworth is a jazzier really (a great saxophone player) and this light-hearted setting of an episode from Mark Twain's wonderful novel shows a certain affinity with the likes of Oscar Hammerstein. I wonder whether Dankworth had got out his recording of *Oklahoma* before putting pen to paper? The orchestra had great fun!

**“The performance was brought to life by Vicky Burrett whose extraordinary rhythmic control and tonal control on the side drum was quite breathtaking.”**

Bolero is a real tester – even for a professional orchestra. The performance was brought to life by Vicky Burrett, whose extraordinary rhythmic and tonal control on the side drum was quite breathtaking. It's virtually a side drum concerto! The gong, which had been sitting at the back of the orchestra patiently awaiting its turn, finally got its big moment at the end of this exciting performance. It was a most enjoyable evening.

PDH

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The concert began with the first movement of Mozart's Violin Concerto in D major, K.218. This was one of five violin concertos that Mozart wrote between April and December 1775 and probably intended for the composer's own performance. The soloist on this occasion was Gene Kindell who proved himself to be an accomplished interpreter of Mozart's elusive style, bringing eloquence and virtuosity to the solo lines in abundance. The cadenza was played with aplomb.

Having met the demands of classicism with such success in the Mozart, the orchestra was then able to show off their full palate of colour in four of Anatol Lyadov's Russian Folksongs. We were told in the programme notes that the composer's indolence limited the number of his published works – there was no sign of such a trait here as the orchestra brought energy and enthusiasm to these earthy pieces.

'Tom Sawyer's Saturday', by the English composer, jazz musician and bandleader, Johnny Dankworth, is a setting for narrator and orchestra of a text by Mark Twain. The narration was given by none other than our Director of Music who sustained a robust Southern American accent throughout, supported by much characterisation from the orchestra.

The final piece in the programme was Maurice Ravel's Bolero. It was written for the dancer Ida Rubinstein and based on the popular eighteenth-century dance of the same name, the rhythm of which is played on the side drum throughout. It is a *tour de force* for the orchestra, the two-part theme heard at the outset being repeated by various solo instruments before being taken up by the whole orchestra in a massive crescendo. Vicky Burrett showed a staggering degree of concentration and rhythmic integrity maintaining the side drum part as the backbone of the piece as RJSS, the conductor of this concert, shaped the work to maximum effect.

BJD



## STOWE PIANO COMPETITION 2001

The adjudicator for this year's Piano Competition was Anna Markland. She became known to many when she won the BBC Young Musician of the Year in 1982 and now pursues a successful career as concert pianist, singer and teacher – we were thrilled that she was able to spend the day at Stowe.

The day began, as usual, with the Novice Class. There were two participants, Christopher Martin and Miles Barley, both of whom had begun their piano studies since the beginning of the year. Both showed a burgeoning confidence and delivered their short pieces with aplomb, sharing the prize. The Elementary Class followed and it too produced two joint winners, Rupert Rowling playing 'Southern Bell' and Matthew Dalton with 'Walking Fingers'. The adjudicator also commended the poised and committed performances of Harry Darby and Thomas Williams.

The two performances in the Lower Intermediate Class could not have been more contrasting: Christopher Dalton's 'Walkin' the Blues' showed the pianist to be very much at home with the relaxed style of this piece while Jeremy Walker offered a very sensitive account of a Bach minuet. It would have been invidious for the adjudicator to have separated these enjoyable performances and again the prize was shared. In the Intermediate Class the adjudicator was now looking for greater musical understanding and technical accomplishment. This she found in all the performances and the prize was awarded to Freddie Laing for his poetic playing of Glière's 'Morning'.

Last year saw the introduction of the Jazz Class. It took place again this year and was won by Harry Thuillier with 'Barrelhouse Blues'. At the end of the class we were treated to a rollicking performance of 'Breakfast Boogie' by P. Cunningham given by the winner of the class and Edward Pendleton. It was Edward who began the Higher Intermediate Class playing Cornick's 'Modulations' with its complex, wandering harmonic language. This was followed by Howard Thomson's incisive performance of a Bach sinfonia and Alexander Hodgkinson's playing of Beethoven's G minor Bagatelle. Alexander impressed the adjudicator with his mature and detailed playing and was awarded the prize.

The day culminated with the Advanced Class and, though it was not as large as last year, offered some playing of equally high standard. Philippa Murray started the class with some daring Bartók followed by Oliver Cullingworth, who delighted us with his natural musicianship in performances of Scarlatti and Scriabin. It was, however, Vicky Burrett who won the class with her passionate and lyrical Schubert Impromptu and humorous Debussy.

BJD

## EVE OF SPEECH DAY CONCERT

The concert opened with the overture to Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Yeoman of the Guard*. The orchestra showed from the outset that this was a concert to celebrate the music of Stowe's year with some vivacious and festive playing in this jolly piece.

The second item on the programme, 'Seek the Lord' for choir and orchestra by JECH, had received its premier at St. Paul's Cathedral earlier in the year and its first performance in this orchestrated version during the MMA conference. It was a pleasure to hear it again – the choir and orchestra's perception of the work had deepened and Howard Thomson's tenor solo was delivered with characteristic conviction.

Ralph Vaughan Williams' 'The Lark Ascending' had, too, been heard at the MMA conference. Once again Gene Kindell mesmerised the audience in the solo violin cadenzas that open and close the work with their birdsong-like ever-rising utterances. During the main body of the piece RJSS drew from the orchestra a support to Gene's playing of warmth and lyricism.

The Chamber Choir, under its director JECH, then delighted all with two numbers: 'Uist Tamping Song', arranged by the conductor and 'Sahara' – an oriental foxtrot arranged by Paul Drayton. The Chapel Choir then went on to sing Bob Chilcott's 'Be Thou My Vision' with Philippa Murray singing the soprano solo.

The concert ended as it had begun with the orchestra in its element playing four movements from the Coppélia Ballet Suite by Leo Delibes. Three of the pieces are written as traditional dances: Mazurka, Waltz and Czardas. This element of the music was characterised well. The other movement, Theme and Variations, displayed some dextrous playing from all members.

BJD

**"It was Vicky Burrett who won the class with her passionate and lyrical Schubert Impromptu and humorous Debussy."**



## CHAMBER MUSIC CONCERTS

There has been a wide variety of chamber concerts this year given by our own music staff. The first was a joint organ recital given by JCG and JECH. The year 2000 was the 250th anniversary of the death of Johann Sebastian Bach and the pieces chosen were either written by Bach or written as a tribute to him. The name BACH can be interpreted as the notes B flat, A, C and B natural, for the Germans describe the note B as being H and the note B as being B flat. The first piece in the recital was a first performance of a new work by Paul Harris entitled 'Prelude and Fugue on B-A-C-H'. This was followed up by JECH playing one of Bach's best known pieces the Chorale Prelude on Wachet Auf. Johann Sebastian's eldest son, Carl Philipp Emanuel, was also a composer and JCG gave a performance of his Fugue on B-A-C-H. The 'St. Anne' Prelude and Fugue in E flat is one of Bach's most monumental organ works and JECH gave a magnificent performance of it. The recital was brought to a close with JCG performing one of the most demanding organ works of the nineteenth century, Liszt's Fantasia and Fugue on B-A-C-H. This work displays all the bravura and extreme contrasts of dynamics that one expects in Liszt's major piano works.

The next Chamber Concert followed the theme of the anniversary of J.S. Bach with a recital of music by J.S. Bach and his contemporaries given by JCG (harpsichord), RJSS (viola) with Polly Chilcott (cello). The concert began with Bach's Sonata in G originally written for Viol da Gamba. This work displayed all the hallmarks of Bach's instrumental writing with its long melodic lines all interweaving with each other. Marais' 'Couplets des folies d'Espagne' is a set of variations for cello and Polly Chilcott gave a vibrant performance of them. The next two works were solo suites for Harpsichord and Cello. JCG performed three movements from the English Suite No.2 in A minor and then Polly Chilcott gave us the complete Cello Suite No.1 in G. It was truly magical to sit and listen to this performed from memory in the dimly lit Music Room and be transported back into the eighteenth century. This extremely enjoyable concert ended with a performance of Marcello's Viola Sonata in F.

We next moved into the Classical and Romantic periods and heard three works for Piano, Viola and Cello by Haydn, Beethoven and Brahms. BJD gave us a wonderful and musical performance of Haydn's two movement Piano Sonata No. 61 in D major. Beethoven's duet for Viola and Cello called the 'eyeglass' is an early work and only the first movement of it survives. The major work in the concert was Brahms' Trio in A minor. Originally written for Clarinet, Piano and Cello, the composer allowed it to be published for

performance by Viola, Piano and Cello. The warmth and large sound that RJSS is able to produce from the Viola admirably suited this work and, supported on the piano by BJD and on the cello by Polly Chilcott, this was a memorable performance of one of the great romantic chamber works.

How fortunate we were that a musician and clarinettist of such high calibre should join the music staff last January as Head of Woodwind. Zoe Fairbairn is a distinguished performer and for two years was principal clarinettist of the National Youth Orchestra and then a concerto soloist with the same orchestra. At the Royal College of Music she won the Frederick Thurston Prize, their highest award for a clarinettist. She chose three works for her debut recital at Stowe. The first was Brahms' Clarinet Sonata No.1 in F minor. A large scale work which makes considerable demands upon the performer and accompanist. ZF showed a complete mastery of this piece and full control over all the many musical subtleties. She showed that she was able to produce a wide range of sound and there was a most wonderful warmth to her playing. In the next work she was joined by RJSS on the viola as well as BJD on the piano for a performance of four pieces from Brahms' opus 83. This group were highly accomplished and showed just how fortunate we were to have such distinguished musicians on the full-time staff. The final work was Debussy's *Première Rhapsody*, a difficult work to bring off since the accompaniment was originally for orchestra. This was a real *tour de force* and brought a very memorable recital to an exciting end.

The final Chamber Music Concert of the year was given by BJD on Piano, ZF on Clarinet, RJSS on Viola and Polly Chilcott on Cello. The programme began with Beethoven's Trio for Clarinet, Cello and Piano and this demonstrated ensemble playing at its very best. All three players seemed in such close communication with each other and it was a real joy to listen to. Mozart's 'Kegelstatt-Trio' was the next work and the full sound and warmth of the clarinet and viola balanced each other extremely well in this delightful work. The final work was for cello and piano only and Polly Chilcott performed Debussy's Sonata, a work that at times did not sound at all like what we expect from this composer and seemed to be more reminiscent of later twentieth-century composers. It was a brilliant performance and much enjoyed by the large audience that was privileged to hear this concert.

JCG



## HOUSE SINGING FESTIVAL

Without doubt the overall standard of the entries this year was higher than it has ever been and every House made a very creditable contribution. Some of those who were not even placed this year would perhaps have won in the earlier years of the competition. The standard of those who did win this year was very impressive and it was hard to believe that a single House could provide such musical standards from within its own ranks. The adjudicator was Dr. Christopher Tinker, Director of Music at Whitgift School in Croydon, and he had judged a similar competition at Stowe in my first year as Director of Music. Much of this article is based on his comments.

The part songs came first and Chatham sang "Breaking up is hard to do". The vocal tone was excellent and the words came across very clearly. Cobham's entry was "Love changes everything" and they gave a very good interpretation of this, holding on to their parts extremely well, even after a difficult key change. The Grenville part song was entirely arranged and rehearsed by themselves and it was particularly successful. I think the whole school was surprised to hear Ed Clark sing the solo so well and were amazed at his musical ability. Also of note was the fact that they sang entirely from memory. JECH had arranged the well-known song "When the red red robin" for Temple House. It was ideally suited to their voices and the tuning and attention to detail were excellent. Nugent chose to present a medley of songs from the film "Sister Act" and their representation of an American-styled Gospel Choir was very well done and there was considerable musical life and variety. Lennon and McCartney's "Here, there and everywhere" was Walpole's choice and it was an excellent arrangement with guitar, vocals and backing group. Presentation was excellent and it was a very musical performance. Chandos chose a difficult negro spiritual, "Jacob's Ladder", which they performed commendably and the long sustained notes were particularly effective. Karl Jenkins' song "Adiemus" has become very well-known and the girls of Lyttelton gave a very good performance of this work with well contrasted dynamics, good tuning and all from memory. Grafton's entry "Scarborough Fair" was a good attempt to bring off a difficult song and Bruce's "Jailhouse Rock" compensated for what it lacked in parts by entertainment value.

The unisons began with "Spread a little happiness" sung by Chatham. Jonathan Witt proved to be a fine conductor though some of the younger boys found it difficult to get some of the low notes. Cobham gave us "Chicago" and the sound was not always as well focused as we would have liked, but nevertheless had considerable energy. "Yesterday",

sung by Grenville, like Chatham was more effective in the upper register rather than the lower. Temple's "There is nothing like a dame" was sung without a conductor but the House was so disciplined and the tone was well focused. Particularly impressive was how they all looked up and projected the sound to the back of the hall. "Big Spender" sung by Nugent was another excellent performance, with great presentation and a very strong sound. It should perhaps be said that the voices of Sixth Form girls are much easier to blend than those of boys from the age of 13 – 18 whose voices are developing all the time. Walpole's entry "Dancing in the moonlight" was accompanied by the piano, bass guitar and flute and this was very effective. Jaime Zaldua is to be particularly congratulated on his accompaniment which was outstanding and very sensitive. Chandos had gone to considerable trouble in preparing "Food Glorious Food" but a few moments' hesitation meant that it never quite achieved its full potential in performance, a pity as if they had gone for it they could have produced something outstanding. Lyttelton's "Anything goes" was full of contrasts but again did not quite achieve its full potential as nerves on the night took their toll. The choice of "Chitty Chitty Bang Bang" was a good one and Grafton's pianist did a very good job at holding it together as the car appeared to be racing at times. The performances came to an end with Bruce singing "American Pie". This took a little time to get going but once underway it had considerable life and some very good voices came through above some groaners in the background.

After a musical interlude by the Jazz Band the adjudicator awarded first place to Temple for the Part Song, to Nugent for the Unison and, to share the honours, Lyttelton gained the overall cup for being very highly placed in both sections. However, one has to congratulate Temple in JECH's final year at Stowe for a wonderfully high overall standard and no one would deny the excellent work that has been done in this competition by this House.

JCG

**"the overall standard of entries  
this year was higher than it has  
ever been..."**



## STRING ORCHESTRA

The standard of the string playing at Stowe has shot up in the last two years and one must give credit to Gene Kindell for his excellent leadership and inspirational playing. We have also been very fortunate in gaining some very good string music scholars. Their first concert was in November and apart from movements from Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* the items were all British. Frank Cordell's "King Charles Galliard" is very much a parody of seventeenth-century England, but whose harmony makes it clear that this was written in this century. Peter Dodd's arrangement of "The Lark in the clear air" is a beautiful miniature that captures just the right feeling and it was poetically played by the strings. The final work was Philip Lane's set of three pieces entitled "Pantomime". This is a *tour de force* for string players and explores not only many of the techniques of string playing but also the different textures that can be used. The string orchestra rose to the challenge admirably and there was considerable attention to tuning, dynamics and mood.

The movements from *Stabat Mater* were sung by Holly Middleditch and Theodora von Schroder, whose excellent singing brought out both the pathos and much of the vigour in the pieces chosen.

In May the strings gave another concert for Amnesty International which was well attended and raised almost £300. The concert was entitled "Popular Music of the Baroque period" and such pieces as Pachelbel's Canon, Albinoni's Adagio for Organ and Strings and the slow movement of Bach's Concerto for Two Violins were performed. This concert was a real delight from beginning to end and coming in the middle of a whole series of concerts one was amazed at the stamina and musicianship of our musicians.

The concert opened with Purcell's Chaconne in G minor, a weighty piece which was brought to life and sonority in the acoustics of the Music Room. George Walker then played Telemann's Concerto in C for Treble Recorder and Strings. He gave an almost flawless performance of this difficult and demanding work which requires considerable resilience and since he is only fourteen-years-old he is obviously going to be an outstanding player. The other concerto in this concert was also by Telemann and the Viola Concerto, played by Alexander Weil, is perhaps one of this composer's best known works. There was considerable vigour in the fast movements and poetry in the slow movements and Alexander produced a wonderful large sound from the instrument. The

Concert came to a close with Handel's Concerto Grosso Op.6 No.1 in G minor with Gene Kindell and David Hrankovic solo violins and Oliver Thomas solo cello. A superb performance brought an excellent concert to an end.

JCG

## THE STRING QUARTET

Gene Kindell – violin

David Hrankovic – violin

Alexander Weil – viola

Oliver Thomas – cello

String quartet playing is one of the hardest and, at the same time, one of the most satisfying musical achievements. At any level getting four people together with the same dedication to the music and all the rehearsal that is needed to perform this fantastic repertoire, is difficult. To have the ability on a string instrument to play quartets will mean that a strong musical personality has been forged; this has often to be suppressed to achieve a common musical approach.

The reason that this year we have had such a successful group is that they are all good musicians with advanced techniques and that they work well together. That is not to say that they do not have different musical opinions, but they are able to work them out. The role of the teacher in this medium is that of a fifth pair of ears. Certainly the students have to learn about style, lengths of notes, intonation, ensemble, dynamics, phrasing and all the varieties of sound and approach that make for a good performance. This cannot be imposed but has to be drawn out of the players.

Gene, David, Alexander and Oliver have played at many concerts and events over the last year. An unusual quartet by Nardini has been particularly successful along with other classical quartets by Mozart and Haydn. Wherever they have performed, members of the audience have spoken of the ensemble's polish and of the charming manner of each individual in the group. Certainly, when sitting back and listening to the quartet in performance, I forget that these are students. Anyone who has tried to play string chamber music will confirm that to be an incredible achievement on the part of these four young people.

RJSS

# THE MMA CONFERENCE

“What a spectacular feat the Stowe experience was! It was a joy to see, and hear, so many pupils participating in musical activities.”

So wrote a delighted delegate from the 2001 conference of the Music Masters’ Association (MMA), which was this year hosted by Stowe. Involving some 120 Directors of Music from Public and Preparatory Schools across the country, the event was undoubtedly something of a milestone in Stowe’s musical history.

Taking place between Sunday 13th May and Tuesday 15th May, the conference provided an opportunity for the school’s musicians to perform at their very best in front of arguably some of the most demanding audiences in the country. Variety was a watchword in the whole event’s planning, and use of the grounds and their many temples was crucial, so that almost every musical ensemble was given its own chance to shine within stunning surroundings.

The highlights of the conference were the concert in the Chapel, at 8.30 pm on the Sunday, and the ‘musical tour of the gardens’ on the Monday evening. The concert was preceded by a dramatic Evensong, led by the Chapel Choir – whose ranks were significantly augmented by the addition of many of the conference delegates – and conducted by Bob Chilcott who had composed the anthem ‘Be thou my vision’ premiered in the service. Stainer’s *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in Bb filled the Chapel with extraordinarily fruity singing, bringing smiles to the faces of all involved, and the concluding organ voluntary (Leighton’s Paeon) was played by Oliver Cullingworth to a congregation which did not stir until the final chord had died away. The concert itself featured a wonderful performance by Gene Kindell of ‘The Lark Ascending’, the Trout Quintet variations, homegrown music by Paul Harris (Concerto for Four Hands for two pianos and strings) and James Henderson (‘Seek the Lord’ for choir and orchestra), Mozart’s Serenade for 13 Instruments and a lively performance of Monteverdi’s *Beatus Vir* by the Chamber Choir. The occasion was received with great acclaim and applause, prompting one enthusiastic musical director from another school to write:

“It was a great achievement, and done with smiling faces all round – worth every ounce of prolonged effort by you and your team. There seemed to me to be so much splendid stuff that you had successfully persuaded and taught the pupils to do with their own evident willingness and fulfilment. It was a delight to hear young musicians play and sing to a very high standard indeed.”

The ‘musical tour of the grounds’ which preceded the conference dinner on the Monday evening initially looked as if it was to be marred by less than ideal weather conditions, but from about 5.30 pm the light rainfall had ceased altogether and delegates were instructed to ‘start at the South Front portico where drinks will be provided: take your glass with you as you go around various temples in the grounds



where music will be played; your glass will be replenished at each stage!’ The tour took the following route:

Temple of Concord and Victory – Clarinet Quartet. Queen’s Temple – Swing Band. Temple of Ancient Virtue – String Quartet. Lakeside Pavilions – Pipes and Drums. Rotunda – Wind Quintet.

Clearly an enjoyable evening was had by all as roving musicians and sipping delegates progressed from temple to temple. But the Stoics themselves also loved the evening, and were delighted with the enthusiastic applause given to them at the end of each section. One visitor remarked on having been ‘incredibly moved’ by the performance of the string quartet in the Temple of Ancient Virtue, while

another later wrote words of thanks which summed up the experience for all involved:

“From first to last the gathering was filled with rapturous music ... unforgettable was observing that joy on the faces of your pupils.”

A heartening performance of Allegri’s *Miserere* by the Chapel Choir in the Marble Hall immediately preceded the conference dinner, while at dinner itself Grace was sung by the Chamber Choir (a setting of the first and last verses of psalm 115 – Lord, not to us) and a musical interlude between the courses was provided by the winners of the House Part-Song Cup – Temple – singing ‘When the red red robin’, which had been especially requested by the President of the MMA after adjudicating the House Singing Competition in the Autumn Term. After dinner speakers included the Headmaster, part of whose inspiring speech is reprinted on the next pages, Ralph Allwood (Precentor of Eton College) and Guest Speaker Roderick Swanston (OS and Reader in Historical and Interdisciplinary Studies at the Royal College of Music) whose highly amusing speech was followed by a spectacular firework display on the South Front vista.

Valuable and interesting lectures by prestigious visiting speakers filled the conference’s day-time programme, and trade fairs operated throughout the three days, but another particularly exciting musical event was the masterclass rehearsal on the Tuesday of the Chamber Choir, in front of many of the delegates, by Pete Churchill – Professor of Jazz Studies at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. Singing, entirely by memory and without ever having seen the music, an arrangement of a negro spiritual which had been taught during the masterclass, the Chamber Choir moved many in the audience with their enthusiastic and heartfelt performance.

The thank-you letters which flooded JCG’s desk in the days following the conference were sure testament to the success of the whole venture. As yet another letter said:

“What a fabulous conference – congratulations and many, many thanks.”

JECH

# Music the Food of Love?

An extract from the Headmaster's Speech to the MMA at a dinner in the State Dining Room

"...This room was, of course, designed for big parties. Right up to the time the School took Stowe over in 1923, it used to have one great big table down the middle.

There is a wonderful drawing of it loaded with food in 1845 when Victoria and Albert came to stay for a few days and the spendthrift 2nd Duke of Buckingham gave them a very lavish dinner. Not quite as lavish as tonight of course.

Well, maybe it was. I just happen to have the menu here of one of the dinners. It's all in French – but that's where the value of a good public school education comes in. It started with several kinds of potage; then there was a kind of *hors d'oeuvres* with roast venison; a fish course followed with a choice of whiting, dover sole, cod or fried turbot; then came some more venison, this time in a different sauce; and then a choice of twelve entrées: things like lamb cutlets, and in case that wasn't enough there was some cold roast beef, mutton, lamb, ham, *pâté de foie gras* etc etc etc; for the so-called *deuxième service*, there was a choice of pheasant, partridge, woodcock or whatever kind of bird the Duke had managed to down recently. Ices and sorbets then prepared the way for a selection of 16 puddings, things like cherry *vol au vent*, cherry meringue, lobster salad – nothing too fattening. And that was about it, though there was a side table of things like black pudding and fruit tart, for those still feeling a little peckish.

The whirligig of time can produce some very odd changes. It was also in this very same room, some eighty years later, that a young Stoic called David Niven at the beginning of one school lunch surveyed a succession of huge, hemi-spherical, flesh-coloured blancmanges, one awaiting each table but at present on trolleys lining the whole of that wall. And swiftly walking past these said blancmanges he dealt them all a swift smack of the hand which sent them into the most amazing quivers and contortions for the next five minutes. It is not recorded whether the school ate much of its pudding that day. Not for them, nor for us, alas, cherry *vol au vents* or lobster salads.

Of all the many roles David Niven played, or could have played, Prince Albert wouldn't have been one of them. But we should not be too critical of Albert just because a sense of fun wasn't high up in his list of priorities or because those feisty Victorians did over-indulge a little at the dinner table. You will be pleased to know, for example, they enjoyed their music every evening at Stowe...

On the Friday evening before and after dinner they were entertained by the 1st Regiment of Lifeguards. Imagine the scene. There you are, scoffing your sorbets and tucking in to your turbot, as the Lifeguards play a potpourri from *Don Pasquale*, some waltzes by Labitsky, an overture by Adam and a polka by Johann Strauss. It would have all the making, one would have thought, of chronic indigestion.

But not for Victoria and Albert. The concert after dinner started with Weber's *Oberon* overture, a Scotch air by Waddell, more polkas and waltzes by Labitsky, and, what I guess was the hit of the evening, "The Dream" from Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*.

And that wasn't the end of their musical evening. After the Lifeguards had had their fling, Victoria and Albert were offered a somewhat more up-market orchestral concert in the Marble Hall, led by a certain Monsieur Jullien, no doubt a name well known to the public school music department gurus of the day. Albert and Victoria listened at a discreet distance, from the comfort of the Temple Room next door, as M. Jullien's orchestra played some Meyerbeer (*Robert le Diable*), Monsieur Jullien's own arrangement of a quadrille, from Hérold's *Zampa*, and large sections, including the storm, from Beethoven's 'Pastoral' Symphony. At this stage Prince Albert came in to the Marble Hall and expressed his approbation. Though the royal couple retired upstairs to bed at 11.30, Mr Jullien spiritedly continued for another hour, the house





resounding to the Overture from *William Tell*, the post horn gallop (with the celebrated Herr Koenig on cornet) and several other of Monsieur Jullien's popular pieces.

All four evenings of the visit, light music reigned supreme in Stowe House. A Saxhorn family band proved so popular indeed that the Queen, sitting in the Temple Room, summoned them in from the Marble Hall to perform right in front of her.

There was evidently some glee singing which Victoria liked, a trumpet fantasy from Dr Arne, several quartets and quintets, including *Fra poco a me* from Donizetti's *Lucia*.

It was probably quite a romantic evening for the 26-year-old Victoria. Food would also have been on her mind of course, for not long after dinner there was usually a little bite of supper. Food and music can be an intoxicating combination. And perhaps the famous words of Orsino passed through her mind as she listened to that delightful Donizetti and gazed at the handsome German beside her.

If music be the food of love play on,  
Give me excess of of it...

Though she would never have wanted her appetite to surfeit and so die. Well, perhaps she might for cherry meringues and lobster salad, but never for Albert. Was there, we must wonder, some moonlight pouring into the Temple Room that evening as Victoria gazed lovingly at Albert, listened to the saxhorn family band and the flames flickered in the fireplace? If there was, some other words of Shakespeare may have flickered through her mind. She may have imagined herself and Albert as Jessica and Lorenzo, with magical Stowe the never-never land of Belmont:

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit and let the sounds of music  
Creep in our ears. Soft stillness and the night  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

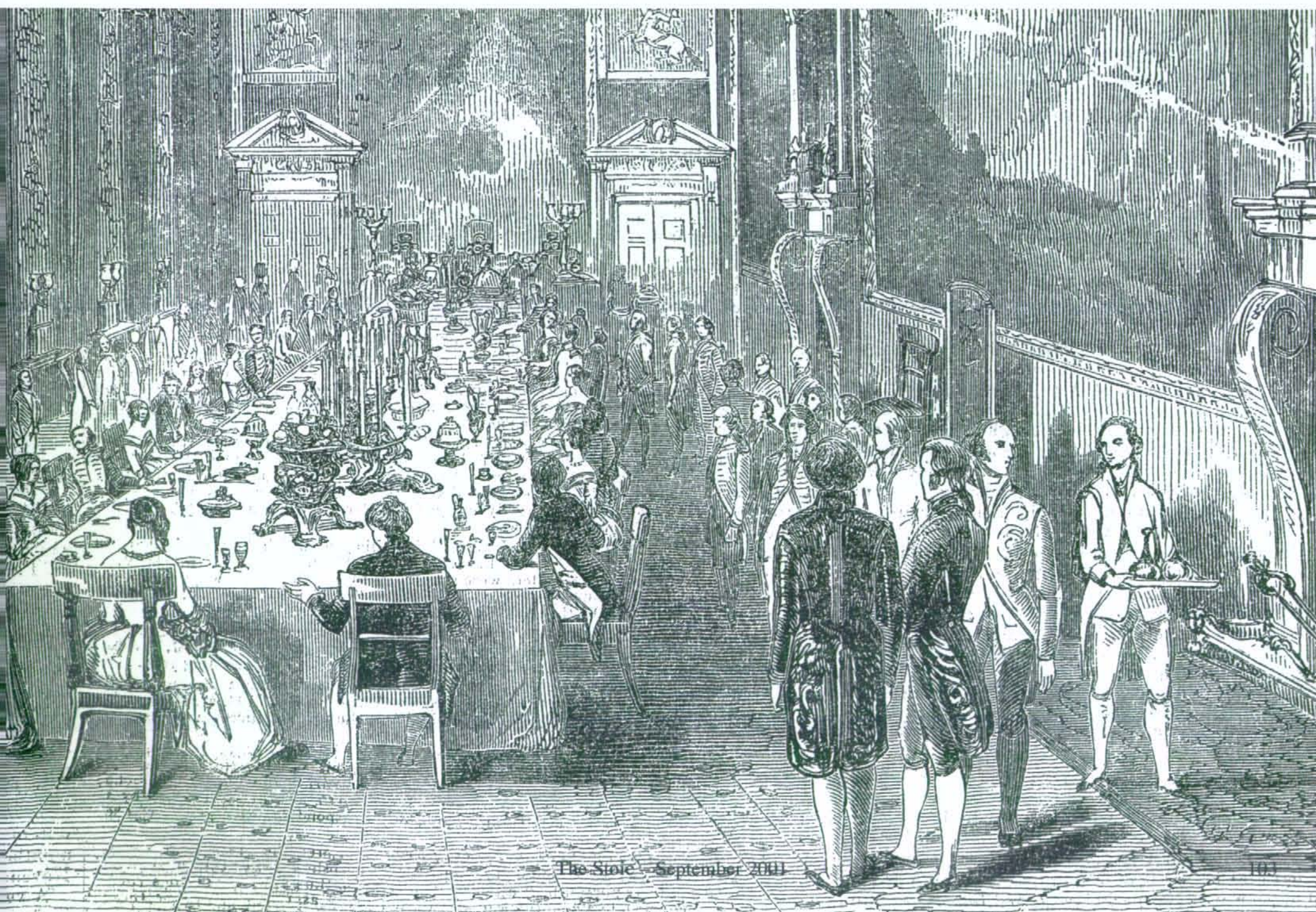
Or maybe she was dreaming of what they would say to each other when they were alone in what is now a Chandos House junior dormitory. Was she, more daringly, thinking of the words of Romeo to Juliet:

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,  
Like softest music to attending ears.

Shakespeare, of course, also loved music. It permeates his plays. Lorenzo, shortly after seating Jessica on the moonlit bank, explains to her the sweet power of music, its ability to calm the most savage breast.

The man that hath no music in himself  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night.

Ladies and gentlemen, it is time for us to leave Victoria and Albert next door, dreaming of Shakespeare, listening to Donizetti and happy to be together at Stowe, even under the auspices of the dastardly Second Duke. It is time too for us to raise a toast to our common bond and delight, the music of the spheres. I would ask you to join me in the toast that the day will come when there will be no more treasons, stratagems or spoils, no motions of the spirit dull as night, and in their stead the overwhelming concord of sweet sounds. Ladies and gentlemen, in welcoming you here and in hoping that your stay will be both pleasant and inspiring, I give you the toast of MUSIC."



## CHAPEL CHOIR

This has been an outstanding year for the Chapel Choir and much of this has been thanks to a very strong Soprano line supported by excellent Tenors and Basses. Their commitment, enthusiasm and diligence have been very much in evidence. Large-scale anthems have been learnt very quickly and the repertoire has been increased considerably. At the same time the choir has worked for special occasions such as the Carol Service, Carol Concert, Prep. School Choral Evensong, Evensong at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Confirmation Service, the MMA Conference and the visit of Prince Charles.

They have also given the first public performances of hitherto unpublished works. The first work, "Seek the Lord", was especially written for them by JECH and first sung at St. Paul's with organ accompaniment, then repeated for the MMA Conference and at the Speech Day Concert with organ accompaniment. The other work was Bob Chilcott's "Be thou my vision" which the composer conducted. The choir was also asked to sing Stainer's *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* at St. Paul's. John Stainer was organist at St. Paul's and this is the centenary of his death. He wrote this evening service in 1877 for the annual festival of the London Church Choirs' Association Service held at St. Paul's.

We have had four outstanding heads of choir whose vocal qualities have been a real inspiration to the choir and given outstanding leadership. They were Edward Hackett-Jones, Holly Middleditch, Howard Thomson and Theodora von Schroder. The choir has also been fortunate to have JECH as their accompanist and trainer of the Sopranos and Basses. He will very much be missed next year.

JCG

Stowe School Chapel  
Saturday, December 8th 2001, 8.00pm

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## THE CHAMBER CHOIR

The Chamber Choir has gone from strength to strength this year, with an obvious musical highlight being the performance of Monteverdi's 'Beatus Vir' at the MMA Conference. But in recent years the choir has specialized in singing light music, and this year two recitals continued this vein.

Seventeen songs published by Oxford University Press in a collection called 'In the Mood' have provided much of the repertoire over the last few years, with performances falling into three categories: extracts from stage musicals, sections from film scores and solo numbers featured by particular artists. 'Ain't Misbehavin' has had more than its fair share of performances, only to be outdone recently by an arrangement of 'Pasadena' by Paul Drayton with which Stowe audiences over a decade ago would have been familiar. 'Begin the Beguine', 'Deep Purple', 'Autumn Leaves', 'Laura', 'Let's Do It' and 'Smoke gets in your eyes' have all entertained willing audiences while some more recent homegrown arrangements of Scottish ballads (accompanied by Vicky Burrett on percussion) have added a new dimension to the repertoire. Try as the choir may, there has been no getting away from singing 'The Teddy Bear's Picnic', and not even misplacing the music has prevented its being sung as an encore! So well known have these numbers become to the twenty or so singers, that many pieces have been sung from memory. This has enabled JECH to accompany on the piano, there being little need left for a conductor when every nuance and shade is rehearsed until it is unforgettable!

Particularly enjoyable moments have included the 'Music for a Summer's Evening' in Kinloss garden (here pictured) and singing for Lucy Nichols's wedding on 24th August. Surely a recording is on the cards!

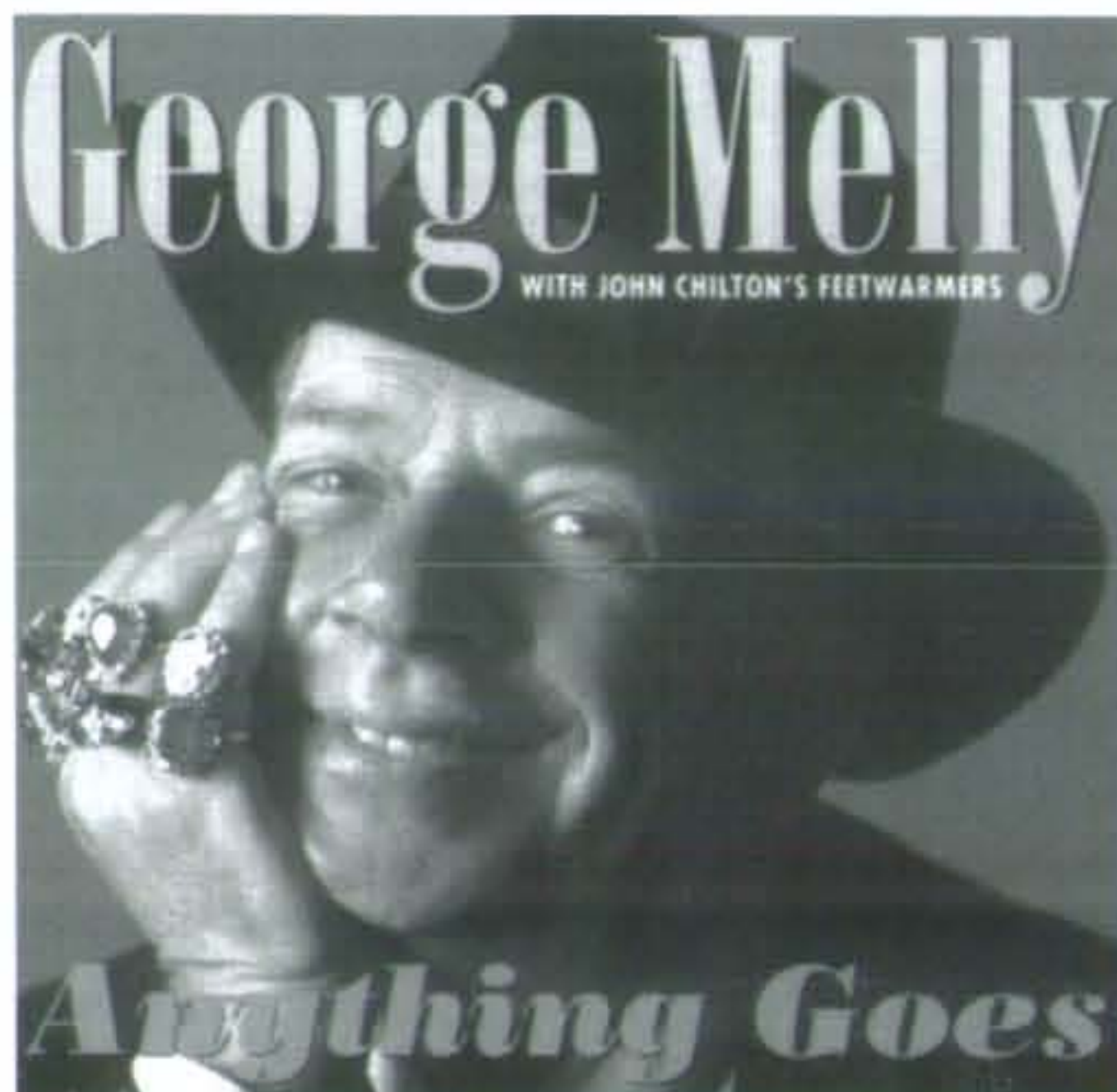
JEREMY CHURCH

### The Chamber Choir at Kinloss.

Left to right front: Allegra Galvin, Charlotte Courtauld, Arabella Chute, Holly Middleditch, Vicky Burrett, Marilyn Okoro, Philippa Murray, Joanna Harris, Lucinda Roberts-Holmes, Lucy Williams, Caroline Tovey, Alice Kent. Back: Tom Ward, Nicholas Reed-Clarke, Edward Hackett-Jones, Robert McKinnon, Alexander de Rivaz, Howard Thomson, Henry Bartlett. JECH at the keyboard.



## CDs OF THE YEAR ~ SOME PERSONAL CHOICES

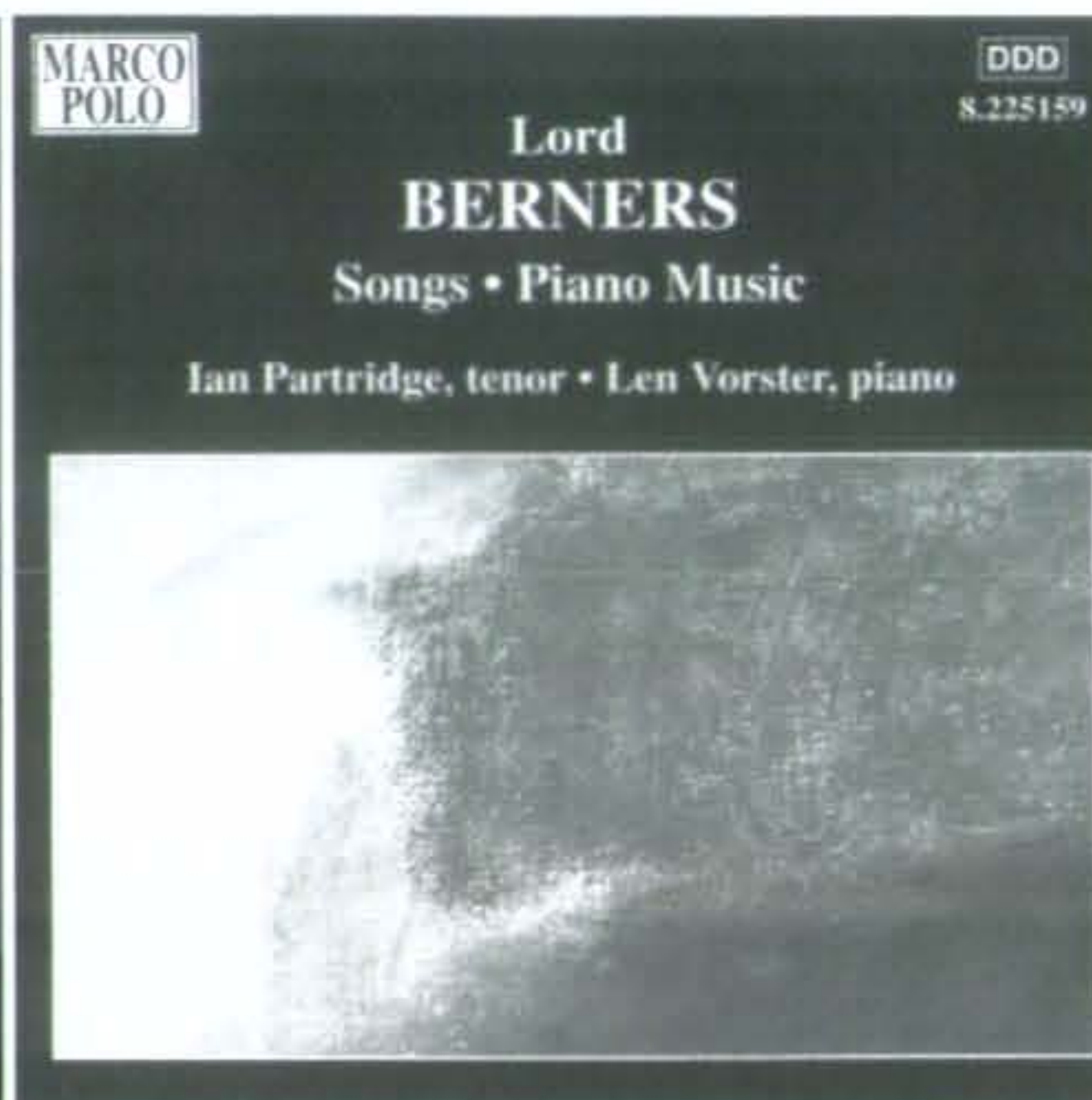


### GEORGE MELLY: ANYTHING GOES

(Castle Pulse PLS CD 112)

This must represent just about best value for money of the year. A very cheaply priced CD with no less than 22 numbers from that great jazz singer George Melly. And a great mixture of songs, too, from standards like "House of the Rising Sun" and "Chicago" to some of the greatest blues ever written, like Bessie Smith's "Nobody Knows You When You're Down and Out". And they all demonstrate there's no-one quite like Melly to wring the neck of a lyric.

ALAN BURGESS



### LORD BERNERS:

SONGS AND PIANO MUSIC

(Marco Polo 8.225159)

Anyone who saw the Junior Congreve *Romanoff and Juliet* will have heard some of Lord Berners' lively music. On this CD he takes off both English Songs and German Lieder, but best of all is "Red Noses and Red Roses", a delightful parody of sentimental Edwardian ballads. For anyone trying Berners for the first time, it might be safer to go for the CD featuring his superb scores *Les Sirènes* and *Cupid and Psyche*. (8.223780)

AGM

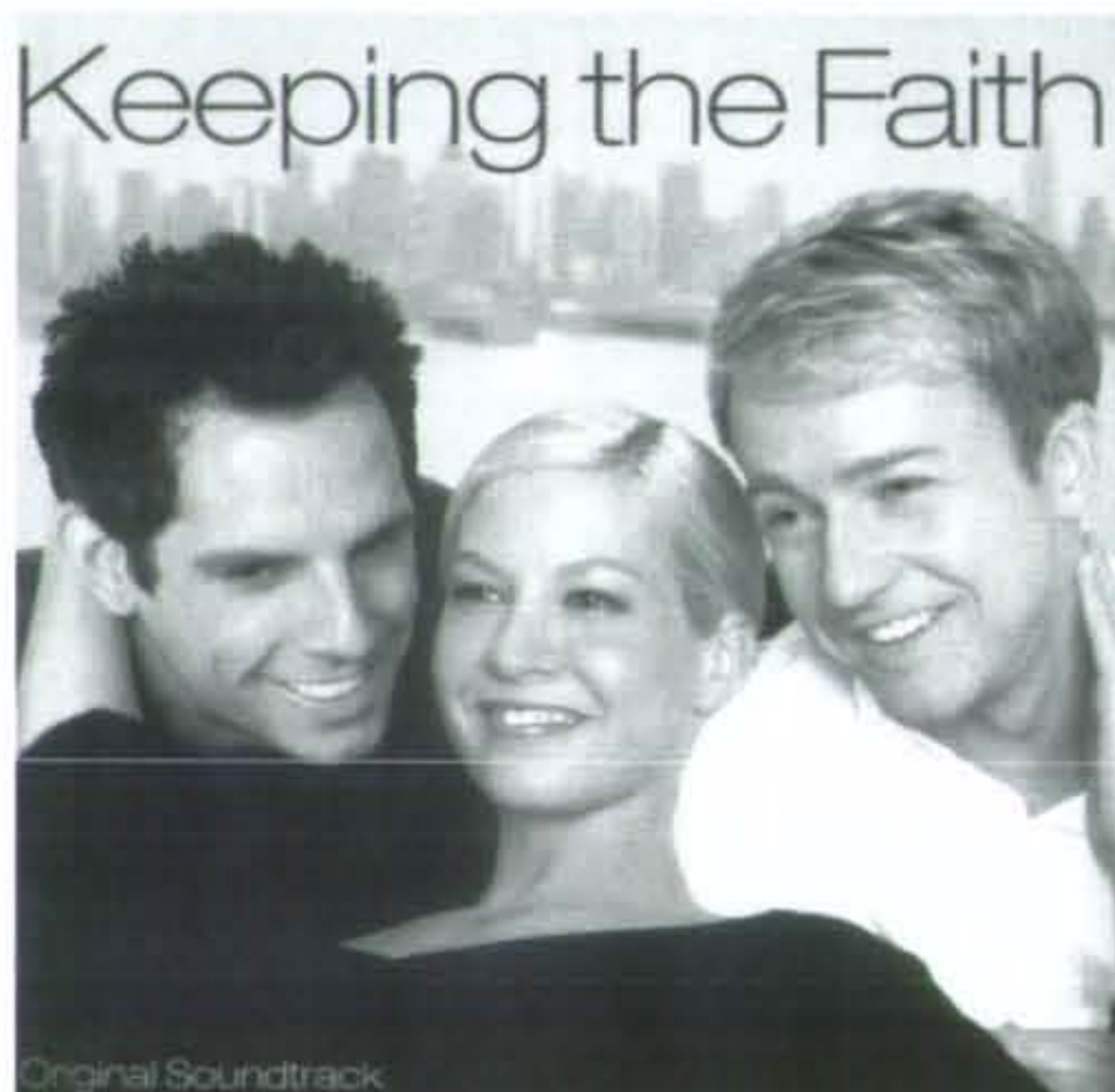


### THIRD DAY: TIME

(Essential Phonograph 01010030)

Third Day is an American band with a completely new sound. A combination of acoustic guitar, rock and country, they bring a distinctly southern flavour to the contemporary Christian music scene. The lead singer's voice is like Counting Crows' vocalist crossed with Bob Dylan. There are upbeat worship tracks and a set of more mellowed "street spirit" songs. The contrast is amazing. All in all, a superbly crafted and recorded album.

HARRY VERE NICOLL



### SOUNDTRACK:

KEEPING THE FAITH

(Hollywood LC 10024)

*Keeping The Faith* was one of those feel-good movies Hollywood manages to keep churning out successfully. The old story of two friends falling for the same girl given a new twist: one's a Rabbi, the other a Catholic priest. While Ben Stiller and Edward Norton tour New York competing for Jenna Elfman, all manner of great songs add spice: several numbers by Peter Salett (like "The Way Things Used To Be") and Wild Cherry's "Play that funky music, white boy".

MWG



### TOOL: LATERALUS

Drop any preconceived ideas you have of Tool or Metal Music and think again. This album is neither screaming anger nor the impotent sound of strummed guitar. Tool manage to blend a more mellow touch to their sound with songs like "Disposition" as well as complex yet surprisingly catchy guitar riffs in songs like "The Grudge". There are over 70 minutes of music on this album and almost every song is over 6 minutes long. Hard to get into maybe, but the most beautiful album ever crafted.

HARRY VERE NICOLL



### FILM MUSIC OF RICHARD RODNEY BENNETT

(Chandos 9867 )

A real fan of Richard Rodney Bennett, I was delighted when a new CD of some of his best film music was recently released. RRB (a pupil of Lennox Berkeley, Boulez and Messiaen) has an extraordinary fluency and flexibility of style. Ravel-like music for *Murder on The Orient Express* (wonderful vitality and colour) and a quasi viola concerto for *Lady Caroline Lamb*, unashamedly romantic. Contrast the love scene from *Four Weddings*, a charming miniature of understated emotion.

PDH

# The Two Hs

A remarkable double-act

THE TWO Hs? Or HENDO & HARRIE? Both names suggest the kind of virtuoso musical double-act you might have found touring the provincial variety theatres not so long ago. And although Jamie Henderson and Paul Harris did not, as far as I know, indulge over the last few years in any moonlighting double-acts in Blackpool or Skegness, and although indeed they tended to ply their musical talents as solo artists at either end of the highly elongated Stowe music department, it is fitting that their combined performances here should be given one further tribute, a short coda as it were, albeit by someone whose musical achievements never advanced beyond Grade One on the recorder. For rarely, if ever, will two musicians of such high calibre have left us within the same school year.

Just as there are two ways in cricket of executing a cover drive, off the front or back foot, so too there must be at least two ways of inspiring pupils in music, for Paul and Jamie, while achieving the same ends, seem to adopt very different styles. Paul plays off the back foot, watches the ball right onto the bat and then sends it pinging away to the boundary with quiet, yet cheerful confidence. Jamie is very much a front foot player, spots a half volley in a flash, and, with a great grin on his face, crashes it past cover. But even in this very different approach to the game, we can see a common quality, the thing which makes them so special as coaches: they play all their shots, front foot or back, with an infectious zest.

Paul's particular zest, of course, has resulted in over 200 books to his credit on the art of music-making, often illustrated with his own compositions. Without making any fuss about it, he has become one of the leading music educationalists in this country, his revolutionary concept of Simultaneous Learning spreading across the land, his expertise, indeed, consulted on all continents. Yet his growing eminence has never dimmed his zest in simple things. He would take as much delight in the achievements of his beginners as in the exploits of his virtuosi. His zest led him to take groups into over sixty Prep Schools, all over Europe, to gentlemen's clubs and even open prisons. For Paul is a musical evangelist.

There is still a certain amount of nostalgic talk today of great Stowe masters in the past, like Bill McElwee and Robin Watt, who created small, secure havens within the community for those pupils who cared to enter and share their enthusiasms with them. No doubt future generations will talk as warmly about Paul in this way, for that delightful temple across the Grecian Valley became a special home for many. As a Housemaster I was constantly aware of the support being offered to so many Stoics, so valuably, over at the QT. Sometimes it would even make all the difference to their whole school careers.

I have also been lucky enough to have enjoyed first-hand experience of Jamie at work, and in particular his remarkable skill in getting people to sing well. On most Friday morning Chapel Practices, a decade or so ago, one tended to catch up on one's sleep. Then one morning Jamie arrived. Recently appointed as a part-time Sandy Macpherson, he climbed



straight into the pulpit to general bemusement, gave it a peremptory tap or two with his baton, sorted us out with some authoritative words leavened with a few cheeky grins, and there we were, on our feet, staff and pupils alike striving our utmost to master the finer points of *Cantata Stoica*.

As Chatham Underhousemaster he had the same magic touch. Singing practices for the whole House, which might reasonably have been seen by some as an irritating waste of time, were fun for everyone. And the end-product in the Roxy, sung with such devotion and sensitivity, could well bring tears to the eyes. And today, even seven years on, one can't forget the brilliant way he coaxed the very best out of his singers in *Cabaret*. It must be something to do with the knack of making even the most challenging songs sound easy. A subtle confidence trick? Teaching singing, like the riding of a bike, mainly through confident expectation, instructions pared down to the bare minimum? The same technique, indeed, which made him so great a success as a Housemaster.

Despite the physical illusion of permanence, schools by their very nature are of course places of constant change. The participants in each passing scene may, however, by their very contributions, leave something behind them to help fashion the prevailing atmosphere. And occasionally, too, so distinctive a contribution is made that its essence remains much longer than might be expected. Into this rare category come Paul and Jamie, the two H's, whose distinctive contributions to Stowe will not be swiftly carried off by the next passing breeze.

AGM

# THE FRENCH CONNECTION

Peter Rossiter reports on a Clarinet Quartet foray to Paris

Sophie Ingold, Jonathan Howse, George Walker and I set off on our last overseas trip with PDH at the helm, rather too early for my taste. It was not long after the Hatfield crash, so trains were still travelling about 10mph. So, to be safe, our journey to Waterloo (International) began at 4.00am!

On arriving in Paris we were met by a limousine, especially sent to pick us up and whisk us off to the Buffet factory, about 40 kilometres outside the capital. PDH had met the Director General of Buffet when he was at a convention in Oklahoma the previous summer and we had been invited to visit. We were taken on a fascinating tour – Buffet is one of the leading clarinet manufactures in the world and we were shown every aspect of the process. We then gave our concert actually on the factory floor itself. And most of the workers downed tools and gathered round to hear our performance. 'The Teddy Bear's Picnic' seemed to go down very well indeed – they cheered and applauded our playing most

enthusiastically. We couldn't really have been playing to a more discerning audience! Then, back into the limo and on to our hotel – small, but very pleasant and situated almost adjacent to the Louvre. That evening we met up with Rupert Burchett (happily for us, studying at the Sorbonne) and we took ourselves off to a wonderful restaurant in Montmartre, where we had a most enjoyable meal in celebration of Sophie's birthday.

The next morning we set off for the Jean-Baptiste Say Lycée. Our concert was given in the school canteen and we played to a large and attentive audience. After a decent lunch in the Louvre, we spent quite a few hours being very cultured and wandered around taking in many treasures (including some delicious raspberry tarts!). A final visit to the Hotel to pick up instruments and bags and then back to the Gare du Nord to begin our journey home. It was a most memorable couple of days.





## THE MAGIC OF ARNOLD AND FINZI

Two Experiences to Remember  
– remembered by  
Jonathan Howse

2001 sees the celebration of several musical greats. Among them is the centenary of Gerald Finzi's birth and the 80th birthday of perhaps the greatest living British composer – Sir Malcolm Arnold. During the Spring Term I was very fortunate to be able to celebrate these by not only meeting Sir Malcolm Arnold and Finzi's son, Christopher, but also playing the clarinet for them in their own homes. One bright January morning PDH drove me up to Norfolk where we were greeted and shown into a room dominated by Sir Malcolm's very large chair and surrounded by his portraits at varying stages of his career. Cautiously I stepped over several trumpets (he was principally a brass player in his youth). It was a real honour to be able to play the Clarinet Sonatina in front of the great man himself. Although he hasn't composed anything for many years, he loves hearing his own music played and especially watching films for which he has written the music.

At the end of the term I made the journey to Ashmansworth near Newbury, following in Rupert Burchett's footsteps, with PDH and BJD. We were welcomed by Christopher Finzi and his wife, Hilary du Prè. They were very



warm and friendly and it was easy to feel relaxed in their historic music room. Besides playing Finzi's Five Bagatelles, I also played several more pieces of English clarinet music written in the twentieth century which added to the feeling of 'Englishness' about the occasion.

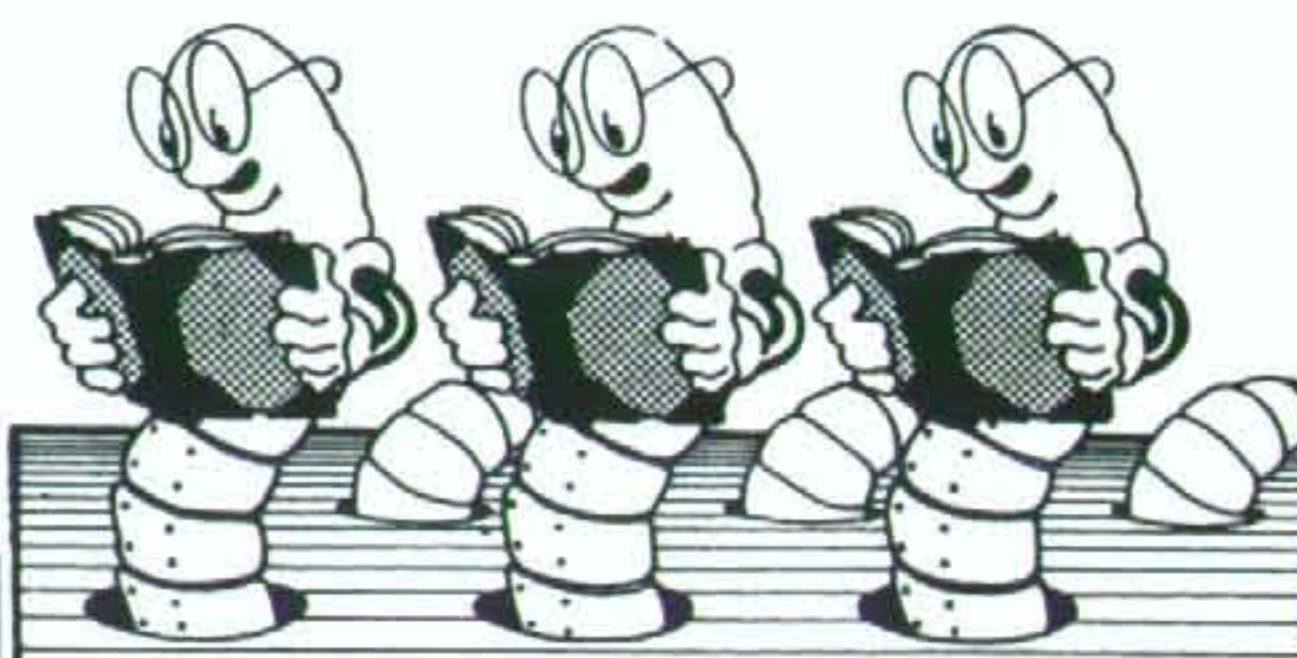
Not only did I play with the piano on which Finzi actually wrote the Bagatelles but it is also a room in which Vaughan Williams has composed.

I am extremely grateful for the opportunity of these unique visits, occasions never to be forgotten.

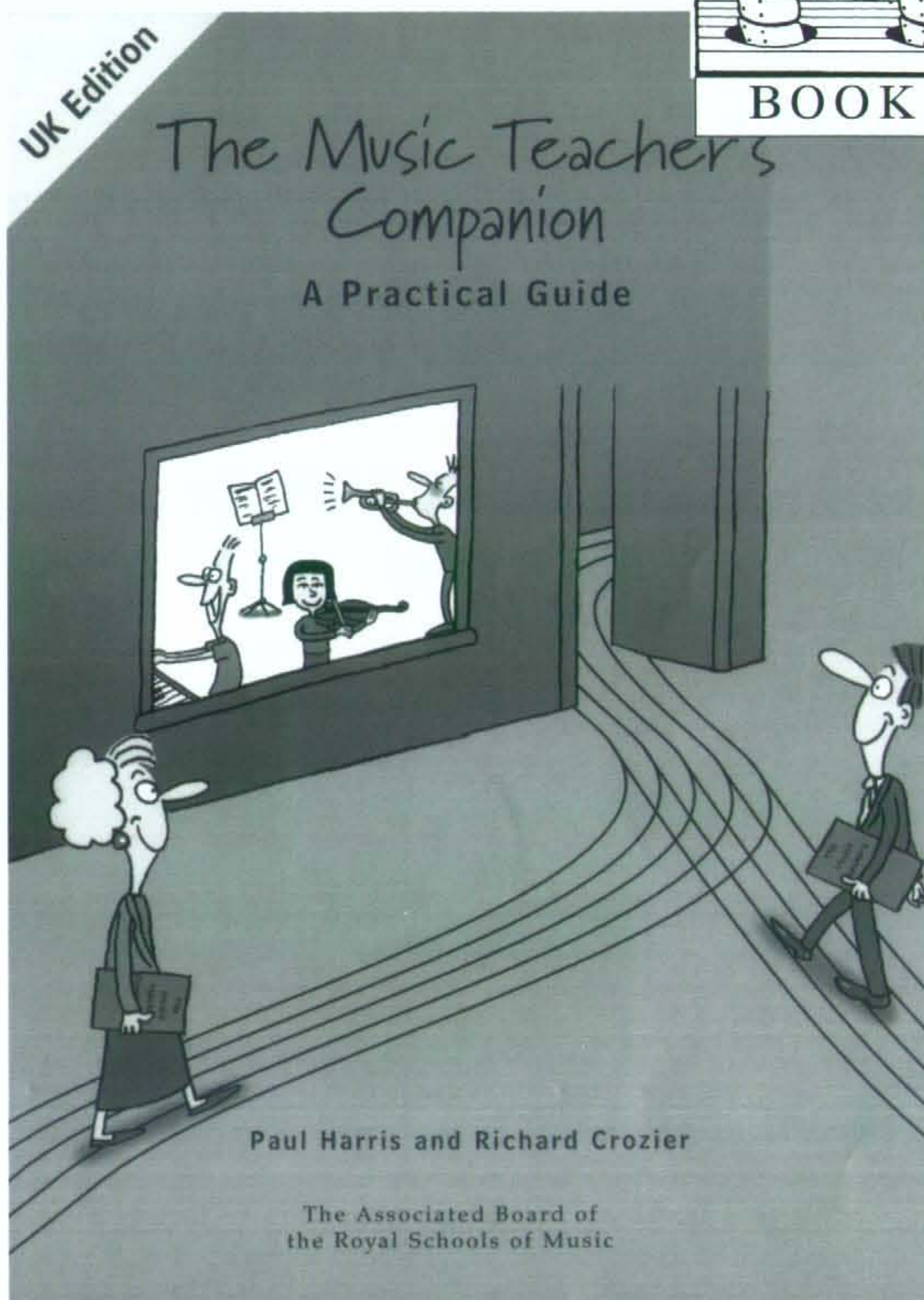
Jonathan with Sir Malcolm Arnold and (above) Christopher Finzi







## BOOK REVIEW



## THE MUSIC TEACHER'S COMPANION

This guide claims to be the essential handbook for all instrumental or singing teachers. Authors Paul Harris and Richard Crozier are highly experienced in the field of music education and intend that the book be both sympathetic towards and stimulating for music teachers. In both aims they succeed. Much of the material on the instruction of rhythm, scales and sight reading will not be new to many teachers. On the other hand, the treatment of the areas of improvising, composing, the psychology of motivation and the essence of teaching will prove tantalising, annoying or fascinating, depending on your perspective.

The guide makes clear the high qualifications and seriousness of approach any music teacher must have in order to be effective. On a purely practical level, it provides useful templates for lesson plans, termly overviews, pupil profiles and an attendance register. The first section, *The Essence of Teaching*, deals with everything that might go on in a lesson: teaching rhythm, considering how to introduce sight reading, aural work and scales and other means of developing and stimulating musicianship – not to mention the teaching of pieces.

Harris is also the author of the seminal publications *Improve Your Sight Reading* and *Improve Your Scales*, published by Faber Music. His in-depth knowledge is extremely valuable in the chapters covering these subjects. Perceptive psychological insights come in those chapters devoted to motivation, monitoring your work, group teaching and teaching pupils with special requirements. The second section, *Beyond The Lesson*, examines what constitutes good practising and comments on the pros and cons of examinations, competitions, festivals and holiday courses, as well as advice to give to pupils on further education.

Above all the guide should give instrumental teachers a sense of recognition as a profession... Cross-references to other chapters are clearly marked in the margins and a list of further reading and references is supplied. This useful book is clearly and authoritatively written and thoroughly covers the considerations of instrumental teachers, whether working privately or in a school.

CAROLINE HESLOP  
THE STRAD, DECEMBER 2000

# Stoic Organists

**“It is even rumoured that the organ is now heard by Chathamites from as early as 6.30am...”**

The organ in Stowe Chapel is the envy of many local organists and certainly of other schools, being a fairly large four manual instrument which boasts particularly loud reeds and an Organo Pleno which can be heard as far afield as Chackmore and Dadford! Five Stoic organists currently compete with each other for practising time, and it is even rumoured that the organ is now heard (relatively softly) by Chathamites from as early as 6.30am each morning.

The early birds of the organ loft gave a combined organ recital on Tuesday 22nd May. Vicky Burrett played first, demonstrating immense ability after having been learning for only six months: every clear detail in the phrasing and part playing of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in C major (BWV 553) was exposed by the chapel's dry and unflattering acoustic, while the Prelude in Bb major (BWV 560) demonstrated nimble fingerwork and precise articulation in this relatively

short and 'easy' prelude. Philippa Murray's excellent performance of Bach's Prelude and Fugue in F major (BWV 554) was grander in conception, both in terms of registration and tempo, her slightly more legato playing suiting the more spacious interpretation.

Nick Verney's triumphant performance of Purcell's 'Trumpet Tune' was worthy of Carlo Curley's most exuberant playing! And in similarly grand style, Handel's March from "Occasional Overture" demonstrated some of the great colour and versatility of the chapel organ: Nick's stop changes were seamless and obviously well planned. Alexander Hodgkinson's loud performance of C.S. Lang's Tuba Tune provided excellent contrast, being enthusiastically played by Stowe's youngest organist, while Cesar Geoffray's chorale "O Quam Suavis" was colourful and considered.

The recital ended with a performance by Oliver Cullingworth of Leighton's Paeon, now becoming something of a war-horse through performances in chapel services, the Prep Schools' Choral Day and the MMA Evensong. Oliver's playing is both talented and musical.

JECH

Left to right: Nicholas Verney, Oliver Cullingworth, Philippa Murray, Alex Hodgkinson



# Drama



Senior Congreve

**Hamlet**

Junior Congreve

**Across the Barricades**

Nugent House

**Big Hair Day**

Chandos House

**Bouncers**

Walpole House

**The Browning Version**

AS Theatre Studies

**Find Me**

**Antigone**

A-level Theatre Studies

**Group Projects**

Fifth Form

**Akeldama**

Literary Society

**The Reeve's Tale**

Firewalk Theatre

**Frankenstein**

Orlando Seale

**Interview**

SENIOR CONGREVE

# Hamlet



In what has become a Congreve tradition of alternating twentieth-century musicals with classical drama, this Autumn we had an excellent production of *Hamlet*, directed by Fiona Baddeley and Steven Hirst.

The tragic mood of the piece was immediately established by the brooding granite walls and gloomy atmospheric lighting. The large-scale, mostly grey set gave a sense of oppression and foreboding. In such a place one could the better understand Hamlet's world weariness. He did indeed seem to inhabit a 'sterile promontory'. The set was skilfully used to suggest both exterior and interior space and with few changes was able to take us from the battlements to Claudius' banqueting hall and to more intimate spaces such as Gertrude's bedroom.

Sound effects were skilfully used, especially at the beginning of the play, where a howling wind was heard on stage and the beating of a drum both suggested a military context and ominously built tension as the play was starting.

Music composed by Paul Harris was adeptly used throughout the play: trumpet fanfares to announce the arrival of the king and queen; discordant and eerie string and woodwind pieces as a background to Hamlet's soliloquys and the appearances of the ghost and incidental music to cover the transition between scenes. This live accompaniment added considerably to the atmosphere created on stage.

The ghost appeared to impressive effect upstage on a raised walkway. At a distance from the audience he appeared the more remote and spectral and his elevated position gave his booming message greater impact. Freddie von Schroeder's towering height, especially when shrouded in plate armour, and Tony Meredith's spine-chilling recording of the ghost's lines created the necessary powerful effect to provide the mainspring of action for the play.

The strong cast did much more than convey traditional interpretations of their roles. Each actor brought to his or her part something original, often shedding new light on hitherto unnoticed elements of the characters. That all interpretations worked so well together is a tribute to the skill of the directors who had obviously ensured that relationships and social dynamics were coherent and psychologically convincing.

Max Lawrence portrayed the newly-crowned king as a humane villain, someone who despite his original crime of fratricide seemed to have the qualities of a king and statesman, and to represent a new order after what must have been the more military regime of his elder brother. In purging the role of its some of more sinister aspects he made credible Gertrude's decision to remarry after the death of her first husband.

Hattie Fisher was a shrewd and forceful Gertrude, a powerful woman reluctant to take second place to the king and a domineering mother for Prince Hamlet. The confidence and self-assurance that she conveyed so convincingly in the early acts of the play did, however, finally break down under pressure of events taking place around her. Her disintegration when her son finally forced her recognise the error of her ways and her helpless grief at the death of Ophelia were all

the more affecting because of her initial strength of character.

Piers Craven gave us a spirited and sympathetic Laertes. An honest and well-intentioned young man whose tragedy lay in his inexperience of court politics and capacity to trust those in authority. His energy and impulsiveness were especially well played in the grave scene with Hamlet and in the splendidly choreographed sword fight in the closing moments of the play.

Tetta Robertson made a wonderful Ophelia, and gave us one of the best performances of the production. She conveyed a dignified and straight-laced young lady brought up to obey her father and accept the conventions of the court. At the same time an underlying fragility which would not be able to withstand the harsh treatment which awaits her. In the mad scenes her playing was both subtle and well controlled and was a genuinely moving portrayal of mental breakdown prior to her suicide.

The directors had taken a bold step to invest Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with audience appeal by making them comically camp. Decked in the most glittering costumes of the production they minced and flounced around the stage as a kind of comic refrain. Humorous though they were this interpretation did raise the question (unintentionally?) of the nature of Hamlet's relationship with them.

A masterful stroke on the part of the directors was a series of carefully choreographed dances to accompany the great soliloquys. Entering as spirits the dancers took some of Hamlet's lines, so clearly conveying his divided state of mind and externalising some of his inner turmoil. It was a bold and novel interpolation which added a new dimension to the central character and made a strong dramatic impact.

The title role was admirably filled by Christian Roe. In a *tour de force* for any actor, never mind someone not yet in the Sixth Form, he invested the part with a complex inner life and energy and very skilfully traced the character's developments during the course of the action. From a disenchanted teenager in the first court scene, he became animated to the point of derangement at the appearance of the ghost, struggled through the central acts of the play with his relationships with his mother and Ophelia and finally arrived at a philosophical acceptance of what awaited him on his return from England. His wrestling with the central issue of whether or not to murder his uncle was negotiated in a way which proved to be fascinating for the audience. Shifting between frightened insecurity and focused determination he managed to give us the sense that at times the struggle was too much and his feigned madness had become actual. One left the theatre with a sense of having observed an immense inner conflict and perhaps a sense of relief that at last the tortured prince had found rest.

All involved in the production are to be congratulated. It was an evening in the highest reaches of Stowe drama and as it, very sadly, turns out, a wonderfully memorable Stowe swan song for Fiona Baddeley who moves to a new teaching position this Autumn.





# Across the Barricades



Whatever the results of the Good Friday accord, we all still fear for the future of Northern Ireland. Recent bombs planted by the so-called 'Real IRA' have reminded us that the violence is still far from over. This touching love story set in the heart of the 'troubles' did much to reinforce this concern. As we followed the story of a Protestant girl falling in love with a Catholic boy, innovative projection of a chronology of events since 1969 not only helped to smooth the transition between scenes but also gave a sense of historical context to the developing story.

Though never an easy thing to do on stage, least of all in front of an occasionally unappreciative audience, Kevin (Michael Lange) and Sadie (Philippa Murray) effectively portrayed both the tenderness of their growing love and the difficulties of crossing the religious divide. The bigotry of their families was convincingly shown in a series of cameo parts, notably by an angry Mr Jackson (Ben Hirst), a neurotic Mrs Jackson (Lucinda Roberts-Holmes), a gossip-loving Linda Mullett (Jo Harris) and especially by an impressively

aggressive Brian Rafferty (Harry Arkwright). It was a pity that the play itself did not really give scope for these more minor parts to be more fully developed.

As is LEW's directorial wont, we saw a huge number of actors taking part, good experience for them, however small their parts. Furthermore, the proximity of the soldiers in the aisles of the theatre helped reinforce the sense of the increasing pressure on the couple. Though occasionally the numbers on stage might have slightly detracted from the main themes of the action, it was impressively choreographed. Coupled with a striking set (which helpfully saw a change of curtain colour to represent the different factions) and well-managed technical effects, the play moved along at a lively pace to its challenging conclusion.

This was no easy play to produce in a limited time; complex in plot and technical requirements, it required careful management. Congratulations should go to LEW and his team for their hard work and to the cast for all their efforts.

JSM





The director, LEW, explains the play's background

# Behind the Barricades

Joan Lingard wrote the first of her novels about the Irish troubles in the early 1970s. It was called The Twelfth Day of July and introduced the characters Sadie and Kevin, youngsters from different religions. Their friendship develops through the series of novels: Across the Barricades, Into Exile, A Proper Place and finally Hostages to Fortune. During these five novels Kevin and Sadie move away from Belfast, set up home first in Liverpool, where they marry and have a child Brendan, then onto London.

Joan Lingard writes with intense feeling about the bigotry and hatred in Belfast in particular, between the Catholics and Protestants, Republicans and Nationalists. Only recently was Across the Barricades turned into a play. The playscript loses a little in terms of character development and atmosphere, as you would imagine, but even so Kevin and Sadie emerge as believable people with a depth of conviction that what is happening is wrong and a strength of character to defeat overwhelming odds. Several incidents in the novel are reproduced in the play but without the luxury of realistic description. However, I attempted to bridge this slight erosion of realism by introducing real facts, photographs, and statistics in the slides covering the last 30 years of terrorism in the Province. Whether we succeeded in reaching the audience can only be judged by the reaction of those who saw the play. Certainly memories were stirred in the adult sector when one realised what a relatively short time ago was the Manchester bombing, the Hyde Park bomb and the Brighton bomb. Only weeks before the play the Real IRA had claimed responsibility for the BBC bomb.

The closeness of the action and the realisation that even now two sides find it impossible to make complete peace without compromise was the message I was trying to convey. Being able to live together in peace and love is a message, of course, very relevant today. Racial and social harmony is



very topical, although I was not attempting to moralise in this particular production. It does no harm to be reminded how important it is, though, to live beside and get on with everyone!



## NUGENT HOUSE PLAY:

### BIG HAIR DAY

by Fiona Baddeley

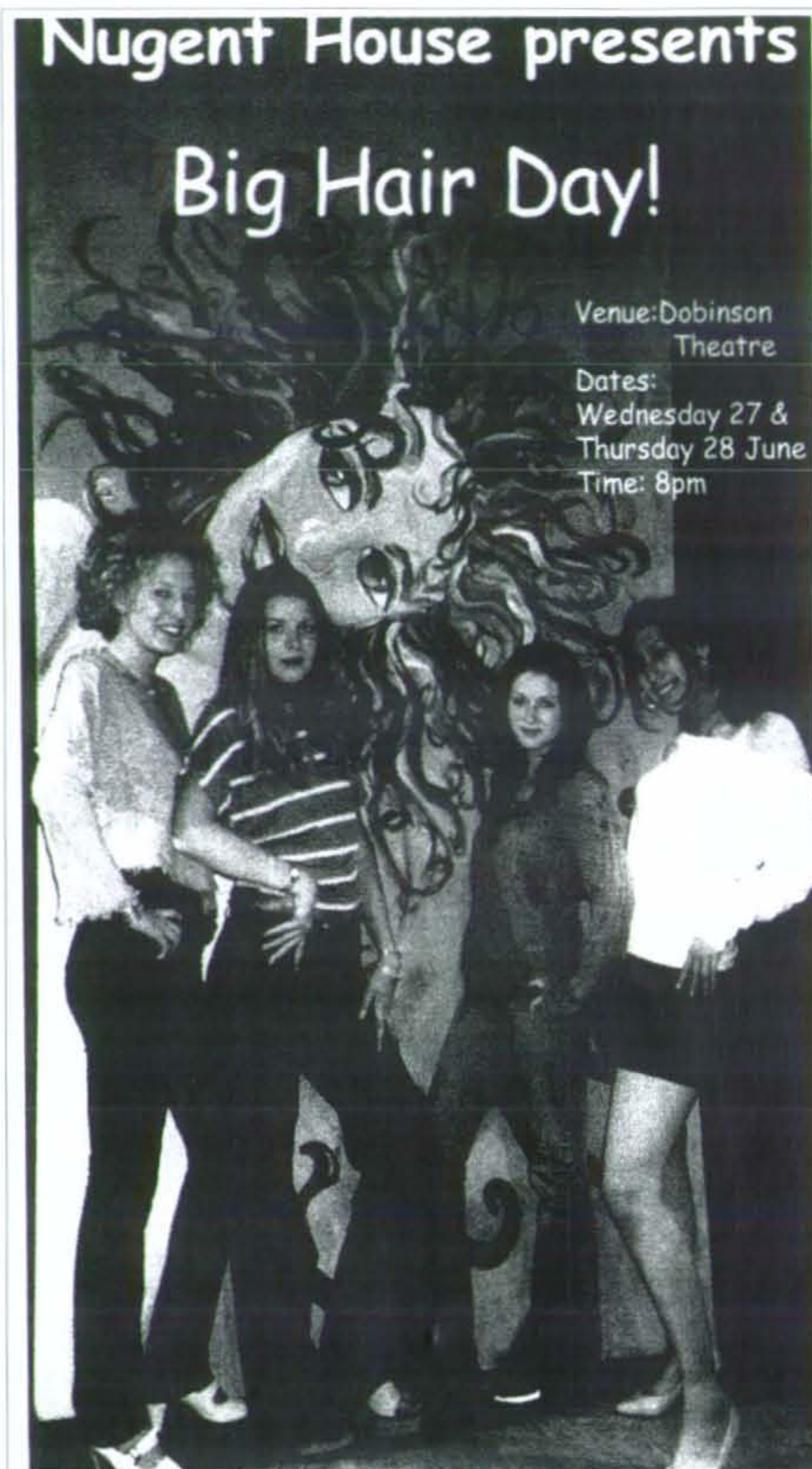
Nugent's dramatic offering of Summer 2001 served to remind us all that in FAB the school is losing not only a talented teacher and director, but also a promising playwright.

The audience was transported back to 1976, a trip down memory lane for some, a whole new experience for others. This time of "peace not war", power cuts and flared pants was set against the backdrop of "Cut and Curl", a hair salon.

The main characters were four hairdressers, stuck in a job which, although mundane, makes them the centre of their client's world for the duration of their visit. Sam Hannaford's Jenny, "bored, too intelligent for the job", sparred well with Bex Forster's Jo, who lives only for "her Terry" and whose opinions she constantly repeated. These opinions served to remind us of life outside the salon, as his bigoted views were those held by many at the time. Sophie Housley's Carmel was a naive, eternal optimist, madly in love with Louis Buckworth's Barry, the gay salon owner. She seems oblivious to the fact that Barry is only interested in getting her to do as much work as possible. Sophia Hesketh played the straight girl, the reliable shoulder to cry on, the hairdresser who actually cares about her colleagues and clients.

The play brilliantly conveyed the routine of life in the salon. The scene portraying OAPs' day contained all those stereotypes such as Max Bygraves on the radio, blue rinses and wrinkly stockings. The device of having all four hairdressers speaking simultaneously worked especially well, particularly because this was coupled with the old ladies providing individual, but similar answers, as well as the usual "I'm sorry, you'll have to speak up, my hearing's not too good."

Of course there is life outside the salon. Emily Lobel's Tracy, the receptionist, was a good caricature who described package holidays on the Costa del Sol eating English food. There were also three interludes in which Carmel's fantasies were played out, including lessons in LUV, a training school where Tracies are taught to speak to people and put them at their ease – even if they are not



exactly saying the nicest things – and her wedding to Barry which goes horribly wrong when he runs off with the vicar!

*Big Hair Day* was a slick production. All the actors worked well to produce the play despite the pressures of AS levels. We can only hope that FAB leaves us a copy.

KB

## WALPOLE HOUSE PLAY:

### THE BROWNING VERSION

by Terence Rattigan

Fifty-three years ago, when Bradman's Invincibles were touring England, the Olympics were in London, and Stowe under Roxburgh was quietly celebrating its twenty-fifth year, *The Browning Version* made its first successful appearance. Part of a Rattigan double bill, it won the Ellen Terry Award for the best play of the year in London. It has always been popular with amateurs, even in those anti-Rattigan years when the Kitchen Sink and Theatre of the Absurd eased out well-made plays about the middle classes. Now, of course, Rattigan is back in critical favour so we can watch and enjoy his plays without feeling guilty.

*The Browning Version* is not an easy play for schools. The tragedy of a couple in middle age being forced to come to terms with a long-failed marriage is hardly obvious material for young performers. It is a period piece, too. A public school in post-war rationing days is a hard place for actors to find who are used to schools in the computer age. And in the search for period flavour characters can so easily become mere stereotypes, overplayed to the destruction of the play's very fragile emotional centre. It's a play that can't be rushed. As in Chekhov, what is not said is almost as important as what is said. And more than most, it's a play which will only fully

work if there is great sensitivity in the direction and playing.

The Walpole production very much answered these critical needs. With no House Drama Festival pressures this year impinging on time and space, the actors were able to grow into the play, to attack it at the right pace, to listen to its requirements, find its pauses, its climaxes and, eventually, its not-so-soft centre. Although the overall pace was deliberately and necessarily slow, interest never flagged for the cues were often rapier-quick, and climaxes generally most powerfully played. The high quality of this production was a very big endorsement of the new policy of putting on House plays as and when the moment seems right rather than in a mixed-quality "Festival" driven by the herd instinct.

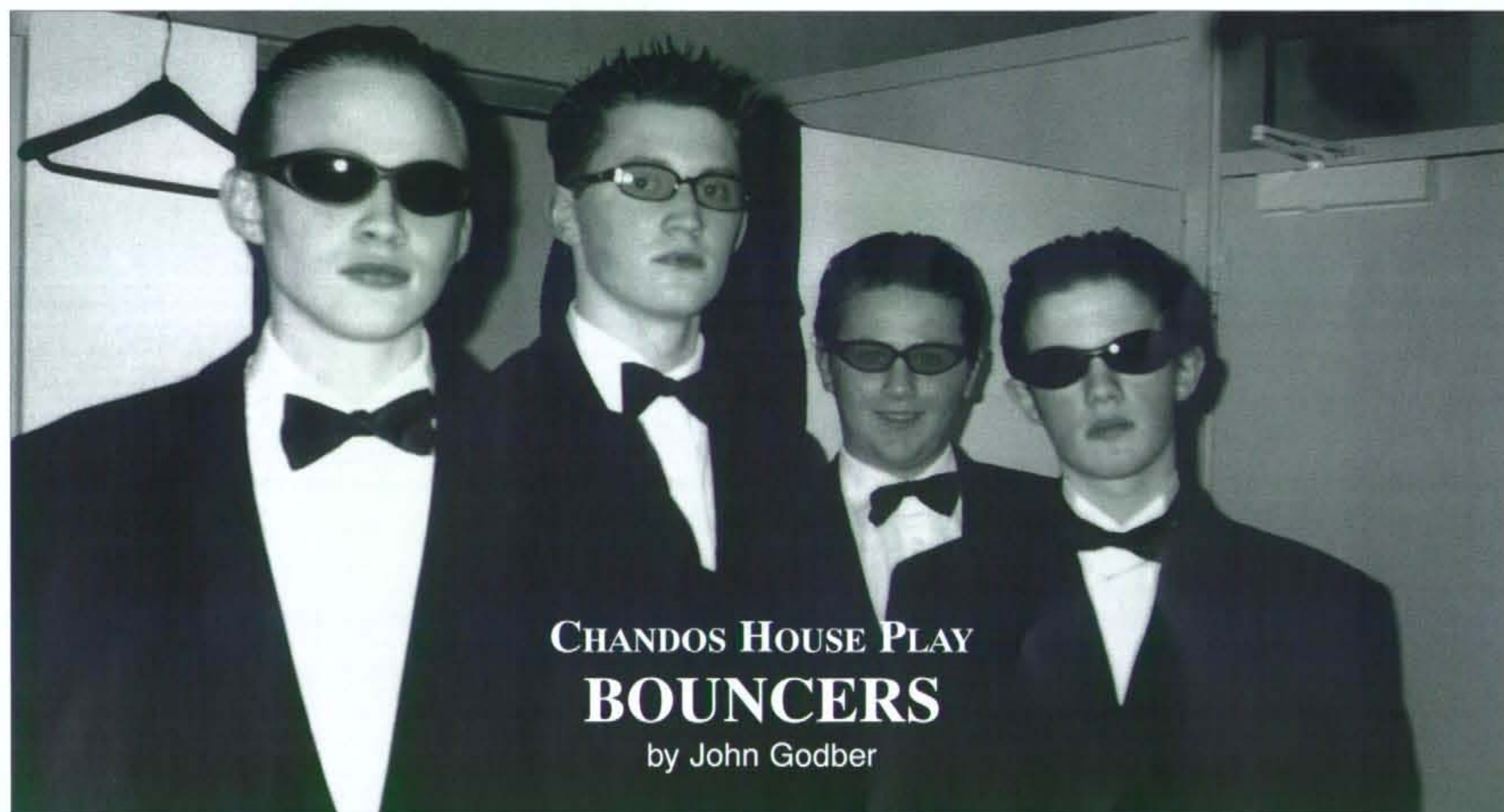
In the highly difficult role of Crocker-Harris Christian Roe did magnificently well. This was not a born-again Hamlet, simply older and even more world-weary, but a completely new characterisation, both physically and vocally. Christian caught so much of the despair that lurks beneath the wafer-thin, carefully preserved façade of the failed schoolmaster, in a performance embellished by a whole series of well-sustained, highly appropriate Crocker-Harris mannerisms. Each complicated relationship – with wife (Allegra Galvin), pupil (Andrew Drummond Moray), colleague (Nathan Witts) and boss (Hugo Rebbeck) – was carefully and successfully delineated. Nathan did tremendously well in performing the difficult emotional cartwheels demanded by Rattigan of Hunter.

Allegra's Millie Crocker-Harris was an arresting performance, a caged cat, all purr and bite. Andrew was a restrained Taplow, carefully underplaying to make the big emotional climax of the piece all the more convincing. Hugo's Headmaster splendidly mixed geniality with base pragmatism. Typical of the overall quality of the acting was the success which Freddie Campion-Awwad and Emma Buxton made of the small but far from easy roles of the newly-weds taking over the Crocker-Harris' flat.

Wigs seem to have gone out of fashion of late in Stowe plays, and certainly they need to be highly professional if they are to stand a chance of succeeding in confined spaces like the Paul Dobinson. Nonetheless a wig and a little padding might possibly have complemented Crocker-Harris' highly convincing middle-aged movements. The hair-style at all events could have been more Himmlerian? The set, like the lighting, was attractive and worked well throughout. On a bigger budget, perhaps, some period pieces might have been hired in. Period costumes too are ideally needed to complement dialogue which is set firmly in the 1940's. One felt uncomfortable about Mrs Crocker-Harris in a mini-skirt. But this is minor carping.

JSM deserves enormous credit for master-minding the whole, hugely successful enterprise. His was the direction which painstakingly and unobtrusively elicited star performances from all concerned and brought this fine play so poignantly to life. As Crocker-Harris himself might have observed, *summa ars est celare artem*.

AGM



Chandos House Play was a triumph! Pacey acting, strong characterisation and a great sound track combined to do justice to John Godber's challenging script. The play explores the weekend nightlife in an urban city. The four actors play many parts including bouncers, lacquered girls dancing around their handbags, and lager lads looking to pull. The play combines humour with acute social observation! It comments on how young men and women behave on a Saturday night at a working class disco, or rather on how badly they behave. The acting was of a high order and the pace so fast that it was impossible to become bored. Tom Butcher played the sensitive Lucky Eric but really shone in his convincing caricatures of a variety of feckless females. Harry Vere

Nicoll, the driving force behind the production, was particularly entertaining as the public school toff out of his depth and out of his trousers. Alex de Rivaz gave a punchy performance as Les and Charlie Sanchez, who played Ralph and gave an impressive pastiche of a Swedish porn star, completed the quartet. Jeremy Walker managed sound and lighting with his usual proficiency.

This highly entertaining production was enjoyed and appreciated by all who saw it and played for an extra night due to popular demand. (Personally, I felt the toilet humour was a bit predictable and would have been more palatable after a few pints of bitter, but maybe that is just a sad reflection that I'm no longer eighteen.)

FAB

## AS-LEVEL THEATRE STUDIES

### FIND ME

by Olwen Wymark

Last May a group of AS students performed Olwen Wymark's *Find Me* as part of their AS level assessment. This was a challenging piece of theatre that charted various events in the life of Verity Taylor which led to her final incarceration in Broadmoor. It is a dark and sombre piece based on fact; but it is not without its moments of humour.

The play is a challenging one; it requires that the cast of eight constantly swap roles to create the gamut of characters that pass through Verity's life: friends, family, doctors and social workers. Verity herself is played by five different actors whose presence suggests the fragmented nature of her personality.

Edward, Verity's well-meaning but ineffectual father, was played by Alex de Rivaz. Her mother, Jean, was played by Allegra Galvin and her long-suffering brother Mark was played by Nathan Witts. The cast was wonderfully adept at adapting body and voice to a complete range of characters from primary school children to the very old. Emma Buxton's stark but effective set provided a suitably sombre acting space, while Lucy Williams' lighting managed to capture the atmosphere of the various settings including a swimming pool and bonfire night party. Emma Prideaux ensured that simple changes of costume helped to identify the various characters.

FAB

The set was in the upstage area, built on two levels each with connecting stairs. The top level situated upstage right contained the only pieces of furniture; one chair and a bed, above which there was a light bulb. The second level lower than the first was situated up stage left and had no furniture or props on it. The set was stark and painted black.

The opening scene was very chilling and quite disturbing to watch. It started off with five female characters standing on different levels of the set, each with a light shining on them. The first sound effect of the play was a piece of music being played that wasn't very harmonic and didn't follow any sort of rhythm. The five characters then held onto their heads conveying paranoia. Shaking them in synchronisation with each other. Then a dimly lit male character, downstage right, gave a brief description of a girl called Verity Taylor who had been sent to a mental hospital where she 'shouldn't be removed or transferred, except under the permission of the Home Secretary'. This is chilling and quite disturbing and gives the impression that the rest of the play is going to follow a very serious theme. At the end of the scene the five female characters use the same voice and body language and ask the audience to 'find me'.

The play's main theme is mental illness and shows different incidents that lead Verity

Taylor to be placed in a top security mental hospital. The play also deals with how her family reacts to her illness, many scenes being a flash back of Verity's life as described by a member of her family or someone close to her. To show a split personality, five different people played the role of Verity.

The play did have a very big impact on me. Even though you spend a lot of time watching Verity ruin the lives of everyone around her, you cannot help but feel for her, because she doesn't know what the effects of her actions are. She seemed to just be stuck in a little world revolving around and only containing her. The split personality was portrayed well and had a big part in making the play work on more than one level. The monologues from different characters were effective in giving you more than one point of view of events. The lighting and sound effects also were good at setting the mood. *Find Me* was a powerful play performed exceptionally well by its cast.

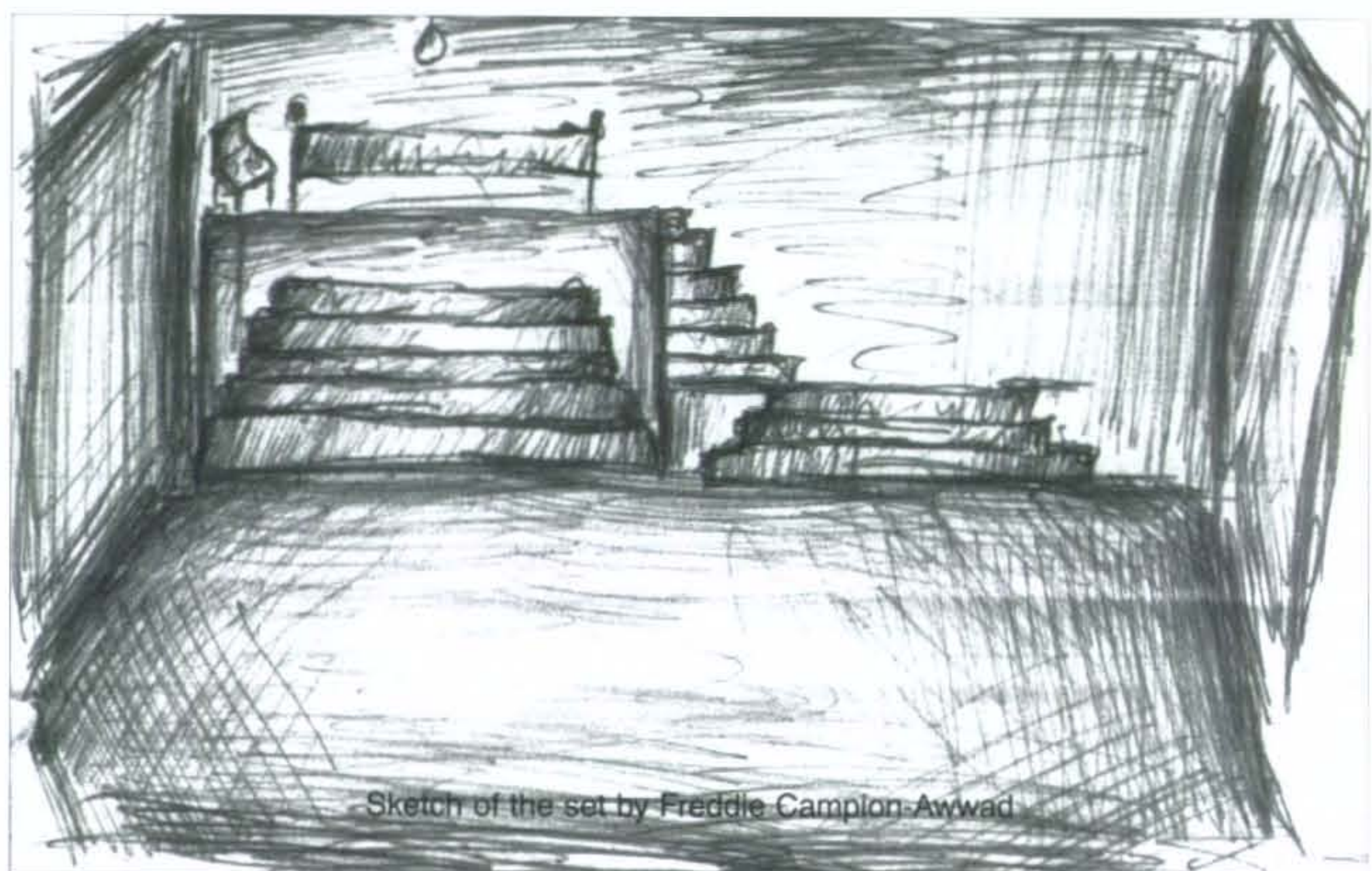
FREDDIE CAMPION-AWWAD

### ANTIGONE

by Jean Anouilh

The other AS-level summer performance was a reworking of Sophocles' tragedy, *Antigone*, a piece which centres on the bitter quarrel in the royal family of Thebes after the country's civil war. Two of the princes have fought each other to the death: Eteocles, who was presented as a defending hero, received honourable burial; Polynices, condemned as a traitor, is to be left to the dogs. The eponymous heroine, the princes' sister, is determined that Polynices too should be decently buried and, despite the new authorities' edict to the contrary, undertakes to do the task herself. The penalty for her disobedience is death, but this she willingly embraces.

Antigone was brilliantly played by Katrina Varian as a wilful and headstrong young woman who would not compromise or settle for second best. Her fiancé Haemon (Henry Bartlett) and her sister Ismene (Philippa Murray) tried in vain to dissuade her. Victoria Saner convincingly portrayed the growing concern and final despair of the elderly nurse, powerless to deflect Antigone from her destructive course. Creon, the king of Thebes of the text, underwent a gender change in this production, and Alexandra van Heeren brought



Sketch of the set by Freddie Campion-Awwad

out not only the monarch's determination to enforce the law but also her affection for the young woman who was to marry her son Haemon. One of the themes which the production emphasised was the role of fate. The chorus' lines were spoken by Lydia Southern in front of carefully choreographed scenes which suggested that the characters were puppets in her control. Enhanced by subtle lighting and atmospheric music these scenes added another dimension to what was a well crafted production.

DSB

## THEATRE STUDIES

### A-LEVEL GROUP PROJECTS

At the end of the Spring Term the Dobinson Theatre was the venue once again for the A-level Theatre Studies Group Projects. These are plays written and produced by the U6th students as the first part of their A-level examination.

The requirements of the Board are demanding: students must devise a piece of drama for performance in any style or format they choose, produce a script and direct the play themselves with their teacher retreating to an advisory capacity (not always an easy thing for a controlling teacher to do!). A group of six students must produce a piece of about 30 minutes in length and they must take responsibility for all aspects of their productions: set, lighting, costumes, props and front of house. The finished play must have intellectual substance and engage audiences' interest and imagination if it is to achieve a high grade. Finally, just in case all of the above is too easy, the play must provide equal opportunities for all candidates to demonstrate their skills as actors and directors.

Much preliminary discussion went on at the end of the Autumn Term amongst the two groups entering for the examination this year. One of the first skills to be called for is collaboration, the ability to put forward well thought out suggestions and to listen to what others think. Ideas about issues on which to base the plays included the role of women, modern Islam, illness in the family, mental breakdown.

One group, building on the coincidence that two of its members bore some physical resemblance, decided to create a piece around the idea of schizophrenia with its central character played by Gemma Tipping and Emma Elliott. Gemma, the browbeaten young wife and daughter, in a dramatically striking 'mirror' sequence switches places with her aggressive 'reflection', Emma Elliott, who proceeds to express much of the anger and resentment which her alter ego had suppressed. The mother was brilliantly played by Sophie Price, the husband by Ricky White, while Hannah Tozer made a very convincing psychiatrist who provided an analysis of the case.

The other group addressed an equally grave issue in a striking way. As a result of a boating accident a young woman (played by Mariam Abu-Hejleh) has been in a coma for several months. The doctors and family are moving gradually to the conclusion that she will not recover and the decision is finally taken to switch the life support machine off. Scenes with the nurse, Catherine Thorogood, doctor, Charlotte Lamping, mother, Tetta Robertson, sister, Kim Harries, and friend, Caroline Tovey, portrayed some of the difficult choices facing medical staff and families in such situations and how they rebuild their lives after the death of

the coma patient. Perhaps the most memorable scene was that in which the machine was finally switched off and the anguished patient reluctantly takes her place with the frightening spectres of another world.

Both productions were well received by the audience and commended by the visiting examiner for quality of texts and acting.

DSB

## AKELDAMA

by Andrew Davis & Ollie Thomas

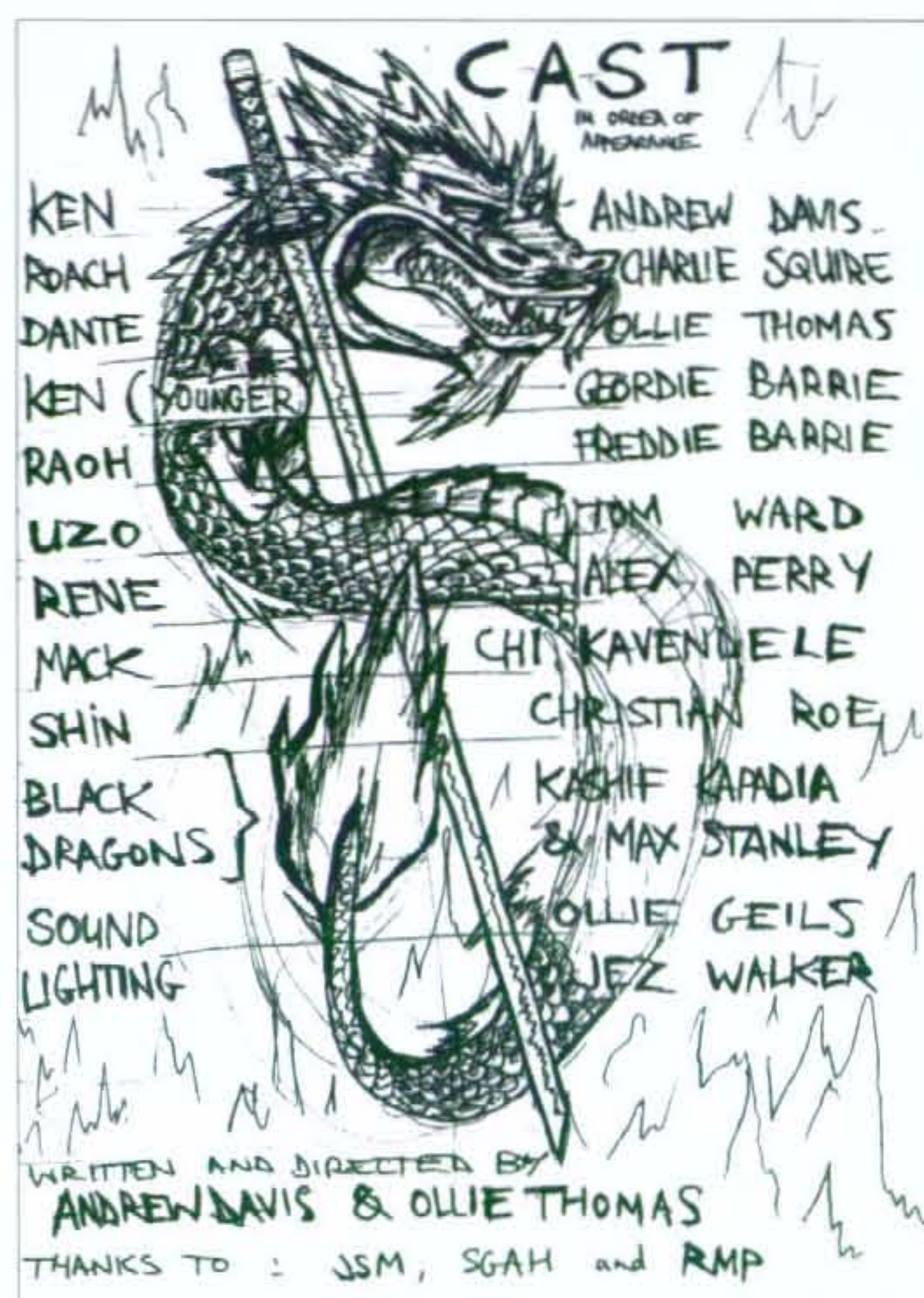
It was my good luck to be visiting Stowe on what I gather is an unusual occasion: the performance of a play specifically by the Fifth Form. And this time it was even more special, as it was written (as well as directed) by two of their number.

Let me say at once that the ninja scene is not exactly my cup of tea, even without the turtles. But it was intriguing to pick up one's programme in the theatre (created imaginatively from the Walpole Houseroom) and read: "Greetings. My name is Tatsuryuji. I am the oldest surviving Hideous Ninja and at 3,000 years old with my eyes I have seen empires fall. I have a million stories to tell you, but for tonight I have selected a transcendental tale of deception, hate and violence..."

Well, the tale certainly contained all three ingredients. It seemed an interesting mix of two things: the gangster movie (with tough guys like Robert de Niro, all dark glasses, Capone-type vendettas and highly lethal weapons) and the kungfu adventure story, with high-kicking karate favourites to the fore. The story seemed an interesting exploration of the meaning of evil. The devil himself appeared in one particularly arresting sequence. I couldn't say I could follow every detail in the plot but it was an hour of excellent entertainment, produced and acted with a real sense of style.

Perhaps if I hadn't touched down at Heathrow from the Far East only a few hours before, I'd have understood more of it. But I got a lot out of it as it was, and I'm sure the School will see more from this talented group of Fifth-formers before they're finished. Thank you. I really enjoyed it.

DUNCAN HYSLOP



## “THE REEVE’S TALE”

This original and striking production was masterminded by Alex Rogers and staged by 6th Form Stoics on two consecutive nights in the Dobinson Theatre. U6 English students had been studying “The Reeve’s Tale” for the 2001 A-level exam. Last year Alex conceived the idea of re-writing it in modern verse and adapting it for performance. He retained Chaucer’s verse form – rhyming couplets using a basic 10 syllable line and iambic metre – and employed a contemporary vernacular to catch the lively spirit of Chaucer’s colloquial English, for this piece is wholeheartedly comic, both in word and action.

Alex had the whole thing written by the end of the Autumn Term. Some sections he re-wrote in prose to facilitate certain passages of dialogue. The quality of the writing was consistently high, catching the appropriate inflections of individual voices and resourcefully finding the rhymes and rhythms to enhance dramatic speech in performance.

A willing cast of Stoics was prepared to find space in their pressurised pre-exam lives to turn idea into action. PASF provided moral support throughout and established performance dates in Stowe’s busy calendar. And now Alex had to wear another first time hat, that of director . . .

. . . to which was added another first, that of actor, when he bravely decided to fill in for an ill Tom Kemble for the first night. However, what the audience first saw was a set which projected the Chaucerian world and the Tale’s artful narrative form. The Reeve is narrating his story to the other assembled pilgrims. This is what we saw – numerous pilgrims of both sexes, of varying status, age, and occupation attired in mediaeval dress and carousing heartily at a long table. An aggrieved Reeve (Steward) is regaling them with his Prologue in which he says that his tale will have to be as lewd as the Miller’s and humiliate him as much as he feels hurt by the Miller’s story ridiculing an old carpenter. Max Lawrence spoke all this in a suitably sardonic and dour manner.

The story that followed can be brutally summarised thus. A local miller has been short-changing a Cambridge college. Two students, Alan and John, volunteer to put a stop to this. They give their corn to the miller to be ground, intending to

catch him in the act or prevent him from ill-treating them. He, however, turns the tables on them. They are robbed and suffer other discomforts. They beg dinner and lodging. That night sees them sharing the family bedroom with the miller, his wife and buxom daughter. Their snoring is the last straw for Alan who jumps into the daughter’s bed; not to be thought wet, John, when the miller’s wife has left the chamber to relieve herself, removes the baby’s cradle from the foot of the parental bed to beside his own. The wife, groping around in the pitch-black darkness, feels the cradle and gets unwittingly into John’s bed. Before dawn, Alan leaves the daughter’s bed, locates the bed, which does not have the cradle at its foot and gets in beside the miller, in whose ear (thinking it John’s) he boasts of his sexual conquest of the daughter. A mighty affray breaks out and the wife, awake now to the horror of the situation she hitherto enjoyed, assists her husband by inadvertently striking him on the pate with a staff. A love-lorn daughter returns the flour, baked into a handy cake. The real point of the bedroom farce, however, is the ridiculing of the miller’s and his wife’s preposterous social pretensions – even aping the aristocracy – and their daughter’s prized virginity, which is valued merely as an absurd status symbol. Such is the Reeve’s revenge.

The Stoics acted all this out in natural and energetic style. The audience greatly appreciated the fun of the whole thing with one cunning bit of plot after another detonating entertainingly. Alex expanded the part of the warden of the college, so that Christopher Turner could enjoy sending out the two students on their mission like a cross between ‘M’ and a sour schoolmaster. Our adapter also gave the daughter a racy past. Alice Girardot, Hattie Fisher and Alice Kent gave winning performances of wife and daughter respectively, with Hattie bravely filling in for an ill Alice on the first night, who took over the next. Harry Trelawny underplayed the Miller’s gloating but his own dead-pan style was effective, especially since he looked suitably formidable (as one would expect of a mainstay of Stowe’s distinguished Daily Mail Vase finalist XV). Tom Kemble and Alex Rogers both performed admirably as John on their respective nights and Louis Buckworth was excellent as the cocky Alan.

EST

### FIREWALK THEATRE FRANKENSTEIN

In the Autumn Term, Stowe hispanists from all years were joined by those of neighbouring schools, Tudor Hall, Royal Latin and Buckingham, to enjoy a theatrical interpretation of Mary Shelley’s novel, “Frankenstein”. However, this was no ordinary interpretation. This was a visual spectacle, in Spanish, which enabled us to experience the language in an exciting new way. The play, complete with Spanish guitars, dancing, audience participation and humour (often combined at the expense of a few members of the 4th Form!) provided us with a taste of Spanish culture that was previously unavailable to us. Despite the fact that “Frankenstein” is essentially an English piece, the group of four Spanish actors made it their own with an energetic performance which created a gothic atmosphere as much as it did an amusing one. It was a wonderful experience and an enjoyable evening was had by all.

CHRISTIAN ROE

# INTERVIEW WITH ORLANDO SEALE

**Henry Bartlett  
asks the questions**

What inspired you to become an actor?

Lots of things. My father worked abroad from when I was at a young age. As a result I watched a lot of television. I watched so much, got really into it, and to keep myself company, acted out a lot of what I saw. There is a Beckett saying something along these lines: 'Solitary child makes voices to talk to, to keep himself company.'

Stowe gave me a huge opportunity, with its range of facilities. Mr Barr was important as he made me play Amadeus, which was the first role of whose character I was aware.

But at Stowe, the idea of becoming an actor seemed to show a path of uncertainty. I wanted to do it just for fun!

Do you have any role models?

Actors that inspire me include : Philip Seymour Hoffman and Julianne Moore in films such as 'Happiness', 'Talented Mr. Ripley', 'The Big Lebowski' and 'Boogie nights'. The way they change their energy is their most important attribute.

My heroes include: my father, for being a decent, honest, loving man and Peter Brook as well as Augusto Boal. I believe it is important to have heroes and also to change your heroes when it suits.

What was your favourite production you have performed in, and why?

It has to be *A Servant to Two Masters*, Stratford, for the basic fact that it is a laughter machine and brings a lot of love and happiness to the company and the audience. My role as Silvio gave me a real chance to explore and challenge myself and I was also very excited by the rehearsal process. Most of all, the bunch of people I worked with made it the fun it was, including the director, Tim Supple.

What are you working on at the moment?

Lots of things. I have been drawn to areas of my own research such as applying clowning and improvisational acting to a more conventional effect. The industry is fickle and very competitive so it is hard to always have a job.

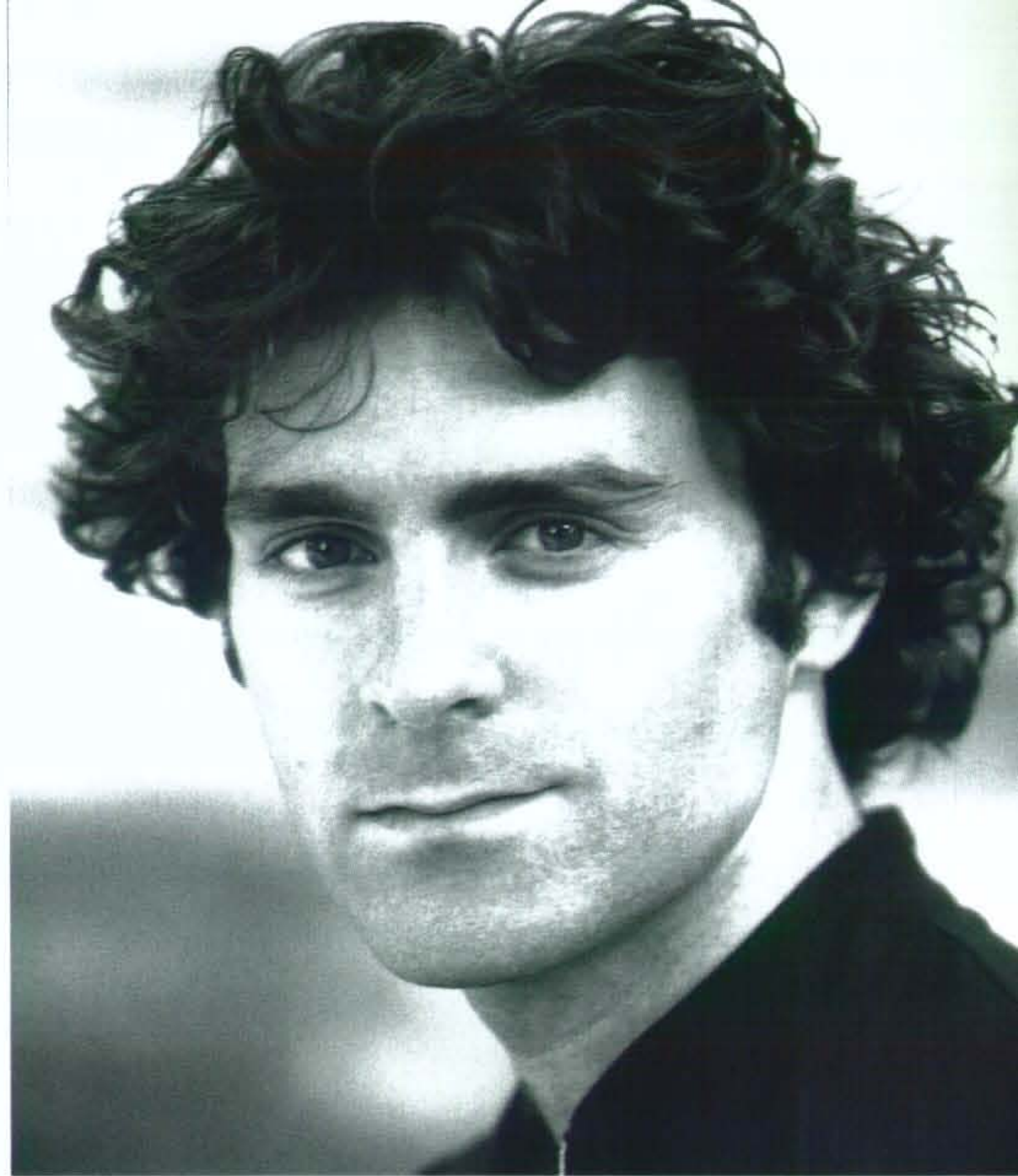
One of the things I am working on is Keith Johnson's improvisational theatre. It is such a thrill to do. We explore the liveness of theatre. It is unrepeatable, fragile and unique. Also, I am writing and making short films and soap operas on Wap phones !

Where did you go after school?

After school, I went to a drama school in Paris, the 'Conservatoire de Paris' where I continued to train. Like American actors, I like to change. I have done Gauliere clowning, improvisation, mime, I like to keep challenging myself!

How did you get your job with the RSC?

I auditioned both times I was part of the company. The first time round I did *Richard III* and *Henry V* and the second time round I did *A Servant to Two Masters* which was



**"My role as Silvio gave me  
a real chance to explore  
and challenge myself..."**

done with a really good audition, a workshop lasting two days. Much more engaging and exploratory than the usual reading and then 'Next please'!!

What did you think of Stowe at the time?

I loved it! Something I really valued was the overpowering beauty of the park. I relished the variety in the activities and different places. I have very fond memories. Unfortunately, I haven't kept in touch due to the nature of my work. When I returned I was re-struck by Stowe's beauty.

What would be your dream for the future of your career?

Oh my God. Too many dreams! I feel half of me would like to have my own company and develop improvisation and apply it to a classic, such as *Hamlet*.

The other half of me wants to work for Thomas Vintenbourg but it is important to have people who inspire you as well as having the belief that you can do it yourself.

If you have any advice for young actors and actresses, what would it be?

If they have any tips, I would love to hear them! It is a lottery, depending on what you want. You have to love it to enjoy it, so it is not always a good job for people whose goals are to be famous and not just to be doing pure performance. Keep learning, keep your eyes and ears open and keep learning.

What do you enjoy doing in your free time?

Yoga, dancing and singing and acquiring knowledge!

# Societies

## ANACREON

Anacreon is a food and drink society that has two to three meetings a term. It is run by Dr Hornby, who traditionally hosts the first meeting, after which the venues are chosen by the chefs. Each meal is prepared by two different members of the society, for the remaining members, the hosts and Dr. Hornby. There are fourteen members of which nearly everyone got a chance to show us his or her culinary skills. We have been lucky this year in having so many local members who have been happy to host the meetings. We are very grateful.

This year the meals we have enjoyed have ranged from a Christmas dinner to a summer barbecue with many things in between, which have all been of a very high standard.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank Dr Hornby for all the organisation he has put into the society. I would also like to thank all the hosts, who have included the Headmaster and his wife, the Cummings, who have kindly held it twice, the Verneys and the Tippings.

ALICE ANDERSON

## CLASSICAL SOCIETY

It has been a busy year with fascinating lectures and worthwhile expeditions. In November we welcomed Mr Graham Binns, Chairman of the British Committee for the Restitution of the Parthenon Marbles, and also a grandfather of a current Stoic. He presented the case for the return of the Elgin Marbles, after which several Stoics raised pertinent questions. Later in the month Stowe hosted a GCSE meeting of the Oxford Branch of the Classical Association. There were three excellent speakers: Dr Matthew Leigh, of St Anne's College, on Virgil's *Aeneid* Book I, Professor Gregory Hutchinson, of Exeter College, on Pliny's Letters, and Adrian Hollis, of Keble College, on Ovid's story of Baucis and Philemon.

In January we were privileged to hear Professor Richard Jenkyns, from Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, speak on Euripides' *Medea*. As a former mentor of two teachers in the Classics Department



and also a relative of a previous Stowe Headmaster, he was especially welcome. We followed up the talk the next month by seeing Fiona Shaw starring in a production of Euripides' *Medea* in London. The horrific presentation of the children's murder brought gasps from the audience and will not be quickly forgotten.

On a rare sunny day in March almost all the Third-forms visited the Roman Baths in Bath. No one fell in, not least because the Great Bath had been drained for repairs, but all enjoyed the scenes of antiquity and, for many, modern fast food. Stoics also attended two large Sixth-form conferences in London on Virgil's *Aeneid* and Homer's *Odyssey* and *Iliad*. At the end of the term a group of classicists were fortunate to be able to visit some of the fabulous sites of Greece, as reported elsewhere in this issue.

MJB

## CHESS CLUB

The club continues to meet weekly throughout the year. The Autumn Term saw large numbers of Third-formers sample chess as part of the activities 'Taster' programme. However, the handful of faithful, permanent members has not been markedly increased. But it is quality that counts, and Chris Maitland-Walker has brought a keenly competitive edge to the club.

Two Cobhamites, Ned Pendleton and Ryan Coughlan, participated in the 6 round UK Chess Challenge Megafinal in Reading, performing very creditably.

The date of this event fell very awkwardly in the Stowe calendar, and we thank Mr and Mrs Coughlan for transport. I hope that next year's date will allow a more numerous representation of finalists from the Stowe stage of the tournament. That event produced many exciting matches, much fun and – indeed – some hilarity.

The highspot of the year was the inter-house tournament. Again there was an excellent turnout. The cup holders, Cobham, fell by the wayside, despite being much fancied. The Walpole–Temple match produced the most exciting game, between J.J. Herabutya and Paul Hinds. Just when the position was poised on a knife-edge with Paul having found a resourceful counter to his opponent's material advantage, the game had to be adjourned so that Paul could play in the Wind and Brass competition. On his return – almost inevitable – he lost the thread of the game, with J.J. admirably helping Walpole into the next round. Both players are to be praised for this piece of drama.

In the end, Grenville who for many years have had a very low chess profile, found themselves fighting out the final with Walpole. Though Alim Jinnah on top board and the young (and distinctly useful) Dominic Macdonald on bottom board won their games, Grenville went down 2-3 to Walpole, J.J., George Margesson and Nikolai Szep (a real find) winning their games.

As always I thank Dominic Sullivan (the only 6th Form club member at present) for his support.

EST



## COMMUNITY SERVICE

Last year was very much a consolidatory one – contacts were established with the local primary schools, charity shops and MENCAP homes and a small but committed group of Stoics went out and impressed the hell out of them! From that basis numbers have risen to a manageable and steady figure visiting primary schools, charity shops, MENCAP, nursing homes and private resi-

dences of the elderly. Lyttelton have proved legendary once again but uptake has spread throughout the rest of the school too. (This includes the Summer Term, so it's not just because that games field is awfully cold in the winter months!) On average 60 people have been involved in something each term and no-one can possibly look at us and just think 'grannybashing.'

*"I had no idea what it would be like and you always hear some horror story from someone about how boring it can be. However, it's quite amazing to see how your preconceptions can be so wrong, that the people you visit actually look forward to it and you realise that even with just one or two hours a week it can make a difference - I think you really need to take it with the right attitude - if you think you'll enjoy it then you definitely can."*

PETER TROMANS – COBHAM 5TH



The bare minimum before even being considered for colours is a year; yet I have been delighted to be able to award colours at various stages over this academic year to more than ten people. They have particularly distinguished themselves and there are more who have been with us for not quite so long who impress me every week with their enthusiasm. Their attitude speaks for itself when they beg me in morning break to be picked up later than usual or harass me (and some of them really do!) to change the collection route so that they are the last to be picked up!



*"Having helped out at Gawcott First School for over a year I have really got to know the kids and what a bunch they are! The experience has been thought-provoking and at times exhausting but always great fun: how else could I have found a valid excuse to rediscover the joys of finger-painting, making Florence Nightingale puppets and papier-maché islands?! The skills I've learnt during my time are also going to prove invaluable during my Gap year when I plan to teach English to children in Costa Rica."*

AILSA COLE – LYTTELTON U6TH



I have a number of people to thank – the D of E team, Bette Fox, Simon Collins, Anne Lake and Rowena Pratt, whose ongoing support and voluntary giving up of their time have made it possible to keep the activity open to such a large group of people. But once again, I have to attribute the continued growth and prosperity of the activity to a group of Stoics whose enthusiasm for what they do is contagious.

DAS

## CORKSCREW

Our annual programme began with what has now become the traditional and well-loved presentation by Captain Stewart of the International Wine and Food Society. We were treated to a fine introduction to the basics of wine and wine-tasting, which would serve our members very well throughout the year. In this he was, as ever, assisted admirably by Mrs. Stewart and we look forward to seeing them both for years to come. The society was delighted to see the Stewart collection of wine and spirit glasses and decanters, and highly appreciative of the Captain's clear, informative and ever-entertaining delivery, as well as his most careful choice of wines with which he illustrated his lecture.

Towards the end of the Autumn Term it gave us great pleasure to welcome another of our regular speakers, Mrs Felicity Sidders of Nene Valley Wines, Northampton, who gave a most interesting talk on 'Wines from the New World', during which we tasted some very reasonably priced and most palatable red and white wines of many grape varieties, from Australia, New Zealand, Chile and South Africa. Mrs Sidders' address generated a number of intriguing questions, answered, as ever, with the informal good-humour which has become the hallmark of her visits to Stowe. In the short Spring Term with its concentrated calendar, we were able to manage just one tasting and who better to give it than the ever-diverting Simon Alper (OS) of Chilford Hundred Wines, near Cambridge? This was one of the most unusual and fascinating presentations of recent years, with a large selection of phials being provided, each containing a scent found in certain wines. Having inhaled, unlike a certain U.S. President, we were asked to identify these aromas and then to try and detect them in the very broad choice of excellent wines provided, which ranged from Australia and New Zealand, through Italy to France and including such grape varieties as Gewurztraminer, Sauvignon Blanc, Chardonnay, Sangiovese, Merlot, Cabernet Sauvignon, to name but a few. Needless to say, our speaker was peppered with questions and much good-humoured debate ensued. In May we were very pleased to welcome a Stowe parent to the society, Mr Nicolas Clark, of Haynes, Hanson and Clark, wine merchants, of London and Stow-on-the-Wold, who brought a selection of excellent wines, grouped to illustrate the properties of diverse grape varieties in different countries. We began with a French Gamay and from then on each cluster (three Pinot Noir, three Merlot and two Cabernet Sauvignon) contained one wine from France, as well as others from Chile, South Africa, New Zealand, Australia and California. The influences of terroir (ie soil, topography, rainfall, sunshine, etc.) were all discussed and with our speaker enthusing his audience, questions flew thick and fast, being fully answered with amiable ease. The evening concluded with a glass or two of a most excellent champagne, of which Mr Clark had brought two magnums, a most generous and greatly appreciated gift to the society. Yes, it's true, as we had been told during that evening, champagne from a magnum does taste better than from an ordinary bottle and not just because there is more of it!

I am grateful, as always, to Philip Cottam for his continued loyal support, to Geoff Higgins (Catering Manager) and Paul Reid (Head Houseman) and their staff for their reliability and helpfulness, and last, but by no means least, to Hazel, my wife, for giving up her own time on Sunday afternoons to cut paper tablecloths, arrange glasses, and above all for reminding me to collect that all important Blue Room key!

MW



## JUNIOR DEBATING

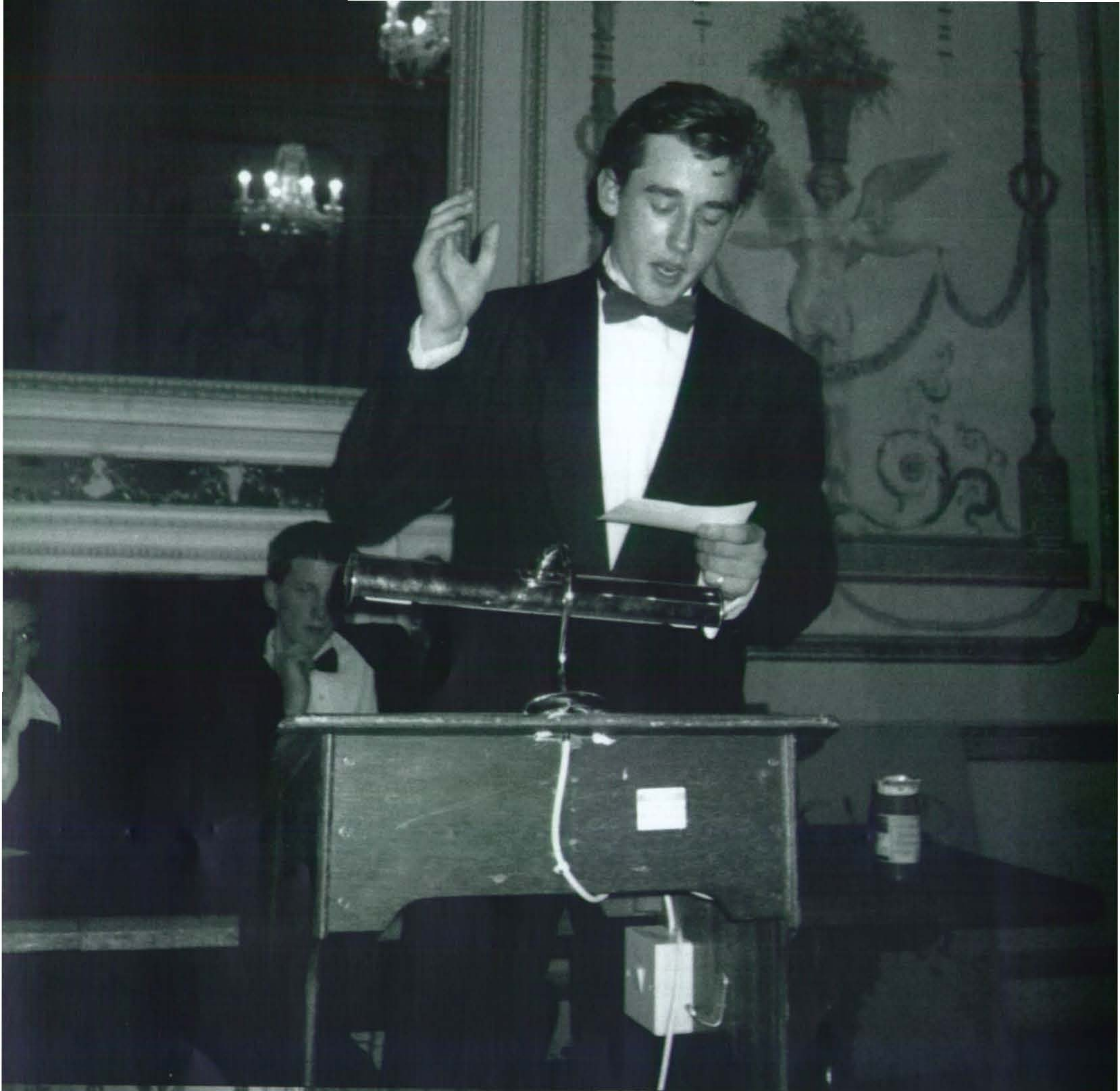
The Junior Debating Society has prospered greatly. There have been good turnouts at each debate. Over 120 people helped to decide that Stoics are prejudiced against women! As usual the titles have been varied. The society tried to stay away from the ones that are bound to bring in the prejudiced crowds (I'm talking about fox hunting!). Instead there have been motions that we hoped no one would have a fixed opinion on, such as 'You can forget the taking part, it's the winning that counts'. This meant that it was not only harder work for the speakers because they really had to persuade the audience but hopefully it was more interesting for the members of the floor. The year ended with Alex Perry convincing the audience that he, on stilts and dressed in a fine array of tweeds as Freddie von Schroder, deserved to survive in the balloon debate. The audience despatched to their fate such eminent people as Prince Charles (James Elwes), Hitler (George Margesson with splendid moustache), Lord Rothschild (Barney Baber), a Hell's Angel (a terrifying tattooed Freddie von Schroder) and womankind (Charlie More Nisbett – surely they can't all have such magnificent bosoms?).

Charles More Nisbett has done a wonderful job as the secretary to the society during the year. I am sure that everyone has enjoyed reading the colourful and highly amusing posters to advertise the evenings; they certainly do seem to work. Charlie also had the initiative to set up an inter-house debate between Temple and Grafton. This was a great evening. The motion was, 'This House believes that love conquers all'. Charlie naturally said that it didn't. Grafton supported the motion. With the Music Room bursting with Templars they had no problem winning the popular vote, despite Merlin Hanbury-Tenison doing the correct thing and voting for Grafton! Mr. Thompson cut all Temple ties for the night and gave the casting vote in Grafton's favour. It was a great evening chaired forcefully by Christopher Janson, much to Mr. Johnson's disapproval.

For the last two years Mrs. Fox has been looking after the junior debating and has done a great job. Dr Bailey takes over from her at the end of the Summer Term as she moves into her new position at Nugent. We are sure the Junior Debating Society will go from strength to strength under Dr Bailey's charge.

FREDDIE VON SCHRODER





## SENIOR DEBATING

The first debate of the academic year was on the motion: 'School Rugby has no responsible place in the Twenty-first Century'. The motion was won overwhelmingly by three excellent speeches from David Hyslop, Ramsay Fanous and Louis Buckworth. Such was the quality of these speeches that even tough members of the First XV voted with the motion.

In December came the motion: 'Britain is a land with a past but no future', proposed by Antonia Ford, Tom Butcher and Piers Craven, opposed by Max Lawrence, Alice Kent and Hugo Rebbeck who, alas, did not convince us British that we did indeed have a future.

In the New Year, our Balloon Debate saw Hannah Durden as an extremely exotic Posh Spice, married to Max Lawrence as a convincing David Beckham, complete with London whine and no geographical knowledge. PSR competed against them as Bill Clinton, complete with mask, and Alice Kent gave a truly clever representation of Germaine Greer. ADB was hilarious as Rolf Harris, using an amazing assembly of props to attack his competitors. However, it was left to Jamie Elwes, as Headmaster of Stowe, to win the day, pointing out that it was a "privilege indeed to be in such a marvellous balloon", and advising those of us left on earth to consult "my man Cottam".

In March, there was a contrastingly serious debate about the release of the child murderers in the Bulger case. The standard of speeches on both sides of the debate was extremely high. Tom Kemble, Jacquetta Robertson and Alex Kemble proposed that the two boys should be released with new I.D. This was opposed by Mark Harper, Holly Middleditch and Alex Rogers. It is hard to imagine that many other schools could have sustained such a serious, well informed, closely argued debate, with not one weak link amongst the speakers.

Piers Craven was Chairman of the Society with Louis Buckworth as Secretary. Audiences during the Autumn and Spring Terms exceeded 100 and often presented appropriately challenging questions.

PASF

PSR as Bill Clinton

PHOTOS:  
PIERS CRAVEN AND DOMINIC SULLIVAN



# F O U N D A T I O N E R S



**Angela Thistlewood  
explains the foundations  
of Foundationers**

Foundationers, now in its third year, has introduced some 300 Stoics to a range of life skills. Every boy below the Sixth Form has now had the 'Foundation Experience.' So what exactly is Foundationers? It is a series of eight activities for all Third-formers, run by specialist members of staff and all overseen by Alan Murray. Stoics spend three weeks on each activity and are given a score at the end of this time based on their attendance and punctuality, attitude and achievement. At the end of the year their scores are totalled up and certificates are awarded. Prizes are given to the top scorers and best House in the year.

It seems that the majority of the Stoics involved in Foundationers over the past three years have thoroughly enjoyed it. I know that this is the case as far as the staff are concerned. I have really enjoyed participating in Foundationers from the outset. It has given me the chance to know all the Stoics from the Fifth Form down, whilst also being great fun. Thanks to Alan Murray for asking me to be part of the team when I first came to Stowe and for continuing to run Foundationers – you do a great job!

# F O U N D A T I O N E R S

## THE EIGHT ACTIVITIES

### Presentation

Stoics learn how to use PowerPoint presentation software. They write a 4 minute 7 slide presentation on a topic of their choice. This slide-show is then presented to their Housemaster, Matron and various other members of staff with a certificate being awarded to the best one.

### Navigation

Basic navigation skills are taught in a practical way. By the end of their three weeks all Third-formers should be able to use a compass and Ordnance Survey map to negotiate their way around the Stowe grounds.

### Social skills

As well as learning how to look after their clothes and appearance in Social Skills, the boys are taught the correct way to reply to formal invitations. They are also given a refresher course in the art of note-taking, which should reinforce their work in the classroom and help to encourage good study habits.

### Thinking and Leadership

The Thinking and Leadership module of Foundationers is based on consideration and discussion of different ways of communicating with others and the importance of doing this well. Stoics then explore thinking processes by solving various problems requiring logical and lateral thinking and complete the unit with a written test.

### Lifesaving

Using the Bronze Medallion Award from the Royal Life Saving Society, the aim of the session is to establish competent levels of knowledge, understanding and practical ability in rescue situations. Topics covered are: water safety and rescue principles; land-based rescue and water-based rescue using towing and assistance techniques as required and the use of rescue aids as appropriate.

### First Aid

This introduction to basic First Aid skills focuses on mouth to mouth resuscitation, cardiac massage and the effective and safe treatment of wounds. A final test shows the level of knowledge and skill achieved.

### Drama

In this unit Third-formers explore physical and vocal techniques of drama. The emphasis is on enjoyment of acting and understanding some of the means by which character is conveyed on stage. Drama exercises introduce boys to various kinds of theatre and culminate in performances of short improvised plays.

### Physical Fitness

This unit includes both aerobic and anaerobic exercises, fitness incorporating circuit training and weights as well as instruction and guidance on diet and nutrition. The aim is to provide Stoics with basic knowledge for a healthy way of life.



# F O U N D A T I O N E R S

## SOME VERDICTS

### Current 3rd Form:

Thomas Borwick: "It was good learning about how to do some activities. I learnt everything from adding a button to using a map or saving a life. I enjoyed the computer work on PowerPoint."

Stuart Coughlan: "I have found that Foundationers has helped me a lot this year encouraging me to put in 100% at all times. I have enjoyed myself over the course of the year because I have been able to try some new things that I have not done previously."



### 4th Form

(The second year of Foundationers, but the first year to complete the course as it stands now.)

Rory Chichester: "I thought that Foundationers gave you a brief knowledge of some vital skills that you could use in later life."

Oliver Winton: "It is nice to have an activity which teaches you things that you would never learn in lessons, and that are useful in life."

Darren Haskell-Thomas: "I think that most of the Foundationers were good except a few of them. The computer ones were good and so on. I think I benefited from it and it should carry on."



### 5th Form

(Our guinea-pigs!)

James Finch-Knightley: "I enjoyed myself during the course of my first year. It was good because it got me and other people to react and look around the school and also find out more about Stowe."

Oliver Geils: "I would love to reply to your request for my thoughts on Foundationers. I do so with great pride as I am a member of the Walpole 5th Form, who, as you know, were the first House to win the Foundationers Cup. Parts of the Foundationers course were very amusing such as the letter writing and the ironing. Overall I think I enjoyed it. Especially the 'Fun-day' where we had to do all of the tasks and Basketball skills. The one task where Walpole thrashed all of the other Houses was in the tug-of-war, where we didn't lose one match and were then presented with the shield. And, of course, who better to collect it than our captain, Piers Dixon? So in conclusion I would just like to say that there was much more fun than boredom."



Above:  
Note-taking skills inspected by Mr & Mrs Nichols  
Chandosians practising their Victorian melodrama  
Cobham Third-formers learning to write a presentation using PowerPoint.



## LITERARY SOCIETY

The first meeting of the Literary Society was on 22nd October, when PASF and EST engaged in a debate on Shakespeare's *Cressida* before the Upper Sixth. PASF suggested that *Cressida* was 'one of the sluttish spoils of opportunity and daughters of the game', but EST insisted that she was merely an abused woman in a war waged by men. The audience participated in the discussion but no vote was taken!

On 13th November, the Creative Writing Circle presented poems and short stories to a large audience in the Library. Everyone present agreed that the quality of the writing was extremely high and our thanks go to EST for encouraging those who contributed and for organising the event. Charles Sanchez, Ben Morgan, Rebecca Cheetham, Peter Tromans and Toby Ford read their own poems. Alex Rogers read his prize-winning poem, 'Looking at a Picture', inspired by Browning's 'My Last Duchess', and his dramatic monologue was made all the more dramatic because he had learnt his poem off by heart. He also read his poem, 'Blue'. Harry Kemble, Matthew Roche, Sam Spencer, Ramsay Fanous, Ben Morgan, Jacquetta Robertson and Ben Smith read their own excellent and varied short stories.

On 5th February, Dr Peter McDonald presented his own poetry workshop to the Creative Writing Circle and on the 7th February, Mr Brian Worthington gave a riveting talk to the Lower Sixth and Upper Sixth on 'Aspects of Poetry'. On the 11th February, PASF took members of the Lower Sixth to the Bronte Museum at Howarth Parsonage on a day when the weather certainly suited 'Wuthering Heights'. On the 14th and 15th February, Alex Rogers directed his play which dramatised 'The Reeve's Tale'. This was received with widespread acclaim and is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. On the 14th March, Dr Nigel Thompson, from Christ College, Oxford, spoke on 'The Reeve's Tale', relating Chaucer to Boccaccio and on the 4th May, PASF spoke on Hamlet's preoccupation with death.

PASF

## THE PITT SOCIETY

At the beginning of our Lower Sixth year, a small group were without doubt asking themselves 'What is the Pitt Society?' The Society's aims and intentions, I understand, have been altered to some extent from those of the previous years, yet the main aspirations of finding out more deeply about a subject – in our case America – and then delving into the foundations and pathways of 'The American Dream', are still secure. Each student involved in the Pitt Society is currently studying at least one subject from History, History of Art, Economics and Politics, all of which incorporate some form of knowledge of American culture.

'The American Dream', often only spoken about as far as its title goes, was this year's Pitt Society theme. Our discussions began by looking at this theme and then moving onto political presentations that covered the history of the Vietnam War, the extremities of the Watergate scandal, and an insight into the recent presidency of Clinton and the results and judgements on the most recent American election. Following on from this, we looked into American culture and the arts. A talk given on Hollywood explored the world of twentieth-century film as we move into the new Millennium, accompanied by a precise account of the times and changes in American music and a further, more concentrated guide around 'Pop Art'.

The concepts behind the American Dream were reiterated by the words of Martin Luther King, repeated in talks on civil rights and American slavery, and, above all, the hopeful equality of the races in America. One of the more controversial issues which we discussed was the role of Christianity in America and religion as a whole.

"Religion and Individualism" reviewed cults and religious groups in America such as the very radical Mormons who became strong from the nineteenth century, and the formerly successful populations of Shakers. The more extreme cults, such as the witches of Salem, still renowned today for their bizarre obsessions, were not left without a mention. Looking at more present-day issues such as Televangelism and the morality of abortion in the eyes of a Christian led to our considering the relationship between religion and politics in the USA.

A final insight into the lives and tribulations of American Indians looked upon their changing culture and peaceful rituals such as the significant 'Ghost Dance' religion; a form of protest to regain their freedom and banish the dreads of past wars. And so a great deal of American history was covered. A wonderful prelude to our visit to the east coast of America in July 2001.

CHARLOTTE COURTAULD

## SYMPOSIUM

Symposium is a group aiming to stretch the most academically able Third and Fourth Form Stoics. This year's series of talks covered the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, rounding off the programme which began last year by looking at the Renaissance and the Enlightenment. Overall, most talks had a consistent message: whatever the academic discipline, there has been a progression from scientific rationalism to a modern relativism, devoid of certainty. Few could conclude their talks without making it plain how much is unknown.

An eclectic series of speakers gave an equally mixed assortment of talks. CJE preached the virtues of the Blues, but ended up doing little more than converting people to the virtues of Led Zeppelin – which was probably his secret goal all along. Having got 'some nice bits of radioactive Physics kit out' SOC's plans to eliminate many members of 3A and 4A soon became clear. SGAH demonstrated how the mind plays with one's perceptions, and various members of the Art and History of Art Departments were critical of the role played by modern art. PSR was consistently negative about everything, be it the American elections or the exploitation of the Third World.

The range of talks aimed to match the range of interests of the Stoics in the group. Some, such as Paul Hinds, Cameron-Sinclair-Parry, Ben Hirst and Charlie Sanchez had views on everything, whilst others, such as Alexander Hodgkinson, Hubert Bourke-Borrowes and George Margesson intervened purposefully but selectively.

The ultimate goal of Symposium is to entertain academically and help nurture a sense of intellectual curiosity. Given this, it is pleasing that so many of its Fourth Form members are keen to take up the challenge next September of studying either Critical Thinking or Business Studies AS, to complement their standard GCSE work and stretch themselves.

PSR



## CONTINGENT COMMANDER'S REPORT

This has been another busy and active year for the CCF despite the best efforts of Foot and Mouth to disrupt our training. The three major casualties of Foot and Mouth were the Stowe Patrol Competition, Summer Term Field Weekend and Adventure Training Camp. These apart training was able to continue much as normal. The highlights of the year were an outstanding Coldstream Cup Competition, an excellent Biennial Inspection, a presentation by the Red Arrows Team and a very enjoyable summer camp at Leek. In addition to these highlights, cadets have flown, gone gliding, done sub-aqua, sailed, climbed, abseiled, canoed, camped out, gone shooting, learnt how to map read and how to cook in the field (with mixed results!) as well as acquire more specialised military, aviation and naval skills. Most important of all, general lessons in self-reliance, personal organisation, team-work and determination have been learnt and, for those cadets in charge, lessons in leadership.

As ever, the year has seen developments in what the CCF tries to do. The Autumn Term saw the introduction of a re-vamped Junior NCOs Leadership and Instruction Course as well as of a tri-service basic training course for the 4th Form. Both have proved their worth and will be built on in the coming year. Advanced Infantry saw the introduction of more of a competitive edge as well as more of an emphasis on patrol competition type training. This will be developed more fully next year.

The changes for next year will see the Summer Term programme given a more outdoor pursuits flavour for

Advanced Infantry during the first half of the term and more of a focus on preparation for camp for Proficiency during the second half of the term. It is also hoped that the Army Camp can be done during the last week of the Summer Term as well. To create a more 'club' atmosphere for the NCOs the Armoury now has an excellent coffee machine and toaster so that they can have break in the Armoury on Mondays.

We said goodbye to a very loyal and enthusiastic group of senior NCOs this year. Our thanks go in particular to Harry Trelawny, Piers Gambarini, Nicholas Verney, Theo Turner, Charles Clark, Charles Carter and Philip Ashworth for all the time and energy that they have put into the CCF. A CCF can only be as good as its cadet NCOs and at Stowe we have been blessed year after year with good ones. This last year was no exception.

Sadly we have also had to say goodbye to some of the CCF officers team. KFD leaves Stowe to take up a post as Head of Mathematics at Hampton. With her go our best wishes and thanks for all the time and energy that she has put into the RN Section and the CCF as a whole during her time at Stowe. She will be much missed. We also said goodbye to TJE who has moved to Prior Park. TJE took over the RN Section from KFD and he also goes with our thanks and best wishes. Lee Horwood and Paul Sewell have also left for greener pastures and our best wishes and thanks go with them for their contributions to Advanced Infantry and to Signals. Steve Llewelyn, our storeman and .22 shooting coach, has also departed and we wish him all the very best in whatever he does next. Finally, it would be remiss not to mention 'Pony' our RN CPO who has been

such a supporter these last years. Oundle's gain is very much our loss!

It has not all been a story of departure. AJW, who has helped with the RN Section as a Civilian Assistant, has taken a commission, is doing the various courses this summer and takes over the RN Section in September. DGB, who has helped with Advanced Infantry, the Patrol Team and the NCOs Leadership course, has also decided to get commissioned and will take over the running of Advanced Infantry in September. We have also welcomed Jerry Foster and her two Border Collies to run the store and sort out all the files. Huge amounts of rubbish seem to have been moved out and much sorting and cleaning have gone on already. We look forward to their contributions with eagerness.

In conclusion I would like to thank all those who help and support the CCF. Without the help we receive from both outside and inside the School much of what we do would not be possible. There are too many to mention here but, as ever, it would be remiss not to mention Ray Dawson, the SSM, who keeps us all in order (both staff and pupils), dispenses advice, help and a sympathetic ear to one and all and whose unfailing good humour and directness of manner keeps us all sane.

PVC

## CCF COMPETITIONS

This year has been a notable year for CCF Competitions, not just because of the high standards achieved but also because a girls' team from Nugent won the coveted Coldstream Cup. The only disappointment was the cancellation of the Stowe Patrol Competition sponsored by the Royal Rifle Volunteers as a result of Foot and Mouth restrictions. All other competitions – the Coldstream Cup, the Casualty Cup, the Proficiency Shield, the Blues Plate and the Tancred Trophy – were run with minimum disruption and few if any changes from the normal pattern.

The competitive highlight of the year was without doubt the Coldstream Cup. This took place on Field Day, as part of the Biennial Inspection and in the most appalling weather conditions. Despite the wind and torrential rain the standards achieved were excellent and the grit and determination outstanding. The Royal Naval Inspecting Officer was mightily impressed. The competition was won by Nugent, building on their

2nd position of last year. Their drill and turn out were, as ever, outstanding. They shot better than anyone else – the fruit of lots of practice – and their performance on the obstacle course, in wet and muddy conditions, was a triumph of team-work. They were clear and well deserved winners. Because of the difficult conditions no records were broken on the run and obstacle course. Mention must be made of the splendid 2nd place achieved by Grenville and 3rd place achieved by Lyttelton and Grafton. With two teams in the top four the girls' houses have certainly thrown down a gauntlet to the boys' houses.

Field Weekend in the Easter Term saw the Tancred Trophy, the Proficiency Shield and the Blues Plate being run instead of the usual programme because of Foot and Mouth restrictions. The Tancred Trophy for Advanced Infantry was won by Nick Wills and No 4 Section after an overnight competition with 17 different stands. The stands included kit checks, map reading, a grenade stalk, a section attack, signals, first aid and patrolling. The Proficiency Shield was won by No 4 Section. Proficiency Company trained for the competition on the Sunday of Field Weekend and then competed on the Monday. The stands included drill and turn out, shooting, camouflage, map reading, skill at arms, a run and the obstacle course. The high standard achieved showed the success of the cadet NCOs in training their charges this year. Finally, the RN and RAF fought out the Blues Plate with an RAF Section emerging as winning team but with the RN achieving the best overall results.

The Casualty Cup produced some vintage performances with both the

boys' and the girls' records being broken despite the muddy conditions. Grenville won in a record time of 2 minutes 24 seconds and avenged their narrow defeat by Temple of last year. Temple came second and also broke the old record with a time of 2 minutes 28.07 seconds. Grafton came third in the fast time of 2 minutes 34 seconds just beating the old record of 2 minutes 35 seconds set by Grenville in 1998. In the girls' competition Nugent came first in a record time of 2 minutes 38 seconds with Lyttelton not far behind in 2 minutes 47 seconds. Both Houses thus broke the old record of 2 minutes 55 seconds set by Nugent. Standards of performance are getting better and better each year as teams train harder and improve their technique. For those of us on the sidelines it has been a pleasure and a privilege to see such self-motivation and determination on display.

## RAF AND RN SECTIONS

The RN and RAF have had busy years with both sections getting their cadets on the water and into the air respectively. The RN were, ironically, rather worse affected by Foot and Mouth than the RAF who managed to keep flying despite all the restrictions. Both sections have benefited from the new tri-service recruits course and recruiting has improved. Both sections now have over 30 cadets on establishment. The next step is to ensure that a good crop stay on into the Sixth Form to provide the senior cadet leadership that has been missing on the right scale for a year or two.

Highlights for the RN have been a trip to Portsmouth in the Autumn Term Field Weekend, a canoe course run during the Summer Term which resulted in

half a dozen cadets getting a basic canoe qualification. Field Weekends in the Spring and Summer Terms were hard hit by Foot and Mouth and no visits to Portsmouth or any other RN establishments were possible. Hopefully the lost ground will be made up for next year. The departure of our CPO RN 'Pony' is a great loss as is the departure of KFD and TJE. However, with AJW now in the driving seat there will no doubt be much to look forward to!

Highlights of the RAF year have been a successful camp at RAF Lossiemouth, which included watching Tornados doing bombing runs, and the frequent trips to RAF Benson for air experience flying, run by Mrs Cope. Indeed by the end of the year everyone had been up in the new flying trainer, the Tudor, which has taken over from the old Bulldog. Some even got up more than once and others managed to get some gliding in. Perhaps the most memorable event of the year was the presentation given by two of the Red Arrows RAF Flying Display Team. Flight Lieutenants Evans and Catmore gave a riveting picture of life with the world's premier flying display team and included some hair-raising video footage showing aircraft almost touching each other and sometimes at only 25 feet from the ground. It was an inspiration for any budding 'Top Guns'.

Next year the two sections will attempt to build on the progress made this year, without the interruptions of Foot and Mouth. Many thanks are due to the staff who make the programme possible, in particular to TJE, KFD, AJW for the RN Section and Mrs Cope and Mrs Bennett for the RAF Section.



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The RAF values every individual's unique contribution, irrespective of their race, ethnic origin, religion, gender, sexual orientation or social background. However, for reasons of combat effectiveness, women cannot join the RAF Regiment.

# Sports Pages

PHOTO: AL BIANCO

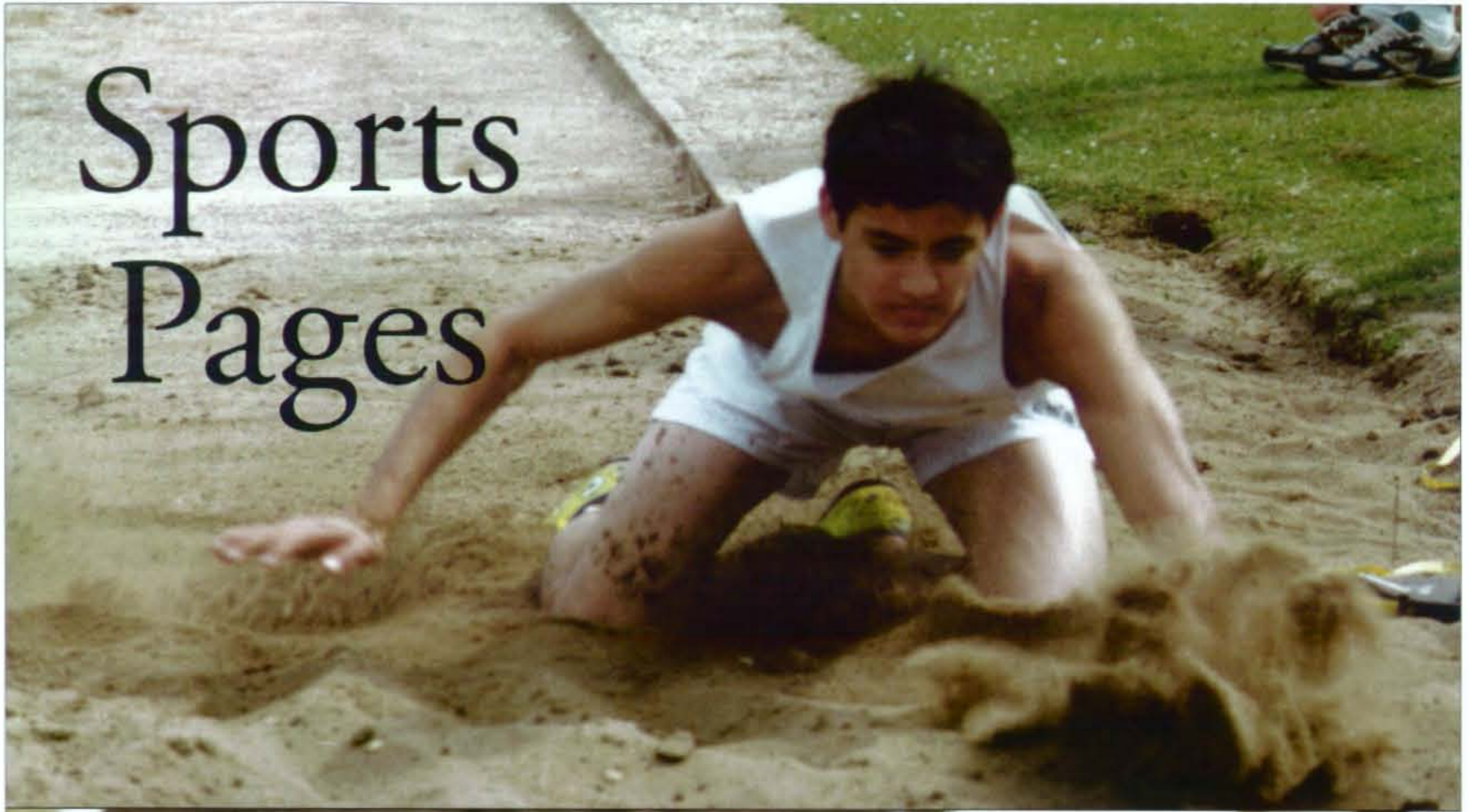


PHOTO: ANDREW ATHERTON



PHOTO: DKOG





Alex Perry leading in inter-house hurdles

## ATHLETICS

A new meeting for us at Radley kicked off the term and what a success it proved, as we beat Radley, Dean Close, Pangbourne, Bradfield, and St. Edward's and only went down to Harrow.

Ben Morgan and Benji Sua Kay looked strong in the sprints as did David Hervey in the middle distance events. Mike Laing (high jump) Harry Trelawny (discus) and Jon Phipps (shot putt) looked the pick of the field events.

We met very high quality in our next event, the Cholmondeley Shield. 4th place overall was our best result since we were first invited in the early 90s. The Intermediates had really begun to come through by this stage. Jon Akroyd starred in the hurdles and 400m. Matt Gracie,

Andreas Ugland and Merlin Hanbury-Tenison mixed up the 800s and 1500s between themselves to great effect all season.

The Juniors were also looking strong by now. Kwok Luk (sprints and high jump), Elliott Holmes and Andrew Atherton (middle distances), Connor Melhuish and James Wemyss (hurdles) all began to find their form.

The English Schools Cup competition gave the 3rds and 4ths a chance to come into their own.

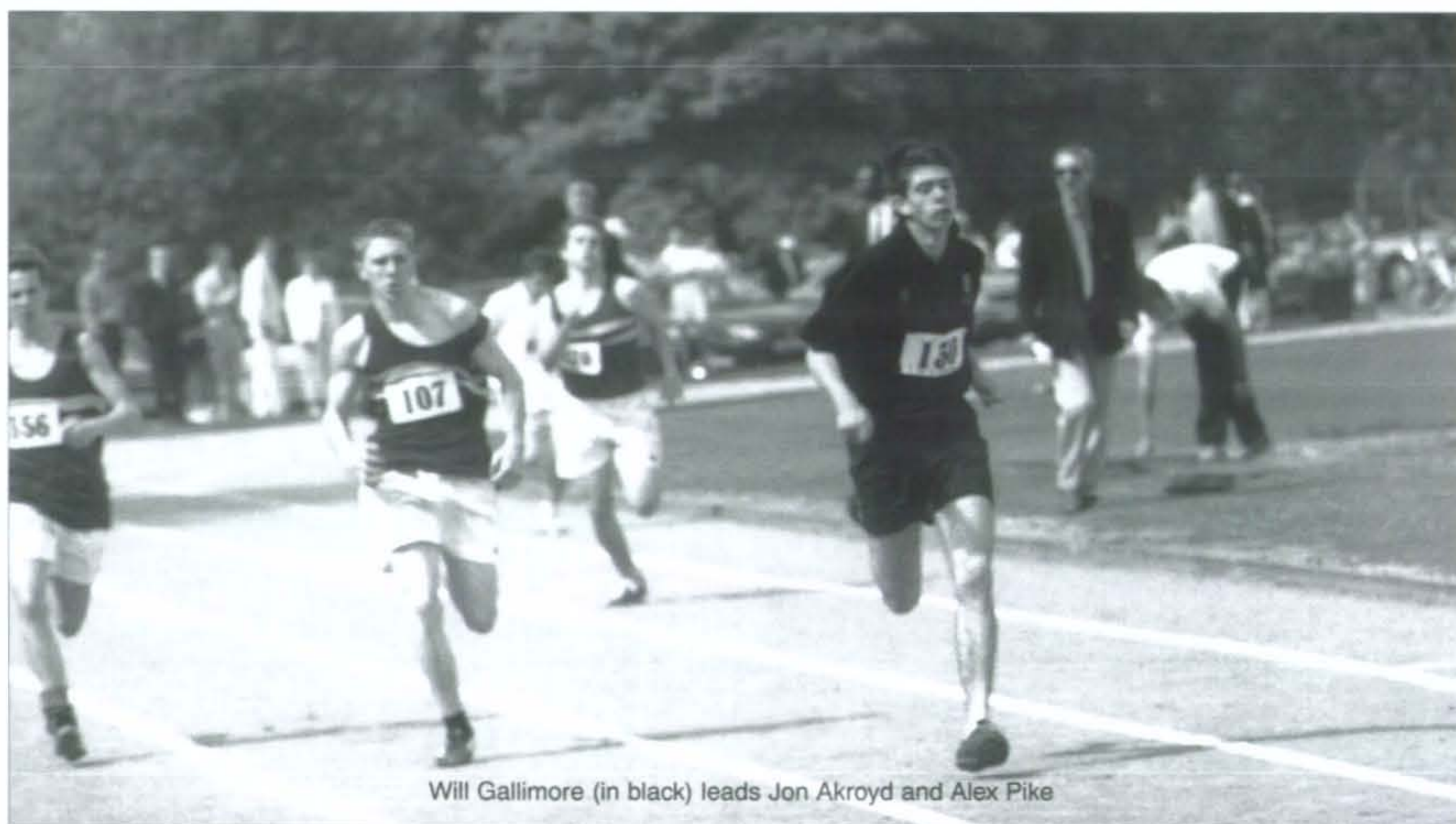
With Robin Bogh-Henrikssen, Nick Forrester, Craig Sanders, Sam Catlin and Ben Hirst from the 3rds leading the way, the team easily overwhelmed the other Buckinghamshire schools in the county

round. In the South-East Regional semi-final the team improved yet further, falling just 4 points short of the 400 point mark.

The county championship gave Ollie Tree and Marilyn Okoro the chance to show how high their standards are, both being selected for the county team for the Nationals. Ollie ran some great 200's and 400's during the course of the season, ending with new PB's of 23.2 and 53.88.

Marilyn set 4 new school records at 100m (12.5), 200m (25.0) 400m (57.78) and shot putt (9.28). A fine 8th place in the final of the English Schools 300m rounded off the season in great style.

AMcD



Will Gallimore (in black) leads Jon Akroyd and Alex Pike



Top (left to right):  
Christopher Martin leads James Emslie.  
David Hervey.  
Harry Trelawny waits for Ed Edsell.

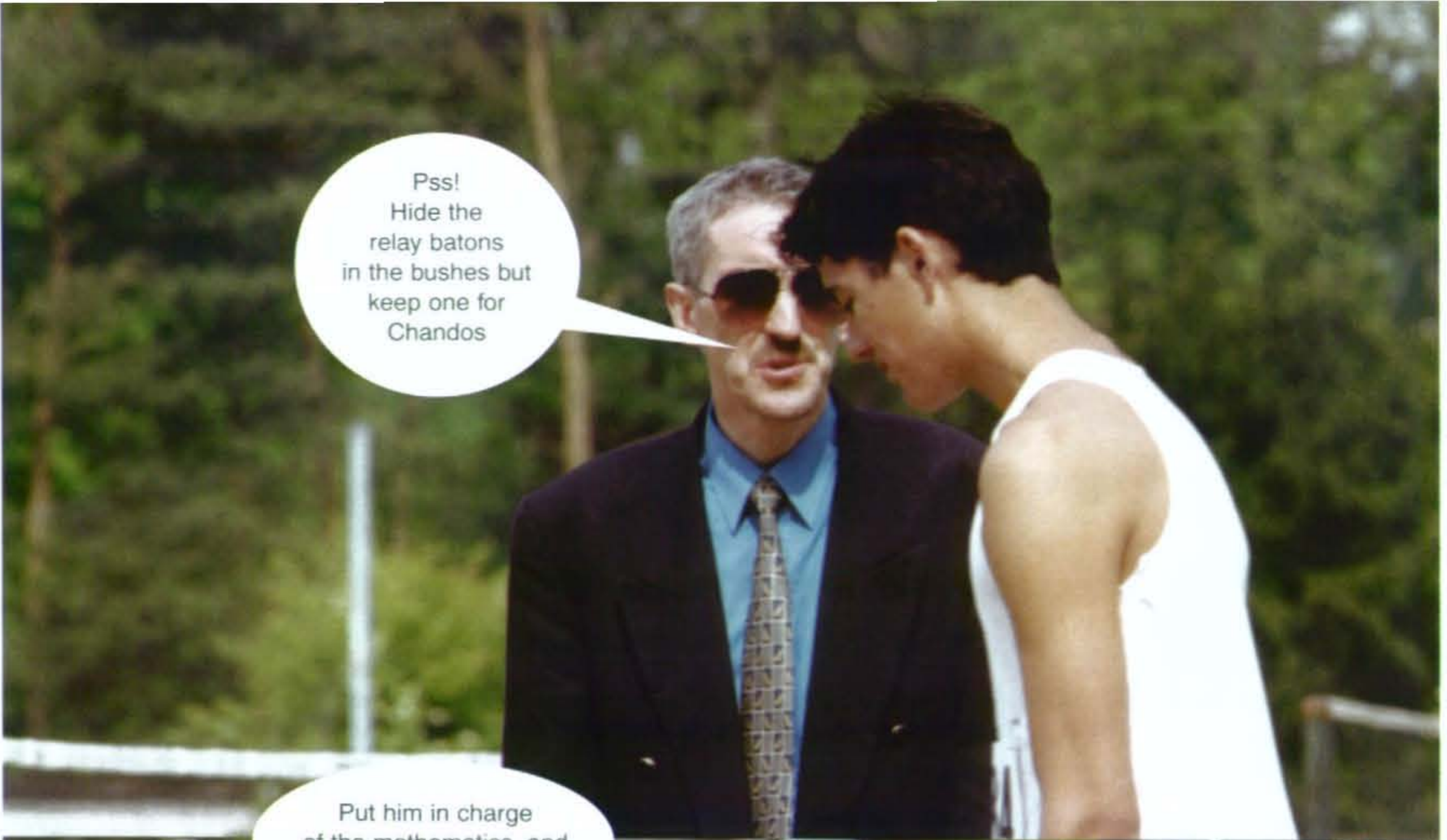
Above (left to right):  
Albert Derbyshire, Ben Hirst and Kwok Luk.  
Emily Brooks and Emma Blayney.

Left:  
Oliver Warburton and Nick Prince.

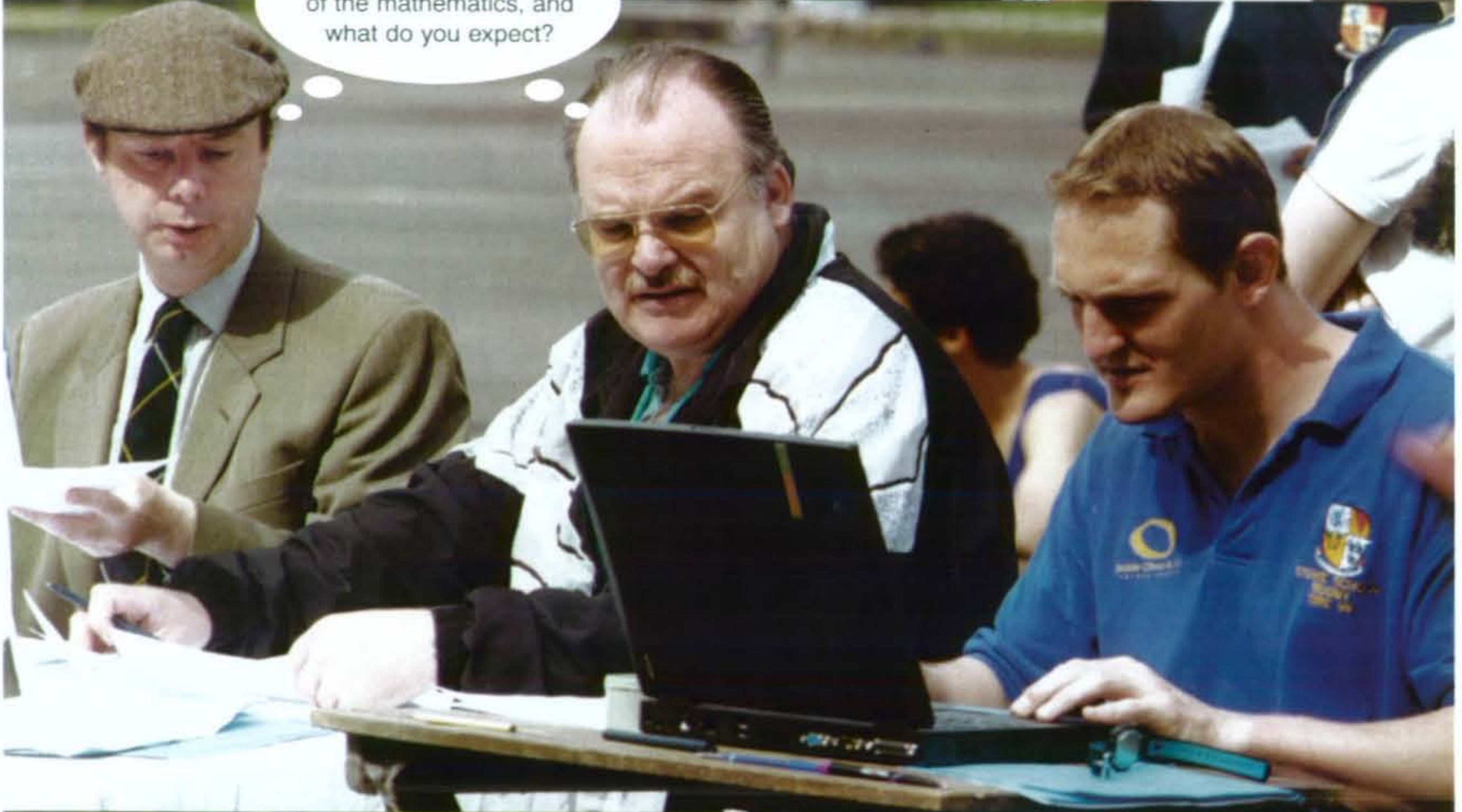
Below:  
Fathers' race.  
Ben Morgan beats Benji Sua Kay, Oliver  
Cullingworth and Harry Trelawny to the line.

PHOTOS:  
FREDDIE BARRIE, DAPHNE BENNETT AND CLASSIC  
SNAPS

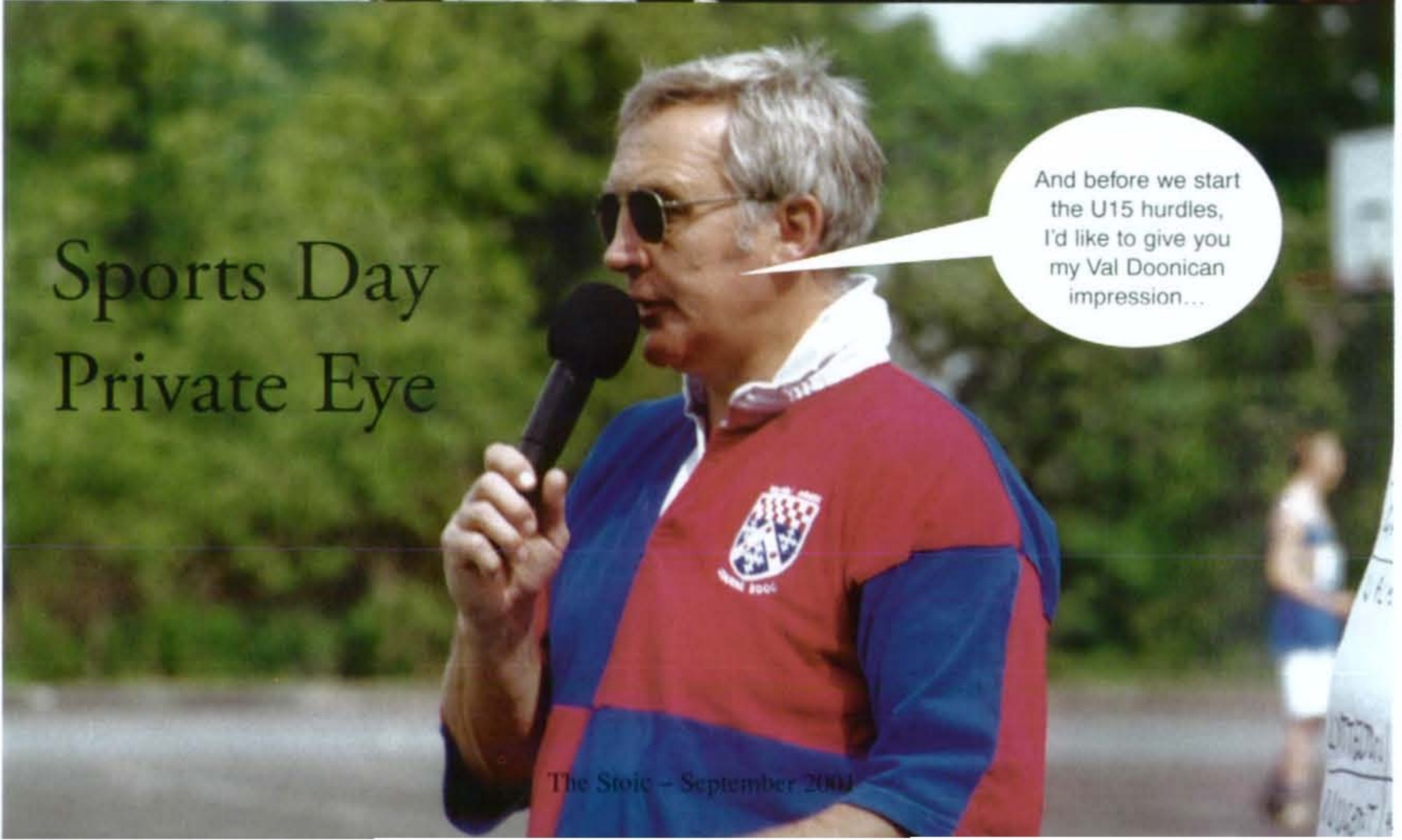




Pss!  
Hide the  
relay batons  
in the bushes but  
keep one for  
Chandos



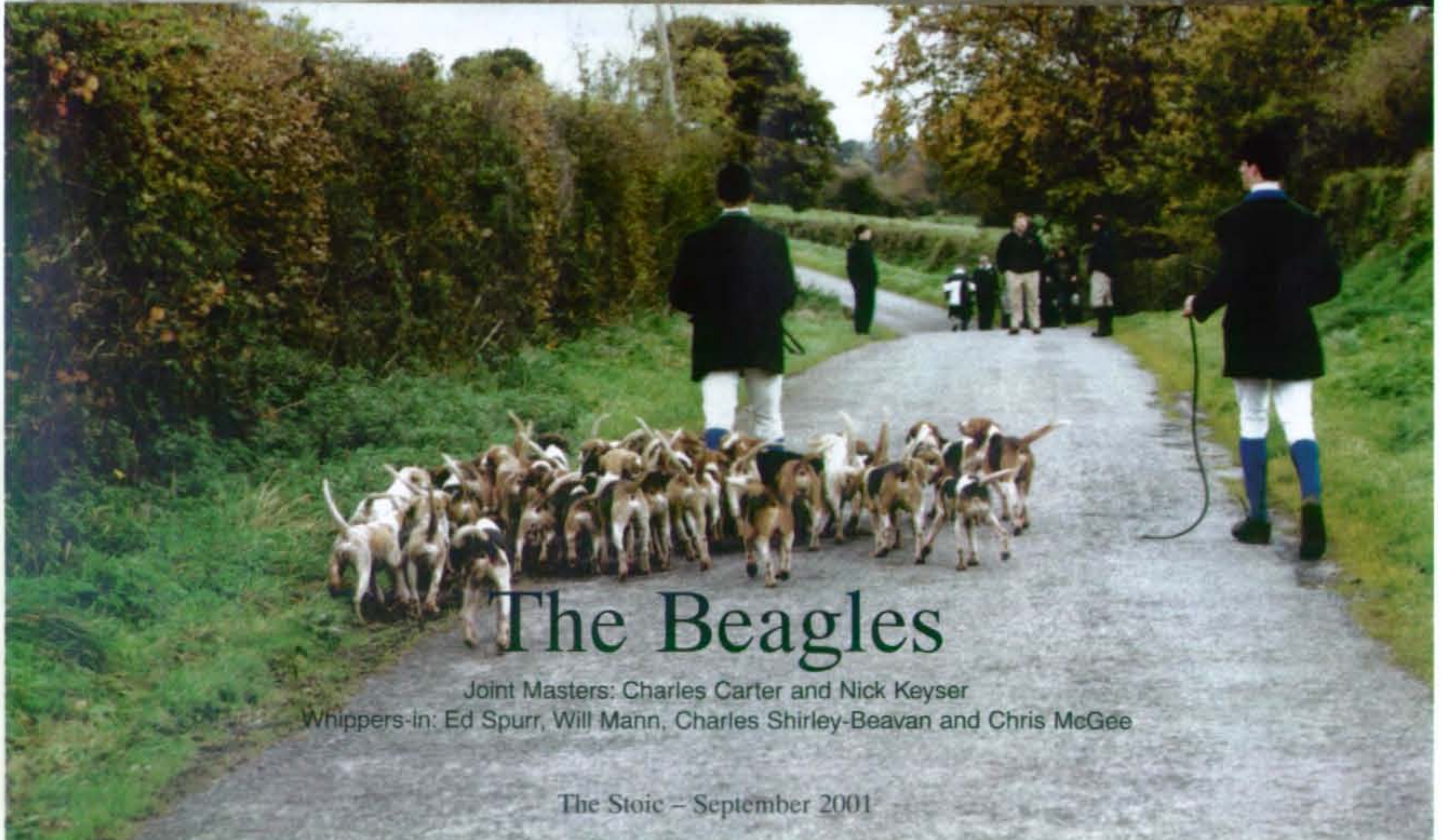
Put him in charge  
of the mathematics, and  
what do you expect?



And before we start  
the U15 hurdles,  
I'd like to give you  
my Val Doonican  
impression...

# Sports Day Private Eye





# The Beagles

Joint Masters: Charles Carter and Nick Keyser  
Whippers-in: Ed Spurr, Will Mann, Charles Shirley-Beavan and Chris McGee



John Fretwell:

# With the Beagles

## Wednesday

As we left Stowe in the small hours of Wednesday 21st October to set out on the first trip that Stowe Beagles had ever made to the Emerald Isle we were all full of expectation. On arrival at Holyhead after an uneventful journey through Wales, marvelling at the scenery of Llanberis Pass and at the force of the water flowing through these beautiful rivers of North Wales, memories of the Border Counties Otter Hounds came to mind, although Old Moses would not have wanted to be on such raging waters.

After disembarking from the ferry we set out to face the rigours of the Dublin rush hour and made our way to

Newbridge to meet with Pat Deasy, Master of the Curragh Foot Beagles, the host and administrator for our visit. As we were to find out, what a wonderful job Pat had done for us. After kennelling our hounds at the Curragh Foot Kennels, Pat took us to the Stand House Hotel, which was to be our base for the visit, together with our good friends from the Maryboro Foot Beagles from Cork. We knew we were in good company.

## Thursday

On the Thursday morning Pat Deasy kindly arranged for the Stowe party to go down into Kildare for a visit to the Irish National Stud, and it was a real thrill for

the National Hunt Racing fans in our party to see the great Danoli, who is retired there. Our meet on Thursday was arranged for Ballytore. After drawing away from the village, we found, giving the Stowe followers their first view of the Irish Hare, but unfortunately after taking us over slurred ground and towards the main Carlow Road we had to stop hounds and draw on. Following a long draw, a good view put us on. However, whilst running to the view a hare got up, and what followed was about two hours of beagling that would have suited the purists with bursts of pace, and we saw hounds and staff at their best in the slower paces; the con-

Left to right: Nick Keyser, Charles Carter, CJAT, Clive Haynes, Alistair McGee, Will Mann, John Fretwell, Charles Shirley-Beavan, Chris McGee, Ed Spurr, John Brinklow.  
Front: Marie-France McGee, Jo Martin and Jano Luhus



**“It was a great honour for everyone... to be asked to hunt at the Irish National Meet...”**

# in Ireland

sensus of opinion was that the pack was unlucky not to gain their reward. Our learning curve on the Irish cousin of the regular quarry had begun.

## Friday

Friday dawned damp and our hosts the Curragh Foot met at Grange Con, which is set in beautiful County Wicklow. As we were all to find out, scenting conditions were not the easiest and our hosts put on a good workman-like display. The Stowe met at the same place in the afternoon. A fairly sharp find followed with a good initial view by Paul Scott. After a sharp initial circuit the pack split, with Nick Keyser going

on with the bulk of the pack, whilst his joint master Charles Carter, Aiden Carney and the Stowe Kennel Huntsman were doing their utmost to reunite them with the rest, who drove on to forbidden territory and returned where the pack was put on together. However once again the pack went into where we were not welcome and it was decided to stop the hounds and re-draw. Unfortunately we could not do much more and we called it a day.

## Saturday

The Saturday dawned wet and got wetter. John Shaw Brown had brought his Sunnylands Beagles down from

Northern Ireland and they met at the Priory Inn. John and his staff did a super job and in the end gave us a great display under difficult conditions. Pat Sheehan brought the Maryboro Foot Beagles from Cork to Narraghmore in the afternoon; we all admired how Pat, his staff and the Maryboro hounds strove throughout the afternoon in what proved to be the most testing conditions we had seen all week to give us some sport and they all deserve a great deal of credit for this.

Our party was fortunate to attend the IMBA Dinner and Dance held at the Stand House Hotel on Saturday evening. What a sumptuous and wonderful affair it was too!



The Irish National Meet at Dunlavin

**“It was heartening to see many old friends who had travelled from all over Ireland...”**

### **Sunday**

It was a great honour for everyone connected with the Stowe Beagles to be asked to hunt at the Irish National Meet, which was held at Dunlavin this year. As we arrived there was a large crowd in the town square, and it was heartening to see many old friends who had travelled from all over Ireland on this cold and damp day. After a sociable meet we drew away to the back of the town, and although the pack found very quickly, little could be done and it was decided to draw on away from the meet into a wonderful area of open country. When our second hare was put up in some rough ground in the bottom of the valley, she was very lucky to

make her escape, and the Stowe hounds made it very plain that they were not happy about this. They set out to show the assembled crowd an indication of what they were capable of. We had to stop the hounds because one of the farmers was worried about his fences. We drew on and finding again had another slow hunt. It was decided to give it best.

### **Monday**

The Stowe party left for home on the Monday, with certain members joining us for an extra day as all the ferries were cancelled on the Sunday due to inclement weather. We were certainly all glad to see Holyhead after a trip over the

Irish Sea (feasibly a new ride for Alton Towers!). Following a long, very tiring trip through a washed out Wales and the Midlands, we arrived back home very pleased on many counts that we had all been on this trip.

Our heartfelt thanks must go out to everyone who helped put this wonderful experience for us all together. Particularly Pat and Shelia Deasy, all connected in the Irish Masters of Beagles Association, and everyone from the Sunnylands and Maryboro Foot Beagles, but most importantly to all the landowners. Without their co-operation we would not have been able to enjoy ourselves as much as we did.

Charles Shirley-Beavan with Joint Masters Nick Meyser and Charles Carter



## BASKETBALL

### U19

Having retained most of the starting five from an unbeaten last season expectations were understandably high. However, the excellent successes of our 1st XV rugby side in the Daily Mail Vase had not been taken into consideration. Captain and imposing Centre, Will Hook, was unable to contribute as much as he would have liked in practices and matches and Guards Piers Gambarini and Vadim Pak also had to share their talents between basketball and rugby. The solid nucleus of remaining players meant that the team would remain competitive. The victory in the first match against Harrow was mainly due to a powerful second half performance from Mats Dewitte who hit three 3-pointers in his personal tally of 21 points. There followed three successive defeats at the hands of Rugby, Eton and Bedford, which is unheard of in the recent history of Stowe basketball. We certainly could not blame the defeats on the loss of the rugby players as we were beaten by better sides on the day. There certainly were some top overseas performers in their ranks.

Winning the last three matches against Winchester, Bradfield and Radley helped bring some respectability to our season. It was most encouraging to witness Kwok Luk (new to the 3rd Form) linking so well with the Senior players and sinking 3-pointers almost at will. Leading scorer Mats Dewitte may well be required to develop his inside game next season with the departure of Captain Will Hook who was immense on the defensive boards all season. Power Forward, 'Garbage Man' Guy Barbier, has become a key member of the starting five, picking up the scraps from under the basket. We need to encourage our best percentage shooter Ramsay Fanous to shoot more. He is very much a 'team' man and needs to be a little more selfish on court; one thing our fast breaking Christoph Simon does not suffer from.

#### Senior Squad:

Will Hook (Capt), Mats Dewitte, Guy Barbier, Ramsay Fanous, Christoph Simon, Piers Gambarini, Vadim Pak, Ilya Temnianski, Kwok Luk, Jaime Zaldua, Max Green, Ju Manomaiphan, Seng Apichatvorpong

#### Results:

v. Harrow	40 – 25	Won
v. Rugby	44 – 81	Lost
v. Eton	53 – 74	Lost
v. Bedford	65 – 70	Lost
v. Winchester	49 – 20	Won
v. Bradfield	58 – 46	Won
v. Radley	64 – 44	Won

IM

## BADMINTON

It has been an interesting year for the three Badminton teams once again, filled with some excellent results and some less memorable ones. The Boys' Senior and Colts teams were led by Bird Chanprabhap, who is an excellent player and has worked very hard to get the team spirit going. The Seniors, however, have not won a match, but they did play very well. The competition this year was very good. The Colts team played excellently, winning three matches convincingly and losing two (but not without a fight). We look forward to these boys joining the Seniors next year as they are very strong players. The Girls' team lost three matches and drew the last two of term. They were led by Sally Flower, also a very fine player and an energetic and enthusiastic leader.

KMN

## CLAY PIGEON SHOOTING

Although the number of matches in which Stoics have been able to compete this year has been limited, training at Stowe has continued to go well with only one practice cancelled due to flooding.

Our first competition this year was the Heart of England Trophy Shoot. This took place on 26th November at Garlands S.G. The wind did not make this an easy competition and Stowe's A team eventually finished 6th with a score of 157 including 34 from captain Hugo Pearson. The B team did a little better and came in a surprising 4th place with a score of 161. Charles Gardner scored 39 for the B team which also placed him 4th in the boys' individual competition. The girls' team had more success, winning the girls' trophy and Vanessa Beldam won the girls' individual trophy.

The second match of the year, again at Garlands S.G., was the West Midlands Schools Shoot. Again we entered two boys' teams and a girls' team. The boys' teams came 5th and 6th scoring 174 and 157 respectively. Top scores for each

team were 41 from Mark Mackay-Lewis for the A team and 36 from Harry Hay for the B team. The girls were again victorious winning the girls' trophy and Vanessa Beldam won the girls' individual trophy.

Sadly, the Warwick School Challenge was postponed due to the Foot and Mouth outbreak and the Eastern Region Schools Championship was postponed for the Countryside Alliance March, (both dates were out of term time for us). It has been a difficult year for those in the countryside.

At the time of writing we are training for the 2001 Nationals at Shugborough. We have the Speech Day challenge from the Old Stoics yet to come and of course our inter-house competition.

At the recent Sports Dinner we paid tribute to our long suffering, hard working coaches, Bob Spademan and Chris Lockwood, who ensure that everything runs smoothly. Colours were awarded to Vanessa Beldam, Hugo Pearson, Mark Mackay-Lewis and Alistair Clutton.

I would also like to thank Hugo Pearson and Mark Mackay-Lewis for their hard work as Captain and Vice-Captain, and Mike Waldman who, despite standing down as Master i/c, has been on hand to offer advice and encouragement.

The following Stoics have represented the School: Vanessa Beldam, Theodora von Schroder, Sabrina Lopes, India Clarke, Emily Lobel, Hugo Pearson, Mark Mackay-Lewis, Alistair Clutton, Peter Birt-Llewellyn, Edward Pitcher, Nicholas Verney, Harry Hay, Charles Gardner, Freddie von Schroder, Merlin Hanbury-Tenison, Igor Tolstoy-Miloslavsky, Oliver Warburton.

KFD

Overleaf:  
Cricket 1st XI

Standing, left to right:  
HJR, Harry Sheppard, Jonathan Dickens, Luke Worrall, Archie Leon, Graeme White, GAC. Seated: Gareth Sharp, Oliver Cullingworth, Edward Clark, Ashley Pearson, Nick Oldridge, Brett MacLennan, James Leggett.

## CRICKET 1st XI

To one returning from a long period spent in the company of the boundary pundits to the hurly burly of organising school cricket and running the 1st XI several changes were evident. The demise of the Colts team, the ever-present pressure of examination preparation on the three senior years (and their mentors!), and the difficulty of sustaining meaningful mid-week practice were new factors to be dealt with. But the faces, the enthusiasm for the game and the determination to maintain high standards were all familiar.

Of their eight scheduled term-time fixtures the 1st XI won two, drew four and lost two, figures which have a balance and symmetry to them and speak well of a team which had only four players of real experience at this level and whose fixture list contains (in Radley, Wellington, Bedford, and Oundle) several of the best exponents of the Public School game. Fortune did not smile on the team at the Bedford Festival, however, and all three 55 over matches there were lost.

The batting relied heavily on the three most experienced players in the side, Pearson, Oldridge and MacLennan and all three made more than one fifty and achieved aggregates of over 250 runs. It was a source of disappointment that they did not receive consistent support from any of the other players, and also that their flow dried up at the Festival. However, Leggett made one good fifty,

Sharp looked the part as an opener later in the season, and Leon, a Third-former, gave promise of good things to come once he gains greater strength and experience. The general failure was that of not building an innings patiently on well-taken singles but trying too early to bring off the big shot.

Few school fielding sides in the land enjoyed the services of a wicket keeper as agile and accomplished as Oldridge and his leg-side stumpings standing up to the seamers posed a constant threat to opposing batsmen. Pearson led the side by example and made a large number of difficult catches look remarkably straightforward, while Sharp twice threw out batsmen from the mid-wicket region. Only against Wellington and Bedford, when experienced batsmen were in full flow, did the overall level fall below the highly competent and competitive standards set by these individuals.

Probably the strongest suit of the team was the quality and variety of its bowling attack, particularly in the spin department. Clark, in his third and final season, always posed a threat with his leg spin, took five wickets in an innings twice, and also made some useful contributions with the bat. White, a Third-former of diminutive size but with considerable experience of Under 17 county cricket, bowled more overs than anyone else and his left-arm spin gained instant respect from even the most belligerent batsmen against whom he bowled. Dickens in the earlier part of the season

had some success with his prodigious off-breaks and later on Sharp regained the confidence to bowl his in a match situation. By comparison the seam department suffered from the absence for the majority of the term-time fixtures of its steadiest performer, Worrall. His five wicket haul against Bedford was a model of accuracy and brought the best from his young partner, Sheppard, who had laboured alone for much of the term without consistent support from the other end. It is greatly to be hoped that this combination will be able to function injury free next year.

Pessimists say that cricket in Public Schools is under threat from many different influences, but your scribe sees no signs of this on the horizon at Stowe provided that the enthusiasm and commitment shown by the pupils and staff remains at its current high level. Much of this stems from the evergreen and effervescent influence of our professional, Harold Rhodes, who has again been a great source of advice and expertise, not only to the 1st XI, but also to players at other levels. In addition to him, grateful thanks for support must also go to staff who have run the other teams (of which there are nine), umpires and catering staff. Special mention must be made, too, of Steve Curley and the groundstaff: the surfaces we play on are the envy of all who come to Stowe and reflect their care and industry. Pre-season nets begin next April – can't wait!

GAC

PHOTO: R & H CHAPMAN



## 2nd XI

The squad was made up of some talented cricketers. Almost all the players could both bat and bowl and there was a feeling that if we all clicked on the day we were capable of a performance. With the wet start to the season practices and matches were disrupted. It proved difficult to get any quality time in the nets, let alone in the middle for constructive practices. We started, however, very promisingly in our first match, against Uppingham, bowling them out for 116. Jamieson Hodgson batted solidly in reply and some attacking shots were played by Ed Prince. But our middle order unfortunately collapsed and we narrowly lost. Following an encouraging start, commitment in training was disappointing. Without concentrated effort working at technique in the nets it is impossible to fulfil truly one's potential on Saturdays. A poor performance followed where we were soundly beaten by Radley.

A long break over half-term seemed to revive the team and we approached our next match, against Oundle, with a much more positive and competitive spirit. We bowled extremely well with W. Hook, N. Prince, J. Sayle, M. Green and M. Johnson all sharing the spoils as we bowled them out for 113. We easily reached the target.

Our last match was played on the North Front against Bedford. We batted first and on a very dry pitch runs were instantly flowing. Louis Powell and Jamieson Hodgson made a solid start, but it was Will Gallimore who demonstrated his talents with an excellent knock, reaching 95 before finally being caught, going for the big six. The team scored 231 off 32 overs. The Bedford team, however, unbeaten at this point of the season, stuck to their task extremely well as they crept up on our massive total. We were taking wickets throughout, but they showed excellent strength in depth and eventually somehow got our total with 8 balls and 2 wickets to spare. An excellent game with which to finish the season.

Overall, the results look rather bleak, with five matches played and only one win. However, with the easiest matches cancelled and two defeats being very narrow, there was much to be encouraged about, though the lack of real application from a few members of the team was rather disappointing. With a more diligent and competitive outlook

it could have been an excellent season. One hopes they will learn from this.

RCS

## Junior Colts A

Played 8: Won 6: Drawn 1: Lost 1

The Junior Colts A XI have had an excellent season, winning six and losing only one of their matches, and that in a nail-biting finish against a strong Wellington Side. They have consistently bowled and fielded outstandingly, and have pressurised opposing teams into mistakes in this fashion. They have a great team ethos. There are some very talented individuals, but the team as a whole has far outperformed the sum of its parts, with everyone playing a major part in some way during the season.

A cold day away at Uppingham saw the start of the season. After an excellent opening spell, with Freddie Wynne bowling 7 overs for 11 runs, we let them off the hook a little and ended chasing a target of 151. An early wicket meant that Uppingham sniffed a chance, but this glimmer of hope was snuffed out by an excellent and patient innings from Charlie Lech, who batted for all bar one over of the match for an unbeaten 43.

After rain forced the fixture at Oakham to be cancelled, Pangbourne came to Stowe and another team performance saw an easy victory, with Nick Forrester scoring 49. The match against Radley was another tight affair, but again tight fielding, led particularly by Rob Berntsson, allowed Stowe to defend a modest total.

The match against the Parents/Staff XI on Speech Day was a very exciting affair. Batting first the Junior Colts accelerated away to score an impressive 162 from their 20 overs, Harry Cussins leading the way with 43. The Parents and Staff chased with vigour and enthusiasm, but fell a mere 9 runs short. Again the Junior Colts' tight bowling and fielding keeping the parents under the cosh when it mattered most!

The season was really going with a swing now, and there was real enthusiasm among the players. The biggest test came against Wellington, a very strong side. Stowe put Wellington in, and they got off to a flyer, scoring 22 off the first 3 overs. Then, again, the excellent fielding of the Junior Colts came into play. Hugh Wilson came on and bowled a very tight spell taking 3-25 off his 7 overs and Sam Catlin took an outstanding diving catch at square-leg to dismiss their best

player. Stowe were right back in it, managing to bowl Wellington out for a meagre 148. Stowe got off to a good start as well, with James Whaley timing the ball sweetly. When he was dismissed, Rob Berntsson came in and made a sensible 34. Stowe were in a great position. Then came the England-style middle order collapse, but this side is not one to ever give up. Sam Catlin coming in at number 9 made a rapid 22 and Stowe were back in it again. Three very unfortunate and very tight run-outs decided the match, however, and Stowe were left just 14 runs short.

The match against Oundle was one of the strangest I have ever seen. Stowe were put in to bat on a damp wicket, on an overcast day where the ball was swinging and seaming massively. They did not bat well, and were struggling along at 42 for 8. At this stage Rupert Oldridge came in at number 10 and scored a very entertaining, and, as it turned out, decisive 22, the only player in the side reaching double figures. Stowe were finally dismissed for 70. At 22 for 0 Oundle looked to be cruising to victory, but then Rupert Oldridge took an astounding catch over his shoulder, running back, and a massive collapse began. Hugh Wilson came on and took 6 for 13, backed up by 3-10 from the excellent Tom Fillery, and Oundle were ripped apart, dismissed for 53, a really gritty performance, showing just the spirit that this Junior Colts side has.

After this victory, confidence was running high, and we went to Bedford in great spirits. This turned out to be the most exciting game of the season. It is the only time that I have ever seen the 1st XI teams come over to watch the end of a Junior Colts Match because it was so close! Bedford batted first, and again Stowe bowled and fielded excellently. Tom Fillery opened with a spell, 1 for 6 in 4 overs, and Tom Brann backed him up with an aggressive first change spell (4 for 40 in 8 overs), and Rupert Oldridge bowled a tight 1 for 21 in 8 overs. This left Bedford on 134 for 8 after their 35 overs. Stowe started the chase very well, and at 70 for 1 looked very comfortable, with Harry Cussins and Rob Berntsson hitting the ball cleanly and running well. Then the collapse came. Cussins and Berntsson were dismissed only a couple of overs apart for 31 and 32 respectively, and what had looked like a canter to the finish line became a very close call. Nick Forrester came in at number 5, and watched as

several players came and went at the other end. Finally it came down to the last 2 overs. Stowe needed 14 to win with 2 wickets in hand. Now Forrester came into his own striking 3 boundaries in the over. Surely he had won the game...but still the drama was not over. No runs were scored off the first two balls, and then they scrambled a single on the third ball. Scores were level. In their enthusiasm to make the run there was a mix up and Rupert Oldridge was run out. One run needed, one wicket left, two balls to go. Finally Nick Forrester hit the winning run off the last ball of the match.

The final game against St. Edward's was again a tight affair, won more by tight bowling and fielding than by strong batting. Stowe batted first and made 131 all out, with Hugh Wilson scoring a timely 40. This time it was Rupert Oldridge who really put the skids under the opposition, with a spell of 4 for 26 in 8 overs, and in their 35 overs St. Edward's were restricted to 96, leaving them well short of the required total. A fitting end to a very good season.

This has been a very promising season, with the team showing great ability and character. I look forward to seeing many of them play 1st XI cricket in the future.

JSM

## Junior Colts B

The Junior Colts B have had a tremendous term. The standard of the game improved significantly as the weeks progressed, as did the spirit with which it was played. A consistent and committed squad trained well and willingly to form themselves into a relaxed but determined side, giving all who played and watched much enjoyment.

The season began with a fine five-wicket victory away at Uppingham after only a couple of training sessions. This was followed by a four-wicket victory before two strong sides forced Stowe to a close defeat. A couple of cancellations led to a month without a game before the final two matches, against Bedford and St. Edward's. These were both fine matches, with Stowe winning easily. Our last fixture was the most impressive. Stowe made 181 runs for 7 from 30 overs (with James Tedder 56 not out). St. Edward's fought bravely but could only manage 91 runs all out from 27.3 overs. The team played as a determined and cohesive unit with excellent fielding and fine bowling. It was a fitting finale to a season which has been great fun and has given us all much enjoyment.

SNA

## Junior Colts C

It has been difficult for the Junior Colts C team to feel that they have had much of a season, with only two fixtures in the calendar. However, week by week there has been real enthusiasm and effort, matched by a desire for improvement and promotion to the B team. I

have been very impressed by the commitment and determination demonstrated by many of the players and the willingness of some to be called upon at relatively short notice. The final tally of a win and a loss does the team justice – and I hope it whets the appetite for continued enjoyment of the sport next season.

SNA

## Yearlings B

This was a mixed but enjoyable season. From the first game, against Uppingham, it was evident the team had skill, and a defiant partnership between Hamish Scott and Albert Derbyshire showed this. Unfortunately not even the accurate bowling of Toby Lucas could rescue us from a 46 run defeat. In a 30-over game against Pangbourne we batted first to make a conservative 115. Pangbourne were then bowled out for only 11, William Hodge taking 3-4 and Toby Lucas 4-6, including a hat-trick. The team continued to improve and played well in the final two fixtures. Against Bedford both Elliott Holmes and Charles Hodson batted doggedly but we fell short of the Bedford total by a mere 12 runs. Max Kirchhoff and Elliot Holmes batted splendidly against St Edward's. Only 19 were needed off the last three overs, but in a thrilling finish we did not quite get there.

This was a most enjoyable season and thanks must go to the three captains, Will Hodge, Hamish Scott and Jamie Wemyss, who led a keen, talented team.

BRAD MCCARTHY

## CROSS COUNTRY

The season got off to a good start at the Knole Run. David Hervey and Marilyn Okoro leading the teams home, as they would for the rest of the season. Louis Buckworth had a good run as did Rory Cheyne.

A new venture to the King Henry VIII relays followed. Team captain Matt Dalby ran a fine leg of the 2.1 mile course as did Andreas Ugland but we found the opposition, drawn from all corners of the country, to be of a very high standard. However we did finish first of the Bucks Schools. Allegra Galvin, Sophie Ingold and Caroline Tovey combined with Marilyn, who picked up a number of places on the final lap, to finish in the top 10.

The ease of the wins of both boys and girls over Uppingham and Oakham

showed how strong we continued to be on the local circuit.

The staff team turned out next in the fearsome "Tough Guy" race. The coldest day of the year proved no deterrent over the demanding 10 mile cross country course. But swimming the lakes (and particularly the underwater sections) made it all a bit on the chilly side. Mr Wharton confirmed his status as fittest of the staff. Mr Sutton and Mr Durrant looked likely to occupy the next 2 spots after some very impressive work in the obstacle section, until their lack of experience of the big occasion showed up. They ended up behind the older, but more astute, Mr McDaid in the finish funnel.

The county championship proved to be a battle royal with 2 schools tied for first place going into the final lap. Unusually it was neither Dr Challoners nor Aylesbury Grammar whom we found

ourselves up against, but rather the entire Milton Keynes club middle distance squad in the guise of Denbigh School, who nipped in at the last for a 1 point win.

However 12 Stowe runners, including Emma Lamping, Ross Griffin and Andrew Atherton, who all improved as the season progressed, made the county squads for the English Schools.

A disappointing visit, with a weakened team, to Radley followed. Before the ultimate disappointment of having to cancel the remainder of the season, including all of the major championships, because of the Foot and Mouth problems.

We did manage to squeeze the Old Stoics' race into the Summer Term, but despite the best efforts of Dan Pinna they could not raise such a strong team at that time of year.

AMcD



## FIVES

The Fives team has had a disrupted season. On paper, the squad is stronger now than it has been for many years. Ed Edsell arrived in the Lower Sixth from Shrewsbury and could have potentially formed a superb pairing with Nick Oldridge. In addition three talented players arrived from Sunningdale, Max Kirchhoff, Jamie Wemyss and Archie Leon. These new Stoics added to a small, but strengthening nucleus of current Stoics playing Fives, such as the Oldridges, Max Green and Freddie Raikes. Louis Powell, Harry Sheppard and Charlie Gardner in particular have

improved as players over the last year.

The performance of the season came against King Edward's, who are traditionally a solid Fives playing school who in the past used to soundly beat Stowe. This year, we were able to put up a greater number of pairs against them and held our own, beating them in Birmingham. In most of our other matches we fielded weakened teams, beating Sunningdale, losing to Summer Fields, splitting the honours against the Old Stoics whom we played twice and losing to the EFA and Jesters Club. It was our poor luck that so many of the squad were involved in soccer, hockey and rugby, limiting their opportunities to

get on to court.

The Senior House Fives competition was, as expected, dominated by Grafton who have the top two pairs in the school: Nick Oldridge and Ed Edsell beat Louis Powell and Michael Patterson in the final. In the Junior House competition final Cobham's Max Green and Freddie Raikes beat Grafton's Archie Leon and Max Kirchhoff.

Next year we will miss Nick Oldridge, who has proved himself to be an outstanding Fives player – it was our poor luck that he happened to be an outstanding competitor in all the other sports he happened to turn his hand to.

PSR

## HOCKEY

### 1st XI

Played 8 Won 1 lost 7

The season's results do not do justice to this year's 1st XI. By half-term they were 5 minutes away from being unbeaten (having lost two of the three games in the dying seconds) and were County U18 runners-up. Throughout the term they played positive, passing hockey but things never really ran our way. Despite this, they never let their heads drop, and in the last game, against Magdalen, an Oxfordshire umpire was heard to comment that this was the best Stowe team that he had seen in 5 years – it is a cruel irony that this was not reflected in their results.

The year started off very positively with a pre-season tour to Somerset, and a game against Wellington School. After some focused training sessions we were hoping to do well, and after a shaky start we recovered well from 3-1 down to 3-3, Nick Oldridge scoring the first of his many goals for the season. Unfortunately we suffered a little from the excesses of Christmas at this stage, and Wellington, with home advantage and a squad of sixteen, added some fresh legs to the fray and ran out 6-3 winners. It was an encouraging start, however. Despite going down we came back to level things up, and even when things went badly our heads never went down. This was a side full of spirit and genuine commitment.

The season proper was heavily affected by the weather, and only five school fixtures remained, unfortunately all our toughest fixtures. The first two of these fixtures were truly excellent games of hockey, with all the side giving every-

thing, a real credit to the school. It was very unfortunate that in pressing to win both of the games (rather than playing negative hockey and settling for the draw) we conceded a final minute goal and lost.

The highlight of the season in many ways was the U18 County Tournament, held at Oundle School. In the semi-finals the side really showed its true battling character. With only 12 players available, we suffered two injuries leaving us with only 10 men on the pitch. Then a player was sin-binned to add to our woes. At 3-1 down with 9 men on the pitch many sides would have capitulated, but not Stowe. With captain Harry Trelawny leading by example we rallied and scored twice to equalise, and then won the match on penalty flicks. This was a real measure of the commitment of this year's 1st XI. Unfortunately we started the final with only 10 fit men. After the efforts of the semi-final, the final was a match too far, and we lost to the hosts (Oundle) 1-6.

After disappointing performances (mostly due to lack of practice time and match fitness because of the weather) against St. Edward's and Rugby, we came to the final game of the season against Magdalen College School, a side who were on a real roll. Again it was a very tight game, with some really excellent hockey being played by both sides. George Woodfield came off the substitutes' bench to score the goal of the season with his first touch of the game, but it was not quite enough. Again we were defeated by the odd goal.

Colours were awarded to Nick Oldridge and Harry Trelawny.

The following players made up the side: Chris Lyon, Harry Trelawny, Tom Legge, Jamie Leggett, George Woodfield, Jonathan Witt, Jeremy Bodian, Saxon Izatt, Vadim Pak, Ashley Pearson, Nick Oldridge, Alan Bowman and Henry Warhurst.

PCA

### 3rd XI

The season for the 3rd XI was truncated by the inclement spring weather again this year. Out of a scheduled seven matches we were able to play only three, which was a great shame given the enthusiasm of the squad. The team started in an encouraging fashion away to Radley on their astro. Having gone 0-2 down in the first half we struck back with a goal from Fraser Buffini and then had a period when we could have drawn level before crumbling towards the end and finishing 1-4 down. The post-match hospitality did, however, cheer a few disappointed Stoic souls. The match away at Abingdon yielded a 1-1 draw on a beautiful afternoon and a fine grass pitch. Ed Ritchie, our new keeper (ex-Abingdon on a free transfer) remembered whose side he was on and did us proud and again our scorer was Buffini. The final match was a scrappy affair, which I'm told we could have won. SGAH kindly looked after the fixture with St. Edward's, which resulted in a 0-1 defeat and sadly (embarrassingly) ended with two sendings off. This clearly was a 'lowlight' of the season along with some of the coldest weather MJB and SJBA have ever endured for coaching. Highlights, on the other hand, were

in abundance: Harris' shot against Abingdon which somehow didn't quite make it to the line; the indomitable back three of Hugo Pearson, Luke Worrall and Michael Laing and their famed beefy clearances and occasional use of the shoulder, Sam Allen and his mazy runs and fine crosses, and finally Ed Warr whizzing about in midfield, indiscriminately chopping down anything that moved, to name but four. My thanks to all who played for the Thirds making it an enjoyable, if brief, season.

SJBA

## Colts A

The Colts team have had an excellent term and have proved themselves as a talented year group with good potential for future success. Despite the weather and the number of matches cancelled they remained focussed and eventually had a winning season, playing 8 and winning 6 including victories over St Edward's and Abingdon. Early in the season the team found it hard to convert their chances but eventually centre-forward Nick Prince found the goal and scored five of the fourteen goals scored during the season. With impressive goal-keeping from Charlie Cavill and a strong defensive squad of Philip Hitner, Ed Barker, Henry Reid, Duncan Kennedy and Jonathan Dickens, the team only conceded 2 goals in the games played this season. The Colts' ability and determination was demonstrated when they convincingly won the county round of the National Schools' Competition. On this occasion it was wonderful to see a number of U15 players and one U14 (Elliot Holmes) being included in the squad and performing well. This again highlights the potential that exists within the school. The team were well led by captain Harry Sheppard and vice-captain and Player-of-the-season Ed Prince, both of whom were outstanding in midfield throughout the season.

TLH

## Colts B

The Colts B season was an unfortunately short one this year. The weather willing, we played our first match against Radley. All eleven of us fought hard on the North Front and proved ourselves to be a capable team. We went up in the first half, thanks to some fine midfield work which was then finished off by Oliver Thomas up front. An equaliser and several strikes, brilliantly saved by

our goalkeeper John Dawson, kept the pressure on us – but a solid goal from our trusty centre-forward gave a final score of 2-1 to a very proud, underplayed Colts B.

Due to bad weather, many of our fixtures were cancelled. Then came a mid-season away match against St. Edward's. The narrow one-goal defeat (from a short corner) did not reflect the way in which we played or reveal the skill and determination of the team.

It was unfortunate that more matches could not have been played, but we enjoyed ourselves very much in training and showed ourselves to be a good team in the fixtures that didn't fall foul of the weather.

CHRISTIAN ROE

## Junior Colts A

With only seven scheduled fixtures in such a short term, plus numerous cancellations, our season never really got going. We made an excellent start to the season, drawing 1-1 with Radley in a very well-fought and spirited game. The high point of the season came in the form of a 2-1 victory, away at St. Edward's. Other games were cancelled, except for a good performance against Loughborough U16's, which we narrowly lost 1-2.

I was very impressed with this team, considering how disjointed the season was and the fact that they had not played any hockey together for over a year. The back four of Shann, Whaley, Forrester and Lech were very solid all season, with Forrester and Lech being selected to play for the U16 squad in the National Schools' tournament. The midfield three of Greenwood, Brann and Colvin were outstanding, always giving 100%, (most notably in the St. Edward's game), and at times completely dominating and running the game. Brann was also selected for the U16s. Up front Darren Haskell-Thomas and Harry Cobb scored some great goals and later on in the season Bill Burrett and Charlie Leet-Cook made valuable contributions to the team.

Jagger, when in the mood, showed his natural goal-keeping instincts and produced performances which made the difference between winning and losing games.

This is a great hockey team with some already outstanding players and with players who have the potential to be outstanding. Nicholas Greenwood was a great Yearlings player last year and has improved in strength, vision and ability

this season. I believe he will go on to be one of the best players in the school and thoroughly deserved the award of 'Most Improved Player'. Tom Brann was awarded 'Player-of-the-season' and with his natural sporting ability will also go on to be a great 1st XI player. These are just two names I've mentioned out of an abundance of very talented players. I have enjoyed immensely coaching this team over the past two seasons and have often been quoted as saying that this is the most promising year group in the school. Whether or not others have agreed with this, I stand by it. Overall hockey is very strong in the Lower School at present. Next season is certainly very exciting and I wish them all the best for the future.

PStJD

## Junior Colts C

The Junior Colts Cs have had an unbeaten season, with one draw against Radley (3-3) and one win against St Edward's (2-0), a match played in the most atrocious weather. The whole squad has played well and team selection has been difficult. Some of the players were even promoted to the B team which took on Loughborough's 6th form, and won! Special mentions go to JJ Herabutya, Andy Parsons, Will Tuely and Rob Berntsson.

KB

## Yearlings A

The Yearlings season is never about winning all of our games, but more about progression and development. The boys found it tough going early on, but improved later on in the season. There was plenty of talent in the team to begin with and a lot more would emerge throughout the season.

A 2-1 victory over Loughborough U 15's was a promising start, but then meeting Oundle and Uppingham next made the boys soon realise that there's more to hockey than just stick and ball skills. If you want to win games you have to compete. A disappointing loss at home to Stamford left the first half of the season with only one victory.

To their credit the Yearlings never lost belief and set their sights on the rematch away at Uppingham. All of a sudden they put together their finest hockey of the season. It was fast and intelligent, it had intent and most of all it was competitive. Although the final score was 1-2 against us, the improvement from the first fixture was clear for

all to see.

Then came the last performance of the season away at RGS High Wycombe. I had a small feeling that after the Uppingham game we would now be a very tough team to beat. In front of a small local crowd the boys put on a hockey exhibition that would have made any coach proud. The final score of 8-1 made it hard to believe that some of these boys only picked up a hockey stick for the first time some thirteen weeks before. Robbie Parry was outstanding in goal all season. Elliot Holmes, as captain, led by example and was Player-of-the-season. One of the differences between good players and great players is that the great players can make other players around them perform better. Elliot is one of these players. Rollo Weeks grew into an outstanding hockey player and even though on the outside he was always the smallest person on the field, on the inside, he was the tallest of men. Rupert Lynch was the most improved player of the season. He managed to adapt his size and control his strength to become a very accomplished player.

When the goals started coming, Toby Lucas, Edmund Adair and George Ashby were the players consistently on target.

I hope the boys enjoyed their Yearlings season. I certainly found coaching them exciting and highly rewarding. Remember that you are the future of hockey at Stowe. Remember this season how you have grown together as a team and remember that, with time, you will get even better.

PStJD

## Yearlings B

With the new boys hardly having had time to discover the location of the Bourbon, the season began. An early win away at RGS Loughborough revealed a determined team with talent and potential, so much so that our main striker was then promoted to the A team. Undeterred, the B squad continued to train well and fought valiantly in all subsequent matches. There were some moments of fine, co-ordinated hockey, which made for enjoyable spectating and satisfying playing. The team played very well against stronger sides from larger schools and it was a shame that the final score did not always reflect the quality of play and the determination of the team when on the field. At times we dominated games and put the opposition under great pressure - but the odd goal here and there, by lucky

break or a momentary lapse in concentration, made it hard to keep heads high to the final whistle. It is difficult to single out particular players when the team performed so well as a unit. Determined defence, energetic midfield and individual skills up front all played their part in team-spirited competition. There is much of which to be proud and a solid foundation on which to build.

SNA

## Yearlings D

Yearlings D is played at a level where participation is the all-important element. It was encouraging that so many players were able to play for the team over the term and indicative of the desire among Stoics to take part, even if it did mean playing in horizontal sleet in a force 10 gale on a rain-soaked, muddy pitch.

The weather took a toll on our fixtures which were reduced to three. Against Oundle at home we were beaten by a disciplined, attacking side 2-0. Our away game at Oundle was played in unspeakable conditions. The visiting umpire was spotted sheltering under trees in a pathetic attempt to stay dry, and we were unfortunate to draw 2-2 having led 2-0 at half-time. I was immensely proud of the team for staying out on the pitch while visibly suffering and we were unable to substitute our players, suffering frostbite and worse, which meant that we were down to ten players at several stages in the game. Our final match at Uppingham was played in gale force winds and we did well to pull back a goal, losing the match 1-2.

Stalwarts of the team were Andrew Atherton, Arthur de Sweerts and Benji Nesbitt in defence, with Andrew Drummond Moray (captain), Jamie McDermott and Rupert Knox in midfield. Our forward line saw a few changes and we discovered late goal-scoring talent from Rupert Rowling and Graeme White, both promoted from Club 3. Fred Caws was ever-willing to play despite always arriving late for practices and Nick Campbell and Nick Hill also proved useful in attack. Orlando Whitfield settled into the goal-keeping role, having replaced Alexander Angus who started well.

In a testing season the boys were invariably good-spirited and enjoyed their hockey, which showed improvement over the term.

THM

## Girls 1st XI

The girls' 1st XI hockey team had an excellent winning season, playing nine matches and winning six, losing only to strong sides from St Edward's, Uppingham and Wellingborough. From the outset the term looked set to be one of success with over half the team remaining from last year's 1st XI and the girls started well with a convincing 6-3 win over Dame Alice Harpur. The team was plagued by injuries and we were unable to field the same squad throughout the term. The victories that followed against Bloxham, Rugby, Royal Latin and Haileybury were therefore particularly pleasing as it reflected the strength and depth of the squad.

In spite of the presence of the All Weather Pitch 2 matches had to be abandoned due to torrential rain and pitch flooding. Fortunately we had already scored on both occasions and therefore left the pitch as winners. Despite the appalling weather we have, yet again, been well supported at our home games, and indeed at some of our away fixtures, by a number of loyal parents, members of staff and Stoics and we would like to thank them for their support and encouragement.

The squad showed great commitment and enthusiasm throughout the season and were extremely well led by captain Christina Glatzel who was this year's Top Goal Scorer and joint Player-of-the-season with Toby Ford who created so much in midfield in every match. Alexa Clark was consistently outstanding in defence and was the popular winner of this season's Most Improved Player award. Coaching this successful team has been a pleasure and I would like to thank all those who have been involved for their time and help.

Colours are awarded to Toby Ford, Lowri Goodyer, and Alexa Clark.

TLH

## Girls 2nd XI

The Girls' 2nd XI have had a fun season. It was quite hard to begin with, as we were all a new team. None of us played last year and the majority of the team were Lower Sixth.

However, as the season continued, the team became more united and really made huge progress. Sadly this was not reflected in our scores. We did not win any matches.

Despite this, the team was not lacking in enthusiasm or skill. We had some

solid and very impressive work from our defence line, Edwina Harmer and Laura Vinden earning the title of "Most consistent players of the season". They were players to be reckoned with, running towards the opposition during short corners with such momentum that the girl receiving the ball a lot of the time failed to stop it. The defence by the end of the season were masters of getting the ball away from our goal.

We did not have a permanent goalie, but members of the field valiantly undertook the position with Emma Buxton, Sophie Ingold and Jo Harris all making plenty of amazing saves. Our midfielders and forwards were also just as successful at preventing the opposition from thrashing us too badly! Suzanna Williams and Jess Maisey both joined the team mid-season, and Susanna was definitely the most improved player of the season.

Ruth Hazlewood was the overall best player, really holding the team together. Well done, girls!

Alice Kent (Captain)

## LACROSSE

As shown by the following results the team has had another extremely successful year, even though the weather tried its hardest to prevent it. Over 10 matches, the First Team scored 87 goals and had 9 goals shot against them.



Above: The Lacrosse Team in high spirits at Wellington

### Results:

v Malvern	18-3
v Uppingham	12-3
v 2nd team	5-2
v Haileybury	5-0
v Cranleigh	8-0
v Bradfield	4-0
v Charterhouse	6-2
v Wellington	8-0
v Marlborough	4-0
v Haileybury	9-1 (abandoned)
v Marlborough	13-0

## NETBALL

The Girls' 1st VII, 2nd VII and 3rd VII have had very successful seasons this year. Collectively they have played 21 matches. They won 17, drew 2 and only lost 2. The teams played matches against Bloxham, Cheltenham, Pangbourne, St Edward's, Wellington, Downe House, Bradfield and Haileybury. The first weekend of term saw the arrival of the Bloxham tournament. Unfortunately the courts were outside and the wind was bitter. However, this didn't seem to deter the girls and both the 1sts and 2nds came out overall victors in their respective sections.

The 1st team were victorious once again at the St Edward's tournament whilst the 2nds were narrowly beaten by Wellington into 2nd position.

However, the highlight of the season

was undoubtedly the Bradfield tournament. For the past five years there has been very strong competition between the hosts and Stowe and we have met Bradfield in the final the last four years. This year we met them in the semi-finals. However, under the enthusiastic captaincy of Rebecca Cheetham, they played superbly and beat them very convincingly to go through. The final saw us playing St Edward's where in an excellent match we retained the trophy.

Unfortunately the 3rds were only able to play one match because of poor weather, but as they beat Haileybury they too have a 100% record.

All of the girls worked very well this term and the teamwork that they showed was remarkable. The U6th in particular have been very spirited and have given their all in matches, even if they were a little too enthusiastic in practices.

As the holders of 4 trophies we have much to live up to next season but I am sure that the current L6th will be just as enthusiastic. There is much to look forward to in 2002!

### Results:

#### 1st VII

v Bloxham	13-2	Won
v Cheltenham	14-10	Won

Stowe overall winners of 1st tournament

v Pangbourne	16-6	Won
v St Edward's	11-0	Won
v Wellington	14-6	Won

Stowe overall winners of tournament

v Pangbourne	11-5	Won
v Bradfield	13-1	Won
v St Edward's	12-9	Won
v Haileybury	45-16	Won
v Downe House	25-13	Won

#### 2nd VII

v Bloxham	8-8	Drew
v Cheltenham	7-3	Won

Stowe overall winners of 2nd tournament

v Pangbourne	6-5	Won
v St Edward's	7-5	Won
v Wellington	5-7	Lost

Stowe 2nd in 2nd tournament

v Haileybury	17-7	Won
v Downe House	15-15	Drew

#### 3rd VII

v Haileybury	21-9	Won
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LJG

# RUGBY

## 1st XV

The 1st XV has suffered much from an inconsistency of performance underlined by a magnificent effort beating John Cleveland away 14–15 only to lose one week later at home to Mill Hill 3–22. Individually the players were arguably the best we have had over the last three years and, encouragingly, most will be around next season. In particular the backs all possess a great deal of pace and balance, with a fair degree of handling skills and an understanding of the game. It is, however, difficult to see these assets flourish if they seldom see the ball. Here perhaps lies the root of the problem. Our forwards this season lacked the same physical presence we enjoyed last year and consequently winning controlled 1st phase possession and then retaining it has proved difficult. To say that we couldn't scrummage would be a lie because against Uppingham, Bromsgrove and Bedford, Alex Housley and Hugo Pearson manfully stuck to their task and yet against weaker schools we were always under pressure.

Unfortunately we couldn't always guarantee our own lineout ball. For Matt Johnson this was a learning year and I feel certain he will be a better player for it and will bring his experience to bear next season. He has been one of the more consistent performers in the pack. In the loose areas our back row regulars of Piers Gambarini, Brett MacLennan and Will Hook never fired on all six cylinders together and consequently our ability to retain and recycle ball suffered. Will Hook has been a very supportive

## Sevens

The 1st VII had their most successful season ever at the Rosslyn Park National tournament. The team reached the quarter-finals from the starting 125 teams.

With the training requirements for the Daily Mail Vase final, the team had not had any real practice time together, but the continued rugby involvement obviously did no harm as the team approached a strong looking group on the first day of competition with determination. The boys had by now got used to the feeling of winning and this proved vital in our first match as we just managed to beat Eton in a close, nailbiting match. Next we faced last year's run-

ners-up, Brighton College, but soon brought them down to earth with a comfortable win. Two easier matches followed with plentiful tries and the group was won. We had reached the last 16 for the 3rd time in four years! The forwards were uncompromising for sevens players, with John Phipps, Will Hook, and Vadim Pak providing bone-crushing tackles and winning every 50/50 ball. The skill of the talented backs was then able to be admired and Piers Gambarini, Malcolm Riley, Nathan Witts and Harry Trelawny proved a well organised and effective combination.

The team returned the second day to play at the Rosslyn Park 1st pitch with all the heavyweight rugby schools pre-

They are to be congratulated on taking over the County U18 side and thanked for this extra commitment to the school and its rugby.

I cannot finish without a special mention for two members of the squad who made it a real pleasure to work with. Jon Phipps personifies rugby and all that is great about the game. Hard, uncompromising, dedicated and single-minded in his approach, Jon is also approachable, humorous and supportive to his team-mates, coaches and opposition. I wish him well with his representative rugby this season and his dream to become a professional rugby player. That window of opportunity grows ever smaller and, if his dream doesn't come true, I know he will enjoy many hours of rugby at a decent level.

There are events and incidents that happen in all walks of life that one never forgets. This term Vadim Pak provided one of those rare moments, the saving of what appeared to be a totally lost cause against Bloxham. As their winger sped under the posts – Vadim swooped from nowhere first to tackle the opponent and then, as the boy rolled over in the tackle and it seemed inevitable that he would still place the ball over the line, Vadim, at this stage lying on his back, physically arm-wrestled the boy and ball back to prevent a score. His determination not to give in and his modesty and demeanour on this and all other occasions are an example to all.

AH

sent. The pressure was now really on, as it was a straight knock-out. We faced Sutton Valence in the first match and beat them convincingly. The draw then brought us head to head with St. Edward's. In a very exciting and close encounter the team finally ended a winning streak of nine victorious matches in a row. Our fine performance in the Rosslyn Park Sevens must have done the School's standing a very great deal of good.

Squad: J. Phipps, W. Hook, V. Pak, P. Gambarini, M. Riley, N. Witts, H. Trelawny, E. Kaye, B. Morgan, H. Beamish, N. Oldridge.

RCS



Above: The huge stadium PHOTO: DOMINIC SULLIVAN

Right: Will Hook on a break with Greg Dushing (left) and Piers Gambarini PHOTO: KICKPHOTO

# Twickenham

## THE DAILY MAIL VASE FINAL

### AH reports:

The lead-up to this glorious day started in rural Gloucestershire when we were knocked out of the Daily Mail Cup competition by Sir Thomas Riches School and thereby went into the Vase. Over the following months visits to Desborough and Colchester Sixth Form College combined with home ties against Waddesdon, Windsor Boys School and Wycliffe College. The semi-final, at Castlecroft against King's School, Peterborough, meant for the players an executive coach, hotel accommodation, programmes and video. For the supporters a long haul to a neutral venue and cheering themselves hoarse. The scenes after the victory were tremendous.

The build-up to the final at Twickenham was hectic. 1,000 seats were taken up. Old Stoics even flew in from Hong Kong. Our shirts were sponsored by an Australian sports company. Messages of good luck poured in. Our preparations for the big match were not exactly helped by the National Sevens competition at Rosslyn Park (where we reached the last eight, making the second day for the second consecutive year). Very fortunately we came through without injuries.

In the event the result of the final was a disappointing but fair one, for we rather froze in the first half. An extra ten minutes may have witnessed a different story, but we couldn't really complain. It was a wonderful achievement to get to Twickenham and a marvellous privilege to play there. The support was magnificent.

Highlights of this great cup run include the efficiency and precision of Harry Trelawny's semi-final try, the team's dogged defence in Colchester, the reversal by Gupts of the previous term's result against Windsor Boys School, Malcolm Riley's touchline kicking in the semi-final, Will Hook's lineout work and the pack's awesome driving play, the human dynamo that is Piers Gambarini, and the captain of the side John Phipps (who even made the cover of the *Daily Mail*). He led and the rest followed.

I would like to thank Barney Durrant and Craig Sutton and all the other coaching staff, who in various ways contributed to what was indeed a very special day, and of course all our great supporters. Thank you.





## 2nd XV

Played 9 won 2 lost 7

Points for: 116 Points against: 190

With most of the second XV team not having been on a pre-season rugby tour, our early season games against Uppingham, Bromsgrove and Bedford, all of whom had taken large squads to the southern Hemisphere to prepare for the season, were going to be tough tests

Although the team was lacking real attacking flair, the defensive qualities proved to be strong as we kept the opposition totals to less than 30 points in each match. As the season progressed moves began to pay off. We produced two excellent performances at home beating Bloxham and Mill Hill comfortably and ran Abingdon, John Cleveland and Windsor SFB very close.

Ed Kaye was a courageous, battling scrum-half, Thibaut Taittinger added some garlic potency to the back division and players such as Ed Clark (full-back), Nick Oldridge (fly-half before his promotion to the Twickenham squad), Elliot Keane and Max Lawrence contributed much to the spirit of the team.

With promising players such as Will Barker, Harry Beamish, Nick Pearce and Rory McIntyre available next year, and a very strong year group moving up, the outlook is very good.

RCS

## 3rd XV

A rough and very unready 3rd XV started their campaign with what was billed as a trial match at home against Uppingham on the South Front. Some 26 senior boys represented us and it turned out that our adjusted line-up for the second half was a distinct improvement on the side which started the game for us. The 3rds conceded many tries to a well-drilled Uppingham side but the arrival of Guy Barbier, Antony Muigai, Andrew Pettefer and Jan Mlodzianowski made a considerable difference to both our defence and our attack after the break.

Next fixture was away against Bedford where we were outclassed by a team whose support play enabled them to break down our defence at regular intervals. Injuries to Tom Campbell and to several other key players hampered our efforts somewhat along with our tendency to kick the ball upfield to the opposition from our own 22 rather than into touch for safety. The team showed signs of improvement when the scrum kept the ball tight and sought to drive the opposition back. The final score was a 0-66 defeat.

Having had some useful training sessions and a more established line-up, the team fared better away against Bromsgrove. A poor first half where we played as individuals left us 0-34 down but a major revival (after an inspirational team-talk) was evident in the second half. Campbell scored a try in the right hand corner and we ended the game at 5-39.

Weather and some fixture cancellations then intervened but the team finished with a 0-68 defeat against Abingdon on the Bourbon under the guidance of LEW.

Although the team was largely outclassed by the opposition this season they did keep working hard in matches under difficult circumstances. Much progress was made during the term with many seniors moving up from the 3rds to greater things and some of our regulars realising the benefits of regular, enthusiastic training.

Squad included: Warr, Griffin, Barbier, Dalby, Vere Nicoll, Dietz, Sanchez, Baxendale, Cheyne, Mlodzianowski, Morris, Nohl-Oser, Comber, Campbell, Harris, Maclean, McCowen, McKinnon, Ritchie and Muigai.

SJBA

The Colts team on tour in Scotland (identified on page 160)





# Colts Rugby Development Tour to Edinburgh

During the bleak autumn half-term, five staff and 26 under-16 Stoics journeyed up north of the border with the aim of honing rugby skills and knitting together a bunch of talented players into a unified and effective team.

We set out at 2pm but only pulled into the bright lights of Prince's Street at 12.45am. Before long we were settled into a huge and delightful Victorian youth hostel, our home from home for the next five days. Within minutes we fell asleep.

Next day we set out for the day's training, for which we had kindly been lent the Edinburgh Academicals' ground nearby. Cobwebs were shaken out, tight limbs forced through routines seemingly long forgotten, and we revised our knowledge of CJAT's intensely complex lineout calls, which we knew were our 'secret weapon'. We had been told enough times to be sure that the Scottish lads would not be typical opponents. They would play tough, och aye they would. Nor would they waste any time on carefully constructed three-quarter moves, preferring instead to blast unsuspecting southern softies in the centres and maul them in the rucks. To this end we prepared the Stoics. We had to be tighter in the scrum, and after various attempts to keep myself clean, I capitulated and spent half an hour lying on my side in front of the Academicals' scrum-machine, re-arranging the feet, legs and heads of our first-choice front row of Kavindele, Sheppard and Habib, telling them time and again that the first contact with a Scot in the pack needed to force the haggis from their bellies. SHM, meanwhile, performed far greater wonders with the backs, transforming their hitherto lacklustre defensive play into something that looked coherent and organised.

On that first day we started at nine and finished at 12.30. We watched a Scottish league match in the afternoon: Edinburgh Academicals versus West of Scotland, at the Accies' ground. We know, of course, that Stoics go on to great and good things on leaving the school, but I don't think any of us in

Edinburgh that day expected to see the familiar young man flinging himself around the park in the light blue of the Academicals. But there he was, Charlie Williams (Grenville 95-97), playing on the wing, and contributing athletically to an annihilating Edinburgh victory with a stunning try.

Day two dawned, fresh again, and light training chez Accies' in the morning followed by a roadside McDonald's led us into our opening match.

## Match 1 – 'A' team v. Stewarts' Melville College, Edinburgh

They were big, and certainly looked it, but this didn't seem to daunt the boys as much as it might have. When the whistle blew, the sides were, to all appearances, evenly matched, and this was borne out by the first ten minutes – each team battling hard in the forwards, and running well off the sides of rucks



CJAT in good voice



Captain Matthew Gracie exchanges gifts  
with the Stewarts' Melville captain after the first match

and mauls. Particularly satisfying to see was that we'd obviously hit them hard from the start, and were prepared to take on boys half as big again as us without flinching away. Melville soon began to get the better of us, however. Slippery hands in the half-backs and on the wing didn't help, and by half-time the Scots were three tries to the good. A SHM pep-talk over the interval shook weary arms and legs into renewed action though, and we held them off more capably in the second-half, tackling much more reliably, particularly Peter Tromans on the right wing, whose man beat him once all day. Two more tries to Edinburgh did ensue, but heads, to the credit of all involved, never drooped, much due to the constant exhortations of the captain, Matthew Gracie in the centre. Five minutes from the end, Ollie Tree caught a pass on the left wing and ran in to score our first (and only, as it transpired) try of the tour in the corner. A steady conversion from Will Gallimore brought us to seven points at the whistle. Clearly a 7-31 defeat was not the start the boys had wanted, but the opposition was stronger and quicker on the day, and didn't drop the ball as often. But, we had at least begun to play together, and that spirit was seen again. Man of the Match: Peter Tromans

So we had things to work on; we needed to be yet tighter, yet tougher, and fling the ball around with yet more panache in the three-quarters. But this would come. More pressing was an invitation to dinner at the house of Charlie More-Nisbett in Drum, just outside of Edinburgh. It was an excellent evening that everyone thoroughly enjoyed. Charlie's nanny (aged sixteen, surely not!), Sheila, had prepared food for 35 people, and opened up the More Nisbett house with great warmth and welcome. It was a fitting reward for what had been great progress in the boys' play and teamwork, and we left fully replete and relaxed, ready for tomorrow and for the next challenge. Sheila, Kenneth, Mr and Mrs More Nisbett and Charlie, thank you all very much for your great kindness. I know the boys appreciated it, as did we all.

### **Match 2 – 'B' team v. Edinburgh Academicals Juniors**

A 6 o'clock kick-off gave us longer in the morning to go over the previous game and iron out the difficulties we had

experienced. This would be a 'B' team match – a chance to thrust those on tour from the second Colts team into the limelight, along with a smattering of 'A' team players to make up the numbers. They did not disappoint, though conditions were very poor. Rain lashed down more and more steadily as the game progressed, and the wind seemed to blow wherever we didn't want it. As a result, handling was tricky, and we didn't quite have the power up front to control the game from the forwards. The opposition was stronger than we had anticipated, and I'm sure any combination of players would have struggled against them. That said, however, there were some outstanding performances. Duncan Kennedy was solid as ever at hooker – definitely a 2nd XV prospect for next season – and he ferreted around in the loose, winning much important possession for the backs to try something with. James Finch-Knightley, the game's captain, was also impressive as a confident inside-centre. I think we began to see in that match what he was capable of, as he ran, delivered and led with a fluency and determination beyond his years. The game must belong on our side, though, to David Ashby. He played out of his skin all match at no. 8, covering tackles, storming through in the loose, and generally inspiring a slightly overawed and outplayed team to keep running, keep playing. It was no doubt largely due to his efforts that the margin wasn't larger than it was, and he should develop into a magnificent player over the next two years.

Another defeat, then (0-42), but the mood was still happy, and rightly so – we had not played at all badly, and many of the boys can feel rightly proud of their performances. Man of the Match: David Ashby

### **Match 3 – 'A' team v. Merchiston Castle School, Edinburgh**

There are some rugby matches you will never win, however hard you try. This was one of them, but boy, did we try! On a sloping pitch and under a finally beaming sun we faced perhaps Scotland's finest rugby school on their home ground. It may sound like I am trying to excuse the scoreline, and in a certain way I suppose I am, yet this is not to suggest that in any fashion the Stoics under-performed. This day definitely saw our best rugby by far. We were tight,

tough and coherent – as good in defence as I had seen all season, and more ruthless in 'scavenging' in loose play. All credit to all. The trouble was, Merchiston were simply too good. At everything. They were bigger, faster and more disciplined, and with boys playing who were two or three years older than ours, we didn't, in retrospect, really stand a chance from the start. Try came after try, but it wasn't easy for them. That the Merchiston team had to show such flair and skill to score is a tribute to our tackling and defence. David Ashby again excelled until an unintentional knee in the face by an opposition back knocked him cold, resulting in his being stretchered off the pitch. Jamie Ryde shone as well, as he had done all tour. What he lacked in stature, he more than made up for in sheer gritty determination. In twelve years of rugby, I don't think I've seen at any level a player more committed to finding the ball and winning it than Jamie is. He well deserved his Player-of-the-tour award. Matt Gracie was also, as ever, superb.

Will Gallimore notched our only points of the match (3-65) with a rather unconventional drop-kick in the second half. Men of the match: Matthew Gracie and Jamie Ryde. Player of the tour: Jamie Ryde

There's no escaping the blunt fact that we lost all three games, and fairly heavily at that, but this really and honestly didn't matter a jot. It was the first Colts tour, and was great fun for all involved. We're going to Cornwall this year, and hope to have such a productive time again. If we can incite such a depth of passion and determination in the boys once more, then we will be well pleased.

Tourers (group photo l to r): Charlie Driver, Chi Kavindele, Charlie Cavill, Freddie Hermon, Rob Habib, Max Jones, Peter Tromans, Jamie Ryde, Cameron Brown, Olly Tree, George Kent, Phil Hitner, Will Gallimore, Greg Cushing, David Ashby, Harry Sheppard, Matt Gracie, James Finch-Knightley, Duncan Kennedy, Tom Probert, Ed Baker, Alex Pike, Rodney Langer-Paget, Julio Shah, Will Consett, Charlie More Nisbett (not in photo)

Staff: SHM, MCE, CJAT, ADB, Ronnie Small

Edinburgh supporters: Charlie Shirley-Beavan, Nick Beith, Sheila, Kenneth, Charlie Williams

## Colts A

What a close season! So many games this year were lost narrowly by minor lapses in concentration. With the exception of the powerful Bromsgrove pack, no team managed to dominate this lively and determined Colts side. A trial type match against Uppingham saw us through with a victory (11-8) to open the season up and enabled a steady side to be picked. Much work had been done on defence in preparation for the Bromsgrove match as this new tough fixture on the list promised to be extremely difficult. Our light-weight pack found the going hard and very little ball was won up front. With virtually no possession the defence was continually tested and held out reasonably well (5-23) considering the possession that the Bromsgrove forwards provided. Bedford the following week was also going to be tough and a 5-17 defeat was a creditable performance after two early tries. There still lacked a competitive instinct in the squad that did not really develop until the Scotland tour where the squad came of age. The intensity and level of the matches on tour coupled with the increased coaching activity progressed the development work by several weeks in a short space of time. The loss of Matt Gracie, the captain, and a disappointing start against Abingdon found us playing catch-up rugby to eventually lose 7-19. A win against Bloxham 19-3 and a sour defeat away to the unbeaten John Cleveland and at home to Mill Hill (19-22) left us searching for a win. It eventually came against Magdalen (21-0) where a much slicker team performance boded well for the remaining games. In appalling conditions of wind and rain a hard battle was fought against Windsor SFB where a 10-0 victory was secured. The climax of the season was a structured and intelligent performance against Stamford School who were swept aside 31-15. Many of the Colts were able to attain places in the 1st XV after Christmas during the Daily Mail Cup run.

My thanks must go Matt Gracie and Harry Sheppard for their support on and off the pitch. Also a big thank-you to Chris Terry, Mark Edwards, Angus Barnes and Ronnie Small for their work throughout the term and for their company on tour in Scotland.

SHM

## Junior Colts A

It is fair to say that the Junior Colts this year never really gained the results that their efforts deserved. It was clear from the outset that this year was to act as a 'building season' after an average season as Yearlings. They grew in confidence and skill with every game that they played and added something new to their armoury each week. They managed by the end of the season to be a match for most teams. If they had been in the habit of winning, one feels that they would have won many of their closer games in the second half of the term. As it was, they never managed to capture that elusive victory, which at times was somewhat heart-breaking. However, they never let their spirits flag and it would have been only just reward if the team had managed to convert many potential match-winning situations into actual victories.

The two opening games brought heavy defeats at the hands of strong opposition. Many also received a rude awakening, as we realised the benefits of defending across the entire pitch in a line rather than in a sociable huddle solely in the middle. To the team's credit, by the third match their defence had been firmed up and it was to become one of the better parts of our game as witnessed in a gritty spoiling performance against the substantially bigger opposition of the Royal Latin School. This game was characterised by the brave tackling of Harry Cobb at open-side and the bullocking runs of Bill Burrett from the back of the scrum. Although we didn't record a victory that day it was to be the turning-point of the season as the players began to realise that having remained firm in defence they then had a platform to build from in future games.

We took this new-found confidence into games against Bloxham, John Cleveland and Gosford and could have easily won all three. Jason Phipps was becoming a real force at hooker and Nick Forrester a much more potent attacker in mid-field. They will both be key members of next year's Colts side I am certain. That duo was amply supported by the tireless tackling of Nick Plowright in the second row and Tom Wigan at prop. Ben Stevenson and Darren Haskell-Thomas also began to show flashes of real flare in the back line.

Two frustrating draws against Mill Hill and Windsor SFB were followed by an enthralling game against St Edward's,

which at half-time we looked set to win. We didn't win the game, although an assured performance was testament to the team's development from September through to December. One feels that next year they have both the skills and resolve to be a successful side as Colts. I wish them all well.

Squad:

H.T. Cobb (capt), C.E.F. Leet-Cook, J.J. Phipps, N.E. Thompson, N.F. Forrester, T.C. Hewitt-Jones, C.C.F.E. Lech, B.S. Stevenson, J.A. Whaley, J.C.S. Brooksbank, W.E. Burrett, T.C. Copas, A.N.J.A. Farr, T.A. Wigan, S.G. Catlin, C.R.P. Sanchez, D.J. Haskell-Thomas, N. A. Plowright, H.E.L. Wilson, W.T. Brann, E.J. Ruggles-Brise

Awards:

Player-of-the-season: N.F. Forrester

Best Forward: H.T. Cobb

Most Improved Player: B.S. Stevenson

Results:

V Bromsgrove	0-60	Lost
V Bedford	0-48	Lost
V Abingdon	7-35	Lost
V RLS	0-13	Lost
V Bloxham	22-26	Lost
V Gosford (Daily Mail)	10-15	Lost
V J.Cleveland	10-17	Lost
V Mill Hill	0-0	Drew
V Windsor SFB	5-5	Drew
V St.Edwards	13-27	Lost
V Stamford	5-32	Lost

DGB

## Yearlings A

This year's fixtures were seriously affected by bad weather, a third of the games being lost. The team finished the season with three wins and three losses, a fair reflection of their current capabilities. The pack comprises some formidable-looking individuals. The likes of Rupert Lynch, John Heung, George Ashby and Ben Hirst bring size and strength to the team. But for all their physical presence the pack are too "nice", often lacking the required aggression. Tom Allport at hooker has this quality, but too often resists help and constructive criticism. If he can learn to accept advice he has the individual skill to become a player of some stature. In the backs there was an all-round lack of real pace and yet each player had a fair amount of individual skill. Chica Farr at scrum-half needs to develop his right-handed pass and his right foot, in order to fulfil his undoubted potential.

Matthew Ramsden and Jamie Wemyss worked well as a centre partnership, although both would profit from distributing the ball more.

Elliott Holmes was a resounding success as skipper, always in the thick of things, though his enthusiasm sometimes clouded his judgement, as in his mathematical error in the first game against QES, Barnet. The term's biggest defeat came against Uppingham, 0-12. This is a team with the capacity to develop into a strong unit, if only they learn to assert themselves, dictating to their opponents rather than letting others determine the outcome.

AH

## Yearlings B

We lost the first match, away at Barnet, 5-32. We held the opposition in the first-half, but our tackling let us down in the second and they ran in several tries. However, we came back in the last ten minutes, scoring ourselves. This loss spurred the team on and they practised well for the next game, against Uppingham. Sadly we conceded a try in the last minute of the match to lose 10-15. Against a weaker Leys side we were able to try out some reserves and the result was a 25-0 victory. The next two games resulted in good wins: 61-0 against Wellingborough and 41-0 against Mill Hill. Though the scores were high, these games were not easy and the tries resulted from a good standard of play with the forwards driving well, setting the ball up for the backs to score. The team was captained by Oli Carr, and the forwards led by Benji Nesbitt. At the end-of-term sports dinner the team awards went to Kevin Kim (the most valuable player) and Kwok Luk (the most improved). The season as a whole was a success and augurs well for the future.

ACT

## SAILING

We have enjoyed a full season of sailing, with large numbers of Stoics participating on both regular afternoons. It has been good to see several younger sailors join in and show themselves competent in both racing and windy conditions. The school competitions have been particularly successful this year in terms of the sound quality and good numbers of the entrants. Thus there were seven genuine contestants for the Junior Pennant Competition amongst the Third

and Fourth Forms, and six Houses produced two-man teams with both members helming for the inter-house competition.

Because of examinations it was possible to fit in fewer inter-school matches than previously. The first was away at Farmoor in blustery conditions, against Magdalen College School and Radley. Michael Pattison coped quite well but the other team members found the conditions rather demanding. St Edward's were unable to raise a team for their fixture because of the demands of examinations. The other two matches were away, against Rugby and Bloxham. In both Stowe lost out to more experienced sailors but there were some commendable performances from Henry Snagge and Charles Clark.

Tim Ellis and David James have again given invaluable help throughout the season. We thank Mr Ellis for all he has done for sailing at Stowe over recent years and wish him the best at Prior Park.

House Matches: 1st Temple (H. Snagge and R. Robinson); 2nd Grafton (M. Pattison and E. West).

Helmsman's Tankard: 1st Henry Snagge; 2nd Michael Pattison.

Junior Pennant Competition: 1st Richard Robinson, 2nd Dougal Hutley.

School Matches: Magdalen College School & Radley: 3rd; St Edward's: cancelled; Bloxham: lost 2-0; Rugby: lost 2-0.

Team from:

Michael Pattison, George Percy, Edward West, Henry Snagge, Charles Clark, Richard Robinson, James Bowkett, William Kenyon, Nicholas Wills

Sailing colours awarded to: Charles Clark

MJB

## SOCCER

The wet weather destroyed the fixture list. The 1st XI played only 3 matches, losing 1-2 to Radley, 0-2 against Rugby and winning 3-0 against Marlborough (our first fixture with them for many years, if not ever...)

The U15s played one match, winning 3-0 v Marlborough. Despite the lack of matches, enthusiasm for the sport continues unabated.

AKM

## SQUASH

The Stowe Boys 1st and 2nd squash teams showed great spirit this year in all their matches. Despite injury to the 1st team captain and number 1 player, Henry Watson, the 1st team were only narrowly defeated 3-2 by both Bloxham and Oratory. The 2nd team won their matches against Bloxham (4-1) and Bedford (3-2) but were beaten by Oundle (0-5). The overall standard of squash is improving and it is looking very promising for the future, with players like Hugh Wilson in the Fourth Form making the number two spot on the first team.

BH

## SWIMMING

All change! Well not exactly. After over ten years running the swimming with Mr. Johnson I am hanging up my 'goggles' owing to the pressure of work elsewhere in the school.

This year the swimmers who arrived in April to represent the school bore little resemblance to the 'best' in February who swam for their Houses with great enthusiasm in the Swimming Sports. But, as is the way in the Swimming Club, we rallied and persuaded and the teams emerged, particularly in the Senior boys team where we borrowed Nick Oldridge for backstroke and Will Hook who swam at most 'meets' and won us several points in the freestyle in particular. The Seniors, however, were under the impression that they would be able to succeed even without any training!

It was with great sadness that we saw Angus Barnes returning to Australia, having 'promised' to coach our teams to victory this season. He was a great encouraging force in the closed season at Stowe and we wish him well in his future career.

This year has been in some ways very exceptional with several of our swimmers gaining PB's, personal bests, at almost every outing. Two of the most improved were our captains, Duncan Pearce (100m Backstroke and Freestyle) and Julianne Althoff (Backstroke and Freestyle). Allegra Galvin, next year's girls' captain, continually swam PBs in both Freestyle and Butterfly. Ed Baker in the Intermediates improved his 50m and 100m Freestyle times as did Tom Durston in the Butterfly, Dimitri Pestov in the Breaststroke, Charlie Cavill in the 50m Backstroke and Ben Seebohm in

the 50m Breaststroke.

As one would expect the most improvements and PB's came in the Junior team with Ed Radcliffe almost improving every time he swam. Dominic Merritt, Ben Hirst, Chris Martin, Max Kirchhoff, Fergus Playfair and finally Stuart Randall, who received 'the most improved swimmer' award at the Sports Dinner at the end of term, all improved their PBs at each 'meet'. Sadly, Rupert Lynch, a very promising prospect, was only able to swim in two competitions because of a shoulder injury.

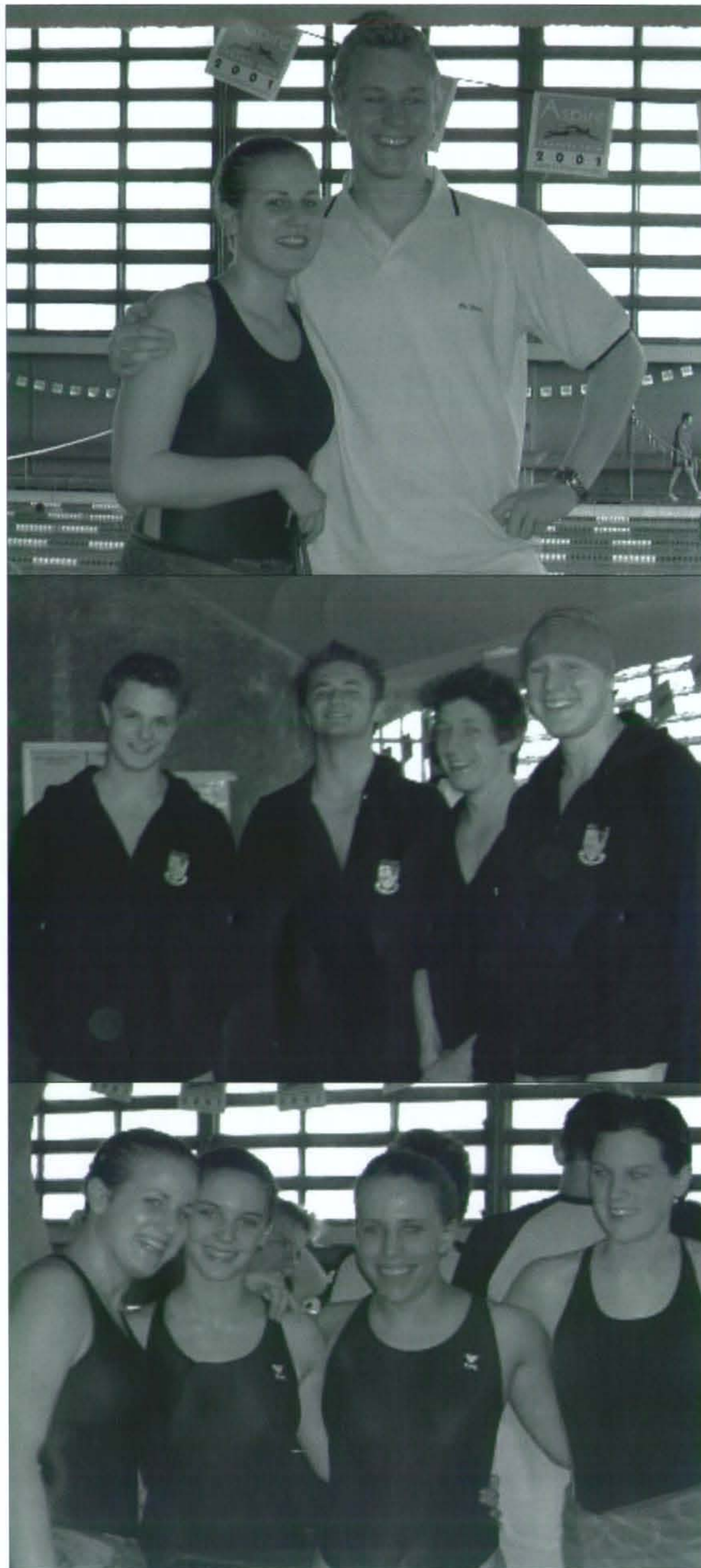
We obviously suffered no cancellations due to the weather, as in other sports, but it was 'touch and go' as to whether we had a team on at least two occasions. When the fixture is at HOME this is quite ridiculous! A stronger team would have made a significant difference against Berkhamsted School, when the Seniors just lost 80-82, against Loughborough GS (71-91) and Eton (60-95). The Senior team did beat Uppingham and Oakham quite convincingly when they had the full team. The Juniors swam against 11 schools and actually won in 5, against Haileybury, Epping, Merchant Taylor's, Oakham and Uppingham.

The Girls only swam against 7 schools as many of our competitor schools are not running teams. However, the Girls did train well and were unlucky not to be particularly successful. They did win convincingly against Uppingham 78-65. There was a very different story for the Intermediate Team as they also swam against 11 schools and managed to win against Loughborough GS, Merchant Taylor's, Berkhamsted, Oakham and Uppingham.

Statistics are statistics but we must congratulate our swimmers particularly this term. They are up against it before they enter the water. The schools we compete against on the whole select swimmers to swim all year; they train all year and many swim in both the Spring and Summer Terms. Our restraints are not conducive to the best of results.

It was a pity that more supporters did not find their way down to the swimming pool. We had four matches at home swimming against seven schools and we rarely had any people watching apart from those directly involved!

I must, however, thank all our matrons who, every match for years, have made our galas some of the best on the circuit by timekeeping so efficiently. Likewise thanks must go to KB, GMH,



Top: Captains, Julianne Althoff and Duncan Pearce

Centre: The Boys' team [left to right]:

Tom Sowerby, Will Hook, Hugo Rebbeck and Duncan Pearce.

Bottom: The Girls' team:

Julianne Althoff, Allegra Galvin, Charlotte Lamping and Alice Anderson

KFD and ACT who have been recorders at some point and to Mr. J. for all his brilliant starting and control.

The Senior teams went to Crystal Palace to the Public Schools Relay Championships, but really all there is to say is 'we were there'. I would like to thank Duncan and Julianne for their support and effort at keeping the teams together.

Colours were awarded to: Susanna Williams, Alice Girardot, Alice Anderson, Max Lawrence, Will Hook, Hugo Rebbeck, Nick Oldridge, Tom Durston and Igor Tolstoy-Miloslavsky as well as Allegra Galvin and Alex Tate (next year's Captains).

Other team members: Tom Sowerby, Sam Vallis, Lucy Pritchard-Gordon, Laura Melhuish, Charlotte Lamping, Charlie Driver, Charlie Cavill, Ben Seebohm, Alex Pike, Robin Bogh-Henrikssen, Charlie More Nisbett, Fergus Playfair, Jonathan Heung, Tom Allport and Rupert Lynch.

Postscript:

Over the years the results have varied but the best results have come from the teams who have taken the whole situation into their own hands. In other words they did not only take but gave. This giving was in a significant amount of effort and time in training and encouraging each other during the term. The swimming quality is there and all we need is to maintain the quantity of participants, then tie it altogether with our staff and coaches. I will be there in the background and will always follow the team's success in the future.

DCB

This season was an encouraging sign for potential in the future as well as being one to be proud of. The senior team performed brilliantly with a return to form from Will and new developments in the form of Tom and Nick. We also had the usual determined effort from the stalwarts in the team, Max, Hugo, Alex and myself giving the senior team pace in depth, something we haven't seen for years. Special thanks must be said to all the House Matrons and Miss Broadhurst who did brilliant jobs in timekeeping and recording all our home matches. Mr Johnson was brilliant in training and officiating over our home matches as he does every year, and Mr Tydeman in helping run the show both in training and at matches. Huge credit should go to Mrs Bisp who has for another season arranged all our matches

and organised the team selection brilliantly. Particularly sad is the likely departure of Mrs Bisp and Mr Johnson from the team for next year.

I hope a suitable replacement will be found in the form of a coach who will give us a three-term training regime. Far too many times we have been defeated by schools who have been given more opportunity for meaningful training throughout the year. I wish all the best luck to my successor and the team next season. Hopefully we will really flourish into a force to be reckoned with in the future.

DUNCAN PEARCE

## TENNIS Seniors

The 1st VI this season has been the youngest team that we have fielded for a number of years and by the end of the term it consisted of 4 Lower Sixth form, 1 Fifth and 1 Fourth. Although the results were not as convincing as we would have liked there is certainly considerable potential and talent for the future and competition for places will be tough next season. 1st team colours were awarded to Captain Tom Legge, Ed Edsell and Louis Powell and Louis was also awarded the Astley Salver prize for Most Improved. In the Lower School there have been some excellent results and the Junior Colts remained unbeaten for the second season running with convincing wins over Uppingham, Rugby and MCS Oxford and Bloxham. Notable performances in this team came from Tom Brann, Rob Colvin and Hugh Wilson and in the Junior House Singles Competition Rob Colvin beat Tom Brann in a 2nd set tie-break.

In the House Doubles team competition Bruce took the Senior title, beating Grafton in the Final, and in the Junior event Grenville were the eventual winners, beating Temple in the final. Nugent retained the girls' title.

The girls have played only four matches this season, fielding three teams on each occasion and the results throughout have been mixed – winning and losing some in each. Captain Kit Keyser and Sophie Bonham represented the School in the National Schools Competition and although they performed well competition was extremely tough and it highlighted a need for Stoics to play throughout the year. With the entire 1st VI leaving this year there are 1st team places up for grabs next season.

Colours were awarded to Alexa Clark and Annabel Brann. (Other 1st team members Kit Keyser, Sophie Bonham, Rebecca Cheetham and Willow Corbett-Winder received their colours in the Lower Sixth.)

TLH

## Under 16s

Another season of great tennis was achieved by the U16s, led valiantly by James Norman. There were many fabulous wins and only the odd lost match. Max Green has been taken into the 1st team for a few of the final matches. The most improved player has been Fred Raikes.

KMN

## Yearlings

Thanks to recent outbursts of 'Henmania' Yearlings tennis is thriving and immensely popular, with more boys opting for tennis than cricket. Inevitably there are those talented youngsters who find themselves pulled in two if not three or four directions (athletics and swimming included), and the old maxim of "talented at one sport, good at many" still applies. Without having individuals of exceptional talent we were blessed with strength in numbers and could have certainly fielded a 3rd or 4th VI every time.

Charlie (Chica) Farr proved to be a stalwart of a player/captain. A multi-talented sportsman, he uses his strength and agility well on court and will develop well in later years. James Troughton was desperately keen and our most committed player, always badgering me to rearrange cancelled fixtures. Hamish Scott is probably the most natural player and paired up well with Charlie Hodson to be the most successful pair in the team. Charlie Beldam and Giles Gray were an excellent third pair and generally outclassed the opposition.

The 2nd VI of Kim Hwei, James Robson, William Hodge, Nick Campbell, George Ashby, Abdur Khan and Ian Yang were more than a match for their opposition on most occasions, the exception being MCS, Oxford, where we were beaten both on the grass and the hard courts.

THM

# RESULTS • SPORTS RESULTS • SPORTS RESULTS • SPORTS RESULTS

## CRICKET

### 1st XI

Won v Pangbourne (153-6 v 90);  
Drew with Uppingham (177-4 v 228-5),  
Radley (135-7 v 208-3),  
MCC (135-7 v 165),  
Oundle (218-6 v 218-6);  
Lost to Wellington (198-6 v 275-6),  
Bedford (227 v 228-1).

### Junior Colts A

Won v Pangbourne (114-6 v 113),  
Radley (117-7, 106-8 (35 overs),  
Oundle (70 v 53),  
Bedford (135-9 v 134-8);  
Drew with Uppingham (117-5 v 147-6);  
Lost to Wellington (117 v 131)

### Yearlings A

Won v Bedford (123 v 107);  
Drew with Pangbourne (125-5 v 53-8);  
Lost to Uppingham (75 v 141),  
Radley (69 v 70-7),  
Wellington (88 v 269-5),  
Oundle (89-6 v 90-5),  
St Edward's (125 v 196-6),  
Ardingly (290-8 v 423-4),  
Merchant Taylor's (72 v 73-2),  
Wellington (82 v 369-5).

## HOCKEY

### 1st XI

Lost to Radley (2-4), Abingdon (2-3),  
St Edward's (0-8), Rugby (1-6),  
MCS (1-2).

### Colts A

Won v Abingdon (2-1), St Edward's (2-1);  
Lost to Radley (0-2).

### Junior Colts A

Won v St Edward's (2-1); Drew with  
Radley (1-1); Lost to Abingdon (1-3),  
Loughborough (1-2).

### Yearlings A

Won v Loughborough (2-1);  
Lost to Oundle (1-4), Stamford (0-5),  
Uppingham (0-3), Oundle (1-5),  
Uppingham (1-2).

### Girls A

Won v Dame Alice (6-3), Bloxham (1-0),  
Rugby (3-2), RLS (2-1), Haileybury (1-0);  
Lost to Wellingborough (1-4),  
St Edward's (0-8), Uppingham (0-3).

## RUGBY

### 1st XV

Won v MCS (13-5), RLS (28-3),  
Bloxham (11-7), and J. Cleveland (15-14);  
Lost to Uppingham (12-32),  
Bromsgrove (5-26), Bedford (10-51),

Abingdon (7-22), Mill Hill (3-22),  
Windsor SFB (7-33), St Edward's (3-39).

### Colts A

Won v Uppingham (11-8), Bloxham  
(19-3), MCS (21-0), Windsor SFB (10-0);  
Lost to Bromsgrove (5-23),  
Bedford (5-17), Abingdon (7-19),  
J. Cleveland (3-17), Mill Hill (19-22),  
St Edward's (11-20).

### Junior Colts A

Drew with Mill Hill (0-0),  
Windsor SFB (5-5);  
Lost to Bromsgrove (0-60),  
Bedford (0-48), Abingdon (7-35),  
RLS (0-13), Bloxham (22-26),  
Gosford (10-15), J. Cleveland (10-17),  
St Edward's (13-27).

### Yearlings A

Won v The Leys (25-7),  
Wellingborough (15-10);  
Lost to QES Barnet (10-12),  
Uppingham (0-12), Mill Hill (10-14).

## BASKETBALL

### Seniors

Won v Abingdon (59-52),  
Stantonbury (68-56), Aylesbury (48-41),  
Harrow (40-25), Bradfield (58-46), Radley  
(64-44); Lost to Rugby (44-81), Eton (53-  
74), Bedford (65-70).

### U16

Won v Harrow (41-34), Rugby (33-20),  
Eton (43-23), Radley (66-32); Lost to  
Bedford (45-46), Bradfield (23-34).

### U15

Lost to Bradfield (32-33)

### U14

Lost to Bradfield (25-71)

### Girls

Lost to Bradfield (14-16)

## CROSS COUNTRY

### Seniors, Intermediates and Juniors

Won v Uppingham, Oakham, Stamford,  
Marlborough, Charterhouse, Winchester.

### Girls

Won v Uppingham, Oakham, Stamford.

## GOLF

### Seniors

Won v Eton (3-0);  
Drew with Winchester (1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>-1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>)

### Juniors

Won v Harrow (2-1)

## LACROSSE

Won v Malvern (18-3), Uppingham  
(12-3), Haileybury (5-0), Cranleigh (8-0),  
Bradfield (4-0), Charterhouse (6-2),  
Wellington (8-0), Marlborough (4-0),  
Haileybury (9-1), Marlborough (13-0).

## NETBALL

### 1st VII

Won v Bloxham (13-2),  
Cheltenham (14-10), Pangbourne (16-6),  
St Edward's (11-10), Wellington (14-6),  
St John's (9-6), Wellington (7-5),  
Pangbourne (11-6), Bradfield (13-1),  
St Edward's (12-9), Haileybury (45-16),  
Downe House (25-13); Lost to Downe  
House (6-11).

## SWIMMING

### U18

2nd of 3 v Eton/Uppingham;  
Lost to Rugby/Oakham, Loughborough,  
Berkhamsted, Rugby/Oakham, v Harrow  
(and four schools).

### U16

Won v Loughborough, Berkhamsted;  
2nd out of 3 v Rugby/Oakham,  
Eton/Uppingham; 4th out of 6 at Harrow  
(six schools).

### U14

3rd of 6 at Harrow; 2nd of 3 v  
Rugby/Oakham, v Eton/Uppingham;  
Lost to Loughborough, Berkhamsted.

### Girls

Won v Uppingham; 5th out of 6 at  
Harrow; Lost to Rugby/Oakham.

## TENNIS

### 1st VI

Drew with MCS (4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> - 4<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>);  
Lost to Uppingham (1-8), Rugby (1-8),  
Bloxham (4-5).

### U16 VI

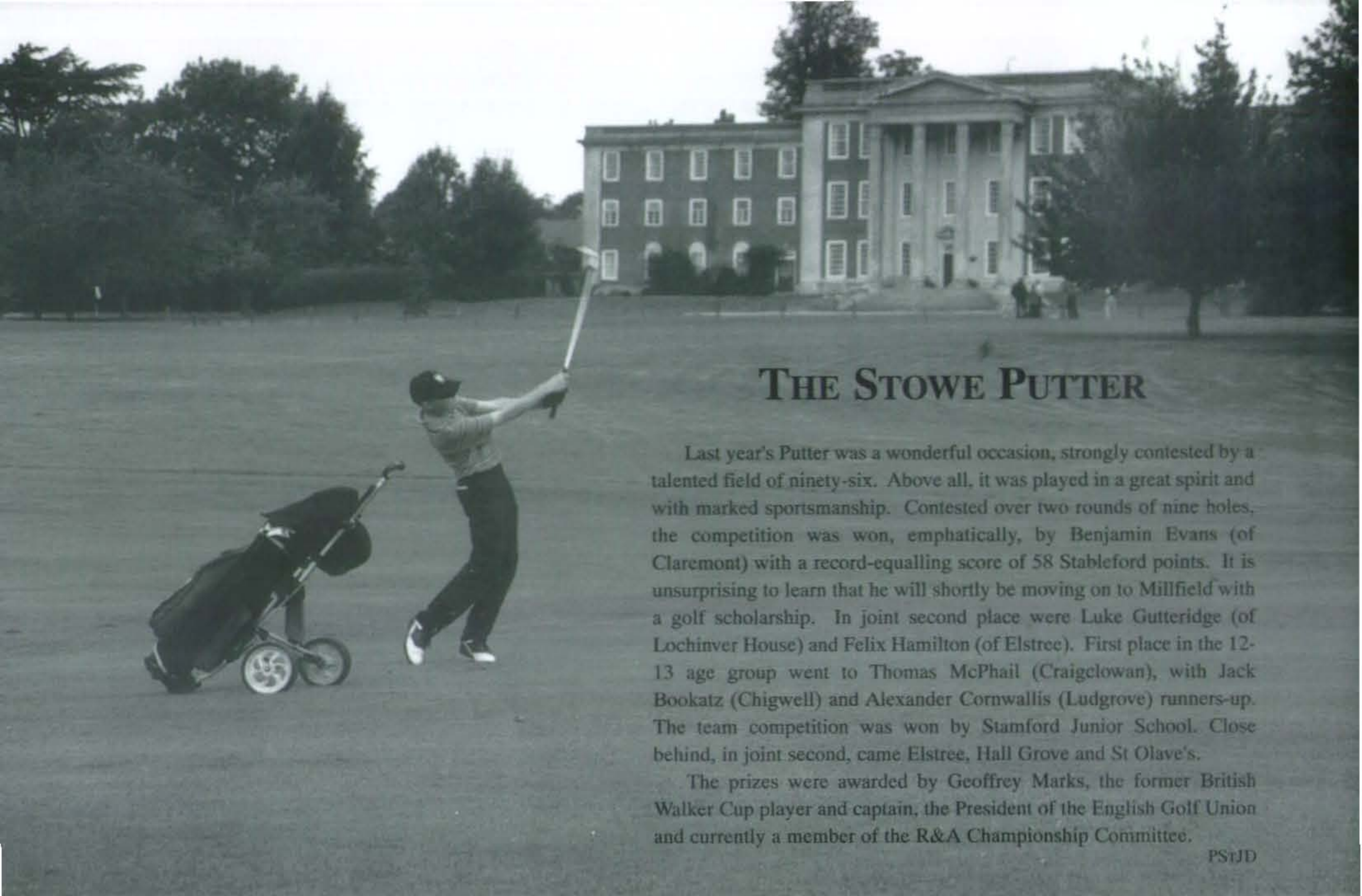
Won v Rugby (6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> - 2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>),  
Bloxham (8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub> - 1<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>), MCS (6-3);  
Lost to Uppingham (4-5).

### U15 VI

Won v Uppingham (8-1), Rugby (7-2),  
MCS (7-2).

### U14 VI

Won v Uppingham (7-2),  
Rugby (6<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>-2<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>); Lost v MCS (3-6)



## THE STOWE PUTTER

Last year's Putter was a wonderful occasion, strongly contested by a talented field of ninety-six. Above all, it was played in a great spirit and with marked sportsmanship. Contested over two rounds of nine holes, the competition was won, emphatically, by Benjamin Evans (of Claremont) with a record-equalling score of 58 Stableford points. It is unsurprising to learn that he will shortly be moving on to Millfield with a golf scholarship. In joint second place were Luke Gutteridge (of Lochinver House) and Felix Hamilton (of Elstree). First place in the 12-13 age group went to Thomas McPhail (Craigclowan), with Jack Bookatz (Chigwell) and Alexander Cornwallis (Ludgrove) runners-up. The team competition was won by Stamford Junior School. Close behind, in joint second, came Elstree, Hall Grove and St Olave's.

The prizes were awarded by Geoffrey Marks, the former British Walker Cup player and captain, the President of the English Golf Union and currently a member of the R&A Championship Committee.

PSJD



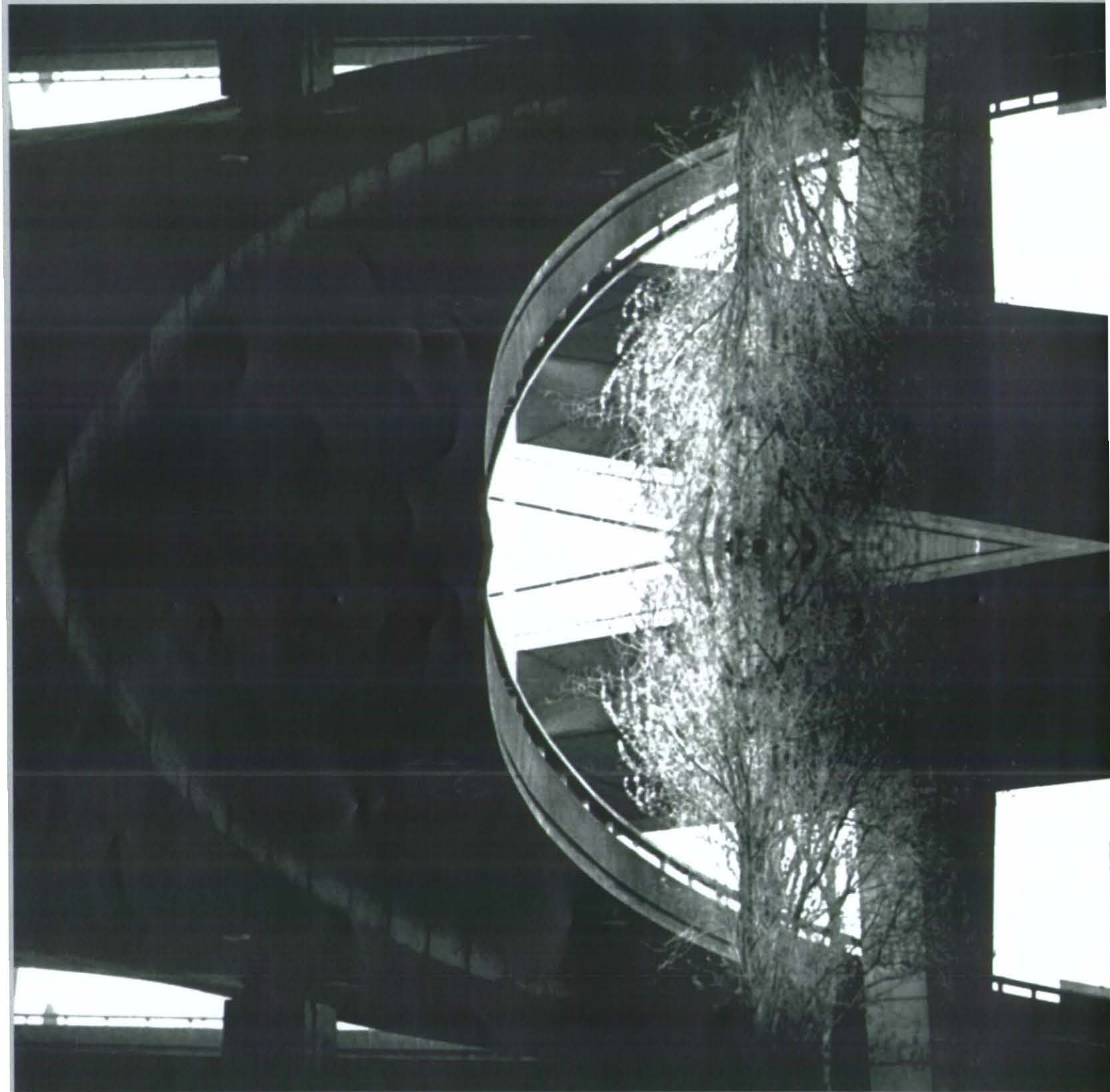




Geoffrey Marks with the winner, Benjamin Evans (above), joint runner-up, Felix Hamilton, and winners of the team competition, Stamford Junior School.

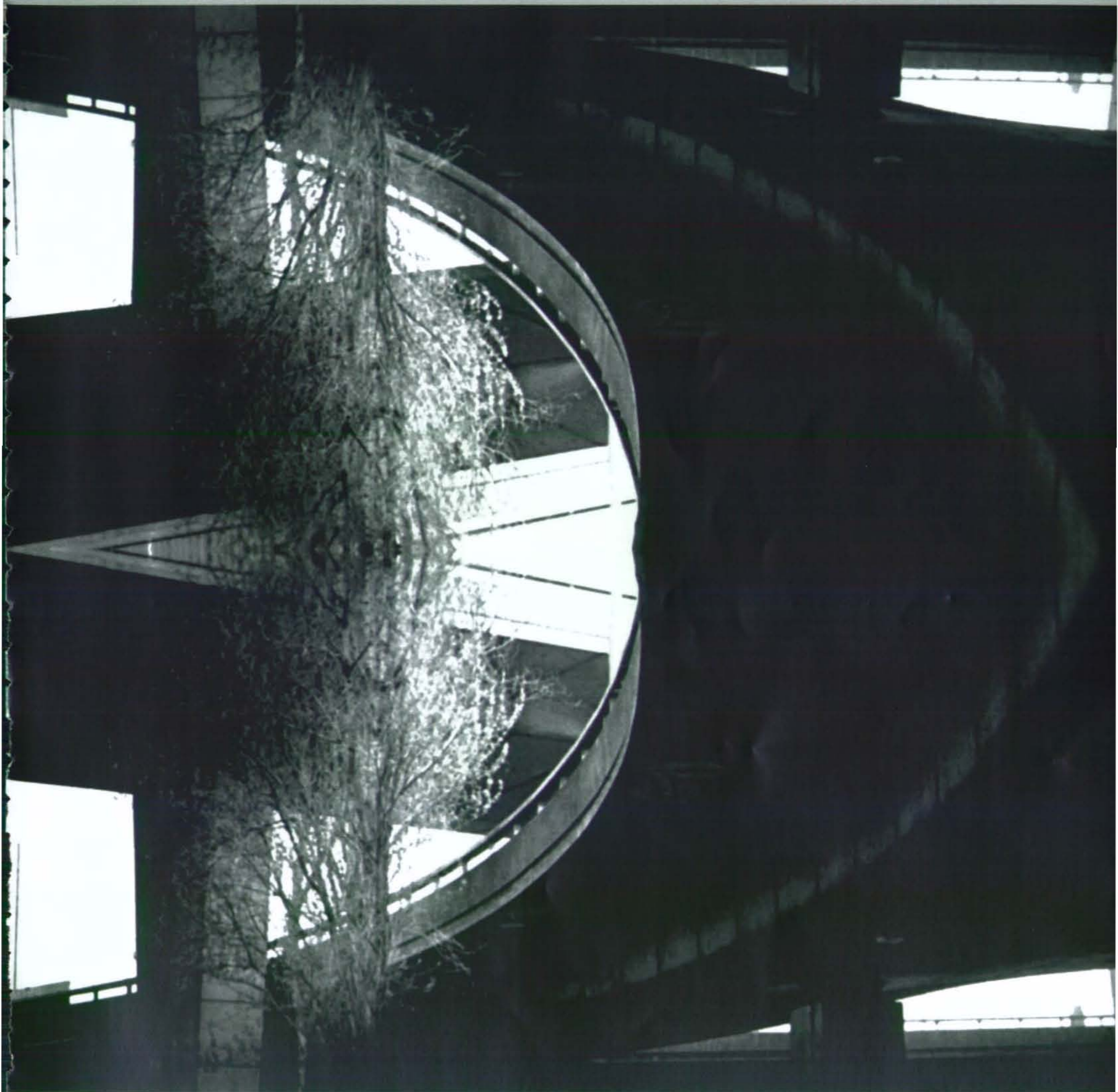


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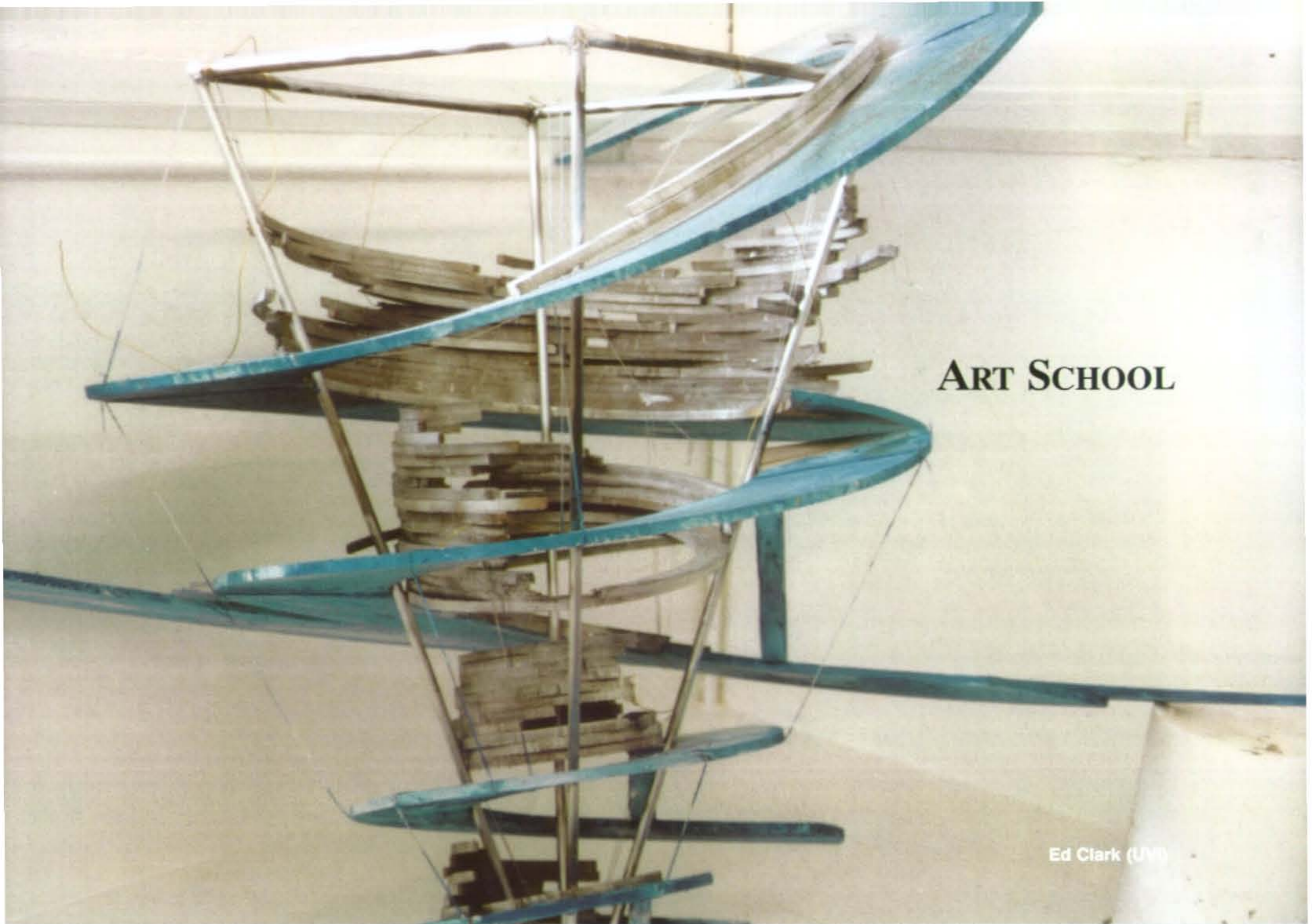
p h o t o g r a p h y - p r o s e - a r t

i v i t y



Oliver Nohl-Oser  
AS-level Photography

p o e t r y - d e s i g n - t e x t i l e s



## ART SCHOOL

Ed Clark (UVA)

### THE NEW DIRECTOR WRITES

A great deal has been done in the last year to build upon the Art School's reputation as one of the leading departments in the country.

Some of the ambition and qualities needed can be found in the pictures of students' work that are featured in the following pages. In line with the assessment objectives set down by the examination boards now, there is much evidence of Stoics

*developing strong visual concepts and observational skills,*

*experimenting with techniques and materials in a lively way,*

*gaining skills in critical thinking,*

*making intelligent connections between their own work and examples to be found in both contemporary art and classical art history.*

It is especially good to see the scale and variety of work increasing with such obvious confidence.

Recent changes that have taken place are noticeable immediately on entering the foyer of the Art School itself. A new installation of six video monitors allows visitors and prospective parents to get an immediate feel for the wide range of activities being undertaken by

the students. This facility will also enable students to develop skills and techniques involving the use of media and video editing.

The transformation of the studios throughout the Art School is also very evident through the provision of more working space. There is a feeling of increased light resulting from this internal restructuring as well as from the white surfaces that now predominate.

It is very important that the Art School is not seen in isolation from the world of Art at large. To this effect we have already organised a number of external visits to the Tate Modern and to the highly prestigious Curwen Press. The work of two of our students who gained scholarships to the Curwen Press is featured in one of the videos on display in the Art School foyer. It is envisaged that we will be undertaking a series of Art trips abroad and combining this with a number of visits to the Art School by major contemporary artists in the near future.

We look forward to the future with enthusiasm. In order to capitalise on the momentum already achieved by recent developments, we are in no doubt that a considerable amount of energy and investment will be needed.

BRIAN JOHNSON



Emma Elliott (UVI)

## TV HELL

James Smith had wanted to go to college in Boston since his second year of high school. Growing up in a small town named Belleview in Kansas he had excelled in his academic studies and captained his junior league baseball team. At high school his success continued: he chaired the debating society, pitched for the school team and even had his name written on the town's welcome sign with a picture of him in team uniform underneath. Although he looked happy and contented, in reality he resented his classmates and hated the small town that had been his life for so many years. He longed to get away where people did not know him and he could have a fresh start. This wish was fulfilled when he was offered a baseball scholarship to Browns, which he snapped up eagerly.

At present James is in his second year of college and as expected is pitching in all the major games, even winning the state cup for Browns in his first year. He is good at his chosen subject of Business Studies and can look forward to passing his exams next year with honours. His social life is booming. He has many friends and has his pick of the females on campus. However, he has a fondness for one particular girl with long blonde hair, an athletic figure, pretty blue eyes and the bonus of coming from the respectable Carter family who own a small fortune, having shipped the waters off Boston for lobsters since the colonial days. For the past month he has sat behind Susanna Carter in lectures and she has been giving off all the right signs. It would be safe to say that life for James Smith is looking pretty good. In fact everything looks "swell" as his mother would say. We join James in the studios of Fox, a Major network television company based in New York.

James waits in the dark corridor. Sound men and light boys rush past him hurrying to prepare for the end of the commercial break.

"On in three, two, one, go!" whispers the lady wearing headphones in front of him. James has been persuaded to guest on the 'Jeremy Coil Show' by one of his college friends. For the last month he has speculated on what the subject of the show will be. He has come to the conclusion that it must be a romantic special and that Susanna Carter is going to be out on stage to greet him with flowers and then express her undying love for him. This he thinks will not be a bad thing. So what if she chose to do it on television? These chat shows have been all the rage for the past year. "If you did not confess your love on television, you did not love the

American way," one critic had said.

"Coil Coil Coil Coil!" the eager fans and James's friends in the audience chant. One or two even throw underwear at the show's security guards who have become national heroes since the show's launch in 1994. He steps into the bright lights of the stage floor and waves at the blur that is the audience in front of him. Just as rehearsed he locates his seat and sits down to the applause of the Coil fans. James squints under the lights, then quickly checks himself remembering that this would look bad on television. Already he can feel the heat, as sweat pours out of his nervous body encased in the latest college blazer. James wonders for a split second if his hair looks too greasy and his stomach bolts at the thought, but he calms as he envisages Susanna appearing any minute. He knows that his whole college will be watching the live show and that he has to look and act his best throughout. This he believes should not be too much of a problem. He just hopes that Susanna will not make too much of a fuss on stage when she appears and embarrass him but with her conservative background he was shocked she had even thought of the show. He looks again at the audience but cannot distinguish faces as the lights make everyone appear as black shadows looming in the distance. He knows the team will surely be there and he thinks he hears their voices as the mob continues to chant.

"Welcome, welcome to another exciting show!" bellows Coil. "If you have just joined us, today's subject is family secrets and this young man is James Smith who originates from Belleview, Kansas." Nice try, thinks James, just get on with it and bring her out.

"And all the way from Kansas here comes James's father with a confession for his son," says Coil with a sarcastic smile. James keeps his head straight. No need to look, it's only Susanna; try to act surprised. He checks his pocket for the ear-rings he bought earlier. James listens to the audience anticipating the usual wolf whistles and cheering but instead he hears booing and laughter. Thinking this odd he turns to see the cause of the audience's mood. Walking towards him is a large man of about 18 stone, wearing denim dungarees, a red chequered shirt, heavy workers' boots and a 'Burger King Anniversary Celebration' baseball hat. The man has a rough beard and obviously earns his living outdoors and, James thinks, judging by his stomach enjoys a few too many after work drinks. It is obviously not Susanna. Then it clicks. This is

not some random hillbilly but his very own father. James panics but once again his coolness takes over and he calms himself. The man approaches him and James stands ready for a hug. Instead the man sits down in the chair next to him and looks not at James but at the presenter, who nods once the crowd has gone quiet.

"James," he says in a soft voice, "You left our town a year and a half ago and we have not spoken since." James merely stares at his father. "Well son, you deserted your family and now we are back and we have something to tell you. If you can leave us for college then you are old enough to know this." The audience whoop in delight and James shrinks in horror. "James, I have wanted to be a woman for seven years now." The mob erupts into screaming and shouting, a couple of James's friends sit in their seats, mouths wide open. "I did not tell you earlier because your mother and I thought it best not to tell you until you were out the house, and since you have gone I have taken to wearing these on Thursdays." James's father points to his ears where a pair of fake diamond ear-rings glint, mesmerising his silent son. James regains self-control and looks at the beaming Coil as if he could offer some kind of help. This show is definitely not about Susanna Carter, and today is not a happy day.

"Talking of your mother," Coil bellows, "let's bring her out!" Heads turn towards the side entrance and the thin sheet of paper erected to shield guests. Through it bursts the largest woman James has ever seen; not his mother surely! he thinks. The lady rumbling onto the stage is as wide as she is tall, her legs mere stumps supporting her weight and her body is pushing through her dress threatening to spill out of the flowery material. This is James's mother and she falls into the specially widened chair for all of Coil's larger guests. The audience are in fits of laughter, some gasp for breath at the sight in front of them, others hurl insults.

"I am fat and I do not care!" screams James's mother in response to one audience member's comments. He recoils at her vicious tone. Last time James saw his mother she was the picture of perfect health and epitomised the American housewife. Things have changed. Coil gestures for proceedings to carry on. "Since you left, I have found a better way of living," she says looking into James's shocked eyes. "I no longer diet to please your father and I am seeing another man that loves me for who I am." As she talks she gets redder and redder obviously not faring well under the intense studio lights. Silence falls as the audience waits for James's response.

"I...I...I don't know what to say, mum, you, you look... great," mutters James. The audience roars into life again, laughing and chanting the host's name. James squirms in his seat, his usual coolness lost in the revelations.

"And here tonight we have your mother's lover, accompanied by your sister who is also his lover," Coil exclaims enthusiastically. James hears the words but makes no sense of them. He repeats the sentence in his head and then it dawns on him. He gulps and awaits their entrance.

From the right of the stage two skinny figures walk into the light arm in arm. They are clad in heavy leather biker suits adorned with their chapter's paraphernalia. The man is unshaven and walks awkwardly in his stiff leather trousers. His hair is matted and dirty and on the back of his jacket the word 'redemption' is scrawled. The girl, who James recognises as his sister, has a dog collar around her neck and is attached by chain to the man's belt. Unfazed by this she strides on confidently.

"You cheating bastard!" screams James's mother as she rises to her feet and begins bounding across the stage towards the man. As she runs time slows down for James as he watches in horror the unfolding situation. She hits the floor with a crunch as she is tackled from behind by a large security guard. The audience goes ballistic, their shouts mingling into one awful choir as James looks on. James's friends are in fits at what they witness. They have never imagined that the perfect baseball player has such an interesting family. James's mum is helped to get back on her feet and order is restored as everyone takes his or her seat. James's sister pats him on the head as she sits down. He does not move but rather concentrates on holding back the tears welling up in his eyes.

"Now that we have the whole family assembled what have you got to say, James?" asks Coil in an unfriendly voice. Once again silence falls in the studio and eyes focus on James. His mouth begins to open only to shut again as his bottom lip trembles. A single tear rolls down his cheek and he looks up at the bright lights that seem to be aimed like snipers' rifles at him. He can hear movement in the crowd and soft murmuring. He scans the blur and catches sight of a slender figure moving away from its seat. The figure steps into the glare of the lights and looks at James as if disgusted by what it sees. It is Susanna Carter. She turns her back and walks towards the exit. James's eyes close and with them his world dies to the sound of the chanting audience.

TOM KIRK (LVI)  
SENIOR GAVIN MAXWELL PRIZE WINNER



Ed Kaye (UVI)



Henry Leon (UVI)



Rose Hanbury (LVI)





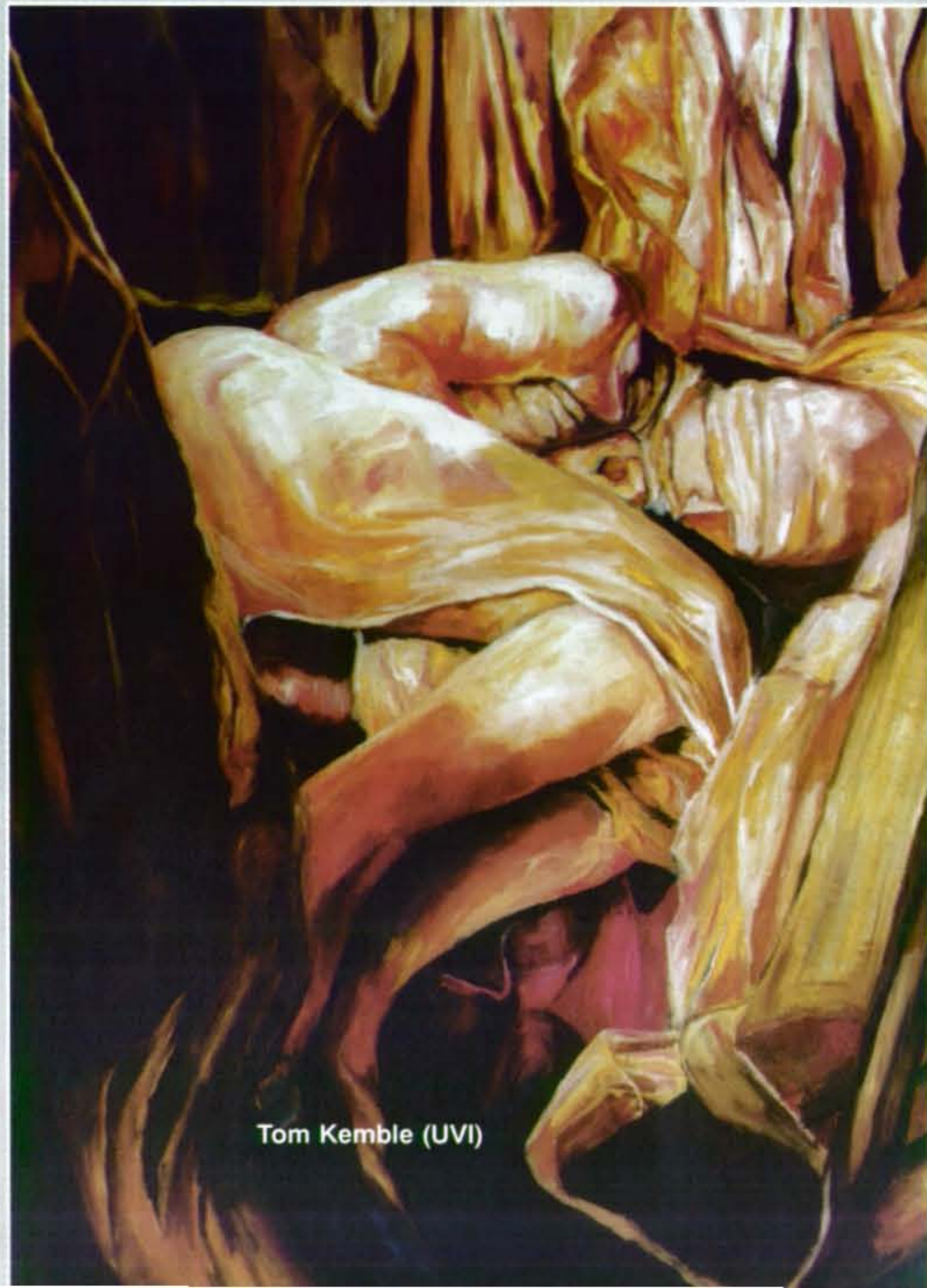
Ed Oldham (UVI)



Sally Flower (UVI)



Kit Meyser (UVI)



Tom Kemble (UVI)

## IN THE WILDERNESS... OF GRIEF...

I stared at that face, once so familiar,  
Once so warm, holding memories  
Stored behind those eyes  
That were now empty caverns,  
masked by eyeballs that rolled  
like giant green marbles.

I held that hand that once fitted  
so easily into mine, but now lay  
motionless  
refusing to move or jerk or show any sign of life  
at all

I wanted to scream, I wanted to be angry,  
but whenever the words are needed  
they let you down, they show you up,  
they disappear.

That smile that once clarified everything,  
that made sense of the madness, the entrance  
to every possibility, an escape  
from the tedium of what was real,  
now was a wide mechanical movement, a shrug, a blink,  
a wrong footing, a small mistake  
and nothing to how I remembered:  
A person that was once an emotion in itself, a life,  
was now a misassembled, awkward picture,  
a relationship reduced to stumbling through a darkness,  
desperately trying to emerge – no sign posts, no directions –  
from a wilderness of nothing,  
of life without...

CAMILLA PEMBERTON (LVI)  
SENIOR ROXBURGH PRIZE WINNER

## RELIGION TODAY

Religion is the monotonous click of a mouse,  
The incessant ringtone of a mobile phone and  
The search button on the Internet.  
Religion is the abrupt dong of a microwave or  
A coughing car engine on a frosty morning and the robotic  
Beep of a digital watch, or  
The purring washing machine fulfilling its destiny.  
Religion is the whirring bars on a fruit machine  
And the joyful tinkle of coins in the pocket  
And the ATM vomiting paper.  
Religion is the blinding flash of a camera, and  
The nauseous bleating of a fire alarm.

CHARLES SANCHEZ (IV)

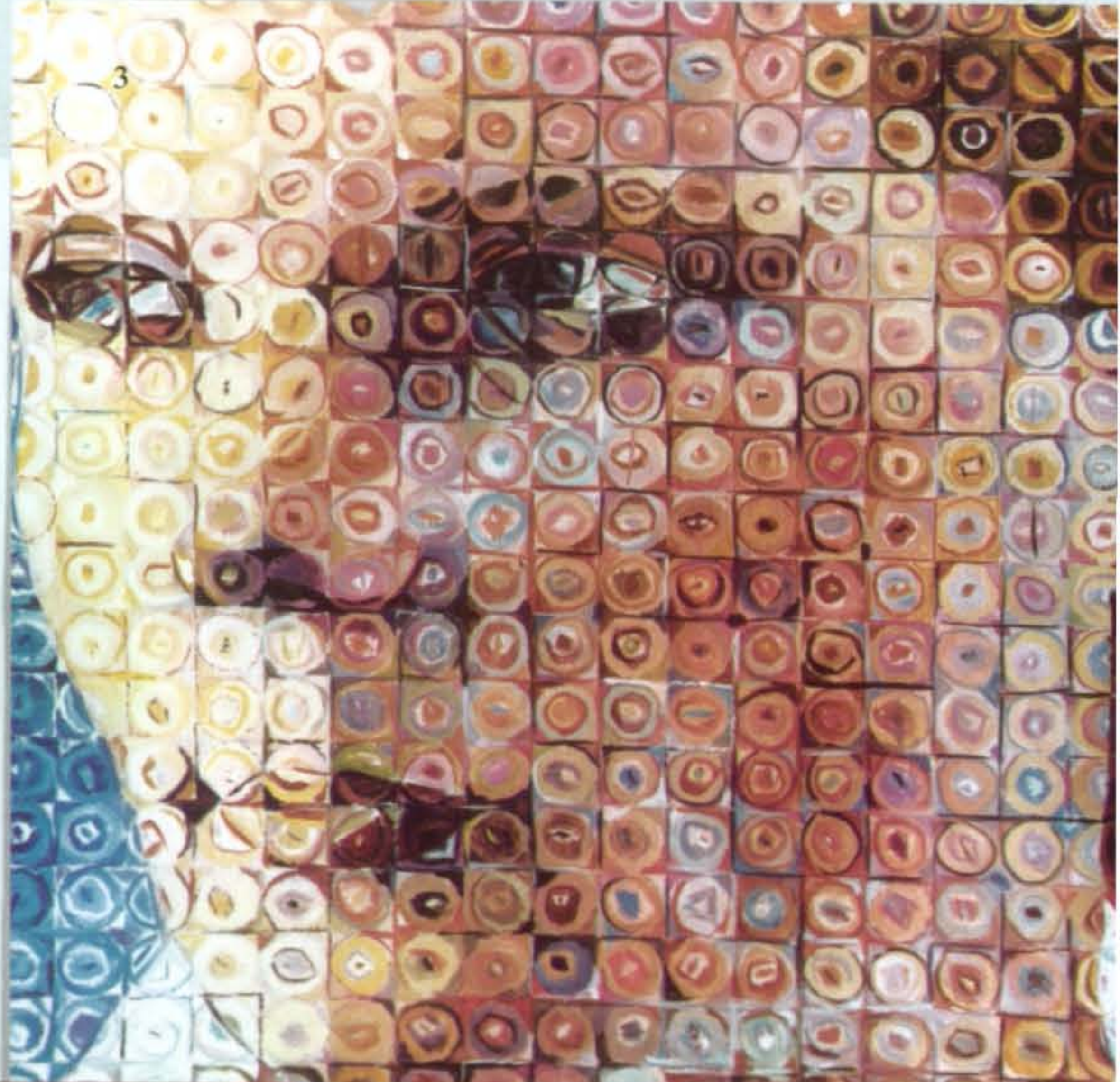
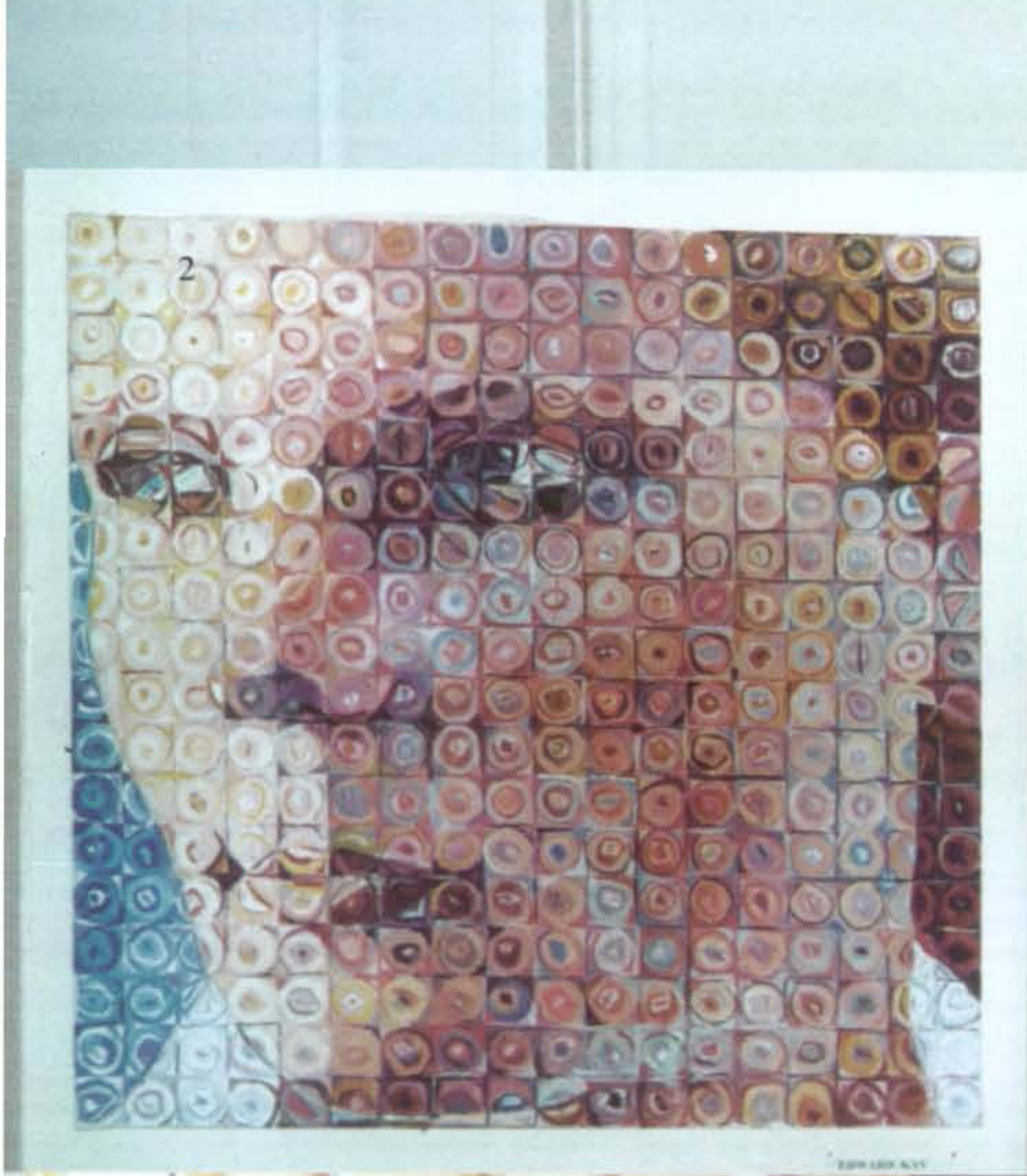
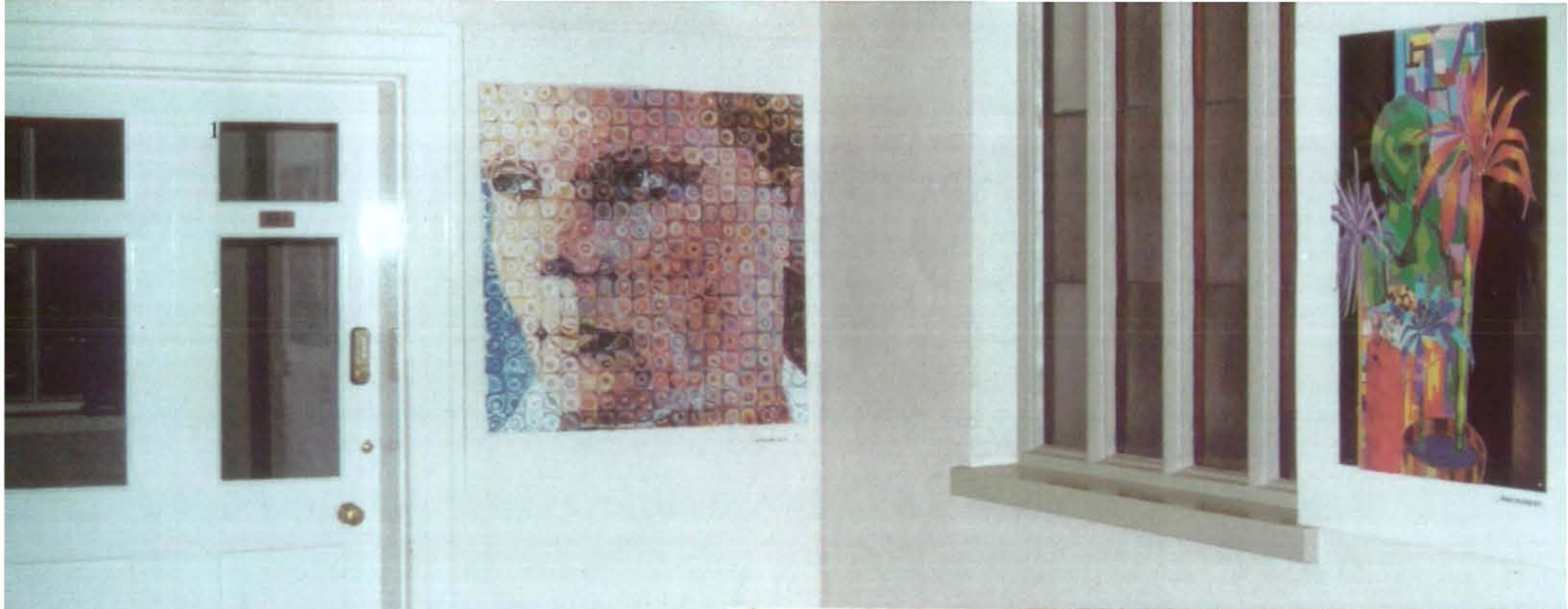
## RAIN

The sky cries onto the roof  
For the sun has gone away.

The stair-rods fall like daggers,  
Shot like arrows  
From an hellish army  
Of flying devils.

The sun comes out  
To do battle with the darkened sky,  
And it burns away at the cloud  
And the sky is streaked  
With the watercolour blood of the rain.

PAUL HINDS (IV)



## WHAT'S IN A FACE?

Four views of a portrait  
by Ed Kaye (UVI)  
exhibited in Plug Street

(PHOTOS: B. TREE)

## UNDER THE SHADOW

His name was James. He had not seen his father since he was three years old, and neither had his mother. His parents just had an argument one day about buying a new house, and that was it. His father disappeared, leaving James and his mother, Kate, alone.

So, James grew up with his mother always by his side. He was perfectly happy living this way, as he had never really known any different. However, there is no need to think James and his mother never had anyone else to talk to, as, although there was nobody of James's age in their small village, he had plenty of friends at his grammar school. Although Kate was too busy earning money as a teacher and looking after James to keep up much of a social life, she had her parents and her sister who all loved James just as much as they loved her.

It was at the age of 12 when James heard the terrible news that was to affect the rest of his life. He was reading a magazine, lying on his bed, when his mother knocked on the door.

'Yup!' shouted James. Kate opened the door slowly, shutting it again behind her.

'Hi darling, what are you up to?'

'Oh, nothing really, just looking through some magazines.' She walked up to the bed, and gently sat herself down next to her son.

'Look, I've got some bad news, James,' said Kate hesitantly.

'Really, what's up?' he asked, not even looking up from his magazine. She took James's hand, grasping it firmly.

'Well, I've...um. Oh I'm so sorry James!' Kate sniffed, now wiping a single tear off her cheek. James suddenly sat up, dropping his magazine down next to him.

'Please mum, don't cry. You're scaring me. What's wrong? Tell me!' James suddenly gasped. 'It's not to do with dad, is it?' he said in a shocked tone, yet with a hint of excitement in his voice.

'No,' she replied dismissively. 'Oh, I may as well just tell you. It's me! I've got cancer.'

'What?' replied James, almost automatically.

'Skin cancer. Over-exposure to the sun is what the doctors told me.' She was just managing to hold back her tears. 'It's not possible, it's not fair. Why me?' Her emotions had now overpowered her and tears started to run down her cheek, dropping on to James's bed. James simply could not understand. It was not registering, and so he just sat there, mouth open, staring down at his bed. With his face showing no sign of emotion, Kate could no longer bear to look at it. She got to her feet and ran out of the room, leaving the door open behind her.

After what seemed to James like hours of nothingness spent up in his room, he calmed down from

the shock, and was now starting to think rationally again. So, he went downstairs to the living room, where he found his mother sitting, but strangely not crying, just with a thoughtful, severe expression on her face. James now realised she had accepted her illness and was thinking about the future. He was still hovering in the doorway.

'Mum?'

'You're here! How are you feeling, darling? Come and talk to me.' He walked up to the sofa and sat down next to her. Again, she took her son's hand and held it tightly.

'I don't know what I should say,' said James hesitantly.

'I've hardly explained properly yet, so just let me tell you everything, and please, darling, don't run away. Just stay with me, and let me tell you everything.'

'Okay,' sniffed James, trying painfully hard to hold back his tears.

'The doctors have given me a year to live.' This truly was too much for any child to take, and so James could not help running back up to his room. He locked the door. He lay on his bed for hours, not answering any of his mother's shouts, but just shutting himself off from it all. He eventually fell asleep with all his clothes on, as did his mother. He woke up early the next morning to the sound of his mother crying. It was then that he realised that this was not fair to her. It was amazing that she had learned to cope with the cancer and so, with one year to live, she should not have to deal with the added worry of her son.

James ran down to his mother and hugged her. She instantly stopped crying, and simply said,

'Thank you darling, thank you so much.' After a long hug, Kate started talking to James about more practical issues. She told him how she wanted as many friends and family around as possible, for his benefit as much as hers. She realised this would not be possible for a whole year, but as it was now the summer holidays, Kate's parents and sister were happy to come and stay with her for now. Also, two of James's school friends were delighted at being invited over for the summer. Kate insisted on doing an exciting thing almost every day, to keep everybody's mind off her cancer. Naturally, after one solid month of being with each other, they all grew very close.

One day, near the end of the holidays, when everyone was having fun together outdoors, Kate took James to one side and handed him a present.

'Thanks mum, what's this for?' asked James, curious yet cheery.

'Don't worry, dear, just open it.' James unwrapped the present to find a camera. Before he could get a word in, his mother said,

'I want you to do one thing for me, while everyone's together. Take a photo of us all, but only one. That way, it's extra special. Once I'm gone, you will always have something to remind you of us all together, happy.' James wept and hugged his mother.

Before the end of the summer, Kate suddenly and unexpectedly passed away. It was a whole nine months before she was expected to die. James's friends went back to their houses, distraught, as did Kate's sister. Kate's parents moved in with James, who refused to accept his mother was dead so soon. He simply spent days and days alone in his room, his grandparents bringing him food and drink. However, James realised that if he wanted to go on living as though his mother was still alive, he would have to go back to school in five days, just like he normally would. And so, without a word to his grandparents, he started getting ready for school, sorting out his bedroom.

It was then that he found the camera film with the special photo he had taken, and asked his grandparents to get it developed. They were so delighted to see him talking again that they drove off and came back two hours later with the photograph. James stared at it, not able to move. It was over-exposed, and everyone could be made out apart from Kate!

James suddenly realised. He saw the other people in that photograph who loved him. He had to start living again. He had to accept his mother's death, and stop pretending. The last thing Kate would have wanted was for James to ruin his life over her death. He realised that he had to move on, as there were still plenty of other people who cared for him.

HARRY KEMBLE (IV)  
JUNIOR GAVIN MAXWELL PRIZE WINNER

## THE ACORN

Here I lie in the soil, like a bomb waiting to explode into life. Suddenly, I feel the rays of heat penetrate down to me, beneath the trees' thrown-out clothes. The urge overcomes me, and I stretch out my fingers downwards in search of a drink. I slowly lift my head towards the light and eventually emerge from the rotting leaves into the glorious sunshine. It is a cold, spring morning, and for the first time I hear sweet birdsong...

Slowly, I grew up, learning all the time. My first crises came as soon as I had reached the surface. In the wood around me nettles and many other weeds competed for the water and soil and light. One or two string-like plants – I have now learned to despise – even tried to wrap around me and squeeze the life out of me. However, as I grew up, I became taller than them. I stole their light and I emerged as the victor of the battle as the weeds withered. Most of the trees around me were huge and very old. They were decaying, and every now and again a huge limb crashed to the ground around me. They posed no threat to me in my youth, but as I grew I needed more and more elixir of life – light. I spread my leaves as much as I could, but I could not get enough. I was too short and slowly

starved. I would die unless fate lent a hand. And lend a hand it did. One autumn's day a truck sped up and fate hurried out of it, chattering and buzzing orange-black things. To my horror they ran up to Floobaarungeez, the oldest of the trees, and the orange buzzer sank into her base. In a matter of minutes she crashed to the ground. I was petrified. The light flashed by as usual, and by night-fall ten majestic giants had given up the ghost and lay in ruins on the earth.

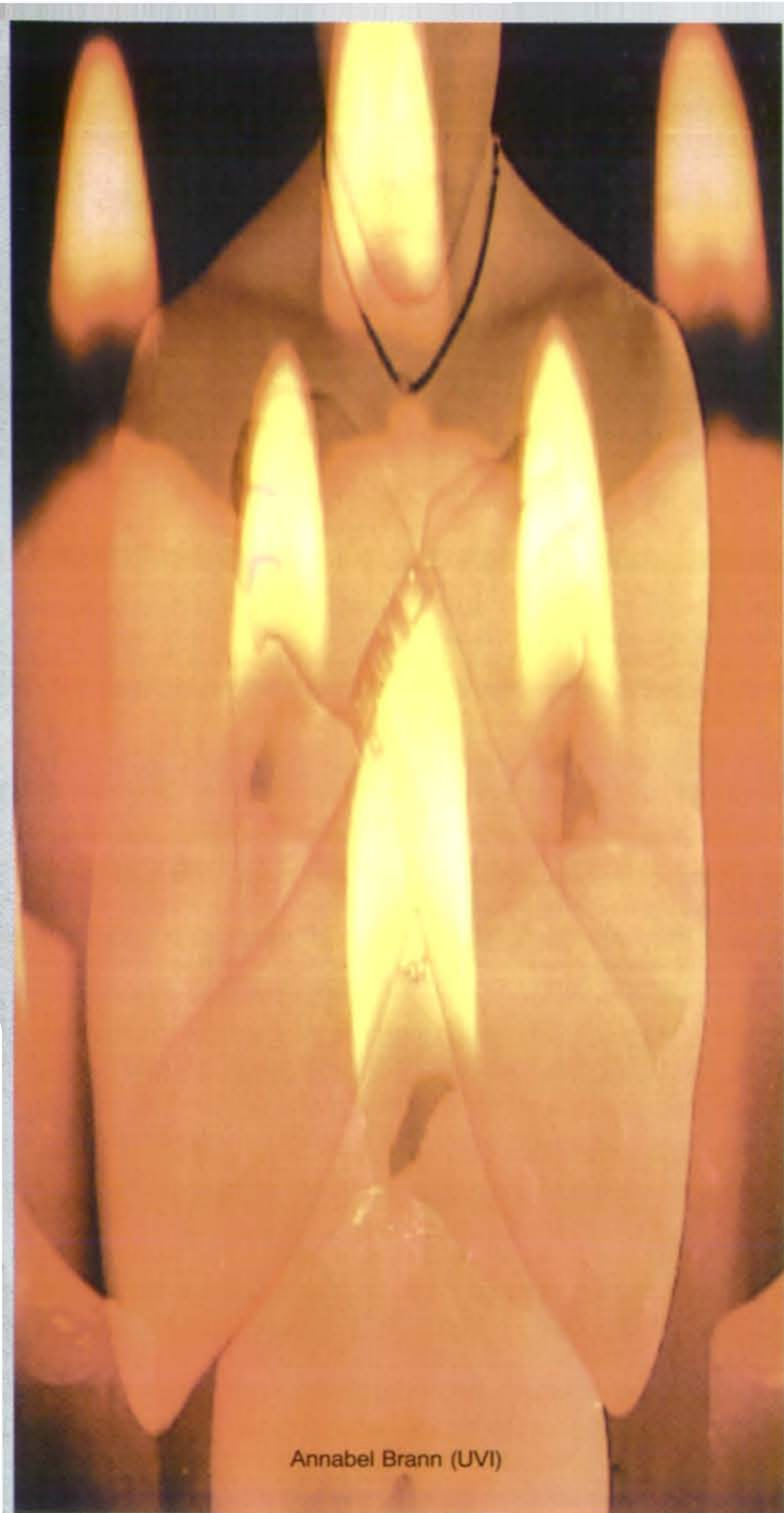
For seven days the fates returned, and for seven days they left great destruction in their wake, until I was the only tree left standing. I awaited with terror the next day.

But although they did return the next day, it was in a large truck with a huge hand on the back. They cleared the corpses away.

Years later, I am now entering middle-age, and I am thriving. I have all the food I need, and I have a fantastic view across the fields. However, I am a bit lonely and none of my acorns even germinate because the earth in the field is changed every now and again.

I have had an interesting life so far...

GEORGE MARGESSON (IV)



Annabel Brann (UVI)



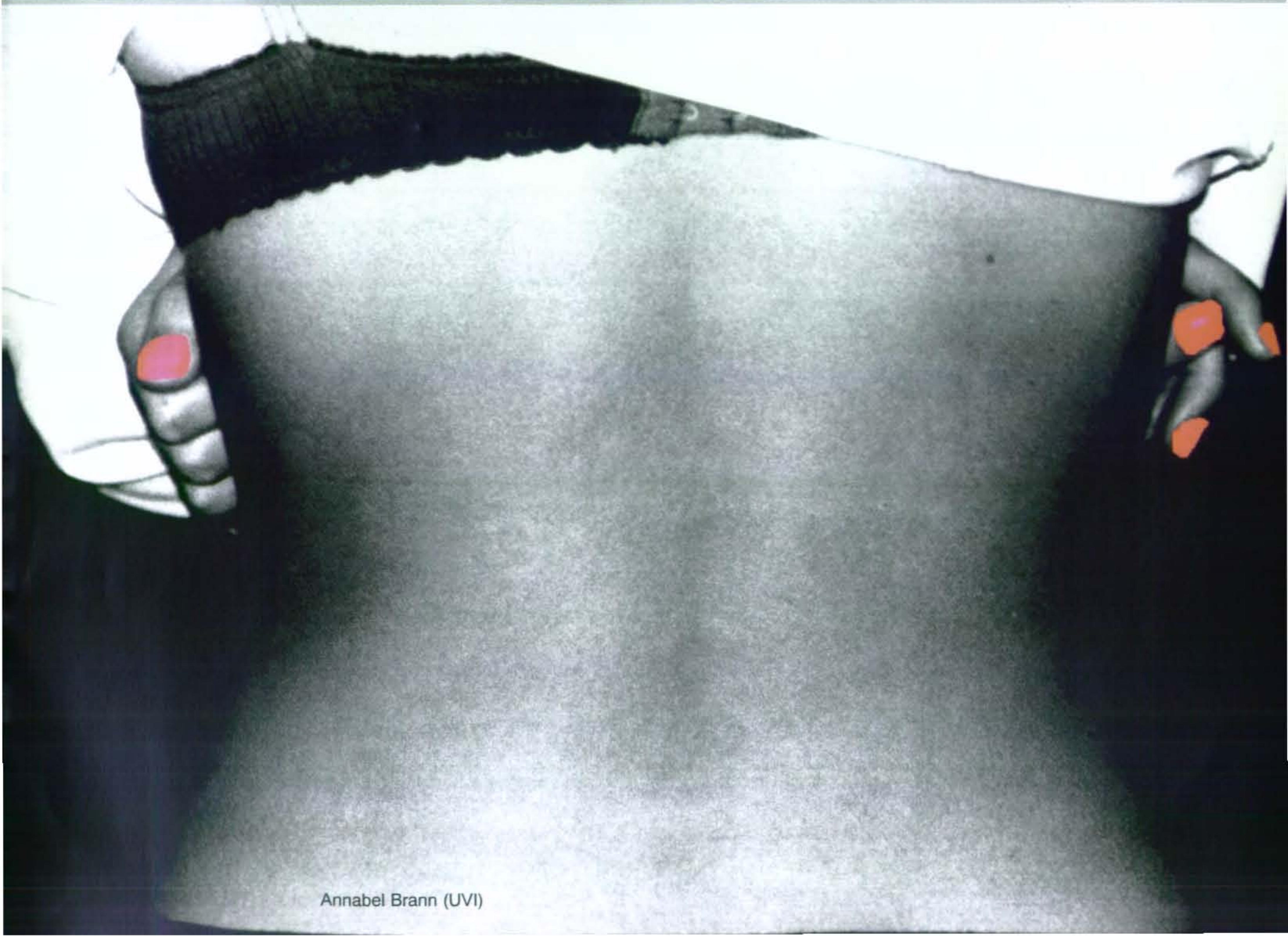
David Loasby (LVI)



Elliot Keane (UVI)

# AS-level Photography

Andrew Pettifer (LVI)



Annabel Brann (UVI)



Catherine Thorogood (UVI)



## SUCCESS – A NIGHTMARE

I suppose that I have always wanted to write. I remember that crucial day as an eight year old, when the three of us sat on the grassy bank, beside the playing pitches at primary school, under the grey skies of Cambridgeshire. We were having a discussion. Ben said he wanted to be a fireman; quite normal for a year four. Zach, the son of a USAF serviceman in Croughton, was definitely going to be a fighter pilot, 'and save America from the aliens and be a hero!' Admittedly, we called him the class freak. Eventually, it was my turn to speak. I didn't have the faintest idea. The two of them looked at me expectantly. I didn't want to be ridiculed as ignorant in my silence, so looked down at my English homework desperately, searching for some inspiration. A book lay open, discarded in the grass, where I had left it when my friends sat down. A writer? I said it, and as I expected, I got laughed at. 'You're so boring, Fletcher'!

I thought about it, and realised that English was the only thing I was vaguely good at, so, fourteen years later, I found myself going up to get my English 1st at Oxford. Finding work was very difficult for someone with just a degree in English, and for a while I tried short stories: freelance in newspapers and magazines. I didn't enjoy it and found the pay was awful for an inexperienced graduate. Within a few months, the work had dried up. Mum was too skint to help financially, because Dad had left when I was 6 and she was working as a badly paid secretary at the business park. She supported me, in our 1930s semi-detached, which was badly in need of repair.

I stared out of my bedroom window at the broken, dripping gutter that had hung like that for ten years. I was feeling demoralised, depressed, and sorry for myself. I knew I had talent, why was I not using it? If I didn't wake myself, I was in danger of turning into a long-term dripping gutter. I began to write.

My blockbuster novel evolved. I had written short stories at university, but all had been rejected by publishers, bluntly dismissed, irrelevant to today's world and interests.

But no, this novel was different. This was right, just what people wanted to read, or so I thought. It was a 'whodunit' mystery, to be a series, and subsequently televised. I was full of ambition, high on my own enterprise. I wrote at my old desk, heavy with years of use and neglect. It took a whole year to write my three hundred-page books. Twelve months of hell. Fifty-two weeks of the hardest work I have ever done in my whole life. The writing wasn't particularly good, otherwise the book would have been too heavyweight for the fussy publishers. What I had done was respond to exactly what people wanted to read: mystery, action, sex - I encompassed all of these things. I was happy with it.

Submitting it to publishers and waiting for the decision was scarier than anticipating 'O' levels, 'A' levels

and degree results put together. Despite the tremendous amount of confidence I had in this novel, I grew anxious. The decision was taking a very long time. A negative response would destroy me. Eventually, though, I got a letter. I saw the postmark, and went to sit down at my desk. I opened it slowly with an old metal letter opener, slicing through the paper fibres cautiously, afraid of what I might find. Every sound in the room was magnified, and the rustle as I eased the letter out sounded like Niagara Falls three inches from my head.

YES! It was being published! They said the book would be a 'Great success'. I would get that gutter repaired! I had forgotten that fame comes with fortune. Within weeks of my book being published, journalists, reporters, magazines, and television companies wanted interviews. I was only too happy to oblige! Anything to sell more books! I often ate breakfast, turning the pages of magazines, finding to my fast diminishing surprise, my glossy face peering up at me.

Whenever I stepped outside my new London flat, reporters and journalists with their cameramen shoved instruments in my face and asked me inane questions about my private life. It was this kind of treatment that made me not so sure of my new-found fame.

I had a recurring dream where I was walking anonymously in a dark night, and suddenly, a huge spotlight shone its powerful beam straight in my eyes, and I was instantly completely naked, exposed by lights in front of an audience of millions. They examined my face and body, analysing every imperfection, every blemish, with scowls and disapproval. I couldn't move or speak, and was terrified of being dispatched to something worse. A silly dream, but petrifying. In a slightly less blunt way, the same thing was happening to me. I woke one Sunday morning, made some coffee and read the morning papers. The *News of the World* had been posted through my door, which was unusual because it was a paper I don't subscribe to. I flicked through it and saw to my horror myself, naked in the shower, my bathroom door stupidly left open; windowpanes framing the picture. I didn't have a clue why the British public should want to view my rear end when breakfasting on a Sunday morning, and I remembered my dream. It had come true. I thought of the thousands of people looking at the picture at this very moment. I was amazed there should be such interest in my bottom. My amazement turned to laughter. I didn't dream that dream again.

After a month or two had passed, I recognised that my media attention had calmed down. They were no longer as interested. As I lie on the sun drenched beach by my house in the south of France, watching the waves lolling casually against the white sand of the bay I realise I could use the media's overexposure to my advantage.

My next book is entitled: OVEREXPOSURE

HARRY THULLIER (IV)

Alex de Riva (VI)



Rebecca Cheetham (VII)



This poem was elected runner-up in the  
National Schools' Poetry Competition  
sponsored by Ottakars

**'LOOKING' AT A PICTURE**  
Worcester

That's not my lover painted on the wall,  
And neither should her dress appear to fall  
Her ankles round, exposing every part,  
Thus breaking my already broken heart.  
Can I (all too clearly) picture the scene?  
My good artist persuading her to lean  
Over in front of him: 'Just there' says he,  
'An aesthetically pleasing view to me.  
There they swing, these fair breasts that fill my dreams:  
Pleasure, so near, and yet so far it seems.'  
So, good Sir, fully may you empathize,  
With the unfaithful wife you so 'despise'.

No choice had I in a sordid world. Sad  
From uncertainty, and though never glad  
A certain liberty was no doubt felt  
Deep within, as to a block, with your belt,  
Was she strapped, I rightly gave a command...  
And now there is but one to reprimand.

Once I heard of an adulterous rogue,  
Saw his picture on the cover of Vogue:  
A fitting punishment beset him round,  
As with a leather restraint, was he bound,  
To the old stocks, so famous in Highton,  
Much sought after by the gays in Brighton,  
And offered as potential stag night themes.  
My anecdotal words fall, as it seems,  
To lie like leaves on solid-frozen earth.  
My efforts: vain...to your paradox birth!  
Without further ado: axe ready Jeaves.  
Smile, as softly slow, through your neck it cleaves.  
And Jeaves, make it careful, not your fastest:  
Nothing but your best...for my good artist.

ALEX ROGERS (UVI)

## GOING BAD ABROAD

Summer is the cruellest time of year:  
Sickly months breed swarms of belching greed,  
Scorching sun shifts them from their semis  
Swarming over beaches, destroying.

"I do hope he's all right."  
"I'm sure he is, Tom's a good traveller."  
"He better not be wasting my money."  
He's out there for a bloody purpose:  
Education, education and more bloody education."

A bleached strip of powder,  
Cerulean liquid,  
Mai tai, Hawaiian shirt,  
Coconut for shelter

"It's a bloody wilderness out there,  
Uninhabited dangers lurking my dear.  
That's what he's there for,  
Trekking the unknown."

No forty days,  
No forty nights,  
No Jesus,  
Too many devils.

Another iced mai tai,  
More women than baht,  
Blinding, uncensored night.

Summer is the cruellest time of year:  
Sickly nights enticingly engulf  
With their soothing neon glow.  
There are no lilacs.

TOM KEMBLE (UVI)

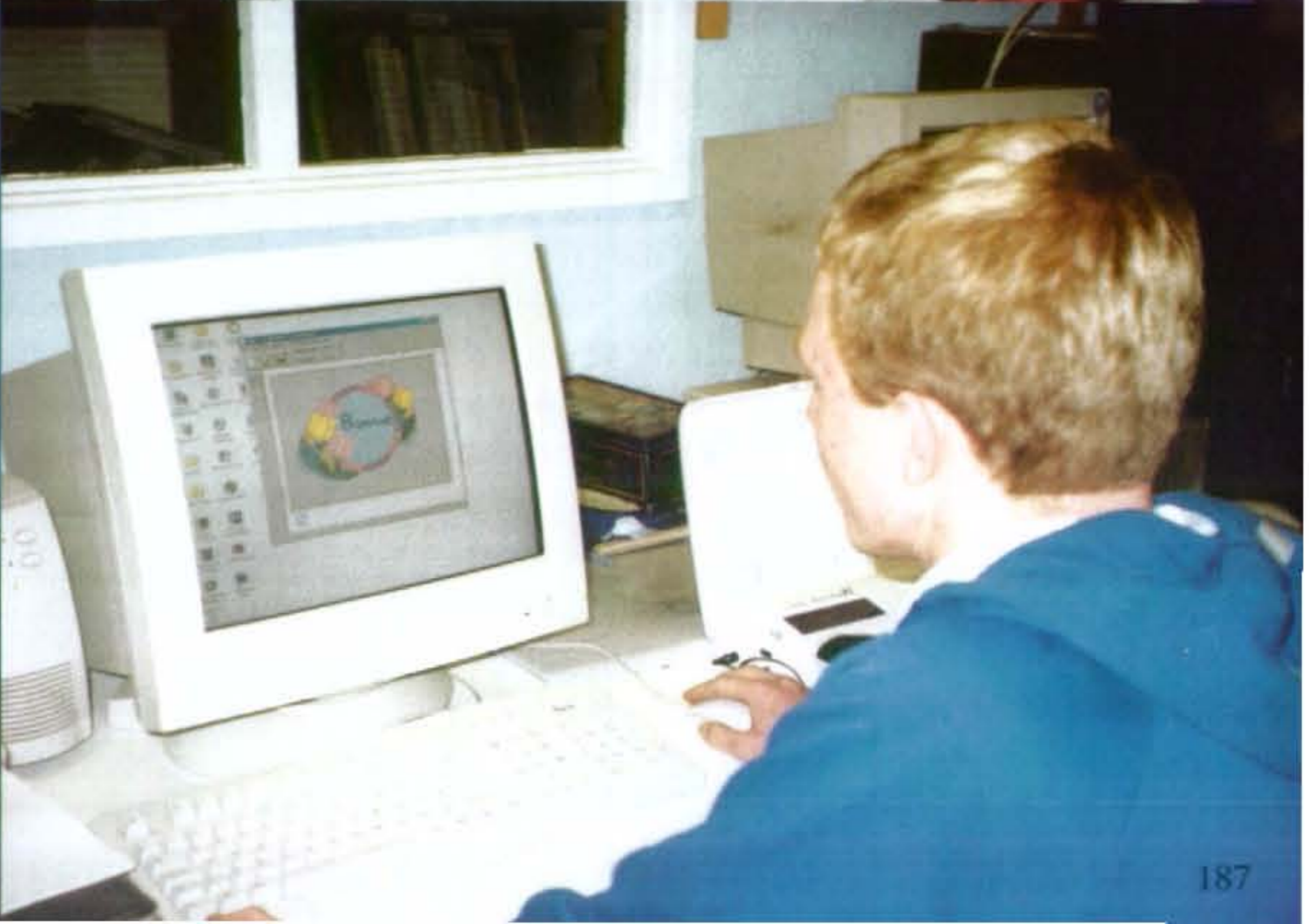
A large number of pupils – and not just the artistic – enjoy using dyes, paints, threads and cloth to create a variety of decorative items, many of which adorn studies throughout the school. Boys and girls of all ages are competent in using the sewing machines to construct cushions, beach bags and simple clothes.

By popular demand we also run a serious dressmaking class where pupils learn methods of clothes construction – trousers, skirts, hoodies and evening wear having been produced this year. Creative textiles is a popular 'skill' for the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme. For this pupils must show an interest in a variety of techniques, for example tie dye, batik, silk painting, collage work, printing, marbling, photocopying prints, computer-aided design transformed to fabric or experimenting with our new scanner and computerised sewing machine. We are very short of space for such work, but maybe this creates an ambience in which everyone helps each other.

EM

# Textiles





## DISGRACE

The sunbeams gleamed down at a shallow angle, scintillating on miniature gold crosses embedded in the solid, wooden wall. The bright, soft rays glistened on a silver chalice and plate, reflecting their sparkles onto polished, marble statues positioned in the corners of the walls. A precipitation of dust drizzled through the radiant stripes, emphasising the downpour of life's decay. Coloured yellow, red, green, and blue by the stained glass window, high, near the ceiling, on the right wall, the sun's light, now tinted, illuminated the altar.

Incense drifted throughout the building, expunging the smell of man, the stench of sin. The fragrance purified not only the lungs, but the redolence calmed and concentrated the mind. The scent of this sweet smelling spice was so strong that any person there was forced to either cough or sneeze, blowing out the inner demons that plagued their fallen lives. Other than this, there was a respectful silence. A sinner spluttering was a small eruption in a place of profound peace. The saviour looked down on the congregation from his painful vantage point, with pity in his eye and compassion in his heart. His limp, metallic body hung gleaming in the coruscation of the windows. The sculpture of a dead man, the sculpture of the living lord.

The main entrance lay open, the large oak doors sleeping, at rest from the work of being closed. Through this portal nature sung in from without. Fresh, green leaves whispered to each other in the branches, numerous birds chatting and the crickets sang to each other in a monotonous tone. He stood there, intent only on hearing and observing. He could smell nothing but the burning spice and taste nothing but the stale saliva from his dry mouth, smeared on his teeth. His vocation was one of devotion; his clothes were devout, his movement was devout, his food was devout, his life was devout. He was known as a man of God, a disciple, a priest of the Roman Catholic church. Vows of chastity had crossed his lips, beliefs in loving everyone filled his brain. God was his master, God was his life and the next.

Holy communion had just ended in the large, ornate Italian church. The forgotten were scattered amongst the pews, many wandering away, while visiting were the spiritually blind, now allowed to enter the house of art, eager only to inspect the graffiti of an ancient impressionist. The priest ate his flesh and drank his blood, remembering that he had been crucified with Christ, and no longer lived, except that Christ lived in him. He closed his eyes and dreamed of his master.

When he awoke from his prayer and opened his eyes, he was immediately terrified by the exquisite pulchritude before him.

She had floated in, an angel without wings, but adorned with perfection. Her smooth, gently tanned skin veiled her delicate body, while her long shapely

legs bore her elegantly across the cold stone floor, with the chipping of white stilettos scorching a path behind her. The bronze limbs stopped, leaving the girl a little before the priest, while she inspected the golden image of Jesus hanging far above his head.

He was beguiled by her faultlessness: her elfin nose, the slender column of her neck, decorated with a delicate necklace of pearl. Her lips were full and pink. Her black, black hair curled down around her neck, resting on her shoulders, a cascade of human silk. It was her eyes, though, that heated his blood. They were a brilliant aqua, unusual for a Latin, but deep and magical pools of clarity. Beauty had captured her when it was at its most pure.

An explosion burst from the centre of his heart, yet it was not broken, but inflamed, burning, (for beauty is the fascination of the soul blazing to act on impulse, but fascination is the beauty of the mind craving to escape). Roaring flames surged thorough his spirit He desired her, whole and entire, this inferno that was consuming his brain. He could feel her skin, smell her sweet aroma in his head. He envisioned laying her in a bed of roses and searching those bottomless pools of eyes... Then thorns stabbed his heart. A young man had strolled up the aisle, confident, strong and good-looking. His hair matched hers for colour and his eyes were brown but, like hers, deep. The man put his hands around his girlfriend's waist, whispered in her ear from behind and gently kissed her neck.

The priest stood motionless. His heart missed two beats and then resumed at an accelerated tempo. Consternation pumping quickly through his veins was replaced with poison, which pulsed throughout his body. He despised this man, this devil that had stolen his goddess, his nymph. Ice froze over his soul, no longer was he hot with lust, but freezing with envy. He imagined having the strength to rip the man's lungs from his body and to tear his head off. An animal inside him roared and snarled at the man, baring teeth that could take life, fierce and dangerous. He spat venom through the glare of his eyes, disintegrating the man's ego. The chaos and torment in him had the force to destroy his church, that ancient, sturdy structure. The man would be crushed, bones splintered, blood splattered, muscles torn. He yearned to destroy this Satan. It was then that he suddenly realised, *he* was Satan.

The priest had forgotten his values. The Anti-Christ had slithered into his soul, his mind had been possessed by evil. Why had he fallen into this abyss of insecurity, pain, anguish and greed? His breathing now slowed, as did his heart-rate. Passion, lust and ruinous jealousy were dispersed. A new reality held him. He did not want to kiss or to strike, but to be at peace, to be able to think about his sordid love and his sinful justice. It was wrong: he had not felt the good of love and the good of justice, but the harmful defects, lust and envy.

It might be natural for an ordinary human being to have such emotions, locked safely into a cell yet pounding the walls to escape and be free, but not him! He was not allowed to have such illusions, not when he had supreme faith. Here he was again, thinking himself to be greater than others, conceited. He was fighting as a Trojan; he felt that he could not win. If he believed himself to be better than his neighbour, he was damned; but if he believed himself to be the same

as his neighbour, he was damned. What a torment it was to live!

In spite of this he would be forgiven; not by the woman, not by the man, not even by himself, but by God. For by humiliating his spirit, he had humiliated God.

DAVID DE LA MOTTE HERVEY (LVI)

## CHILD'S PLAY

'Bang!' A few slithers of smoke curl out of the barrel and disperse into the still air. Fragments of the original sound bounce off and return from the tall canyon walls. The frame ascends the subject's body, revealing a dusty and torn poncho, then a neck and jaw, dark with dirt and stubble. The shot continues: dry, parched lips and white teeth, glinting in the afternoon sun, are held in a half-grimace. A day old stub of a cheroot is wedged in between his clenched right molars. The rounded end of the man's nose is shown before it disappears under the dark rim of his sombrero. The shot zooms out to show the bandido flick his revolver into its leather holster and swing himself onto his horse in one smooth motion. With a tug on the reins and a sharp kick to the ribs, the horse bucks, and then gallops off into the distance, pulling up a trail of dust behind them. The shot fades to black...

Little Billie sat cross-legged on the tatty, worn carpet in his favourite red t-shirt, splashed with dark stains and frayed at the bottom. His chin was perched on his right hand, his eyes staring up into the television. Credits scrolled across the screen and the rhythmic plucking of the Spanish guitar crackled out of the torn speaker and filled Billie's head. He liked television, more than most children his age. It was his only teacher.

'Get up boy!' a brutal, croaking voice growled, 'and go make yourself useful.' A heavy hand pushed Billie's head away. It was his father, wearing an aertex vest and holding a cigarette in his left hand. He slumped down into a moth-eaten armchair and flicked ash onto the floor. Billie got up and ran into the next room, the kitchen. His mum stood in front of him, facing away, cooking some bacon on the single hob. She hummed along to a high-pitched voice blaring out of the radio. He stood there, watching the pan spatter grease. One tiny droplet projected itself onto his forearm. He recoiled and whined. His mum turned her head and saw him. She then flicked off the radio and

bent down in front of him, her expression showing more pain than Billie's. She held his small arm and rubbed it tenderly. She ran her hands through his tangled hair and said, 'Don't look so sad, Billie, it's Christmas Eve. You'll like the present Santa's got for you. It's not what you wished for, but I'm sure you'll like it.' He saw tears well up in her eyes. She stood up, sniffed and placed her hand on his shoulder. 'Just think about tomorrow.' She then turned back to her cooking and flicked on the radio again.

Billie thought about what his present would be. He knew Santa Claus didn't exist. The television had taught him that. He wondered where it would be. He walked back out of the kitchen, scratching his arm, and turned into his parents' bedroom. As he reached the door he heard a loud, resounding belch coming from the armchair and, without looking back, Billie ran into the safety of the room in front of him.

Instinctively, the first place Billie looked was under the bed. He saw nothing except a cockroach which flicked its antennae at him and then scuttled off and out of sight. He then stood up and looked around the room, which was illuminated by a crack in the curtain that covered the window. He pulled open the drawer of the bedside table and looked inside. He saw an object he recognised and pulled it out. The revolver was heavy in his miniature hands, much heavier than he had thought it would be. He turned it over in his grasp so he could see the other side. The metal was cold and dull, and outlined with thin lines of rust. His eyes glided over the old weapon. Then he turned it again, so that he gripped the handle backwards, with his small thumb stretched around the trigger. He looked down into the barrel. He was almost mesmerised. He continued to stare...deep into the black eye of...

... 'Bang!'

RAMSAY FANOUS (LVI)

Freddie Barrie's

# Fifth Form Focus







## DESIGN AND TECHNOLOGY

There is a terrific sense of achievement in the Design and Technology Department. The A-level results last year were the most impressive yet. 12 out of the 19 candidates achieved grade A, and all the GCSE candidates managed to achieve a grade C or above.

This year the high standard of work has been maintained and there are twice as many Stoics completing coursework projects for external assessment, partly due to the introduction of the AS course and partly due to the rapid increase in popularity and numbers within the subject.

There were over 100 excellent projects produced by the GCSE and A-level students on display for this year's exhibition on Speech Day. It was the culmination of many hours of hard work. The quality of the artefacts on display reflected the amount of time and care that each Stoic had put into his or her work over and above that required by the examination board.

With such a wide variety of coursework projects it is increasingly difficult to award the prizes. The Worsley Prize was awarded to Hannah Durden. She decided to design and make a coffee table for her home and came up with a very clean design. The paperwork she presented for this project was excellent and received maximum marks.

The largest construction this year was by Ed Hackett-Jones. He wanted to design and make something that could be kept in the family for years. His final design was a very large four-poster bed. He cleverly designed it so that he could take it apart for storage and transportation. For this, he was awarded the Friends of Stowe Prize for Design in Wood.

Henry Watson decided to solve the popular problem of designing garden aids. He identified the major problem to be the transporting of equipment and rubbish. His simple solution was effective and well made. He was awarded the John Holland Prize for Design in Metal.

In addition to the construction of the finished design, the folder produced is also a major part of the coursework. Oliver Weston was awarded the Andrew McAlpine Prize for Technical Graphics. The quality of his paperwork was first class.

In addition to these prize winners a number of Stoics need to be mentioned for their outstanding work: James Johnstone – kitchen unit, Annabel Brann – sofa bed, Edward Black – workdesk, Alex de Rivaz – drawing board, Peter Rossiter – kitchen table.

This year the Lower School Prize for Design was hotly contested. There was a great number of excellent GCSE projects; many worthy of a prize. The eventual winner was Jeremy Walker for his workdesk and storage. Other Stoics who were highly commended were David Ashby (polo trainer) and Myles Kaye (oak table).

All of the exhibits at this year's exhibition showed the vast array of talents that are being developed. It still gives us all enormous pleasure to see projects that are conceived by Stoics, designed by Stoics, made by Stoics, and taken home proudly by Stoics.

MARK WELLINGTON  
(HEAD OF DEPARTMENT)



## IN THE WILDERNESS

Sit up! Watch! The beginning of it all,  
A time before misery, unconscious of the fall.  
Man towards evil? Light towards dark,  
Come observe the building of the Ark.

This was no wilderness, no destitute land  
But one single paradise, destroyed by one single hand.  
A world created for our sole desire,  
Now in flames is our quest for fire.

Quick, quick My Lord  
Light up this sphere  
But alas! Wherever light does shine,  
Shadows draw near.

And oh! Almighty  
What a shroud these two have cast.  
Though their faces light up fiercely  
Their souls are cursed.

My stomach is full as Thou can see,  
My heart is empty, though it need not be.  
Forgive, My God, but never forget  
This sin which I did tragically commit.

Come walk down to the sea with me  
To watch the end of it all,  
And as we swim forever to him  
Lament always that fall.

And as his tear joins our one hope,  
Let's both dive in, our grief to share,  
And care not the salt stings your eyes  
That preserves your soul as it cries.

DOMINIC SULLIVAN (LVI)

## A DIFFERENT WORLD

The sky is typically pink.  
The hot blast of the river flows overhead.  
The high suns are casting long shadows  
Over the twiglike mountains, ending at the foot  
Of a huge cloud reaching upwards towards  
The abyss of above.  
The birds converse in Latin under the shade  
Of the dandelion tree. The diamond beach  
Falls off to meet the rocky sea where  
The lonely truck waits to set sail to another  
Land yet will remain with idling engine.  
The crops hang like chandeliers from above.  
And the clouds shoot thousands of watery bullets  
Upward  
Forever seeking their infinite destination.

The canyon standing tall in the clear mist,  
The blue trees standing along the ground, reflecting  
In the dark reflection of the wall, while  
The wall strangles the ivy in its steel grip. And  
The lorry flies alone in the dazzle of the midnight sky.  
The hands of time are frozen at midnight,  
The clocktower, stuck like a dart into the ground,  
As this poem systematically unwrites itself.

CHARLES SANCHEZ (IV)

## BURIED IN CONCRETE

Lifelessness  
Jutting out from the screaming tarmac  
Like urban acne, mounting skywards boasting  
Assets of concrete and glass.  
Deep inside the veins and corridors  
Breathes the life and soul  
Of metropolitan London. Bustling  
And bumping through life on the number 19  
To Putney. Working at a job they don't want,  
For a man they don't like,  
For a company they don't know. They return,  
Weary, to a droning landscape,  
Chipboard beds and doors.  
The solitary microwave dinner  
Enticingly emblazoned with  
'Cooks in just 4 minutes'.  
Centuries of grime build up on everything  
Touchable by the human hand,  
These unseen lives  
Buried in concrete.

CHARLES SANCHEZ (IV)

## EMBARRASSMENT

Acned skin, cellulite thighs, crooked teeth, a flat chest, excess bodily hair – unlike most teenage girls, Sophie had remained untouched by these evils throughout her blissful 16 years. As far as she was concerned, the less pleasant effects of the maturing process were disabilities which were inflicted on the less fortunate. The less fortunate were not the sort of people to whom Sophie granted entry into her precious clique whose chief concerns were the sky-high levels of pulchritude and popularity that surrounded them.

Sophie had always been greeted with a mirror image that had brought a smile to her perfect features – flowing blonde hair, cornflower blue eyes, perpetually tanned flawless skin, legs which went on for ever. Needless to say, she had never been in want of male attention.

So when her eagle eye skimmed over the new talent in school, her pupils widened with anticipation when she focused in on her target: Will Taylor. It was common knowledge that all Sophie would have to do was saunter past, swing those hips, bat her eyelids, and he was hers.

It was no surprise when he willingly fell for her charms. They had arranged to meet for dinner the following night.

Sophie dressed in a tiny, black, strapless excuse for a dress. Seduction hung heavy in her mind. She knew there was no plausible reason for anyone to refuse her when she looked like this.

As she sashayed into the restaurant, she felt all eyes turn on her. A self-satisfied smile played on her lips. She spotted the object of her game and sauntered towards him. 'Hi Will,' she said breathily as she slid delicately into her seat. 'Did you miss me?' He responded to her flirtatious manner with awkward smiles and shy words. The more this continued, the more her frustration grew. She was unaccustomed to having her advances ignored. She was a professional at this game and had not yet had a failure, nor did she expect herself ever to be disappointed in this field. She leaned forward for him to catch a glimpse of her cleavage; she widened her eyes and glanced at him coyly while twirling a tendril of her fair locks around her finger. But the familiar look of interest had not yet entered his eyes. Her irritation stemmed from the fact that she simply could not understand his obliviousness: she was, after all, stunning and half undressed and suggestive to the point of being virtually pornographic.

She felt her abundance of confidence begin to leak out, and an unfamiliar sense of insecurity and paranoia settle in. She poured herself several glasses of wine, hoping that a false sense of confidence would aid her failing seduction.

As time ticked by and alcohol was consumed, Sophie began to feel a mental slowness. Her brain-to-hand co-ordination was having difficulty functioning. Her speech and careful pronunciation became slurred to the point where she had to lapse into deep concentration in order to sound vaguely coherent. Unable to view the situation with a critical eye, she began to appear verbally and physically demanding, her voice loud and brash, her speech free of grammatical sense and devoid of decent language, her hands groping and clumsy. Will began to feel embarrassed for her; he was conscious of the curious stares from nearby tables and was eager to leave.

'Sophie,' he said quietly, 'we should go now. Do you think you can walk properly?' 'Wha?' she slurred, drunkenly. 'Why don't you like me? D'ya think I'm sexy? Do you?' She began to pull her top down as though to uncover herself. He immediately stood up and took her hand. She attempted to stand, rocked uncertainly on her feet before collapsing back into her chair. 'Can't gedd up,' she mumbled, 'Can't walk.'

By now the restaurant had come to a silent standstill, all conversation halted apart from the aghast whispering from nearby tables. 'God, look at the state she's in.' The *maitre d'* and a circle of waiters ushered her to her feet in an embarrassed fashion. She swayed dangerously as she took her first steps forward. 'I'm awri,' she mumbled. 'OK, I'm OK.' Will, the waiters and the rest of the entire restaurant watched in abject horror as her body convulsed suddenly, once, twice. She fell clumsily to her knees and her hands grabbed at her mouth but it was too late. Her final, third convulsion brought the contents of her dinner pouring out of her mouth and seeping through her hands. Regurgitated Spaghetti Carbonara and pints of red wine soiled her clothes, her hair hung stringy and wet with chewed food attached to the ends, her skirt hitched up to her hips, her hands covered in the source of her shame. The stench of her vomit filled those close enough with revulsion as though the sight of her wasn't enough. All eyes focused on her pitiful crouched figure, their faces twisted in disgust as she mumbled, 'I'm sorry, sorry, so sorry' – sitting in a pool of putrid vomit while looking into the face of her 'target' who stared back down at her. Throughout the meal she had aggressively attempted to get a reaction out of him, and now she had: revulsion, embarrassment and pity.

SAM SPENCER (UVI)

## IN THE WILDERNESS

A roar signals the end of the working day,  
A day of hunting faceless names and deceitful figures  
In an ever-expanding jungle of chaos,  
Where small children press keys to access forbidden  
domains.

I wend my way through crowds of chattering monkeys  
Who scream as I pass them by, and overhead I see owls  
Peeping out of dark holes as they watch the sheep  
Flocking below them and one man trying  
To move against the flow. They glare at him.

The man is drowning in the surge of bodies trying  
To reach his home among the dustbins and old  
newspapers.  
His things are cast-offs, yet plunder for thieves.  
Nobody looks at him; he is left for the scavengers.

The back alleys are dark  
I am being stalked by dangers that merge with darkness  
And shift with shadows with stealth of tigers.

I enter my dwelling place and bar the door.  
A glance in the mirror shows a worn face,  
Crowned by tangled hair that cascades down  
In vines and creepers. Then I tumble into bed.

Lying on a bed of rocks I see nothing.  
I look with my ears and form images  
Of the jungle beneath and around me.  
I listen to shrieks of giant beasts that challenge  
And hear moans of self-pity from cats and dogs.

I drift off accompanied by the whisper  
Of millions of lights igniting and extinguishing  
And the voice of a gentle breeze that ebbs and flows in  
my ears,  
Soothing dreams that carry long into the night.

EDWARD COMBER (V)  
JUNIOR ROXBURGH PRIZE WINNER



Tom Kemble (UVI)  
AS-level Photography

The following poem reflects on the Bulger murderers in the manner of T.S. Eliot's 'Prufrock' with allusions to Shakespearian scenes and to Browning's verse.

## LEAVING THE WILDERNESS

The Elegy of February 12th 1993

*As you from crimes would pardoned be,  
Let your indulgence set me free.*

*'Tis now full tide 'tweene night and day,  
End your groane, and come away.*

Let us wait, patiently,  
Here together you and me,  
Until the morning calls for motiveless malignity.  
Out of my window, I may see a cloud,  
Perhaps the birds will sing –  
And why should they be mute?  
They're unaware of what they bring.  
Soon after that, I'll don my inky shroud.  
As I walk, I'll wear the well-worn floorboards down  
Until my memories wake me, and I drown.

In the stalls the audience sits and smiles,  
Carefully weighing my currents with guile.  
They cast critique upon the stage  
And praise this 'One Night Only' show –  
But they'll not demand a curtain call.  
(They will say: 'Come, my dear, that is all.')

Then never again may I stare and be amazed  
By Marvell's palms, and oaks, and bays:  
From where I'll act they'll sit above  
And overwhelm me with their love.

But their minds are tabloid sheets  
Discarded by the Marlboro filter streets.  
Yet they have known me all already –  
Known me all!  
Have known my mornings and my afternoons  
As they count out each in coffee spoons.  
Dissatisfied tramps  
Black and white televisions  
Recovering street lamps.  
Yet more unmoved are their decisions.  
But they are not the scholars of my universe:  
A lifetime would that universal epitaph reverse.  
Ten minutes will not.

In the room, audiences come and go,  
Just voyeurs with what they know.  
(But nothing have they heard of Hamlet's transformation!  
So I call it since neither the mirror  
Nor the mind resembles that it was.)

Behind the glass they sit, row upon row:  
One peels an orange; another skins my heart;  
Both patiently wait for the show to start –  
Half a world away from their maledictions,  
A lifetime from their railings and convictions.

But I have heard them singing,  
Singing each to each,  
Have heard them walk upon the beach,  
Have heard them laughing in the rain,  
And I shall hear them all again.  
But I do not think that they will sing to me.

Let us consider, carefully now,  
What twenty centuries will allow:  
Pain begun remains always  
If vengeance mends our sickly ways.  
(They will say: 'An eye for an eye...')

But it is they who will rise and file from the stalls  
And walk down certain sun-lit streets  
After the curtain falls.

Let us go then, you and I,  
Now that the morn has spoilt the sky.  
I have a journey, on which I soon must go;  
My master calls me, I must not say no.  
So take your rood and bless my neck  
And, too, the room that now they check  
So that I may remember why.  
(In the broken, bloodstained glass I see  
He and I, and yet not me!)

I see us walk on TV screens  
Past every heart without a voice  
Past every voice which had no means.  
I see the soul leave his body torn and bruised  
As a mind deserts a body so abused.  
And as I was I am afraid.

But I, too, have walked like he,  
Have walked hand in hand with Fortune's whores,  
Kept from life by elevator doors  
And all their charity.  
But Iago?  
I was not meant to be.

Let us part then, here at last,  
One moment now for one that's passed:  
Turn around, walk away,  
And as you go tread not dismay;  
Purchase for them what I can tell:  
'Striving to better, oft we mar what's well'.

(In the room, my audience has not stirred,  
And God has yet to say a word!)

ALEX ROGERS (UVI)



Alex Eve writes on the  
**AYLESBURY ROTARY  
DESIGN AND TECHNOLOGY  
TOURNAMENT 2001**

About a dozen schools from the Aylesbury Vale area sent teams to compete this year. This has become a popular annual tournament, efficiently organised by the Rotary Club. Prizes were awarded by the Mayor of Aylesbury. The task set was to design and make a device to launch a payload into the air, bringing it back to the ground as gently as possible. Excruciating humiliation should it fail to perform as intended, but the joys of the laurels (and a nice wad of money) for the victors and their school. Also reassuring was that the advanced pupils' teams did better than the teachers' teams. The combined efforts of the teams effectively recapitulated the evolution of catapult and parachute technology, from Leonardo da Vinci to James Bond, in one day. All participants acquired a taste of the pleasures of team problem-solving using resistant materials. There were some outstanding graphics from Jeremy Robinson.





In early July 1999, just as summer was beginning to make an appearance in the northern hemisphere and British school teachers were starting their well deserved summer holiday, I had packed my bags, prepared new sets of teaching notes and was on a plane heading for midwinter and the start of a new term.

Under the auspices of the League for the Exchange of Commonwealth Teachers, I had arranged a swap with Andrew Scott, English and Drama teacher from Knox Grammar School, Sydney, New South Wales. For a year, I was to live in his spacious 1930's bungalow on Sydney's 'leafy North Shore' and teach at one of the city's largest and most traditional private (not public!) schools, Knox Grammar. Founded by Presbyterians in the same year as Stowe and named after the father of the Scottish Reformation, it takes its British heritage very seriously. It has a kilted bagpipe band, immaculately drilled cadet force,

dozens of cricket and rugby teams, strictly imposed uniform of royal blue blazers and straw boaters and weekly chapel services which even John Knox would not have found excessively lively.

When I started term a few days later, I quickly saw that the same criticism was not going to be made of my lessons, though their ebullient liveliness was not always what I had planned! Classes of thirty boys in a small classroom provided a very different teaching context from the one I had become accustomed to at Stowe and I quickly learned that a collaborative and informal approach to classroom management was not a recipe for success. Strong arm tactics seemed to go down better and produced the necessary calm, at least periodically. Class discussion was not a good idea either: it quickly turned to consideration of North Sydney nightclubs and which beaches to go to for the best surf.

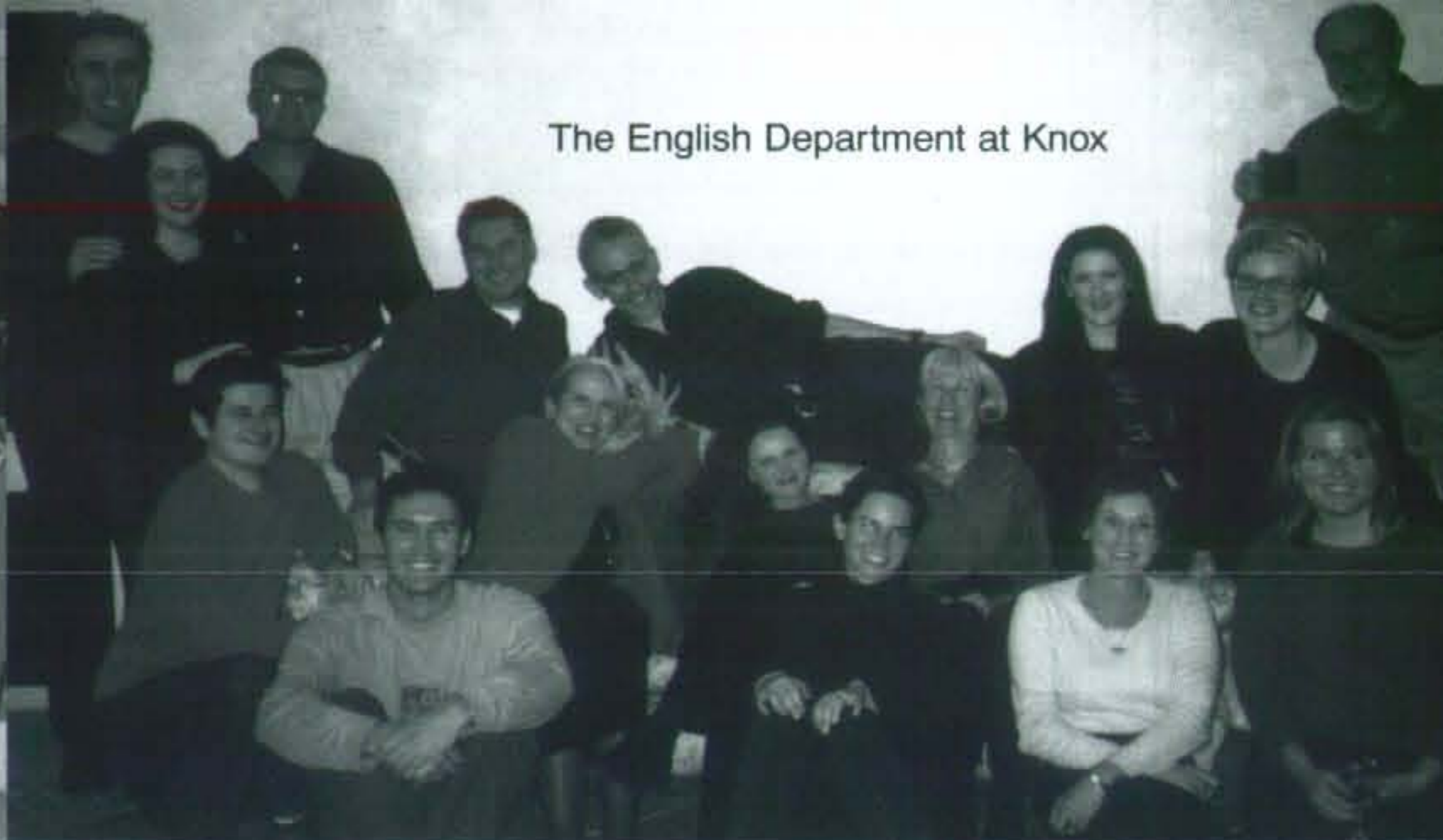
As an English/Drama teacher at Knox I had the great







David's class



The English Department at Knox

benefit of having my desk and computer in a large communal office with the fifteen other English and Drama teachers. This made my transition to new syllabuses and systems of working surprisingly easy. Invariably in such a large department several of us were working on the same courses at any given time and sharing of ideas and materials happened regularly.

For a newly arrived pommie, there were some significant changes to take on board. In addition to a strong component of Aboriginal and white Australian literature, the English courses include elements which, here, would probably go under the title of Media Studies. There is more emphasis on film, television and journalism, less on what might be considered canonical literary texts and courses are written to focus on contexts, authorial viewpoint and selected medium to a much greater extent than in England. Breadth rather than depth was definitely the order of the day.

I arrived at Knox at an exciting time for the school, the decision having been taken that all students and staff would make the transition from working on paper to computer. During my year laptops were much in evidence and the new intake of pupils from January 2001 have all been required to use laptops for writing and presenting work instead of exercise books or file paper. The implications of such a basic change to teaching and learning methods was of course a major talking point during the year.

Sydney is marvellous place to live. Built around one of the largest and arguably the most beautiful natural harbours in the world and flanked by miles of ocean beaches, it is a very attractive city. Even in winter the temperature is well above freezing at night and pleasantly warm during many of the short days of June and July. By January and February we were having some uncomfortably hot weather with temperatures up to 40 degrees and very humid. (One practice for the CCF annual parade was cancelled because it was too hot!)

When it rains in Sydney, it really rains: three or four days of torrential downpours. Generally however skies are clear, the air is fresh and temperatures are in the 20's, like a perfect English June!

The city centre is dominated by the soaring office blocks of the Central Business District which clusters around Circular Quay. Standing there, at the edge of the harbour with the enormous Harbour Bridge on your left, the elegant curves of the Opera House to your right and the ferries plying across the blue water is a not to be missed experience. Walk for a few minutes towards the smart restaurants under a new classical colonnade and up the ancient stone steps and you approach the gothic pile of Government House and several hundred acres of botanic gardens which to British eyes at least look wonderfully exotic. From there you can walk for miles around the many bays and inlets and out to North and South Heads which divide the harbour from the Pacific Ocean.

One advantage of being in the teaching profession is that you have more than the usual quota of holidays. During my year down under, I took the opportunity to travel: to Melbourne and along the Great Ocean Road, to a farm in a remote part of NSW, to Cairns, the Great Barrier Reef and the tropical rain forest and managed to fit in a trip to New Zealand before returning to the UK.

The whole experience of living and working in Australia was so rewarding that I was tempted to stay, especially when I was offered a teaching position there and there would be no difficulty in obtaining residency, but the attractions of life in the UK were too strong (weather and national crises notwithstanding) to be resisted.

If there is any teacher out there who is thinking of an exchange, I can recommend it highly and as to where to spend the year there can be no better place than Sydney.



Classic sights of Australia





**David Hrankovic writes on**

# The Model European Parliament

**in Vienna and Copenhagen**

Above: The author speaking at the General Assembly

Right [top to bottom]:  
The British Delegation  
Learning to waltz on the Danube  
Help! Team building chorus  
Ball night in Vienna

As usual Stowe was represented at both MEP sessions of the academic year. At the first, in Vienna, Mark Harper, Oleg Papazov, Holly Middleditch and Charles Archer had the honour of having been chosen to represent the United Kingdom along with 6 pupils from other English schools. I myself joined their group as an organisational aide, but then became head of delegation for Luxemburg, who could for some reason not attend this session of the MEP.

On arrival we were welcomed by our guides at Vienna airport. We were then taken to the team-building site where we got to know the other countries' delegates, altogether 150 young and interesting people from all European member states. The team-building involved a boat trip on the Danube during which we were taught how to dance the exquisite Viennese Waltz. On Sunday evening all delegates were picked up by their host families who were kindly offering their hospitality.

On Monday work in the committees commenced. Groups of 15 delegates, one from each member state, spent 4 days trying to find solutions to such complex and highly relevant topics as the eastward expansion of the European Union and a European constitution. They then formulated their ideas in formal resolutions. It might seem impossible for young people of little knowledge and experience to find answers to questions that cannot be solved by Europe's leading politicians, yet somehow we reached a consensus on most issues. Friday and Saturday were spent in the General Assembly debating the various committees' resolutions. This took place in the official building of the Austrian Parliament. It was an outstanding privilege to be able to debate in a building of such historical importance. Everyone was given the opportunity to say as much or as little as they wished. The United Kingdom, of course, upheld a very conservative attitude thus constantly arguing with countries such as Denmark and Sweden. We learnt that most of our opinions concerning

**“The United Kingdom,  
of course, upheld a very  
conservative attitude.”**

other European countries were based on unjustified and prejudiced ideas. In general everyone was very open-minded and interesting to talk to. After each debate the resolutions were put to the vote of the General Assembly.

However the week was not all work. Every night we were invited to some dinner, be it at the British Embassy, a traditional Austrian beer-garden, the city-hall of Vienna or other exclusive locations. The Austrian food was outstanding and so was their hospitality. We were invited to many receptions, at the Austrian Parliament and in the National Library, where we had the privilege of listening to a discussion on the European Eastward Enlargement given by some of Austria's leading politicians and researchers. We also enjoyed Vienna's splendid night-life. The week closed with a typical Viennese ball in the city-hall. At the end of the week we were all tired, but sad to leave Vienna and all the friends we had made. Most of us are still in touch with many of the other delegates and I still have very good friends from as far back as Lisbon (over one year ago).

I went to Copenhagen simply to meet a friend I had met first in Lisbon and then in Vienna. He was now the President of the General Assembly in Denmark. Staying with him showed me the MEP from a different angle. I saw how much effort and hours the organisation of such an event takes and was surprised at the brilliance with which this friend of mine, who is only a little older than me, managed to cope with all of the stress. Denmark was a much more relaxed experience than Vienna or Lisbon. There was less on the programme and one had more time to see the city.

I wish to thank all those who have given me and the other delegates the opportunity to enjoy this outstanding and unforgettable experience. Among these are of course Dr James and Mrs Andrews, who have spent endless time and care in organising things for the British delegation, Mrs Anna van Sminia, the Secretary General of the Model European Parliament Foundation, and especially the Headmaster.

The Headmaster became President of the Board of the Model European Parliament Foundation in April 1997 at the time when Stowe acted as host for the United Kingdom. After four years dedicated to the expansion of the Model European Parliament UK Foundation, the Headmaster retired from the presidency in May 2001. On behalf of all past delegates, sincerest thanks are given to the Headmaster for his time and commitment to this prestigious initiative.



## Ailsa Cole on the UPPER SIXTH PARIS EXCHANGE

**“Lettie didn’t tell me she suffers from vertigo until the wheel started to move...”**



In the Place des Vosges, standing left to right: SJBA, Ailsa Cole, Lettie Edwards-Moss, Natalie Tkachuk, Susanna Williams, REM, Harry Trelawny, Vanessa Beldam, Christina Glatzel, Charlotte Lamping, Nick Oldridge, Lucinda Roberts-Holmes. In front: Johnathan Harris and Bilal Mattar.

Arriving in Paris at around 6pm we were greeted by our *correspondants* (who came to visit us at Stowe for a week last summer) and their families. Mine proudly announced that we would be travelling back to their apartment in true Parisian style, on the Metro.

On Monday morning we shadowed our *correspondants* through a day of lessons at their school, Jean-Baptiste Say. Just to make sure we felt at home it poured it down all day but everyone had survived their first night with their host family without making too many *faux pas* so we weren't too bothered. The day of lessons proved an invaluable insight into the differences between the French and English education systems. I think we were all quite surprised at the relaxed atmosphere outside the classroom. It was reassuring, however, to learn that school meals are more or less the same wherever you are!

On Tuesday we had an early start to our day with a visit to the RATP, the Paris Transport System Headquarters, where we were given a talk on the history of the Metro in Paris and got the chance to see the Main Control Centre of the Metro. In the afternoon we found ourselves in a Control Centre of a different kind, L'Assemblée Nationale, the French equivalent to our Houses of Parliament. We heard Lionel Jospin address the House and although we were all on our best behaviour, spotted a few MP's catching up on their sleep or reading a newspaper in the back stalls! To round off our day we went to the Comédie Française to see *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* by Molière. The old-fashioned French went over our heads a bit but our seats in the very top row gave us an excellent view of the theatre.

On Wednesday we spent the morning visiting *les égouts* or, as we say in English, the sewers. Not what you might consider an obvious choice of tourist attraction but once we'd got over the smell and the unnerving way in which drips of water dropped onto the back of your neck, they proved surprisingly interesting. Our guide was excellent although I'm not sure that tales of sewage workers falling into the sewage were quite what we needed just before lunch! Wednesdays are half days at school for French students so after lunch with our

families, Lettie and I spent the afternoon having a guided tour of Paris with our *correspondants*. This included a trip on the Paris Millennium wheel. Though not quite as grand as the London Eye, the view of the Paris skyline was still pretty amazing. Unfortunately Lettie didn't tell me she suffers from vertigo until the wheel started to move so she spent most of the time screaming and clinging on to me!

On Thursday we visited the Musée Carnavalet, a museum of the history of Paris. It was well worth a visit as we picked up some interesting facts that they don't tell you about in the guidebooks. That afternoon we were let loose on Paris to do a spot of sightseeing. Lettie and I indulged in a little retail therapy before going on a whistlestop but free tour (care of the museum staff who were on strike) of the Louvre. Later on we all met up at the Centre Pompidou and then went on to La Samaritaine department store, which offers a spectacular panoramic view of Paris from its top floor terrace.

On Friday we met up at school and walked down to La Maison de la Radio, the equivalent to our BBC. This gave us time to indulge in our latest hobby, Twingo spotting! This very simple game involves spotting as many Twingos (a French Renault) as possible and then yelling out "TWINGO" as loudly as you can before anyone else. I think Harry, Oldo, Nessa and Lettie are still arguing about who won. (I must admit I was completely hopeless). Once at the Maison de la Radio we were given a guided tour of the building including the recording studios and then were lucky enough to sit in on a live topical news programme, a surreal experience, which included an interview with French film legend, Claude Chabrol. We spent Saturday with our host families doing various different things. My family took me for a night boat trip down the Seine, a perfect way to see the City for one last time.

We caught the Eurostar back to Waterloo on Sunday morning. By this time we were all exhausted but more confident and fluent in our French, so the trip was a definite success.

All that remains to be said is a big thank-you to our host families for being so welcoming and to Dr Masters and Mr Ayers for organising and accompanying us on a great trip.

# KLIMT AND VIENNA

Jessica Maisey and Alexa Clark report on their McElwee Expedition

We chose to visit Vienna in order to study Gustav Klimt, the founder of the Secession movement, and also the change in Austrian art at the turn of the twentieth century. Over the week we visited what seemed an endless selection of museums and each night we returned exhausted and enlightened to our somewhat delightful hostel!

The week was spent following Klimt's career. Although one of Klimt's main stylistic objectives was to be sexually suggestive, he was interested in creating aesthetic images and contrasting forms and ideas. He used mosaics to develop an effective and abstract subject, seen particularly in his most famous work, *The Kiss*, painted in 1908. This was painted at the peak of Klimt's "Golden Phase" whilst he was under the influence of Japanese Art. We also saw portraits of many women, including *The Portrait of Adele Bloch Bauer*, painted in 1908. Klimt was known as the Painter of Women as he was able to reveal their personalities behind his use of vivid colours and gleaming gold,

which can also be recognised in his mosaics as well as his use of continuous patterns. Before the turn of the twentieth century, Klimt seemed to have painted with a more classic approach.

The History Museum of the City of Vienna contained *The Pallas Athene*, one of Gustav Klimt's first major paintings. One can see the beginning of Klimt's desire to paint in an abstract style, as well as using symbolic features such as the young lady, standing in Pallas Athene's hand. Klimt was no longer interested in showing Pallas Athene's historical significance, but wanted to paint her in a style of erotic antiquity and the forthcoming Art Nouveau style.

We also visited many sites, relevant to our syllabus, as well as a variety of places and museums enabling us to experience Viennese culture, giving us an insight to the lifestyle and welfare of the Austrians and giving us an immense understanding and sense of knowledge of this great European city.

Having visited so many areas and museums in Vienna, we are now able to understand the development of Austrian Art of which Klimt and his contemporaries were the catalysts.

We would like to thank the McElwee Trustees and Mr Robinson and Mr Cottam for one of most rewarding and enjoyable trips we have ever experienced.





## **Fiona Innes on the SPANISH EXCHANGE**

When the eight Spaniards arrived, I was very impressed by their level of English – they appeared to be able to understand everything we said. It was nice to get to know them at the drinks party at the start of their visit, but I was surprised that not a single one of them drank wine!

The next day I think they coped very well with lessons and hardly needed directions to classrooms. They seemed to enjoy using their maps enormously. In lessons, they took down the notes whether they understood them or not.

During the daytime, I did not see a great deal of them, but at night I went into their rooms just to see if they were OK and they always seemed fine. They loved their two trips to London, and they thought it a beautiful city.

Overall, I think they enjoyed themselves, and it was nice to get to know them before we go out there in October, which I am looking forward to very much. They were a really delightful group and very enthusiastic about everything.

Today I went to five lessons. I got up at 7:20 in the morning. The first lesson I attended was theology. It is a very good subject. The second lesson was P.E., which is a very boring subject. I did not go to third lesson, so it was my free time. The fourth lesson was theatre. It is very nice subject. When I finished the fourth lesson I went to have lunch. It is different from Spanish food. When I finished lunch I went to the lessons about Spanish language. It was very easy for me. The fifth lesson was a computer lesson. It is a very enjoyable subject. Stowe School is very good

The people in the school are very friendly. Excuse me my name is Alberto and I am from Spain. In the afternoon we went to Oxford and did some shopping. I bought a chocolate and I phoned my parents in Spain. Another thing of England is its bad weather, it's very cold. I live in Cobham House. It is very good House, it is the best House in the school. See you.

ALBERTO

Hello!

My name is Maria and I'm from Spain. I live in a town near Madrid. I came here 4 days ago and I really like your school. I think that Stowe is very big and beautiful. It's like a palace. My school in Spain is also big and beautiful, but it's different.

In my opinion you have really good teachers, all the classes are very nice. In Spain is different: the teachers are always angry and we can't talk in the classes with them.

I have been in a lot of classes. I like Theatre, Classical Culture and Business. In Spain we study nine subjects. I think it's better to have four or five subjects than nine. I also prefer the classes with fewer people (in my classroom we're 40). I think it's easier to learn in this school than in Spain.

Yesterday we went to Oxford. We visited some colleges and shops. I bought some presents for my family. I was surprised because there were a lot of bikes, but there were few cars.

MARIA

My name is Berta and I'm from a small town outside Madrid. My opinion, in general, about this school it's excellent. This school is different from my school in San Lorenzo De El Escorial (Madrid).

In Spain, normally, we are between thirty or forty students in the class. All the students are in a class, and the teacher goes to the class. In Spain we have, normally, nine subjects: Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Geology, Philosophy, Sports, Religion, English, Maths, Computer technology. And here you have a lot of subjects to choose.

Here you have a lot of teachers for one subject, and there, normally, we have one or two. Here the weather it's horrible.

On Wednesday we went to Buckingham and in my opinion it's a small and charming town. On Thursday we went to Oxford and we visited some colleges, we went shopping, we had dinner at McDonald's and we went to the theatre.

I'm very happy to have come here, thanks a lot for everything.

BERTA

I arrived at Stowe four days ago, my first impression about this school was that it was huge, although I had seen photographs before coming I didn't expect to find such a big building.

When I got out of the car which brought us here I was really scared of being able to understand English people, but I think I'm improving a lot my English.

Next day I went to class for the first time and I thought that it was going to be impossible to follow the class but in fact I did it in almost every lesson I attended.

My favourite subject here was Classical Culture, but yesterday I went to this class and the teacher spent all the class (one hour and twenty minutes) dictating things to his pupils very quickly and I could hardly pick up anything, so now I don't want to go to this class again.

All the other subjects I've been at have been good and I wouldn't mind to attend to them again or try other ones. The only problem I've had is with English because those classes are very boring and difficult to understand.

I think the experience being here is great and also I think I'm learning a lot at the same time when I'm having fun in a foreign and really interesting country.

Yesterday we went to Oxford and I enjoyed a lot this visit because it was one of the cities which I was interested in visiting. My impression about Oxford was that it's a great place with a lot of history and tradition but with a lot of young people who make it more interesting and I also think that there are lot of things to do there (for example go shopping).

Now I'm just looking forward to going to London and I hope to enjoy a lot the two days I'm going to be there.

CARMEN

Hi! I'm Gema. The general impression about Stowe is excellent.

I like the school, I mean, I like the building because it's old and it looks like a palace. Also I like the classes because they are so different from Spanish classes: in Spain there are around thirty students in each class, so they cannot speak or participate as much as here.

I have been in some subjects like classical civilisation, English, business, politics, theatre, biology and I think that these are more amusing here than in Spain.

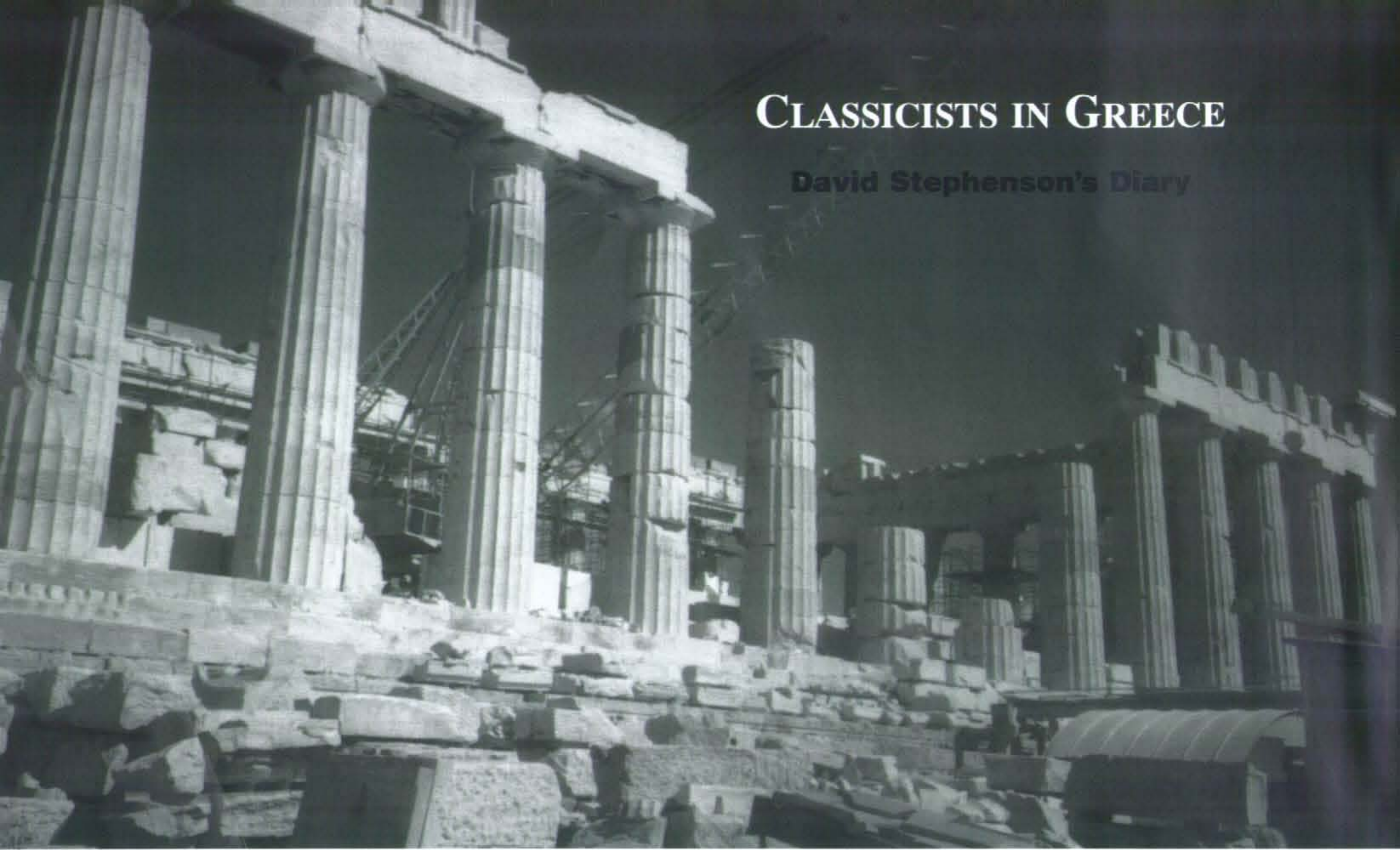
The sports facilities here are really amazing, especially, I love the swimming pool.

Another thing important to say is the different behaviour between the English and the Spanish pupils (or people in general). Here the people are lively and it seems to me that people are always happy with what they are doing.

My conclusion: I'm so happy to have come that I would come once again.

THANKS FOR ALL AND I WILL SEE YOU IN SPAIN.

GEMA



# CLASSICISTS IN GREECE

David Stephenson's Diary

## Day 1 – Athens:

On the final morning of the Spring Term thirteen Stoics, Abby Donaldson and I set off for Athens. Upon arrival we were greeted by Isabel, our tour rep. who displayed a scary level of organisation and efficiency. We freshened up at the hotel and headed out for the National Architectural Museum, The Varvakeion, wherein various artefacts (masks, weapons, statues, tools, chamber pots – you name it) excavated over the centuries resided, some of which do not have an obvious place as part of a bigger collection or monument elsewhere. Disaster! The place had been closed a mere hour earlier due to unforeseen circumstances. So we had to settle for a walk through the national park instead before a relatively late supper. By then everyone was exhausted so nobody complained too vigorously about an early curfew for the first night.

## Day 2 – The Athenian Acropolis:

It was hot as hell (as a certain group leader's bald patch attested to later, much to the mirth of others) and many Stoics learned that perhaps the advice of carrying big bottles of water around had not been quite so patronising after all.

We climbed up the West side of the hill, the only means of ascent - it was fortified and impregnable by any other means and was where citizens gathered during attacks. Most cities had a similar acropolis; they needed to, since virtually the whole of the 5th century BC saw wars or feuds of some description. (Greece was not a unified country until the late 4th century – it consisted of a number of individual poleis, city-states, of which Athens was just one. Occasionally they united against common threats but normally they were autonomous states managing and looking out for their own affairs.)

The Propylaea (“sacred way”) took us past the external battlements and straight into the main courtyard which led off to various buildings. Sadly a lot of them have sustained severe damage during various invasions and remain in ruins, despite the Greeks’ best efforts to restore them. The most noteworthy is the Parthenon (literally the Greek word for “maiden”) – the temple dedicated to Athena, the patron goddess of Athens. (Kind of obvious, I guess.) This is a massive enclosure of almost half a square kilometre, characterised by the traditional rows of Doric and Ionic pillars, engraved around the outer top-rim with various scenes from traditional mythology and Athenian history, with a smaller temple (Athena Nike – Nike means “victory” and sacrifices would have been performed there after Athenian military victories) within a balcony.

There were other sites we could have seen – the Theatre of Dionysus (god of drama and drink – not necessarily in that order) where religious festivals with plays were held, the Agora (main market-place) to name a couple – but we had to be in Delphi by that evening.

## Day 3 – Delphi

Straight out to what was undoubtedly the most glorious and important oracle in antiquity. Here lay a temple of Apollo (god of prophecy, among other things) where people would visit from all over Greece (and apparently beyond if you buy some of the ancient Greek “historian” Herodotus’ fairly unreliable accounts) to consult him, on their own behalf or on that of their state. One would offer up sacrifices and gifts - the priests had to eat, after all (and they ate pretty well) – and ask their question at the temple. The Pythian priestess, who was considered to be directly in touch with the god, would utter a suitably ambiguous answer. One of the most famous, as recounted by a particularly enthusiastic (and entertaining)



Left: The Parthenon  
Right: Theatre of Herodes Atticus, Athens

**“... drama was viewed as pleasing to the Gods and not just mortals...”**



tour guide, is to the Lydian king Croesus when he asked what would happen if he started a war against Persia. The response was that he would “destroy a great empire”. And he did – his own. (No refunds for unsatisfied customers, though.)

There was also a theatre - most major sites had one since drama was viewed as pleasing to the gods and not just mortals, as if their critical scrutiny was insufficient - and race-track right at the top. Getting up there was fun in the sweltering heat – but at least Stoics had learned their lesson the hard way and transported the necessary fluids with them. The other major site here was the treasury of the Delian League, an alliance chaired by Athens against a common threat of Persian invasion in the 5th century BC. (Or at least, it was here until the Athenians in their benevolence decided that the League’s interests would be better served if it were rehoused with them.)

### **Day 4 – Olympia**

This was a centre of Panhellenic competition where every different Greek state was represented in a five-day series of games during the August full moon, dating back to 776BC. It meant a time of peace and religious observation whose importance is demonstrated by the fact that all military activity ceased (resuming pretty rapidly afterwards) and that

Athenian repeat-winners were considered to have generated such pride for their city that they were given lifelong dining rights in the city hall at public expense. I had been told that a national holiday meant that the inside would be closed but that we would still learn much from walking round the outside with a guide, so off we went. It was a little disappointing since by the “outside” they actually meant the public road which circled the track, so we could not get anywhere near the centre. (Oh well, what’s five hours in a coach for an hour’s walking round the outside of something you can barely see? The only alternative would have been to endure an entire day of lounging on the beach.)

### **Day 5 – Mycenae and Epidaurus**

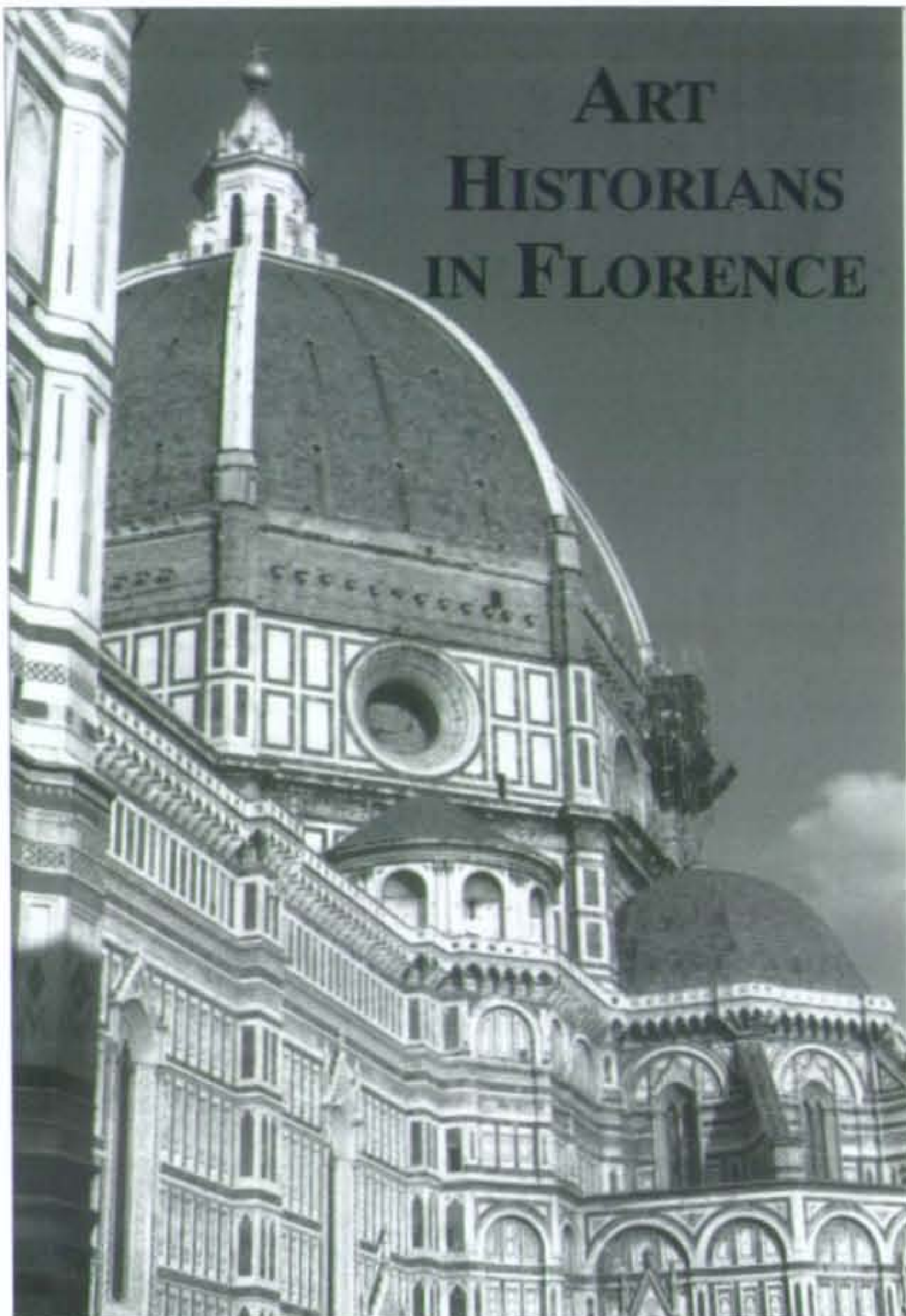
A fairly rapid and strenuous tour of these two sites (sugared by the promise of the afternoon on the beach) – Epidaurus was the centre of worship for Asclepius, the god of healing and good health. Regular festivals were celebrated here and individuals who were ill would often come and offer sacrifices and gifts to be healed. The main feature was the temple itself, at the bottom of the valley past the theatre. Straight onto Mycenae, the home of the legendary king Agamemnon who led the Greek forces in the last of the Trojan Wars. Of particular interest here were the Beehive Tombs and the insight they provided us into early Greek attitudes to burial and the afterlife, but there were also many other artefacts which have taught scholars much about the Greek day-to-day way of life.

### **Day 6 – Back in Athens**

A very early rise after a very late (and well-deserved all week) curfew since we had to get back to Athens. Luckily we had a nice long coach journey to recover (from lack of sleep) and at noon we were relatively awake to get our original visit to the National Museum in, sadly at the expense of a trip to the Theatre of Dionysus and the Agora, then an hour or so of free time before a fairly uneventful flight home.

I was blessed (contrary to the impression which one edition of *The Voice* most helpfully provided) with an unusually good, co-operative and sensible group which respected the trust I gave them and provided superb (not to mention entertaining in more than a few instances) company throughout the trip. My deepest appreciation must go to Abby too for all her support during the week. Thanks to one and all.





On the evening of the 23rd of October, I found myself wandering through the streets of Florence, enjoying the sights of the city by night, lit up against the backdrop of a deep blue Florentine sky. It was the last evening of our trip and with a few hours to ourselves we decided to revisit some of the more memorable places we had seen earlier in the week. Past the San Marco monastery and the palace walls we made our way to the heart of the city, il Duomo. As we sat chatting to some Italian boys on the steps, us insisting that it was Ghiberti and not Donatello who had made the doors of the Baptistery, I recalled our first evening in Florence. It was, I think, a moment that impressed itself upon the group. To stand at the top of the dome and look out over the city, as the sun set behind the low hills, was to experience a moment in which nature combined itself with the best of what man could make. After the cathedral we passed on up to Santa Maria Novella, across to the river and down to the Ponte Vecchio. The bridge is bustling in the daytime, but at night, with the jewellery shops closed and the crowds away, we could stand and appreciate the lights on the river and the bridges spanning the water. Seeing the beauty of what lay around me, I found it easier to understand how this small city had produced so many of the greatest artists western culture has ever known. The Uffizi is just up from the Ponte Vecchio and we could hear strains of a violin coming from the arcaded walkway. The original U-shaped building was lit up and Pachelbel's Canon was being played, so we stopped a while and stargazed. What was it that had made this trip so memorable? Michelangelo, Donatello, Fra Angelico and Masaccio were just a few of the artists whose work we had marvelled at over the past few days. We had visited nearby Siena and San Gimignano, getting a feel for the Tuscan countryside. We had stepped inside cathedrals of huge dimensions that drew your eyes upwards to stained glass windows and elevated crucifixes. We had climbed up to small churches and quietly listened to a service sung in Latin, then turned our eyes to see the city, spread out like a map below us. From market squares to Medici palaces we had, in such a short time, been given the chance to observe and admire a culture so different from our own. And as I lost myself in the meandering streets of Florence on that last evening, I realised that I had been given a great gift: I had been inspired.

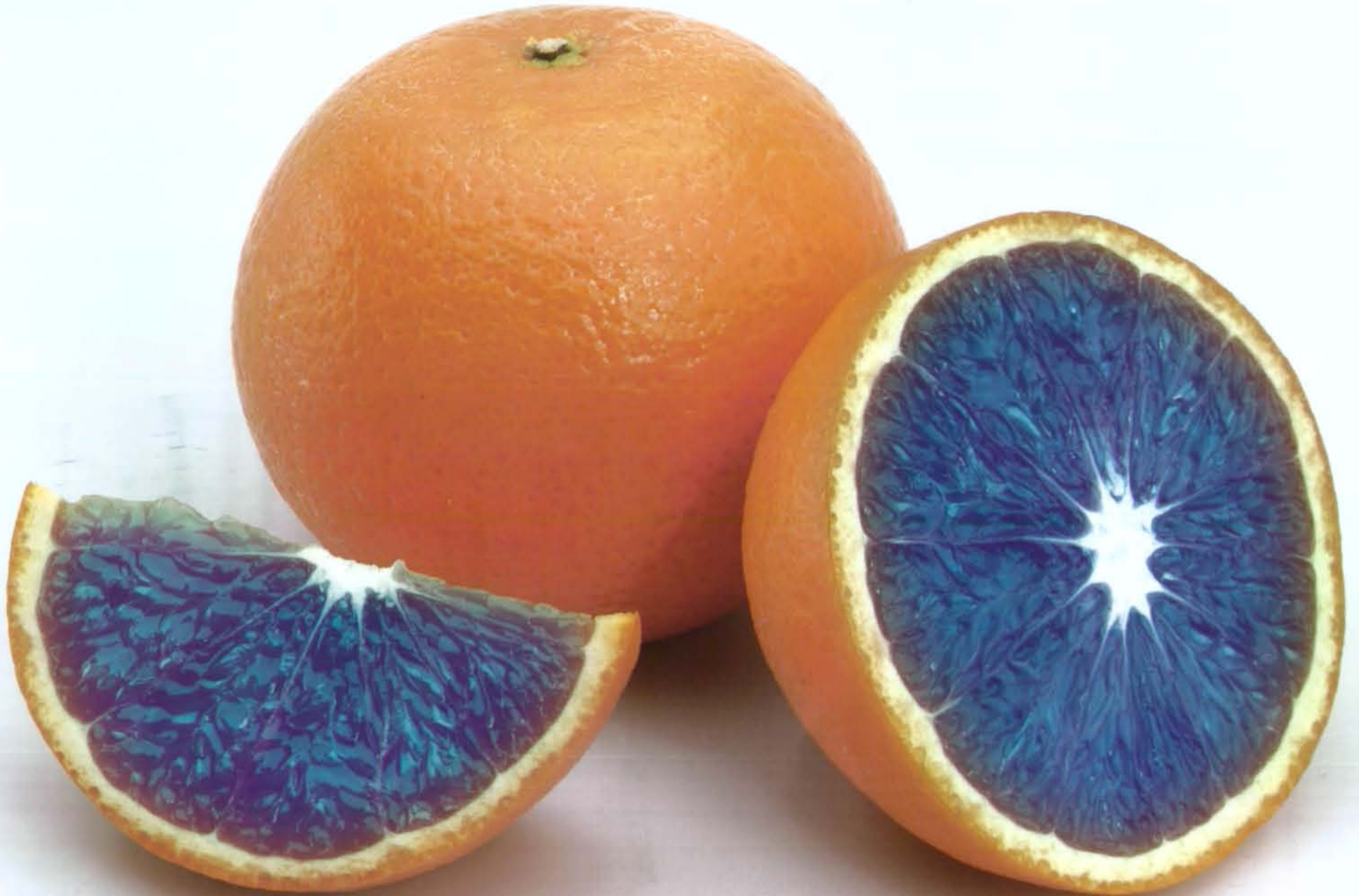
I would like to thank, on behalf of the entire group, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Young and Mrs Kettler for all their effort, organisation, teaching and patience.

ALLEGRA GALVIN

Lucy Pritchard-Gordon, Piers Gambarini, George Duckworth, Willow Corbett-Winder and Ed Kaye.  
Kit Keyser, Millie Ruggles-Brise and Willow.  
Sally Flower and Kit.



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